

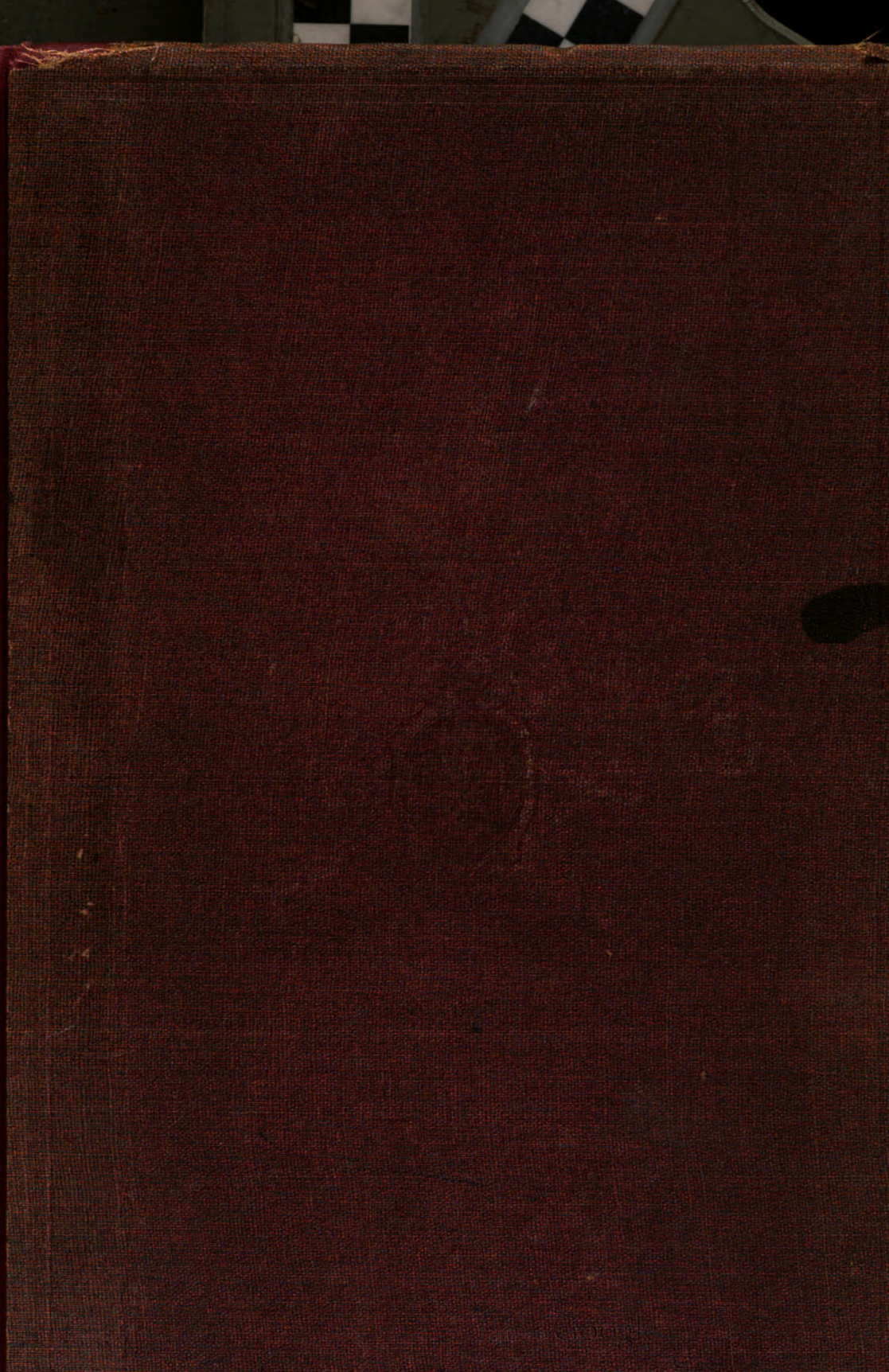
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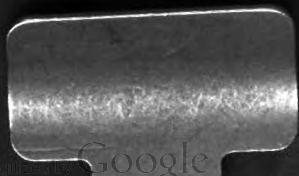








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# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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OF

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VOLUME I.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

*LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.*

JANUARY, 1868.

DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER I.

“TELL him that it was on this coast that the ship went down. Let him send me warranty, and I can find the treasure hidden among these rocks.”

The two or three fishermen who were loading the schooner pricked up their ears: there was a secret undercurrent of meaning in the deliberately worded message, perceptible to every one of them; some obscure, mysterious significance which seemed suddenly to oddly set apart the words and the man that spoke them from themselves and their everyday work. They looked up from the barrels they were lifting, turning perplexed faces out to the great plane of the sea, or along the desolate coast, and then glanced shrewdly at each other: they joked about it when they went under the hatches, out of his hearing; but the jokes had but little relish in them, and fell dead; and the men went on with their work after that in silence, chewing the cud of the matter, as is their habit.

It was a colorless, threatening evening out at sea; a nipping gust driving the few white sails in sight, like shivering ghosts, across the horizon that barred the east like a leaden wall; the masses of water moving towards shore, slow, sombre, dumb. But this was only the

sea: no one can tell in the quietest summer day, on land, what storm or disaster is hid in that womb of death yonder.

On shore, the mellow October sunset was shining pleasantly on the white beach, up to which the yellow, fishy little schooner was hauled close, and on the men in their red shirts: the raw wind was tempered to a bracing breeze, and the waves lapped the sand and the keel of the vessel, with a tamed, sleepy purr. The marshes, because of the heavy rains that year, still held their summer coloring, and unrolled from the strip of beach up to the pine woods a great boundary belt of that curious, clear emerald that belongs only to the sea and seashore growths. Beyond this belt, two or three comfortable brown cows were grazing at the edge of the forest, and, here and there, in the forest, a whiff of smoke wavering to the sky, or a good-bye red glimmer of the sun on a low window, told where the houses of the village were scattered.

If village it could be called. About a mile from the schooner, and the little buzz of life about her, rose one of the two great headlands well known to all mariners: they jut out into the sea as though they were grim, warning sentinels over this terrible coast of sunken breakers and whitening bones. A sharp ridge

struck from this upper headland into the background of forest, and in the circling hollow which it formed lay the lonely collection of farmers' and fishers' houses then called Manasquan. A curiously old-time, forgotten village, to belong to the New World: shut in from any world by the ocean on one side, and the interminable pine forests at the other, through which at this time only the charcoal-burners had burrowed their way.

The man (a middle-aged Quaker) who had sent the message which had so puzzled the fishermen, was a stranger on this coast: its strange solitariness, the utter silence into which it fell when transient sounds had passed, oppressed and stifled him. He had paced up and down the hard beach all the afternoon, watching with his dull, light-blue eyes the Sutphens seining, and after that, the loading of the schooner. It seemed to him, of all corners of the world, the one totally forgotten and passed by in the race. He wondered if justice ever overtook crime here—if even death remembered to harvest his crop. Something of this he dropped in a half-intelligible way to old Doctor Noanes, who came limping up from his rickety house by the ridge to walk with him, wearing a patronizing air towards him before the fishermen, but secretly a little afraid of the sharper wits of the strange Friend. But he fired at the slur upon the village.

"We're of older build than New York," he said, "but we've kept clean of crime and c'ruption: we've held to the ancient landmarks: there's no families gone in and out from us since colony times. Them nags of mine, now, has no flash strains of blood, but their grandsire carried my grandsire, Peter Noanes, into the fight at Monmouth. I don't ask better than that."

The Friend, who had taken off his broad-brimmed hat, the better to catch the evening air, stroked the gray wisps of hair on either side of his ruddy face, fixing on the dried face of his companion his lack-lustre eyes.

"The men," Noanes said, "ord'narily followed the water;" and he began to sonorously roll out their names—Lad-

douns, Van Zeldts, Graahs, as though it were the calling of the great Jewish tribes or Scottish clans. His hearer was forced to remind himself that there were not twenty men, all told, among them. A belief was creeping on him that this community was a power in the land, if it did act only through ships' mates and the masters of coast schooners; leather-skinned, hairy-breasted men, who brought back from their voyages but little profit or knowledge beyond their wages, and fresh stories of storms at sea.

"Manasquan men be known as seamen throughout the civilized world," asserted the Doctor, shoving back his wig peremptorily. "Ther's Jim Laddoun; he was hired as mate in an English brig. He's been as far as the Barbary Coast. Them Britishers know a good thing when they see it, and snap it up, quick enough."

"True, true," deliberately—the attentive gaze never leaving the pupils of the Doctor's eyes. It was a queer trick the stranger had; with a slight crook to one side of his head, it gave him the look of a deaf man, or one absorbed in his companion's words. At any rate, it usually drew out from people a good many more words than they had intended to speak. The old Doctor found it gave a real gusto to their talks: he told his best stories to the stranger—stories that included the histories of the Van Zeldts, Graahs—all of them. (He had silenced his wife when she echoed the village wonder as to who the old, brown-coated fellow was, and what secret business he came to pry into.

"He's a well-bred person—the best bred I've met for years. What should you know of men of the world? Do you think there's nothing at Manasquan which educated people think it worth while to inquire into?")

"Laddoun? Laddoun?" replied the Friend, thoughtfully. "Thee belongs to that stock thyself, Doctor?"

Noanes gave a pleased sniff. "You have a keen memory for genealogies. Yes, my mother was one of them. But there's only two of the name now—the

mate I told you of, and the young doctor at the village."

"George. A generous, genial fellow, eh? Hospitable, I should say."

"Oh, I'll warrant for him! He'll be having you to feed and liquor at the inn before now. He's a little too free with both his money and his gab—George. He keeps a dozen lazy beggars up, now. But he'll mend, likely. The Laddouns had always brains and pockets like sieves. They're slack,—leaky."

"He has seen the world, he tells me. On his brother's ship?"

"No; he went to lectures in York and Philadelphia. I can't say that it spoiled him much; he come back, thinking better of old Manasquan than ever, showing more sense than I looked for. There wasn't a child in the village that didn't take a holiday when he come. George is a main one for children, especially when they're big and hearty. My Bob used to count on him. No, I've nothing against George Laddoun," reflectively.

"There he is."

They had made a turn on the beach, and were coming toward the schooner with the leisurely pace befitting their age and gravity. Laddoun, coming down the ridge with a boyish whistle and leap, stopped, with a shamed blush and laugh, before his fellow-practitioner. "This bracing air makes a boy of me," apologetically, bowing to both of them. "But a famous leaper like you," to Noanes, "can forgive a fellow. I'd like to have tried you at the standing jump, twenty years ago."

"I'd have put you to your mettle, sir. A pleasant-spoken dog," complacently lighting his pipe as the young man went on, and measuring his broad back and low height critically. "A well-built fellow, say? strong joints, and sockets well oiled. D'ye see? his limbs move easily in his clothes and shoes. I'd like to have tried a leap with him well enough. But them days is over. The old lion's bones is stiff."

The Quaker had paid but slight attention to the short, athletic figure, or its loose-fitting suit of gray corduroy. If he had any fancy for compelling the

secrets of other men into his own keeping, he apparently looked for them no farther than in the pupils of the eyes. George Laddoun had met him at first with his pleasant, bold glance, turning it, however, in a moment uneasily away. The young fellow, with all his stout muscle and hot blood, was easily abashed as a girl.

He came up to the fishermen with a cheery "Hillo!"

"Hillo, Laddoun!" It was young Jim Van Zeldt who answered him, with his hands in his pockets, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. He was the owner of the vessel. The other men were too busy straining over a barrel which they lifted to speak.

"You've got a hefty load there," pulling off his coat, "Take out your cigar, Jim, and put your own shoulder to! Yo, ho!" as the barrel went in. He worked along with the fishermen until the loading was done, singing some students' song, he had learned when abroad, in a billowy, free, bass voice. Nobody thanked him when the work was finished, and he stood perspiring more than any of them, sopping his shining black hair and red, handsome face. But the men knew, of course, how much better stuff was in him than in that milk-faced Jim Van Zeldt, who paid them to the last penny for their work, but never lifted a finger to help, or cracked a joke. Jim was the only man on that beach who paid for work; with the others it was all "neighbor-help." Evening had come on before the last load was in: a gray, gusty evening, as we said—the strange silence and melancholy which belonged to this coast, as though the dead beneath the curdling breakers would not be forgotten, growing deeper as night approached. Doctor Noanes was gone, but Ledwith, the strange Friend, had come closer to the schooner, and was standing with his white, puffy hands rolled into each other, behind him, watching the men from under the shadow of his wide-brimmed hat, with the usual inexpressive, abstracted look on his fat face. The men resented his presence with that uneasy impatience which ani-

mals show when a strange creature not of their sort is near. This man was foreign to them. His dress, speech, habit of silence had never been known to them before; and under these was a stronger instinct of alienism from their salty, seafaring ways. It was noticeable that they stood aloof from him as much as might be, leaving his tall, square figure, in its outlandish garb, like a strange shadow, alone on the beach. It was just before the last cord of wood was taken in that he gave the message to Van Zeldt. It came out of a curious custom belonging to the beach. The mails were carried at long intervals, and even then were of most uncertain delivery. The schooners which carried the fish, game and lumber up to the New York markets, ran, too, at irregular times—only, in fact when it suited the convenience of their owners—but the means of transportation they offered were secure and rapid. It became, therefore, a habit with the masters of these vessels to make a sort of public notice of their time of departure and willingness to carry messages or parcels to the upper harbors. There were many of these little formal old customs hanging about the settlement.

When Jim Van Zeldt made his announcement, it was responded to by no one but the stranger, Ledwith, who apparently was prepared and waiting for it.

"We'll turn off for the night now," said Van Zeldt, when he had spoken, looking out to the gathering shadows.

"I have a message for thee." The clear, decided voice made Van Zeldt and the men turn: the words which followed were in a lower key, slow, measured, as though he weighed each by some hidden meaning known to himself alone.

"When thee reaches New York, a man will meet thee on the wharf, habited in a dress like mine, asking for tidings of the ship *Terror*."

"She does not ply on this coast," interrupted Laddoun, with the off-hand, peremptory tone habitual to him, which expressed a thorough knowledge of all matters, great and small.

The Quaker's dull blue eye did not

turn on him for an instant: yet in the momentary stolid pause which he made, the young man had an uncomfortable sense of having been weighed and found wanting.

"He will inquire of thee," he resumed, in the same slow monotone, "of a vessel lost years ago—the *Terror*: tell him that it was on this coast that the ship went down. Let him send me warranty, and I can find the treasure hidden among these rocks."

"I will carry the message," said Van Zeldt, gravely, with no word of question or surprise. Laddoun checked the exclamation on his lips after a hasty glance at the dark, solid figure, and immovable face turned seaward. It sent a chill of doubt and fear over his healthy body, as if he had unconsciously touched the repellant pole of an electric battery.

"The ship *Terror* was lost on these rocks fifty years ago," he said in an undertone to Van Zeldt, as they walked up the beach together, leaving the stranger still watching the melancholy sea line—"an emigrant ship, with three hundred souls aboard."

"You're never at fault, Laddoun," admiringly.

"There are few matters into which I have not looked," smiling, and running his thick white fingers through his glossy hair. The little chord of vanity struck had brought him altogether in tune again. "But there was no treasure in her. That old fellow is after Kyd's doubloons, and he thinks to throw us off the scent by lugging in the name of this wreck. But he had need to be awake early to blind George Laddoun, eh? or you, Jim," with an encouraging tap on the back.

They walked in silence up the grassy break through the woods which one or two wagon-ruts marked as the road, and stopped where a path struck off to Van Zeldt's house. Laddoun lingered, breaking the bark off a dead cedar, with an unwonted softening and hesitation in his look and motions.

"You'll make a quick run of it, Jim?" he said. "You'll be back in time? For Thursday?"

"I know. I'll try, Laddoun. The more because Noanes tells me you're going to bring but a few of us in."

"Yes. A man's married but once, and he ought to have his own way about it. I'll treat the village afterwards; they sha'n't complain. But there's rough jokes made at our country weddings that I don't choose my wife to hear."

With the tender inflection in his tone, and quieting of his eye, there was a certain swelling defiance in his whole burly body, which to mild little Van Zeldt was thoroughly lordly. A man was in no mean sort a hero, who could put Manasquan at arm's length thus.

"You're the right sort, George," he said. "When you're settled and a landholder you'll bring matters up to the right standard hereabouts. They be to follow you like sheep the bell-wether—that they be."

"It won't be to their injury, then," frankly. "Things need cleaning and managing as they don't know. I'll do what I can for the place," loftily. "And for you, Van Zeldt," putting his hand on the smaller man's shoulder, as a prince might caress a favored courtier. "You'll not fail us on Thursday? I want none but true friends about me and Mary."

The pompous voice a little unsteady, and the florid face losing color. "I'm serious when I say that I mean to push your fortune, old boy," after a pause.

"There be'n't a day when you're not pushing some fellow along."

"So? You think that of me? Well, well! it's little I can do. But God help us! it sickens me to look down on any man below me in the mire; and it don't need money to give help, always. For you, I'll strengthen your trade up yonder. I'm not a man without mark in the great cities, Jim. The world's deep as well as wide, and one can dig secrets out of her in Manasquan, and make a name, as easily as where men crowd together. I like to think I'm here in the woods, dragging out of nature the means to fight death up yonder." The whole manner of the man altered; a generous glow flushed to his temples, his voice rang out earnestly.

"You mean them chemicals, Laddoun?" after a puzzled pause. "I thought that boy of yours did that work. He's put his soul into the herbs and black-drops he makes out of them. It's a pity, too. It's trifling work, and he be genooine," raising his voice, "Galbraith be; I've reason to know that. He be the kind of man to anchor to."

Laddoun combed his whiskers with a pleased smile.

"Yes, he's good stuff. I discovered him. I made him."

Van Zeldt turned quickly, but was prudently silent. Laddoun was unwarily touching on a matter which hitherto had been held secret.

"Made him as entirely as you cut those decoy-birds out of poplar yonder"—then stopped, with a gulp for breath, as if checked by some inward sting. "Well, he's useful, as you say, to collect and sort materials under me. But a hand—a hand. It is the head that is needed in my trade," touching his narrow, high forehead with the forefinger, on which shone a round purple stone. "Good-bye, Van Zeldt. You will be down at the shop to-night?"

"Yes." Van Zeldt stood leaning over the trunk of the fallen cedar, a generous twinkle of admiration through all of his insipid face, as the stout, broad figure disappeared in the shadows of the woods. Laddoun was moulded out of such different clay from his own! There were men to command and men to serve, just as there were king-fish and clams in the sea yonder.

Even the cool Quaker, who had taken the bearings of most men's minds with those lightless blue eyes of his, had felt, against his will, a sort of magnetism in the young village hero under all his coarse, thin varnish; something which warmed the air about him, put a hearty, genial look on the face of things. Van Zeldt, therefore, was not to blame, if Laddoun, with his mysterious talk of cities, and of secrets dragged out of nature, crowned, too, with his lucky love-making in a quarter where he had failed, became to him a sort of demi-god; and if he watched even the yellow cotton

gloves, the high hat and boots, asserting themselves blackly beyond all other hats and boots, with a dumb envy and wonder. Nor was poor Laddoun, either, much to blame, if he accepted himself at the same valuation. The men about him had labeled him with the highest stamp mark, even when they were all boys together.

He went tramping along, his heavy boots crunching on the needles of the pines, roaring out one of his everlasting songs. He was one of those men who constantly feel their blood, which happened in his case to be slightly thick and viscous; men with nervous lips, the balls of whose eyes habitually inflate and contract, and whose lids are often wet with tears. His nerves were all on edge now; the days were full of zest and triumph; full of thoughts of the medicines he had invented; of his wife, of the place he meant to hold in the village. Two or three generations back, one of his Milesian ancestors had rid himself of the family fortune in a few years of tempestuous jollity and hospitality; but his blood, eyes, and uncertain lips had stayed behind as heirlooms, and Laddoun had them now, with all that they implied.

While he was in the middle of the woods he met Galbraith, whom the village people called his shop-boy, but whom Laddoun, in his melodramatic way, had dubbed his familiar. To him, as he walked home with him, carrying his basket and tin cases of roots, he relieved his mind of his plans: how Van Zeldt was to be pushed up, and a school-house got under way, and a poor-contribution taken up before winter, and also a public subscription for a testimonial to old Doctor Noanes.

"They do such things in towns, Dallas, eh? And I'm ruining the old fellow's practice. Besides, it will bring the people together. We need unity, centralization," with a sweep of his eye over the hamlet, as though it covered a vast community, ending with a glance for approval at the tall, raw-boned lad beside him, who was watching his face eagerly with a bewildered look.

"I've no doubt you're right, Laddoun," he said, gently; "there are a good many words I don't know the meaning of yet," quietly shifting the tin cases to the other arm.

"So? Poor fellow! It will come in time," putting one hand on the bony shoulders, and looking kindly into the girlish face. "Say! Galbraith, these are a cursedly old cut—your trowsers. I must rig you out new for the wedding. It's a shame I let you wear a shirt like this," pulling out the ragged edge of clean flannel about his neck. "I'm a poor patron, they'll say."

Dallas looked down at his uncouth rig, and laughed: a hearty roar of a laugh. "But I'll only take what I earn," said he.

"Pshaw! there should be no such talk between you and me." They exchanged a swift, significant glance, which gave to the boy's face for the instant a curiously old, worn look.

"Why shouldn't I give to you? There's nobody in Manasquan to whom I don't mean to give a lift."

"Look what you're doing! Curse it, you lout! look there!" savagely dragging Laddoun off the path.

"What do you mean? Nothing but a lame quail? Bah!" stooping coolly over the mangled mass of bloody feathers which Dallas picked up and turned over, drawing quick, spasmodic breaths, which made Laddoun smile as he would at the rage of a child.

"Why, you young viper! you'll turn on the hand that feeds you?" good-naturedly. "Your muscles are steel, Dallas. You shook me as if I were a stick. Put that thing down; I did not see it."

The quivering of the bird on his palm seemed to madden the boy. "You did not see it? You see nothing, George Laddoun. You've nobody to speak the truth to you but me. It's well enough to keep your eyes on the sky, making plans, and let your feet and hands do what they will. But murder comes of it."

George Laddoun's face, against the background of the tree on which he



leaned, grew suddenly of a deathly white; but he gave neither word nor motion, only to lean forward, and scan with half-shut eyes the boy's face as he turned the quail over gently in his hand, putting it to his cheek again and again, as a woman would be apt to do. If Galbraith had any thought beyond the bird, he held it out of sight with a skill which baffled Laddoun. Presently, he laid it down softly.

"It's dead now," stretching out his arms with a long breath. "I was rough with you, Laddoun," turning to him.

"Yes," with a loud, uncadenced laugh; "I should say you were cursedly rough. You forget who you are, and who I am, Dallas."

"I don't forget," quietly gathering his scattered roots into his basket. "But you have had an easy life. Now, when I see a thing put under foot like that, I think I feel the lash on my own back again."

"If you remember the lash, you oughtn't to forget who took it off," keeping the same intent scrutiny on every shade of meaning in the boy's face. "Whatever comes to me, there are reasons why you should be true to me, Galbraith."

There was nothing melodramatic in Dallas to answer this touch. "You've been a good friend to me, Mr. Laddoun," he said, simply, "but I mean to tell you the truth for all that;" and picking up his basket he jogged along in a grave silence. Laddoun followed him, making, with laborious efforts, indifferent remarks from time to time; but all the vivacity and spirit had died out of him. He tried to shut his eyes to the boy's past life, and look at him with a stranger's cool judgment. Was there no secret hid under this old-fashioned sincerity, this simple-hearted, credulous nature? There was not a child in the village who would not run after the queer, lank boy to make him head in the game of ball or marbles, nor an old woman who had not some time shared her cup of tea with him. Laddoun scanned, as a man on trial for his life would the faces of the jury, the unmarked features of the lad,

pausing again and again on his eyes. They always had baffled him. The rest of the face held nothing; it was but a child's—indistinctive; worn perhaps by hunger or want, but the eyes were deep-set and sparkling, full of sweet temper and laughter.

Nothing more? Was there any power of reticence in them to hold back a fatal secret for life?

George Laddoun could not tell; they had baffled a keener inspection than his, and that not long ago; even while he watched him now they turned on him, steady and honest. One thing he knew, that they belonged to something stronger than himself.

Galbraith, boy like, forgot his trouble after a while; began to whistle shrilly, grubbing under the scrubby bushes for roots, after his usual fashion, stopping when they came to an open bit of sand to set down his basket and turn summersaults to the other end. Laddoun waited good-naturedly, leaning on the fence.

"Well done, Dallas!"

"I'm growing too fat—I'm not as limber as I was," looking down with a pleased laugh.

"I'm sorry that I worried you, Galbraith," placing his hand on his shoulder in a half-timid, deprecating way, very different from the patronizing tap on the back which was his ordinary greeting to the villagers. "I'd no mind to bring up old times to you. They're dead and gone now."

Galbraith nodded. One of those vague notions which children have crossed his mind—a wonder whether those old times were not dead and in hell; but the impression was but slight, and a moment afterwards, with a loud hillo! he was rooting under some leaves for a great bee-ant, like a lump of crimson velvet.

"I want you, sir, and some of your brothers! Yo, ho!" caging it in a leaf.

"Poor Dall! There's nothing in his brain but childish folly," thought Laddoun as he strode on. "He throws all trouble of old times out of his mind, just as water on the boil gets rid of scum and dirt a-top;" and with a sudden feeling of relief, he began to throw snatches

of bass into the lilt Galbraith was whistling. With the relief his own boyishness awakened and the habitual propensity to do something kind, he left Galbraith squatted on the ground with his ants, and hurried on to a little wooden shanty, which was set down, like all Manasquan houses, in the middle of the cedars.

"The little chap's been at work since dawn. I'll build his fire for him," pushing open the door and going in. In a few moments a pile of wood was crackling on the hearth, and George, rubbing his hands, came out, and waving his hat to Dallas, who came slowly up the path, turned off towards the far farm-houses. In a moment, however, the boy was panting after him.

"That was downright good in you, Mr. Laddoun. Come back and eat your supper with me. I've made a broiler for crabs, and it's famous; you ought to taste them these cold nights," pulling at his coat while he spoke.

"I can't, Dallas; I'll send some of the boys down, though."

"All right! Tell them I have the crabs."

Doctor Noanes, in his buggy, meanwhile had driven up and stopped. "Take a seat, Laddoun; I'll give you a lift. That's an honest-faced boy," when Galbraith was gone. "Yet there are queer stories afloat about him," with a side glance at his companion's face. It was imperturbable.

"What sort of stories?"

"That you picked him out of some den of corruption. That he has a tolerable black record, if one could see it."

"Any place outside of Manasquan is a den of corruption, according to the talk here," with a rage which struck the shrewd old doctor as too sudden to be real. "As for Dallas, you can see for yourself what he is. There's not many men could make a place for themselves, as he's done, in this village. And he's bare sixteen."

"He's got to be a necessary sort of fellow to everybody, that's true," warmly. "I don't know his equal for nursing, or coddling children. There be my Joe,

now; when he was down with the scarlet fever, nobody would serve him but 'Dallas—Dallas.' So I sent for the fellow, and I'll say this, that under God he saved the boy. There be no woman about our house, you know, and he took the place of one. Still, I thought I'd mention the queer stories to you. You'd best contradict them."

"You are very kind."

But Noanes remembered afterwards that he did not contradict them to him, but remained gloomily silent during the remainder of the drive.

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## CHAPTER II.

GALBRAITH meanwhile went back to his house, and prepared to spend the evening. It was but a little, broken-down shanty, that had been used by one of the Sutphens as a cow-shed, until it was too far gone for that, when he had given it to Dallas for his help in harvesting. The half dozen boys of the village had collected and made a regular frolic of helping him patch it up, and it had been a sort of rendezvous for them ever since, as Dallas was their leader. He kept a watch for some of them now, while he put away his basket and cases in a damp out-shed, and pulled off his clog shoes, running to the door between-times to peep down the winding paths which now began to shine white in the night. Then he disappeared into the shed, and after a prodigious noise of splashing in a tub of water, came out with his toilette made. A queer enough looking figure when the best was done: no wonder Laddoun had laughed, for the clean flannel shirt had belonged to a much smaller man, and gaped open at the neck and ran up the arms, leaving bare the broad white throat and brawny wrists: the patched trousers, too, were cut off by the knee, and met by a long pair of women's gray stockings. But Dallas had some odd notions, picked up in that mysterious outside world from which he came, which puzzled the two or three Manasquan boys with whom he ran.

The nails on his big burned hands were always white and trimmed, his breath sweet, the miserable clothes clean. "Them be the little marks that belong to the gentlemen out there," he said. "I soon learned 'em. Just as you kin tell the best mackerel by the signs about the gills."

When he came in from the shed, he attentively surveyed himself in a broken bit of looking-glass, and then sat down before the fire to toast his half-frozen feet, whistling softly to himself and beating time on his knees. The boys were long in coming, and he would go hungry rather than eat the crabs alone. Perhaps, however, this heroic resolve re-awakened the inward gnawing, for he got up hastily with the words half spoken, and putting his famous broiler over the clear fire, in a few moments the green, spongy things were fizzing and sputtering out a savory odor on it. He stopped his whistle and began to pace about uneasily. He wished the boys would come. As for being alone in the woods, he did not heed it, though he could hear the cry of the panthers, he fancied, night after night. But Laddoun's gun hung on the wall, and there was no such marksman on the beach as Galbraith. It was the sea he feared: the rising sound of the surf thundering up the shore in the silence made his cheek pale and a cold damp come out over his forehead. His terror (if terror it was) had come long ago, with his first sight of it. Laddoun had quizzed him about it then, and tried to laugh it off.

"Most landsmen have that feeling to the sea at first," he said. "It'll soon wear off, Dallas, with a boy as courageous as you."

"I'm not afraid of *it*," he said, slowly. "It's the voices I kin hear in it, Laddoun."

Laddoun made no reply. He never heard voices in it, but he guessed shrewdly what the sickly boy meant, and never spoke to him of it again.

Galbraith was no longer sickly, but the dread had not worn away. When the latch clicked, and a face was thrust in the door, his heart jumped with relief. Any living voice would drown these far-

off dead ones, if it were only little Tim Graah's. So he took his hand, and pulled him in, with a boisterous welcome, which sent the blood to Tim's face, for he was but a little fellow, and not used to notice from the big boys.

"I come to say there was nobody coming, Galbraith."

"Except yourself, little 'un. You're just in time."

"Kin I eat supper with you? Kin I set the table, Dallas?" eagerly; for the fact of a boy who lived alone, cooked for himself, and worked in roots and herbs and beetles, was to him what a fairy story would have been, if ever he had heard one.

Galbraith nodded, turning and salting the crabs, and Tim proceeded to spread a white cloth on the miniature table, and put thereon a loaf of bread, and butter, cocking his head to one side and glancing about him at the whitewashed walls, the clean boards of the floor, and the little neat bed in the corner, with a sense of half-ownership.

"Our house is cleaner than any in the village," he said at last. "You've got a lot of women's gear about you, Dallas. How did that come?"

"I was sick when Laddoun first fetched me here. I'd but little to do, that winter, but creep about from house to house, getting acquainted like, and the women they made much of me and cured me. So when I began to house-keep, they all brought me a sheet or a towel, or the like. I've got quite a stock now."

"My mother gave you that bed," chattered the child. "She cured the feathers herself. I hearn her say she saw purple scars of lashes on your back, and she was bound never to let you sleep hard another night. Be the scars there yet, Dallas?" in a half-frightened whisper.

But Galbraith did not answer; he had not heard him, Tim supposed, being busy over his cookery. He turned with the crabs on a dish in a moment, and set them down with a loud, forced laugh.

"Bring the chairs, Tim, and fall to," going from door to window, nervously closing them.

"Be you shutting out the sound of the sea?" laughed Tim. "You can't do it, Dallas. It'll foller and foller. I've tried it in the woods."

When they were once seated at the smoking supper, however, Dallas forgot the sound of the sea, or whatever had pursued him. He had a way of giving himself up so childishly to his fun, and a habit, too, when serious, of showing his great ignorance through incessant questions, that even Tim Graah felt himself his superior. While Dallas set open-mouthed, listening intently to the story of Jane Graah's marriage, Tim regarded him as little better than a fool. One would think, from his questions, he never had lived where there were women before.

"Where will you live when you are married, Dallas?" the story being finished.

"Here." The answer was grave and prompt. "There's a place up on the river nobody knows but me. I'll build a house there."

"Thee has matured thy plans early," said a quiet voice behind him, and turning, the boys saw the Quaker Ledwith in the open door. "Thy supper smelled savory, Friend Galbraith. Thee must blame it for making me unlatch the door and come in uninvited."

Dallas colored with pleasure. "There's a crab or two left," looking in the dish, and then bustling off for a clean plate.

The Quaker seated himself, his thick arms crossed on the little table; his square, solid figure seemed to fill up the room, and Tim, from being an honored guest, felt himself dwindle suddenly down into the usual superfluous nuisance of a boy.

Ledwith remained a moment doubtful after the dish was placed before him; the delicious morsel tempted him. Then he pushed it from him. "I think I will not eat thy bread and salt, Dallas," he said. "Thee has a comfortable little house here; very comfortable. But a gun, eh? One would not think thee needed defence for thy house?"

Tim, whose wide-awake gaze never left the stranger's face, wondered here, more and more, how, without apparent

motion, the stolid light-blue eyes took in and noted all that was in the room; but Dallas laughed unconcernedly, clearing away the dishes.

"The gun is Laddoun's."

"Laddoun's? But thou art a keen marksman, they tell me. Does thee not find thy skill wasted on this beach?"

A trace of significance crept into the last words. He checked himself suddenly, coughing behind his hand, and sat looking steadily in the fire, while Galbraith made some boyish efforts to entertain him, discussing the schools of mackerel that had run in last week, and the chance of a nor'easter before November.

"Thee has learned the lingo of the beach soon," looking up at last. "Thee has got quite a salty flavor into thyself Here's the workshop? So?" suddenly facing about to a little closet immediately behind him. Had the man eyes in the back of his head, then? Tim dragged behind them with a pale face, one hand gripping Galbraith's shirt sleeve. But Dallas hurried eagerly with a candle after the Quaker, who stood in the recess quite motionless for a moment; in that moment, however, he had absorbed every item about him, and classed and rated them.

"Shelf of old books—bought off of stalls—De Candolle, Bartram, Pursh—a botanist, eh? half-worn-out works on chemistry—how many? old treatises on geology. These cost a pretty penny!" while Galbraith passed his hand over them with an unconscious caress, brushing the dust from one or two. "Bottles full of ore and sand. Boxes of herbs and earths; a pick—shovels. What is in that cupboard?" sharply, tapping it with his cane.

Galbraith opened it with a proud flush; the Quaker gave a start of surprise. "A battery! Chemical apparatus—manufactured out of old vials and pipes. Thee has a wonderful cleverness, boy," turning over the queer substitutes for retorts and crucibles with a smile, and speaking in a quick, changed voice. "I had a fancy for the study when I was a boy, but I took to—to making analyses of a differ-

ent sort." He turned on Galbraith as he said it, measuring him from his light hair to his patched shoes.

"Of a different sort, and I am not wanting in skill, they say."

Dallas was silent; for the first time, the sharp-eyed little Tim beside him noted that he began to share in his own uneasy scrutiny of the stranger. He drew back a step, and jealously locked the door of his closet, keeping a furtive glance on Ledwith, who smiled unpleasantly, stroking his fat chin with his white hand.

"I won't disturb thy little make-shifts, my lad. Come out. It's thee I have business with." But he waited patiently, with a real interest in his flabby features, while Dallas carefully replaced some bits of ore that had fallen on the floor.

"Now, some men in my trade would call thy hobby tomfoolery; but I had a leaning that way once myself, as I told thee," complacently. "I went through college. I can see thee is one of them men that was born for no other use than to dig into them matters. Unless— thee is stopped in the way," with a leer and a wink. He took the tallow candle from Dallas, and inspected him gravely as he put it slowly down on the table. "Knowing what I know of thee, Galbraith," he said, deliberately, "thee is as curious a specimen of a human being as ever I met. And my experience in them is not small."

The tall, raw-boned fellow stood in the middle of the floor, the yellow light full about him, looking into the Quaker's face with a demeanor as grave and moderate as his own. Even to Tim there was something at odds and incomprehensible in the scarecrow gear, in the childish face, with lank, light hair brushed behind the ears, and the sane, grave, dark-blue eyes, into which Ledwith stooped and peered, and stooped and peered again, his own eyes jeering one moment and sternly questioning the next, but without effect. Beyond a distressed surprise, there was no sign of flinching or inward consciousness in the lad.

"Well, well!" standing upright and

rolling his hands one in the other with a discomfited impatience; "I've hunted many a rabbit in my day, and let 'em double as they would, I had 'em at last. So this is Laddoun's work-shop? It's here the brains are, eh? I thought as much. Some of these days the young whelp will make his fortune with a Laddoun's Balsam or Pill, and look for thee to grub on in the background? Hardly, I fancy; the brains will take their place in the end. I see thy cards, Dallas."

"You are talking of what I don't understand," said Dallas, bluntly, with a queer quaver in his voice; "nor you either, I suspect, Mr. Ledwith. Laddoun has apparatus at the shop. I know nothing about balsams or pills. I do my work because it is the only work I could ever understand. I'm counted uncommon dull at other things," simply.

"Thee has a won-derful cleverness," with an approving snap of the fingers and significant nod, as one actor might encourage another on the boards. "But this chemical business; did thee learn it thyself? Is thee self-taught?"

"No. I had a chance," shortly, turning away.

"Thee don't care to go into thy past life, eh? That's natural. Young people like better to look forward than back," with a shrewd smile. "I'll leave you, boys, now; good-night! Thee had better load thy weapon, Dallas; thee might need it for defence," with a chuckle.

Galbraith closed the door after him, and stood for a moment beside it, with his back towards Tim; when he turned and came to the fire again, the look with which he had met the Quaker was gone; here was nothing, Tim saw, but the boy who had played ball with him, and cooked the crabs with such jolly fun half an hour ago. But he moved as if he were tired and sick; pulled Tim up to his knees, holding his hands on his shoulders. When the boy looked up at him he saw that his eyes were fixed on the fire and were red and full of tears.

"Tim?" he said.

"Yes, Dallas," gently, putting his fingers upon the big hand on his shoulder.

"Tim, why be'n't I like other boys?"

Tim looked up bewildered, but the grave, anxious countenance was bent intently watching his own, and Dallas gave him no help with his answer.

"Like Manasquan boys?" sharpening his wits. "Why so you be, Dallas. Only for your house here, and your crockery and bottles; and," reflectively, "then you've got no mother or sisters belonging to you. All of us has them. That's a difference."

Dallas made no reply, but he suddenly turned his face away. He did not hide it, however, from the sharp eyes that were on him. Tim's face flushed as he saw it. "You're kinder than the other big boys, Galbraith," quickly. "There be'n't one in the village that has as many friends as you. You be the only one that won't lie or drink, the women says. I don't heed the stories they tell. Nobody heeds them. You kin look anybody in the face, Dallas."

"So they tell stories, do they?" with a sad, slow smile. After a long pause, he said, as if thinking aloud, "There never was such good men as here, Tim. I never was in a church till I came here. No. Laddoun took me in that first evening. I didn't understand old Father Kimball, but it was so quiet there, under the hill, with the trees outside. The hymn too—it was a tune that—; well, I'd heard that tune long ago. And coming out, the men was so friendly. When Laddoun told them my name, they nodded in their sober way and spoke very friendly to me, first one and then another, goin' through the woods. I'd often thought, when I was a little chap, if I could come across God, He'd be something like that. Quiet and friendly. Not asking where I'd been, or what I'd done, or about things I'd no share in bringing on myself." The words came out slow, unconscious, the reasonable, grave eyes still fixed on the fire. "It's been the same with Manasquan people ever since," after a short silence. "They've treated me as if I was one of themselves. There's not one of them has told me of the difference between us."

Tim's black eyes grew keener. "What be the difference, Dallas?"

The simple, credulous face turned, and the answer came quickly. He was talking to the child just as he would have reasoned with himself if he had been alone.

"Sometimes I think there be'n't any. You boys will grow up men just like them, and you say, Tim, I be like the other boys. But sometimes it seems as if I weren't allowed a chance like every man has. It weren't by my will that I was born—down there. It weren't my fault that. No matter," hastily rising. "I'm doing the best I can here. God knows I want to be a decent, God-fearing man like your father, or Father Kimball. I never knowed men like them. And if I'm dragged back now— It seems as if there was something agin me in the world. I doubt it's too strong for me," lifting his arms, and letting them fall.

"You look strong enough to fight anything, Galbraith," said Tim, encouragingly. "Who be you afraid of? The Quaker?"

Dallas walked to the window and glanced out. "It be time you were off, little 'un. It's after eight. Your folks 'll be in bed, and all Manasquan besides. I'll leave the light in the window. Now! Make a run for it." He stood in the door to watch the little chap cross the woods, giving him a cheer to keep his spirits up.

The cheer and the cold sea air brought himself up out of the slough, as a stroke on the face will make a man feel his strength all over his body. Whatever this something was which had been against him, ordering his birth and childhood in vice and poverty, it faded now out of sight.

"Strong enough to fight anything," Tim had said. Was that true? After all, what had he to complain of? He was a strong, athletic boy, standing in the door of the home he had made for himself. He looked over his shoulder at his bottles, picks, retorts, and laughed. Nothing makes a man feel his footing so sure in the world as to know his right work, and have it well gripped in his hands for life. And everybody was so

friendly about him! From the day he began to try to pick off those old stained rags of his childhood, hands had been held out to help him; first Laddoun, and now all Manasquan, down to little Tim. What did it matter for this man Ledwith?

He and his mysterious hinted threats began to seem unreal as a nightmare to Dallas, as he looked out into the pleasant dusky shadows of the woods and the starry blue overhead. It was all clear enough! The world was just what a man chose to make it. There was nothing stronger than himself to drag him down. Nothing!

He drew long breaths of the delicious cold into his strong lungs, threw back his broad chest, feeling every muscle in his body stiffen. The boy's heart was big and tender just then. If they would suffer him, he would live among them in Manasquan until he died an old, white-headed man. They were all so dear to him!—so friendly! He wished suddenly for some one to tell all this to—this rush of strength and happiness that made his eyes wet and his cheek burn like fire. Tim was out of sight, but poor Dallas sent out suddenly into the night a stirring, boyish cheer. It came back loud and ringing from the woods, and again and again in low, cheerful echoes farther off. He looked up to the bright, smiling sky, wondering if God, of whom he had a dim notion, was there, and had heard him; wondering whether He was behind all this good luck that had come to him. He stood silent a moment, thinking.

He went in and closed the door, and after he had undressed, pulled the fire-logs carefully apart, so as to leave the room in shadow; then he stood hesitating by the bed, his face red and then pale, and knelt down at last, hiding his head in his hands. But in a moment he got up, all trace of color gone from his face.

"I am afraid," he muttered. "I'm afraid," and stretching himself in bed, lay wakeful, staring out into the flickering shadows, saying nothing. But the prayer in the boy's dumb heart was audible to God as if it had been trumpet-tongued.

To help him with his chance, to bring good luck to him—good luck. To make a man of him.

### CHAPTER III.

A YELLOW Jersey wagon rolled up the road to the squat little porch of the tavern, where half a dozen leading Manasquan men sat smoking in the hazy, mellow warmth of the October afternoon. The leathern flap was put back, and old Father Kimball, who preached on this beach once a month, thrust out his lean, sagacious face, nodding to them:

"How is it with you, brethren?"

There was quite a stir and tumult; here was the first actual beginning of the wedding programme. Joe Nixon, the tavern-keeper, knocked on the wall to give the news to the women inside, and then went up to the wagon as spokesman for the party. "You'd better come in, sir, and take something hot. No? Brother Noanes' folks be expectin' you, I know; still—"

"You are going to have a lively week of it, heh, Nixon?"

"Jest so, Mr. Kimball. Van Zeldt's schooner is to be run in this afternoon. A heavy cargo, I hear. Jim's venturin' in pretty deep, lately. A matter of fifty dollars in silk goods, they tell me, alone. Considerin' his capital, that's risky. When them New York dealers get a man to speculatin', it's all up with him. They soon smelled out Jim's capital."

Kimball shook his head. "I'll talk to Van Zeldt. Is that all your news?"

Nixon came closer. "There's the weddin' to-morrow evenin'; you've hardly forgot that? Your pocket'll know the difference when it be over, or I'm mistaken," winking back at the men.

"That's so," said Graah, taking out his pipe. "There be nothing close-fisted about George Laddoun. He's got the pick of the village girls, too."

"You're right there, William;" and the other men nodded, and pushed down the tobacco reflectively in their pipes "You're right."



"The day after the weddin' the infair's to be held at old Mrs. Laddoun's," continued Nixon, hastily gathering up the reins of the conversation again; "the whole village is bid, young and old. I hear Laddoun is having his confectionery down from New York. I don't know what truth there is in that."

"I heern, too," said a man who had not yet spoken, "that Van Zeldt is bringin' down fireworks as his weddin' present. I've read of them fireworks; blazin' temples, and armies in the sky. Such as we read of in the book of Revelations. Seems to me that be hardly the work for a church-member. It be mockin' the Scriptures."

"Both them reports," said Graah, severely, "came from Pete Van Zeldt. He's a onreliable boy. I'd take them reports with caution, Mr. Kimball, and not venture on repeatin' them, if I was you."

"Anyways, we're havin' stirrin' times," broke in Nixon, impatiently. "Stirrin' times! Manasquan's wakin' up. I count, too, confident on George Laddoun. He has the materials of a great man, Mr. Kimball, that young man; an' when he's settled down, I make no doubt he'll give this town a h'ist up such as it has never had. He's known in high quarters, George is, and he promises to put his shoulder to the wheel in the Legislature, and get that railroad down from New York. By next winter, gentlemen, we'll have the iron horse in Manasquan."

"I've bin listenin' for that horse's neigh a good many years," said Graah, satirically. But the laugh did not follow which he expected.

"We made no doubt of havin' that railroad in my father's time," said Nixon, gravely. "He had his wires all laid, as you might say, ready for pullin'. He'd hev give the land for a depot himself: half an acre there by the cedars. But he was took away suddently. Of pleuris-y."

"Well, good-bye, brethren," said the preacher, who had no mind to enter on this interminable railroad-field of talk, every inch of which he knew by heart. "I'm afraid Sister Noanes' dinner will be cold."

"One minute, Mr. Kimball!" and Nixon put his hand on the wagon-door and began to whisper, glancing back, as if for approval, at the other men, who nodded and put the word from one to the other. The old man listened with his brows knit, muttering "Umph" to himself, but with a pleased smile.

"A very good thing!" he said emphatically, aloud. "A pleasant little plan, and the lad deserves it, brethren. Well, good morning. Wedding weather, eh?" and the yellow wagon rolled leisurely away.

Back from the road, half hidden by Graah's cedar swamp, was the old Byrne place; nothing but a strip of pasturage and bit of pond, beside the house. Laddoun would come into possession of it tomorrow in right of his wife. Laddoun had added one hundred acres to another since he left college, until he was one of the largest landholders in the county.

"Chemicals, I suppose," said old Mr. Kimball, with a puzzled knot in his forehead. "It's a business I don't understand. But it pays him well." He had fallen into the habit of thinking aloud in his continual, long, solitary journeys. He leaned forward to see if the Byrne house was open, and saw a blue rift of smoke coming from the chimney, and at the same time Dallas Galbraith going into the woods through the stubble-field. "Hollo, Dallas! Here!" he shouted.

Father Kimball had an odd liking for the boy. He was more pleased to meet him than he would have been anybody in Manasquan. He had taken his part strongly years ago, when the men at Nixon's tavern began to hint at queer suspicions about the strange boy that Laddoun had brought among them.

"Don't I know a good tree when I see it?" he said, vehemently. "There's a hundred signs beside the Scripture one of fruit. Clean bark, stout limbs, the leaves with a healthy rustle in them. Jest so with human nature. The boy's a strong, manly fellow, sountd to the core." He liked to watch the lad wrestle or swim, as he grew older, finding him different from the drowsy Jersey men about him—full of vitality, zealous, terri-

bly in earnest in work or fun : took pleasure in contrasting their nasal drawl with his free, sonorous voice. Galbraith's tones, by the way, were remarkable in their sweep and sweetness of intonation : one reason why Manasquan people were always thoroughly awake when near him, and, perhaps, why they were attracted to him. The old man went on calling to him as he crossed the field, chaffing him, and Dallas shouted back answers to his jokes ; not very witty, perhaps, on either side, but enough to make them both laugh, being in the humor for it.

"What is the meaning of this holiday rig?" scanning Galbraith's suit of blue flannel, cut in a half-sailor fashion. "A present from Laddoun, eh?"

"No, I bought it with my own money ; Elizabeth Byrne planned and made it," with a complacent glance downwards. "I rather like my looks in it. I am going to the house now. She's there."

"It is well for you that Laddoun's wife is what she is, Dallas. You'll be thrown into the machinery of that house a good deal, and George—is uncertain. But Lizzy—well, Lizzy's temper is like the honey off of buckwheat ; it's a rough flavor, but it's sweet and warranted to keep. She's the surest friend you've got, Dallas. And you have more than you know, my lad," laughing significantly as he nodded and drove off.

"I know what Lizzy is," said Dallas to himself. He had a fancy that to-morrow would be the beginning of a new and the best chapter in his life. George was uncertain in temper, and he was necessarily a good deal in his power. But Lizzy— But she would be waiting in the door for him, and he was half an hour late ; he started at a full run across the stubble-field to the woods which lay between him and the house.

Father Kimball had said it was wedding weather ; and Elizabeth had the same fancy when she came to the door to look after Dallas, and felt as if she had stepped into a bath of warm, sweet-scented sunshine. She had been too busy all day to look out, but now her house was in order ; she had bathed and put on her stiff, new white dress, and smoothed her

brown hair till it was like shiny satin folded about her head. George Laddoun would pull it down, when he came, most likely. There was a certain quiet positivism in her round, solid little person, in the very bow of her ribbons, that irritated him through all of his passionate love. "It's a hint of backbone, that don't belong to your nature, Lizzy," he said. "What does a woman want with backbone?"

She was very anxious about this defect of hers, as Dallas found out ; for he was the only one to whom she spoke of it. "It is the habit of teaching so long that has made me dogmatic," she said, and made constant humble efforts to cure herself of it, for George's pleasure.

She had been teaching in the woods school-house a good many years : sewing between times, boarding with one old farmer's wife and another. Meantime the little brown Byrne house and the land lay unoccupied, just as her father left them. But when she found she was going to marry George Laddoun (people said, at first, Jim Van Zeldt, but Lizzy knew better), she began to use the little store of money she had laid by to repair the old homestead, and make it fit for his home. If it had been a palace, she thought, it would better have suited that princely young fellow. Dallas had helped her tack carpets, put hinges on doors, weed the garden beds, hang the calico curtains. She forgot that he was not a woman, sometimes, and talked to him as if he had been. The consequence was, that Galbraith often wished that Laddoun knew the girl as well as he did, and so would be more just to her and tender.

She had an hour or two for him now, before George came. She had a bottle of wine to give her lover, but she and Dallas were going to have a cozy cup of tea together. She had a surprise for him. One room, and that the one with the widest outlook from the windows and the tightest-fitting window-frames (which means much on this windy coast), she had set apart for the lonely boy. "I'll not have him sleeping like a wild beast in the woods any longer," she told Lad-

doun. "Let him keep his hut for a work-shop. But Dallas shall live with me."

To which George assented eagerly. Elizabeth never pleased him so much as when she gave a little evidence of Irish extravagance or hospitality. The doors of his own house and heart were open as a market-place; the more that tramped through them, the better; but the key of Lizzy's was turned; and when anybody asked for a place at her table or in her friendship, she scanned them as cautiously from behind her bars as if it were a quiet convent into which they wanted to enter. So all the village heard of the reserved room for Galbraith with surprise, and said, with Father Kimball, that the boy had made his best friend now.

"Lizzy be a queer one; she be different from Laddoun. Her likings and dislikings come to be a part of herself, like clams on a rock," old Graah said.

Everybody knew of the room but Dallas himself; it had been the talk of the village that day that she was going to surprise him with it, and they all, for their own purposes, kept the secret. He fancied, however, as he went by the farm-houses on his way, that there was a peculiar twinkle in the women's faces as they called to him, an unusual fun and cheerfulness, and that their voices never had sounded so hearty and kind. The men at Nixon's, too, as he passed, joking about his clothes, did it with an under-current of meaning in their lazy talk that touched him, he did not know why. There was not one of them to whom he had not tried to be useful in his small way, in their thronged fishing-times, or in the sickness last year, when one or two were down in every house. So, when they wished him good luck, and threw an old shoe after him, he thought they had, perhaps, been talking of him, and found how much they all were his friends.

"And so they are," said Dallas, shying stones vehemently into the pond, with a choking in his throat. "There's not a man or woman in Manasquan that isn't my friend. I think some one must always have managed my luck for me," his face grave, but not daring to look up.

Now the truth of the matter was this: and it was, to make no mystery of the thing, the secret of Nixon's whisper to Father Kimball. Manasquan people might, as George Laddoun asserted, be over-boastful, and rate their village too highly, but they were clannish, swore by each other to the exclusion of the world, and were fond, too, in a simple, generous way, of humoring their favorites, of little fêtes, processions and the like. So when it was noised about that Lizzy had set apart a room for Galbraith, and meant to give a home to the lad, it was quite in keeping with their habits that there should be a general contribution in order to make the room comfortable and snug, and that they should make a little glorification of the matter by keeping it quiet until Lizzy should break it to him. So they all watched the tall, lank boy, in his holiday suit, making his way through the woods, with a genial, inward satisfaction. A deserving, good creature, whom the world had abused until Manasquan was shrewd enough to find out his merit.

The air was sun-lit and sweet-scented, as we said; the woods through which he walked were silent and motionless as though they had stood in it unmoved for centuries. It was the edge of a great and almost unbroken wilderness that he skirted, gigantic pines, with bare, hoary trunks, rising into a thick sheet of foliage above. There had been times (when the world turned a harsher face on Dallas than to-day) when he had thought this forest one of the places where Death himself hid, so monstrous were the elfish growths that matted every limb, of unnatural mosses, and lichens of diseased and feverish hues. The more dead the bough was, the more vivid and strong was the parasite that fed on it.

But to-day his unwholesome fancy was forgotten, and Galbraith suddenly stopped his crunching step over the crisp needles of the pines, and drew his breath with quick surprise and wonder at the infinite beauty over which the sunshine flickered through the green, arching dome overhead. The delicate Southern moss hung in trailing webs of palest grayish green

from every bough and bit of rough bark; the dead trees were massed with a filagree covering of purple, scarlet, of silver fretted with black; the wax-like leaves of the pipsissiwa starred the path; on every side the flower of the crimson cactus opened its heated heart to the late warmth. Dallas broke off a bough which was one wonderful flowering in violet and green, crimped and curled leaves folded one above the other, but it crumbled in his hand—a lump of slimy, rotten wood.

Who was it that had so carefully turned all this death into beauty? Even where a bunch of mushrooms thrust up their heads, the brown needles thatched them like a miniature roof, and a ray of sunlight, striking obliquely through their transparent stalks, glorified them into clear amber pillars for the fairy temple. Dallas walked on more slowly. A great quiet came into his mind, up through all its boyish jumble of ideas about fishing, and roots, and the work he wanted to do for Elizabeth. He—Whoever it was that had brought all this good out of rottenness and decay, was it He that had brought him out of that miserable old time into this village? Was it?

The lad's eyes grew curiously steady and clear. The wind hinted a low, mysterious music in the pines, the sea, with warm, violet waves, caressed the shore, but no voices from old, miserable years moaned in it.

Some of us need to be lashed with defeat before we find out the real strength of the man within us, but some of us, like Dallas to-day, have to feel friendly hands touch us, and the world's seldom-seen, real, just, beautiful face clear shining into our souls. Then we see what we were meant to do in this life, and resolve to begin at once to build with gold instead of stubble.

Lizzy, when she saw Dallas coming up the path, went down to meet him, and looked curiously at him. He had been at work with her all morning, in high good-humor, quizzing her about her locked Blue Beard's chamber, whistling, and lilting out sailors' songs up stairs and down. He was quiet and grave now, as if he had come up out of church.

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"No one came up with you, Dallas?"

"No." He thought it neglectful that George was not with his bride this last evening, so affected not to understand her anxious question.

They sat down on the low steps of the porch, but she could keep quiet but a little while. "Dallas, where is Laddoun?"

"I do not know, Lizzy."

"That stranger, Ledwith, has been following him about all day. I am afraid of him," uneasily getting up. "He has a fish's eye, dead and cold. I wanted George. I have something to tell you, Dallas," blushing and smiling, "and he could have put it into better words than I. George is a good speaker, I think?" timidly.

"That he is," heartily. "It's a great thing to have talent, like Laddoun. If one wants to do anything in the world, I mean. It's just like a heavy man walking in the sand; no matter where he goes, the print is there, deep. Now I—"

"You? When it comes to drawing, Dallas, I think you have a true genius," eagerly; and she went into the room and stopped before a miserable picture of a man's head, purporting to be Laddoun's, wherein the outlines were all false and the features daubed with colors. Dallas looked at it complacently, his hands in his pockets.

"Yes. If I have any talent, it is for painting, I think."

"And your experiments—your plans?"

"Oh, that's my work," indifferently; "that all comes natural to me. If you'd shut me up in jail, I'd find the way to those jobs all the same. But my painting is a different thing."

She listened attentively. She wanted him to feel that he was cared for in every trifle to-night. She wanted him to feel no lack of mother and sister in at least this one hour of his life. She guessed the starved, solitary childhood he had led, and thought of the scars and lashes on the lean back underneath his new clothes—of the wounds which even now sometimes opened and bled; and her voice trembled a little when she told him to come with her and see what she had hid in the Blue Beard's chamber.

"It is something which will help you to paint better all your life," she said. She stopped at the hall-door to call to George's mother—a little, withered old body in a clean, brown calico dress, her gray hair knotted back without a cap—who was putting some chickens in the coop. She came up with a significant smile in her eyes.

"No, Lizzy, I'll not go in with you," whispering in her weak, pleasant little quaver of a voice. "The lad's more of a stranger to me than to you, and it might damp his pleasure. He's had hard roughing it in the world, I'm afraid, poor child!" and she stood nodding and smiling to them as they went over to the low, painted pine door, and after they had gone in, nodded and smiled to her chickens, talking about it to herself.

Now they were in the room, Lizzy had meant to make the matter very plain to Dallas, but she forgot all that she had thought to say. "We wanted our best friend to come and live with us," she stammered out, the tears coming to her eyes; "and that is you, Dallas. And the people in the village wished you to know who were your friends, and they sent you these tokens—for—for your home. Their names are on them."

When he turned, pale and astonished, she had slipped past him and closed the door behind her. She wanted him to be alone, to go over the little gifts with which the room was filled, from the rag-carpet, which only Mrs. Laddoun could weave, to the fire-irons from poor Becker, the smith. She wanted him to find that there was no name omitted, no man or woman in the village who did not count him as a friend. When she went in again, which she did not do for a long time, the lad was standing with his back to her, looking in the fire; and as she came up to him, she saw how colorless he was. He talked but little at any time, and when he was deeply moved was dumb, as now. Even Lizzy's sensible eyes grew dim when she looked at him.

"I did not think the trifles would matter so much to you, Dallas," touching his arm gently.

He did not answer her for a minute, and then said, "You don't know how different it was with me back yonder. I wasn't like other boys." She turned her head quickly away, fearing to pry into his secret.

"It was not I who thought of this," she said, with a little heat on her face, "nor Laddoun. It was Jim Van Zeldt. Last summer, after the sickness, he said the village owed you some sign of thanks. Jim's heart's in the right place," speaking with an effort. Lizzy was always eager to do justice to the man whose love she had put from her.

She saw that Galbraith would not talk of it, even to her. So she turned and went into the little dining-room, where the table was set for supper. He came out presently, and followed her about in a dog-like way, trying to help her, his face still and bright.

"He said hardly a word," old Mrs. Laddoun said afterwards, "but he looked as if a heart of stone had been taken from him, and a heart of flesh put in him that night."

The evening came on quickly. Lizzy closed the doors and lit the lamp, to shut out the twilight and the rising sound of the tide. Laddoun had not come. His mother, who had nobody else to care for, and was as nervous about the man as when he had been a tottering baby, put on her cloak and went in search of him. Lizzy laughed at her, tying her own woollen cap on her head; but after another hour had passed, she grew more silent and moved about uneasily, glancing out of the window, her face paler. Laddoun was not wont to neglect her, and this was the eve of their wedding.

An hour or two before they had heard loud voices down on the beach, and had seen two or three men lounging at intervals down through the marshes: they knew Van Zeldt's schooner was in.

"But even if George had gone to help unload her," she said anxiously to Galbraith, "they have stopped work now. The Graahs passed by half an hour ago back to the house; and there are two of the wreckers," as a couple of

men came across the stubble-field. She noticed that they walked close to the fence, looking furtively at the house, talking eagerly to each other. After a while, Nixon and his son came up from the beach, directly toward her gate, stopped there, and debated for a moment, and then turned suddenly, and went off together. Lizzy stood at the door, watching the two dark figures disappear in the mist over the marsh: the wind was rising, and came with shrill, foreboding cries through the pines: the sea began to mutter and moan with dreary and uncertain meaning. Lizzy tried to laugh again at her vague dread of coming evil, but told Dallas of it, frankly.

"It is as if some one told me George Laddoun never would come to me again," she said. "Go and look for him, Dallas. I cannot help being foolish and weak to-night."

Galbraith put on his cap with a cheery laugh. She thought she never had seen a stronger, lighter-hearted look than that in the boy's eyes. "I'll send him to to you in five minutes," he said.

"Come back again, Dallas," detaining him. "This is your home now, remember."

"Yes, I know. Home!" turning to look back from the edge of the woods at the open door and his room beyond, which his friends had made ready for him.

An hour passed, and another: the supper was cold, and Lizzy had let the fire die out on the hearth. She had gone out, and stood leaning over the gate. It was some joke they meant to play her, she thought. It was impossible that misfortune could come to her on her wedding eve! But she scarcely knew that the night had fallen—a wide, starless, melancholy night—and that the chilly salt gusts of wind from the marshes had wet her face and clothes. The tide was coming up with a subdued roar now, and

one storm-cloud after another was slowly sweeping across the sea-horizon.

Presently, at an hour long after the time when the village was ordinarily asleep, she heard a step close at hand, and Jim Van Zeldt came up and stood beside her. She tried to smile carelessly. She would not ask her old lover for news of George Laddoun.

But he did not give her time. He was looking past her unto the cozy little house where the light was still burning.

"So that is your home?" he said. Jim had quiet, womanish ways, always. When they were children and "promised" to each other, he would have suffered her to put her foot on his neck any day. So, finding Laddoun more manly, she thought, she had flung Jim and his love off as she would a worn-out shoe.

"Yes, that is to be my home," in a controlled voice. "Will you come into it, Jim?"

He did not seem to hear her. In a minute he put his hand on hers where it lay on the gate. It was the first time for many years, and she noticed that his fingers were cold and clammy. "I came to bring you some bad news, Lizzy. But I never hurt you in my life, and, please God, I never will. I can't tell her, Mr. Kimball."

"What is it?" she said, with a hot mouth, to the old preacher, who had come up on the other side.

He went straight to the point, having no faith in the sham of breaking bad news: "There was a great crime committed years ago in New York, my child: some say forgery, and others murder; and they have traced the men who did it to this beach. The pretended Quaker, Ledwith, was a detective. His warrant to arrest them came in Van Zeldt's schooner to-night."

"Who are the men?"

"George Laddoun, Lizzy, and Dallas Galbraith."

## A WELCOME TO GARIBALDI.

## ON HIS REPORTED BANISHMENT FROM ITALY.

OLD hero, we send thee a greeting!  
 Thou art banished, they tell us : then come !  
 For wherever free pulses are beating,  
 That land thou wilt know as thy home.

What matters the timid decision  
 Of the fellow who pilfered a throne ;  
 Or thy king's, whom his people's derision  
 Leaves abject, unloved and alone ?

We honor thee more, though defeated,  
 As a prisoner, an exile perchance,  
 Than the libertine coward who cheated  
 Thy hopes for the tyrant of France.

Of us thou art worthy—we know it—  
 And proclaim thee a citizen free ;  
 But, what's better—how proudly we show it !—  
 We feel ourselves worthy of thee.

Forget what the monarchs call treason  
 To the privilege of title and crown,—  
 Merest insults to manhood and reason,  
 Which briefly the world will disown.

Grand creature, unselfish, pure-hearted,  
 In an age that is meaner than mire,  
 'Twas no wonder the gold-mongers started,  
 Red shirt, from thy pathway of fire !

No wonder they shrank to the bowels,  
 And inquired what the mystery meant,  
 While the ring of thy rusty spur-rowels  
 Was shaking their triple per cent. !

No wonder they bound thee, gray lion,  
 Or will banish thee, fearing to kill ;  
 But they made each Italian a scion  
 To grow in the way of thy will.

Remember Rotondo ! 'tis planted  
 With a seed that shall rise unto good,  
 When the reapers stride forward undaunted,  
 And garner the harvest in blood !

Rest with us ! and tell us the story  
 Of a city that floats on the sea,—  
 Of the Medici's birth-place and glory,  
 More glorious in this—they were free '—

Of soldiers and statesmen and sages,  
 And of poets—the salt of the earth—  
 Who preserved all the good of the ages,  
 And added their genius and worth.

Then rest in our bosom, unfearing,  
 And thou'lt dream of the time that must come,  
 When thy steed shall again be careering,  
 The trumpet be answering the drum ;

When Italy, strong, self-reliant,  
 In the face of the meddlesome Gaul  
 Shall but laugh with her bayonets defiant,  
 And wait for whatever may fall.

As God watches all things from heaven,  
 So as surely this issue shall be ;  
 For the mass is alive with His leaven ;  
 He means His whole world to be free !

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THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.\*

I.

IT is now nearly a century and a quarter since the curiosity of Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, was thoroughly aroused by observing on the summit of a hill, a little north of the Swedes' Church, near the Delaware river, an ancient wooden building, which, he was told, had been religiously preserved as a

\*The original information embodied in this paper is derived from a thorough examination of the old house itself during the last summer, and from extended researches among the Penn MSS., the Carpenter MSS., the Logan MSS., a large number of miscellaneous letters of the period treated of, the manuscript records in the various public offices of record in Philadelphia, as well as the voluminous publications of the English Record Commission.

The following works have also been consulted : Colonial Records of Pennsylvania ; Penna. Archives ; Inscriptions in Burial Grounds of Christ Church ; Ligon's Hist. of Barbadoes, A. D. 1657 ; Hist. of Barbadoes, 1768 ; Sketches of Barbadoes, 1840 ; Sutcliff's Travels ; Collection of Memorials Concerning the People called Quakers, 1787 ; Record of Upland, edited by Edward Armstrong ; Prof. Kalm's Travels in North America ; Bolton's Hist. Westchester Co., N. Y. ; Webb's Penns and Peningtons ; The Hill Family, by John Jay Smith ; William Penn's Works, 2 vols. fol. ; Sewall's Hist. of the Quakers ; Besse's Sufferings of Friends ; Caribbeana ; Prendergast's Cromwellian Settlements of Ireland ; Memoirs Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania ; Granville Pent.'s Memorials of Admiral Sir Wm. Penn, Kut. ; Proud's Hist. Penna. ; Tuckerman's

memorial of the state of the place before Philadelphia existed.

It had been the residence of one of the three Swedish brothers called Sven's Sœner—sons of Sven—of whom Penn had purchased the site upon which he erected his town. Its antiquity gave it a kind of superiority over all the sur-

America and her Commentators ; Hazard's Annals of Pennsylvania ; Hazard's Annals of Philadelphia ; Graydon's Memoirs ; Sparks' Life of Gouverneur Morris ; British Empire ; Armistead's Life of Logan ; Balch's Letters and Papers, chiefly relating to Provincial Hist. of Penna. ; Journal of Isaac Norris, edited and published by J. P. Norris ; Doc. Hist. of New York ; Colonial Hist. of N. Y., edited by Dr. O'Callaghan ; Minutes of Common Council of Philadelphia ; Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians ; Franklin's Autobiography ; Masson's Life and Times of John Chilton ; Gilbert's Hist. Viceroy's of Ireland ; J. Francis Fisher's Memoir of Penn ; Ferris' Orig. Settlements on the Delaware ; Count Rumford's Philosophical Essays ; Caspar Souder's Sketch ; Dixon's Life of Penn ; Janney's Life of Penn ; Thompson Westcott's valuable History of Philadelphia.

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J. Dickinson Sergeant ; Edward Armstrong ; John McAllister ; John A. McAllister ; W. J. Clark ; F. Gutekunst ; T. Westcott ; C. Souder ; H. G. Jones ; Major Etting ; John Jay Smith ; Lloyd P. Smith ; J. Francis Fisher and Edward Penington, Jr.



rounding houses ; for it was inhabited " whilst yet stags, deer, elk and beaver, at broad daylight, lived in the future streets, church-yards and market-places." Within its walls, too, the prophetic hum of the spinning-wheel was heard long before the manufactories now established were imagined, or even the city itself was planned.

This example, and many like instances of tender care for venerable remains, long ago established Philadelphia's claim to stability, and all were ready to admit her reverence for the past, not less than her sincere belief in the present and the future. Her neglectful treatment, however, of a far more valuable relic, which I am about to describe, is so at variance with the foregoing rule of conduct, that I am almost inclined to regard this later—I hope sporadic case, as a symptom of the decay of the city's old-fashioned *preservatism*. By preservatism I do not mean that iconoclastic devil, sometimes called conservatism, which strives to pull down our institutions about our ears, and should not be tolerated in a democratic country ; but that spirit of humanity which instinctively defends governments, individuals, and old houses when threatened with destruction. It is folly to think that because we are citizens of a republic, it becomes our duty to demolish the monuments of the past, and to rush eagerly into the uncertainties of the future. It should be, on the contrary, a sacred privilege to preserve with filial care every vestige remaining to us which may illustrate the condition and modes of life of our ancestors.

The nomadic existence is characteristic of uncivilized and untutored races. The absence of reverence and affection for interesting historical landmarks, is an evidence of defect in the moral organization of a people, not less than of an individual.

The same feeling which led the good City of Brotherly Love to do her utmost to preserve the government of our fathers, during the late struggle, should naturally prompt her to rescue from demolition the home of the founder of Pennsylvania.

It must be that she is temporarily asleep ; but while she slumbers the house of William Penn is attacked ; and before she has shaken off her lethargy it will be swept from the earth.

Let it be our grateful duty to rescue from decay, at least the *memory* of this sacred mansion.

\* \* \* \* \*

There stands—alas ! it may be more properly said, before this sentence is printed, there stood not long since—on the south-east corner of South Second street and Norris' alley, in the city of Philadelphia, the most interesting building, historically speaking, to be found in our country.

Built in the infancy of the settlement by Samuel Carpenter, member of the council and Treasurer of the province—" the wealthiest as well as the most public-spirited man in the colony ;" inhabited by his partner, the great William Penn ; distinguished as the birthplace of John Penn, commonly called " the American," as he was the only one of the proprietary family born in this country ; lived in by scholarly James Logan, Secretary of Pennsylvania, who entertained here loose Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, grandson of the illustrious Clarendon and cousin of Queen Anne ; purchased by William Trent, Chief Justice of New Jersey, and founder of Trenton ; afterwards owned by Isaac Norris, Speaker of the provincial legislature of Pennsylvania, who made it his city residence ; inherited, through his wife, by John Dickinson, the author of the " Farmer's Letters"—this fine old mansion became, some years prior to the Revolution, a boarding-house of great repute in the hands of Mrs Graydon, whose son, Captain Alexander Graydon, relates in his " Memoirs" many interesting anecdotes of distinguished persons who frequented it in his day. Having gradually fallen from its high estate, it became within the present century the abode of a small jeweler, a hat-block moulder, a petty costermonger, and a dealer in shells and discarded rubbish.

I distinctly remember that in my boyhood its venerable walls still retained an

air of decayed gentility, which appealed with singular force to my youthful imagination. It is, in fact, to the strength of early impressions, and to the interest aroused at that period of my life, that this paper owes its existence.

While visiting my native place not long since, I chanced to hear that the *Old Slate-roof House* was about to be torn down to make way for "modern improvements." My heart leaped to my throat in an instant, and I registered a vow to make a pilgrimage to the spot without delay.

Accordingly, in company with a friend, I spent ten days in a thorough examination of this ancient building. Equipped with drawing-paper and pencils, "geological hammers," cold-chisels, and tape-lines of various lengths, we repaired each morning to this now entirely forsaken abode, and pursued our investigations undisturbed by intruders from the busy world. The ancient windows had long since given way to others of more modern appearance, in their turn broken and dilapidated. Old partitions were covered with rotting boards or bits of decayed



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, IN 1700.

canvas; ancient doors were concealed behind plaster and dirty washes of various colors; the chimney-faces had long since departed, and only here and there a strip of wainscoting was discovered. Tearing away all opposing impediments, we brought to light many forgotten entrances and curious nooks. Patient and careful labors likewise revealed sufficient remains of ornamented tiles to enable us to determine with certainty the colors and designs in the several apartments.

The stairs had entirely disappeared, and access to the upper stories was obtained through a hole in the wall of the next house. Only two partitions remained in this portion of the mansion, and time had nearly obliterated all traces of the former divisions into separate rooms. The wind, and sometimes the rain, found its way under the shingles

while we were inspecting the steep roof, once protected by the *slates* which had given to the house its peculiar name.

As the result of these experiences and explorations in this curious old dwelling, and of my subsequent researches among musty manuscripts and printed volumes, I am about to present one or two reliable word-pictures, with a view to the preservation of the memories which must ever invest with powerful interest the object of so many pregnant historical associations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Towards the close of an extremely cold day in the month of February, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred, a group of five persons might have been seen seated in a spacious room, around a large table covered with the evidences of a nearly-finished repast.

The apartment in which they were

assembled was wainscoted with a dark red wood, which contrasted admirably with the lighter coloring of the walls. Damask curtains, falling in heavy folds across the windows, almost hid from view the recessed window-seats, while ornamented oaken beams, projecting below the plastering, crossed and recrossed the ceiling in intricate patterns. The high wooden mantle-shelf supported vases filled with the flowers of Everlasting Life; and, below, huge logs, crackling and blazing right merrily on the broad hearthstone, brought into strong light the rural scenes pictured on the tiles ranged in double rows above and on either side of the wide-mouthed fire-place. The costly mirror of beveled-edged plate-glass upon the wall; the dark, carved furniture and rich coverings; the fair white table-cloth and figured napkins; the full service of brilliant pewter, stamped with the family arms;\* the blue and white china; the silver forks, then a great rarity; the silver tankards with home-brewed beer and cider; the cut-glass bottles filled with sack—now called sherry—with canary, claret and madeira,—all these were in themselves unmistakable indications of the comforts and luxuries which belonged at that day to rank and fortune. It was equally evident, from the sweet garlands which festooned the massive silver candlesticks, and scattered their perfumes on every side, that feminine refinement and womanly taste were not wanting to perfect the household arrangements.

The party gathered about the hospitable board consisted, as we have said, of five people—three gentlemen and two ladies.

Farthest from the fire, at the head of the table, sat a stout, well-proportioned man—in appearance about fifty years of age, in reality half a dozen years older—dressed in a collarless drab coat, cut

\*The family above described were of Welsh descent. Many years anterior and subsequent to this, elegantly decorated services of pewter, embossed with the heraldic bearings of the owners, were cherished and used as heir-looms in families of rank in Wales. Even as late as the year 1808, a traveler, in describing an immense fête given by a Welsh nobleman, dwelt with rapture upon the magnificent pewter service, which had been used on similar occasions for several hundred years.

perfectly straight in front and covered with many buttons. This garment was without a waist, and was not cut into skirts, but had only a short, buttoned slit behind. The sleeves scarcely descended below the elbow, and had large cuffs, showing the full shirt-sleeves. His vest was of the same color and as long as the coat, and, except that it lacked sleeves, seemed made in the same way. His breeches were very large, open at the side, and tied with strings or ribbons; there were buckles in his shoes, and he wore his hat, as did his male companions, while at table; which did not, however, conceal the full locks of his wig, nor prevent their framing, as it were, his ruddy English face, which beamed with a mingled expression of benevolence and thought.

“Well, friend Samuel Carpenter,” said this gentleman, who was none other than William Penn, Esquire, founder and sole proprietor of Pennsylvania, “I should like to hear thy story of the building of this goodly *Slate-roof House* in which we are now so comfortably settled. Truly I did not expect, on my recent arrival from England, that I should obtain such handsome and ample accommodations, which were peculiarly acceptable during the late sickness of my wife. In fact, the surprise of finding such a roomy mansion, with so many modern conveniences, on this side of the water and in this new country, has so delighted us all that we really desire to know about its erection; and if any experiences of thy own life are woven into the tale it will but add zest to the narrative.” Thus speaking, Governor Penn poured out a glass of madeira, and turned his dark eyes, with an interrogative glance, upon a handsome, elderly gentleman, who was seated at the other end of the table, by the side of Mrs. Hannah Penn—a fair, delicate-looking woman, whose entreaties were immediately added to her husband’s.

In a sweet, low voice she said: “Thou must really tell us, friend Carpenter; for since our son John Penn was born, a month since, everything about this house is very near to us.”

“Yes, indeed!” exclaimed her step-daughter, Letitia Penn, commonly called “Tishe”—William Penn’s daughter by his first wife, Guli Springett—“thou must repeat everything; and let us know also about thy sufferings in Barbadoes, and why thou didst come to Philadelphia.”

The graceful yet gravely-mannered young gentleman sitting opposite, then known as James Logan, Mr. Penn’s secretary, likewise urged the request with more than usual warmth.

Whereupon Mr. Carpenter was fain to yield to the general wish, and with great courtesy commenced somewhat in this wise, having first drank a glass of sack to clear his throat:

“As ye seem to greatly desire it, I will preface my account of this house with a glance at my past life and the circumstances which brought me to this place. Some of the facts are already known to my dear friend William, but he will pardon their repetition for the sake of my other hearers.

“The troubled condition of affairs in England during the last century led many gentlemen of good families and moderate fortunes to seek homes in the pleasant island of Barbadoes, the most easterly, as you are aware, of the Caribbean group. The calamities of the mother country peopled this region; and a variety of similar causes in turn induced an emigration from Barbadoes to other points along the mainland.

“It is not singular, then, that a number of those who have since risen to eminence in other English colonies in North America made this charming spot their intermediate residence. The persecutions and disabilities to which Friends were subjected by the authorities of the island soon caused the members of our body to turn their eyes to the more liberal government of New York, and particularly to thy enlightened plans, friend William.

“Somewhat prominent among those who determined to join thee in laying the foundations of a new state, where civil and religious liberty should find a foothold, was myself—already esteemed a wealthy planter. Although born in England, in 1649, I had removed to Barba-

does when a very young man; and from my abilities, natural or acquired, my large fortune and numerous friends, I felt that I was clearly entitled to an influential position in the island. Unfortunately for my usefulness as a public man, I was a Friend—one of that somewhat noted circle of men, including Oliver Hooten, Thomas Pilgrim, Ralph Fretwell, and our departed friend, Lewis Morris, who were debarred from retaining or taking any important public office or trust, simply on account of their religion. The refusal to bear arms or fight, and to contribute to the maintenance of ‘priests,’ had subjected them and their co-religionists to severe penalties; while for their fidelity in observing the precept of Christ, ‘Swear not at all,’ some of them were deprived of posts in the government service, which they had before supplied with credit and reputation; others of them were excluded from places of authority which they were in every other respect well qualified to fill. In like manner they were even deprived of their just right of acting as executors and administrators to their deceased friends and relatives. Under such a state of things, it is not in the least remarkable that many of us considered a change of residence as most desirable.

“As an instance of the extremely disagreeable position in which a member of the Society of Friends was placed at this period in the island of Barbadoes, I will take the case of Lewis Morris. Originally embarking in the service of the New Providence Company, he had received a variety of promotions for gallant conduct in actions by sea and land, until he crowned his career by acquiring a colonel’s commission and becoming a member of the Council. By this time he had also accumulated a competent fortune, and seemed to be in a condition to enjoy the fruits of his labors. Having, however, become a Friend, his prospects were suddenly blighted; and he found himself deprived of his offices, and subjected to a fine of ten thousand pounds of sugar, for not sending horsemen to serve in the militia, and was moreover compelled to pay a further amount for church and ‘priests’ dues. Appeal was made in vain

to the Governor and Council; and in the year 1678, or a little later, in accordance with an agreement made several years earlier with a recently deceased brother, Richard Morris, he removed to the province of New York. He died there, about ten years since, on his plantation called Morrisania, which descended to his nephew, Lewis Morris, who two or three years ago obtained letters patent from the Crown, erecting Morrisania into a manor. Lewis Morris, the younger, having also inherited lands in New Jersey, has been a member of the Council there; but this is superfluous information, for his frequent visits to Philadelphia have made him known to us all."

"Let me interrupt thee a moment, Samuel," said Penn. "Thou wilt remember that Lewis Morris, the elder, served under my father, the Admiral, in the West Indies. He was somewhat blamed in the Hispaniola affair, but his conduct at the taking of Jamaica, in 1655, was much applauded. His association with my father led to an intimacy with myself, although he was many years older, and had its influence in inducing him to become a Friend. We corresponded at intervals till the day of his death, when it appeared that he had bequeathed to me, by will, a negro man, named Yaff, provided I should come to dwell in America. As I am now fairly established here, I may readily obtain the servant, by mentioning the affair to my young friend, Lewis Morris; \* although a concern hath

\* The statement in Bolton's interesting *History of the County of Westchester*—vol. ii. p. 286—that Col. Lewis Morris, the elder, emigrated to the province of New York in 1674, is evidently incorrect. The English State Papers also indicate his presence in the West Indian region, in a subordinate capacity, as early as 1633, in the employment of the New Providence Company. It is likewise clearly incorrect to imply that after the Restoration he *disguised* himself under the profession of Quakerism (p. 301). He was a Quaker by conviction, and apparently remained a Friend to the day of his death. In his will, dated February 7, 1690, he left £5 to the meeting of Friends at Shrewsbury; and likewise gave his negro man Yaff to his "honored friend, William Penn, provided the said Penn shall come to reside in America." It is probable that Penn eventually received Yaff, and that it is he of whom Penn says, in his letter to Logan from London, April 1, 1703: "*I have resolved, after four years' faithful service, he shall be free;*" although Janney, in his excellent *Life of Penn*, says there is no evidence that Yaff was an African, he (Janney) being unaware of the preceding facts.

laid upon my mind for some time regarding the negroes; and I am almost determined to give my own blacks their freedom. For I feel that the poor captured Africans, like other human beings, have natural rights, which cannot be withheld from them without great injustice. I intend, in a few weeks, to bring before the Provincial Council a law for regulating the marriages of negroes.† I will also lay before the Philadelphia monthly meeting, my views as to the necessity of Friends being very careful to discharge a good conscience towards their slaves in all respects, but more especially for the good of their souls; and that, for this purpose, they should not only allow their negroes to come to meeting with them, as frequent as may be, on First-days; but that they should also appoint a special meeting for the negroes, to be held once a month; and that the masters give notice thereof in their families, and be present with them at these meetings as often as possible."‡

"These opinions and intentions do credit both to thy head and heart," said Mr. Carpenter; "who knows but they may be precious seed planted, to grow with the growth of this country, and result in the total overthrow of this terrible system of human bondage?"

"The attempts made by Friends in Barbadoes to give religious instruction to their own slaves was one of the chief causes of the oppression exercised toward us by the shortsighted policy of the government in that island. I might cite scores of instances, but I must hasten my story.

"Having personally encountered divers persecutions, and been twice heavily fined, like my friend Morris, for strict adherence to my religious principles, in refusing to pay church rates and to send armed horsemen and servants to the assemblages of the militia; and having also seen several of my relatives lan-

† Five or six weeks later, on the first of April, 1700, Wm. Penn did propose a law regulating the marriage of negroes. It was agreed to by the Council, but rejected by the Assembly.

‡ These views of Wm. Penn were afterwards embodied in a minute made in the same year by the Monthly Meeting of Friends at Philadelphia.

guishing in this, and in neighboring islands, from tedious imprisonments for conscience' sake, I gradually became disposed to seek another and more agreeable home."

"Having accordingly arranged my plans with the proper deliberation, and satisfactorily settled my pecuniary affairs, by thy advice, William, I bade adieu to my friends in Barbadoes, and, in company with my brother, embarked with my fortune in a vessel bound for Philadelphia; where, in spite of the pirates on the ocean, we arrived in safety seventeen or eighteen years since.

"The appearance of the settlement at that time was rather unpromising as far as buildings were concerned, as thou dost well know; and I immediately set myself to work to improve the condition of affairs as far as in my power."

"And right royally didst thou succeed, Samuel Carpenter!"

"Ah, William, thou hast not forgotten that as early as '83 I built the fair key, of about three hundred feet square, a little above Walnut street, to which a ship of five hundred tons may lay her broadside?"

"Indeed I have not. Thou hast been the most liberal and enterprising promoter of the development of our town."

Deprecating the compliment, although true, Samuel Carpenter was about to resume, when Letitia Penn, who had been waiting with some show of eagerness for the opportunity, said, "May I ask thee a question?"

"Certainly, my dear; what is it?"

"Didst thou chance to see in Barbadoes my uncle, Isaac Penington, my mother's half brother? I have so often heard good Thomas Ellwood speak of him, and of the happy days at Chalfont, when John Milton was living near them, that I take the deepest interest in all that concerned him, although I never saw him, and he must have been dead these thirty years. I recollect his old tutor Ellwood once told me that the boy's great abilities bespoke him likely to be a great man, and that the great poet often noticed him."

"Yes, I remember the bright youth

well. It was about the year '69 or '70 that he came out to Barbadoes under the care and escort of a choice Friend and sailor, John Grove, of London, who was master of a vessel trading to the island."

"I have heard he was designed to be a merchant," said James Logan.

"He was expected to become one," remarked Penn; "but before he was thought ripe enough to be entered thereunto, his parents, at somebody's request, gave leave that he might undertake the voyage. He enjoyed the trip greatly; but while returning home he was lost overboard and drowned."

"I shall never forget the sadness which came upon us all," said Samuel Carpenter, "when the news of his distressing fate reached the island. His comely face, his winning manners and his lively wit had completely won our hearts during his brief sojourn among us."

"Poor child!" sighed Mistress Penn, who just then entered the room, having left it a short time before to perform certain maternal duties towards her young son, John Penn, whose infant voice had loudly proclaimed his presence and his hunger in one of the upper chambers. "Poor child!" she repeated. "What a terrible blow his loss must have been to his mother! I trust there is no such ending in store for either of our dear boys. Let us leave this painful subject, for it greatly distresses me. Tell us, dear friend, of this house; for you are well aware that this is my first visit to America, and I have but little idea how Philadelphia looked even a few years ago, nor of the difficulty of building at that time."

"The year after thy husband arrived, in '83, there were nearly one hundred houses finished, and upwards of three hundred farms settled, while about sixty sail of great and small shipping made this port during that twelvemonth. A fair we had also, and a weekly market, to which the ancient inhabitants came to sell their produce, to their profit and our accommodation. So that shortly after I remember thy husband was able to write in good truth to the Marquis of Halifax: "I must (without vanity I can) say, I

have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did upon a private credit, and the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it are to be found among us."

"Now, Samuel, thou hast fully repaid my little allusion to thy public spirit, so let me alone for the present," said Mr. Penn, whose face glowed with a proper modesty as he ceased, and settled himself comfortably in his great leathern chair.

"I will heed thy advice. Provisions at this early day were fortunately abundant and good. Wild fowl and fish were plentiful, and fat bucks, and 'oysters six inches long,' were easily obtained. Free from care in this respect, we were enabled to apply ourselves with energy to the erection of the newly-planned city. The hours for work and meals for laborers were fixed, and indicated by the ringing of a bell. After nine o'clock at night the watchmen—each private citizen serving his turn—went the rounds, and all persons of every degree were obliged to leave the ordinaries. Within three years six hundred houses were in process of erection, and divers 'brickeries' were put up. As a building material, bricks began to be used, and at sixteen shillings per thousand were in great demand. The cellars, in some cases, were laid in stone, more generally in brick; and Humphrey Murray, Mayor of New York, built a large timber house with brick chimneys."

"I first erected my present mansion-house, with its end upon Water street, which had an imposing appearance, on account of its size and its portico with high stone steps."

"I have been told," said James Logan, "that Francis Pastorius, whose settlement at Germantown, founded by him in '85, is doing so well, previously built a small house in Philadelphia, thirty feet by fifteen in size, with windows of oiled paper; and that he placed over the door the inscription:

'PARVA DOMUS, SED AMICA BONIS  
PROCUL ESTE PROPRIANI,'

which greatly amused friend Penn, who desired him to continue his good work."

"It is true," exclaimed Letitia, "for the house is still standing; and although the inscription has disappeared, I have often heard thee mention the fact, dear father."

Penn inclined his head in token of assent, and Carpenter was about to proceed, when the hostess gently said:

"I think, dear friends, it would be better for us to withdraw to the large parlor, where we can resume our conversation without disturbance." So saying, she slightly touched a silver bell, and, rising from the table, led the way through the door, which had been opened by a servant, into the staircase vestibule. Turning thence to the left, she advanced towards the front of the house in the main hall, which was wainscoted and ran directly through the body of the mansion. Pausing for a moment for the others to come up, she entered, through open folding-doors, a handsome apartment of greater size and elegance than the one they had just left. The hangings were of satin; the mirrors in black and gilt, like those of the present day;\* the high-backed carved chairs, arm-chairs and couches were covered with fine Turkey needlework, with cushions of plush and satin; while the walls were handsomely decorated with wooden panels, and several spider-legged tables were scattered about the room or ranged against the wainscot.

"Here we may be more at our ease," said Mistress Penn. "Robert," to the servant, who stood respectfully awaiting her orders, "put another log on the fire, and tell Mary Lofty, the house-keeper, to have the various rooms properly arranged, for I wish friend Carpenter to see them before he goes. Now proceed, if thou please, dear Samuel."

But he was destined to still another interruption, for "Tishe," who had been unusually silent for some time, suddenly, with many exclamations of delight, drew attention to a beautiful sight.

\*The Hon. Thomas P. Carpenter, of Camden, has a mirror of this description, which is still in perfect condition, although it belonged to his ancestor one hundred and fifty years ago.

There, glowing like a live coal behind the great back-log, shone the massive iron fire-back, with the date of the erection of the house in fiery figures, and the arms of its owner, Samuel Carpenter, literally *emblazoned*. Argent—A greyhound passant, a chief party per pale, sable et argent. Crest—A greyhound's head coupé.

"Ah! that is a good omen, friend Carpenter!" cried the imaginative Letitia. "Thy good ship, the Greyhound, will surely arrive speedily and safely in port."

William Penn was about to mildly rebuke his daughter, but Carpenter frustrated his design by saying, "Though I am not given to a belief in signs, yet it is not a little singular that this thing happened once before. At that time I had a new vessel without a name; and when I saw the greyhound braving the flames, I said, 'I will give that name to my ship; thus may she prove a fast sailor, and ever brave the dangers of the deep.' This leads me to ask if ye have noticed the tiles about this fire-place?"

"Indeed, we have greatly admired them," said Mistress Penn. "Those facing us are most elaborately ornamented; and the pure alabaster ones with the rich crimson borders are exquisitely finished. Where did thou procure such gems?"

"From a friend of mine who has a famous manufactory at Gouda, in South Holland. He sent them to me as the choicest specimens of his art."

"I delight in those in the dining-room," said Tishe, "with the pink grounds and the dark-blue figures. There is one representing a handsome shepherd, with a broad-brimmed hat like father's, driving sheep across a bridge. Another is very droll. A cock is standing on a point of land; at his feet, in a small piece of water, lie several ships. The cock, which is of immense size and is crowing vigorously, seems to fill the principal space, and entirely dwarf the poor little vessels."

"Ah! yes, that is the Gallic cock, and is intended as a hit at the French by the good Hollanders. But to resume: the lot No. 16, on which I had first built the

house on King street, where I now reside, was the second above Walnut street, and extended from King to Second street. The owners of similar lots each held one thousand acres and upwards in the country, and, as an additional inducement for the investment, had received these city lots free, which have since proved so valuable. The western ends on Second street were regarded for some time as back lots. Foreseeing, however, the speedy growth of the town, I determined to improve my Second street property; and accordingly, I began to build this 'Slate-roof House'—so-called by the settlers because I covered the roof with expensive imported slates, the first used in the province. As other houses were merely shingled, this one immediately became an object of interest and respect, partly on account of its costly covering.

"Having designed the plan myself, after consultation with several of our friends, I engaged James Porteus to superintend its erection. This relieved me of much care, and was of great advantage to him, as it at once established his reputation, and laid the foundation of his present prosperity."\*

"I well remember," said Governor Penn, "that, before this, Francis Collins and T. Matlack had the bulk of that business. As early as the spring of '86 they were engaged in putting up a house for a relative of mine; and Francis Rawle, who sailed from Plymouth in April of that year, very kindly undertook to deliver for me a sum of money due them. Prithee, tell us further of thy enterprise, Samuel."

"The foundations were of solid stone, quarried in the colony; but I was obliged to send abroad for the 'black-header' bricks. The red bricks were already made here in great perfection; so that the variety gave to the externals of the house a very handsome appearance. The cellar was of unusual depth, with immensely thick walls. The rear was arranged for a kitchen. In the front, heavy

\* James Porteus died many years afterwards, at an advanced age, in 1736, and left a large fortune, acquired from the profits of his trade as a builder.



arches of brick masonry supported the square turrets or bastions."

"Those deep cellars," said Mistress Penn, "have been famous places for the storage of William's old wine. Their situation, the temperature, and the peculiar characteristics of the soil, seem to mellow whatever is put in these solid vaults."

"This was thoroughly proved by that which I have lately drank at thy table, Hannah."

Just at this point of the conversation the high standard clock in the hall began to strike in a slow, deliberative way, with those premonitory rumbles which seem like nothing except the preparatory f-i-z-z! of an old-fashioned matchlock. The echo of the last stroke of nine had scarcely died away, when Samuel Carpenter arose with the intention of bidding good night. Mistress Penn, however, hastened to say, with earnestness: "I wish our friend to remain, dear William, for a few moments, to see how comfortably we are settled in the house thou hast rented from him."

Governor Penn thereupon took up a candle, and, crossing the apartment, opened a door and descended a single step, thus bringing into view a cozy room, surrounded with shelves well filled with books; a writing-table stood near the window, with a comfortable arm-chair beside it.

"This turret-chamber is father's study, whither he retires to meditate," said Tishe; "on the other side of the house James Logan hath a similar place, where thou wilt find many rare profane authors, both Latin and Greek." While speaking, she looked at the young gentleman, and as their eyes met in lively communion, a faint blush arose in Letitia's round cheek, and Logan's fair face was more florid than ever. "They are in love!" cries the reader. I have not said that, although I am bound to confess it would not be strange if the young lady did fancy so singularly attractive a person as James Logan, with his matured air, his cultivated mind, his fine figure, and, last but not least, his sympathetic, dark-blue eye. Nor is it probable that a

young man of twenty-five—possessing his ardent temperament—could remain wholly insensible to the charms of Letitia Penn, who, although scarcely eighteen, added to the gay disposition and romantic feelings of an enthusiastic girl the rounded outlines and perfect development of a beautifully matured woman. It is at least safe to say that the barriers which the restraints of their common religion reared between them served only to heighten their mutual attraction, and imparted a tender sentiment to the conventionalities of their everyday life.

But while we are speculating the party have retraced their steps, and, crossing the main hall, have entered a room which has more the appearance of being constantly used. It is, in fact, the one in which Governor Penn is accustomed to receive his business visitors. A door towards the west leads into James Logan's little library, which is furnished like William Penn's sanctum, with the addition of some costly-looking folios, and a number of paper-racks filled with government documents and the official correspondence with which, as secretary of the province, Logan was personally charged. Without entering, the party glanced at these details, and then turned towards a door on the east side of the larger room, which brought them once more into the vestibule near the dining-room. Thence they ascended, by the broad oaken staircase, with its carved black walnut pillars, to the second story. The arrangement of this floor was different from that of the one below, the number of the rooms being greater. The hangings and coverings also were of camlet, or striped linen—the chintz of the present day. The last chamber they entered was tenanted by Master John Penn, and as they held the light above his cradle, the lovely babe opened his bright eyes and cooed and crowed with delight.

As they passed to the third story, Mistress Penn spoke approvingly of the large dormer windows, which she said gave an abundance of light in the daytime. The spacious rooms on this upper floor were not to be despised, for they

possessed many of the advantages, as well as the peculiarities, to be seen in the "chateau-roofed" mansions of the present day.

The inspection now being closed, Samuel Carpenter departed for his own home laden with kind messages to his wife, Mistress Hannah Carpenter, whom a temporary illness had prevented accompanying him to the Penns.

As soon as the guest was fairly gone, a bell was rung, and the servants and family assembled in the Governor's parlor to listen to the reading of the Bible, which was followed by the solemn, silent pause which always accompanies that service in the house of Friends. This being ended, preparations for retirement

were immediately made. Ashes were heaped on the mouldering fires, and the logs were drawn apart, to prevent waste. The red double shutters had long since been closed over the windows, and now the iron bars were placed across the front and rear doors, the keys turned in the huge locks, and the household was at rest.

Outside, also, quietness reigned. The frozen earth was covered with a thick mantle of snow, and the weird light of the moon crept in and out among the salient and re-entering angles of the quaint building, making it appear, from turret to foundation-stone, more like some castellated fortress with its curtains and bastions, than the really peaceful residence of an unwarlike Quaker.

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#### . THE FORGET-ME-NOT: A CHRISTMAS STORY.\*

ON a moss-covered stone, by the bank of a fresh meadow brook, sat two tiny sprites looking down into the waters that shimmered and glanced and rippled at their feet. The one was a comical-looking little man, broad-shouldered and rather short-necked, and of a stooping form that ill-natured people might have called humpbacked. His little thin legs, which he drew up cautiously—for he feared the water that wantonly danced up toward him—gave him a very singular appearance. His dress was brown, and by no means elegant. Upon his head he wore a brown leathern hood or cap slouched oddly over his pale, homely, but thoroughly good-natured countenance. The other figure was that of a lovely, slender female Elf. Her hair fell in curls on her shoulders and arms: her sweet but somewhat mischievous face was reflected on the shining water in which played her naked feet, throwing up from time to time a few drops into the face of her companion, when he chanced to look another way.

\* Translated from the German of GUSTAV ZU PUTLITZ.

She wore a dress of flower petals, and had set an Auricula blossom on her clustering curls by way of hat.

"Ah, Brownie," said the willful little beauty, "art thou still afraid of water?"

"Oh, I have shoes on," he replied. This was not strictly a falsehood, but it was not the reason of his avoidance of the water. "But," continued he, in order to turn the conversation, "do not call me Brownie. That comprehensive, wide-spreading family name sounds so formal. Call me Käppchen, or Little-hood, as people do when they love me."

"Very well," said the Elf, for such indeed was his companion; "and thou must call me Lilli. So now we are friends." And friends they were, however dissimilar they might be. Perhaps this very difference bound them the more closely together. At first, theirs had been but a bathing-place acquaintance; ripening into a bathing-place friendship, but this, at last, had become a real and sincere affection, that had lasted long, although they never saw each other but during the bathing season, and never wrote letters in the intervals of separation. But per-

haps this was the very reason that they thought the more frequently of each other. This evening they met at a spring which had been their rendezvous for several years past—Käppchen to carry on a rigorous course of bathing at the springs, in order to refresh himself after all the dusty work in which he had passed the previous year; Lilli for pleasure, for the sake of the society gathered at the spring, to greet the flowers, which she found here to be peculiarly beautiful, though Käppchen assured her that the same species and genera were to be found in a thousand other places.

Käppchen had made a toilsome journey thither on foot. Lilli had driven four-in-hand through the air, with her team of butterflies, dragonflies or grasshoppers; which of these, at precisely this season, was considered the most elegant. I cannot say. They arrived almost at the same moment. Each morning Käppchen bathed, and drank his prescribed dew-drop, which he gathered from the petals of a famous healing plant. Lilli made visits, gossiped, chatted and studied the new and fantastic modes of making garments out of flower petals.

In the evening the friends met and told each other of the small events of day, their experience in the past, their dreams for the future. And now let us listen to them.

"Thou lookest pale, Käppchen!" said the Elf after a pause, and her roguish countenance assumed, for the moment, a sympathetic expression. "Without doubt thou hast been overworking thyself in those close, dusty chambers."

"I have certainly had much to do," said the little man. "Here and there, among the books and proof-sheets and the confounded political pamphlets that really threaten to overwhelm us, appear, occasionally, some fresh poetical pictures, some fine, thick, learned folios. I, thou must understand, am one of the printers' genii, and this year I had much to do. A chest of types which had long lain unused suddenly came to light; much dust was raised thereby; this settled on my chest, and rendered the baths very necessary to me this year."

Lilli laughed aloud. "I know not whether to pity thee or not. Why shouldst thou trouble thyself with books, or pamphlets, or letters, or mankind at all?"

"Thou dost not understand all this, my fair young friend. Every one must work in the place designed for him by nature. The wasp must build her cells, the ant must raise her hills; and wert thou to destroy their work, they would recommence it from the beginning. I must toil and work as they, and it is my happiness to do so. Dost thou never work, thyself, in any way?"

"No! I dance in the moonbeams; I chat with the flowers; I watch the glow-worms; I live and enjoy."

"Thou art like a butterfly. It is thy nature. Enjoyment is the business of thy life. Dost thou not know that among mankind, with whom I have much intercourse, I find very different natures also? Some are hard-working people like myself—people who are always busy. There are others, again, who live for enjoyment, as thou dost; these feed upon nature; they learn and listen to her alone. These are the poetical dispositions. Their work is idleness, and idleness is the business of life with them. They are laughed at as dreamers, because they live in a world which they create for themselves, and into which others cannot enter. To some of them it is given, through sweet sound, or color, or words, to show to their fellow-men something of this ideal world. Such men are called poets or artists, but neither they nor their works are really any greater or purer for this acknowledgment. Thy disposition is also thus to enter into the poetry of nature, and to rehearse again, in thy own heart and being, the great poem of creation. Be contented with thy lot, but, at the same time, do not look with contempt upon mine."

Did the Elf understand all this? At any rate she felt flattered by his words. "It may be," she said; "I suppose it is natural to thee to work; but, poor fellow! it must be a hard and wearisome life that thou leadest!"

"Not in the least," said Käppchen,

and drew himself up a little proudly. "Thou canst not believe how satisfactory my work is. There lie the black letters arranged in their cells according to their various kinds; it is my duty to watch over them, and prevent them from jumping in the wrong places. At night, when I am seated on the chest, I hear sometimes a low murmur that shows that there is some disorder somewhere; some unfortunate letter complains softly that it has got among strangers. Sometimes it is a little *a* that is being laughed at and ridiculed by the great *A's*. Sometimes it is a vowel who is exposed to the taunts of the consonants, among whom it has wandered, or vice versa. For each of the letters considers himself better and more distinguished than the rest, and as there are always several of a kind together, they foster this conceit by continual applause. All this I set in order; and when the type-setter comes in a morning, he has no suspicion as to the person who has been at work during the night. The compositor picks out the type, one here and one there, and pushes the letters together; and to watch him, you would suppose he was making the most cruel confusion; but he does all this directed by the thought of other men; and when the letters stand fairly printed on paper, they tell much that is wise and beautiful, and cause the truest pleasure. I read over the proof-sheets as a recreation."

"A delightful recreation!" said Lilli, mockingly. Kämpchen grew more serious; he cleared his throat, as if he had made up his mind about something, and said, "We are friends, Lilli, and this gives me the right to be straightforward towards thee. Thou art clever, and thou hast mother-wit—"

"I grant it," broke in Lilli.

"Do not interrupt me; but thou lackest cultivation; thou despisest literature and the sciences, because thou art so ignorant about them; and this is a great pity."

"Brownie," cried Lilli, turning away as if offended, "thou art becoming ungallant."

"Forgive me," said the little man,

rubbing his hands together nervously. "Thou knowest very well that I mean no harm, thou art so spirituelle. I only mourn when I consider how much thou mightest accomplish if thou wouldst but read a little. And in winter thou hast so much leisure."

"In winter!" cried Lilli, still somewhat nettled. "Winter is precisely the time when I have least leisure. Then I visit my beloved flowers in the bosom of the earth, where they lie in their little hard, brown seed-beds. I seat myself beside them and tell them stories of spring breezes and the joy of sunshine, that they may be all the more ready to awake and spread themselves in new beauty and sweetness. And then I listen to the souls of the faded flowers that float about them, teaching them how to bud, and bloom, and glow."

"The souls of flowers!" cried the skeptical Brownie.

"Is it possible that you have not heard of them? Oh, you book-worms!" cried Lilli. "How, without souls, should the flowers know what they must do when they find themselves, for the first time, in the world?"

"No! Thou must really tell me about that," said Kämpchen, who was beginning to show more confidence. "In early times, it is true, a good deal was written about the souls of the departed, but of late years one hears little on the subject. But pray tell me what thou knowest."

"When the flowers die," continued Lilli, "their souls rise, in the form of perfume, from the fading cup or bell, for the scent of a flower is the soul, as thought is the soul of man. For a long time they hover over the dead body, and then float away. You can perceive them if you observe carefully; for sometimes floating through the air you may feel the perfume of flowers or herbs that you know nothing of, or that grow at a great distance. The dead petals fall off, the seed is formed, reaches maturity, and falls to the earth. The flower-spirits watch all this, and, like faithful nurses, gather round the cradle of their future sister. And all that they have experienced during their own fleeting life on

earth, all that they have learned in their intercourse with nature or mankind, they weave into loveliest cradle-songs, and sing and breathe into the heart of the slumbering germ. Thus grows and springs the coming life in the bosom of the silent earth. Thus does the flower presage of her coming life upon earth, whether she will be beloved or despised by men, what meaning they will see in her form and color; and according to this meaning she grows."

"Thou art talking poetry," observed Käppchen.

"Wilt thou have proof of this?" asked Lilli, leaning back and gathering a Forget-me-not from the flowery thicket that shaded her seat. "Look at this flower. Thou knowest the meaning that men give to it; it is the Forget-me-not."

"*Myosotis pratensis*, or mouse-ear," said Käppchen.

"What do I care for thy learned terms?" exclaimed Lilli. "We, and fond human hearts, alike give it the name, Forget-me-not. For is it not the flower of friendship and constancy? She knows this well enough, as she springs up on her slender green stem, though she is still inexperienced, and her feelings change as she grows. The bud at first glows rosy red, the color and badge of love; but again she bethinks herself of what the spirit-flowers sang to her in her cradle, and spreads her petals of blue round the deep yellow heart, a pledge of fidelity, a tender greeting for the hour of parting. Could she do all this if she knew not the meaning of her name." Käppchen, who had studied the entire botanical literature of the world, could find, in spite of all his learning, nothing with which to meet this question.

"And thou reproachest me for not reading!" continued Lilli. "Dost thou suppose there are no books but such as are printed from thy black type? Poor Käppchen, to whom a dingy printer's garret seems greater than the world! Are there not thousands upon thousands of hieroglyphics in the universe, but which you have not the skill to decipher? I, however, understand something of this

art. Look at this Forget-me-not. See the soft velvet of its petals, and, as I hold it against the light, the delicate veins as they cross and recross each other, part and again unite! Dost thou indeed believe that these are but the result of chance, when the flower itself springs up so perfect, so complete? Dost thou think nature pursues her work less cleverly than the hand of thy type-setter, who fumbles among the letters which thou keepest in order? Every atom has intelligence, every fibre its law, every breath its corresponding thought. Every leaf bears upon it a meaning written in clearest characters. I can read this, and wert thou a poet, instead of a printer, thou mightest also."

The Brownie wavered between curiosity and a suspicion that the Fay was befooling him. He could not exactly beg her to commence her reading, because in so doing he would appear to admit that she had convinced him of her theory; at the same time he would have been only too glad to know what was written on the leaf. He fancied it was probably a new mode of classification, a sort of catalogue that each flower carried about with it. His eye twinkled slyly, as if he had a very good answer if he only chose to produce it.

"But I suppose there is much the same written on each leaf?"

"By no means," said Lilli. "The inexhaustible forces of the universe do not repeat themselves; and because thou hast so much learning and cultivation," continued she, not without a shade of irony, "I will explain to thee the reason. I have already told thee how the spirit-flowers tell their own histories to the seeds. Now, as the plants grow up, one of these histories is written upon each leaflet, and for those who can read it that flower is a book of many pages. These I study in my leisure, and thou reproachest me with not seeking to improve my mind by reading! How should I otherwise have known anything about mankind, with whom I have no intercourse, if the flowers had not instructed me about them?"

"Ah, read me aloud what is written on the Forget-me-not," cried K ppchen.

"It will be but a simple story," said Lilli; "for what can a Forget-me-not have to relate by way of experience?"

"Oh, just read on the five leaves of the one thou holdest in thy hand! Pray, pray, my beautiful, my accomplished friend."

Lilli gazed long and silently into the flower, and K ppchen began already to hope that she would not be able to decipher anything.

"I do not begin at the beginning, as thou dost in thy books," said Lilli; "in this you are obliged to find the thread, and then gradually you unravel the whole story."

"Somewhat in the way in which the fortune-tellers read the lines of destiny on the human hand," said he.

"Somewhat so," she replied; "but my art is much more reliable than theirs. Now listen. Upon this first leaf is the history of the genius of a Forget-me-not." She relates thus:

#### IN THE MEADOW.

In the meadow in which I bloomed, two beautiful children were running at play—a girl with floating, yellow curls, and a brown-haired boy a few years older. They were chasing butterflies, at least the little girl was; the boy's eyes followed her much more eagerly than they did the gorgeous-colored prey. They were children of near neighbors.

"Oh, dear," cried the little girl, "it is quite damp here, and here is a deep ditch! Oh, there it flies, the beautiful peacock-eye, and I cannot get over!" And there she stood dolefully at the edge of the water-course, as if some vision of happiness had suddenly vanished from her gaze before she had tasted its sweetness. Who could tell whether she would ever be able to reach it?

"Go no farther," said the boy; "I will carry thee over the stream."

"No, no, thou wilt let me fall," she cried. But at that moment the peacock-eye again fluttered close on the brink of the water-course, so that she could al-

most reach it with her net. The boy turned away as if offended, but the fair-haired girl, still gazing after the butterfly, beckoned him to return. "Quick, quick!" she cried. "There he is again." The boy took her in his arms and stepped into the stream, and there he stood still, holding his precious and beautiful burden.

"What wilt thou give me for this service?"

"Nothing! But be quick, be quick! for I am too heavy for thee."

"Nothing? Very well, then I shall remain here!"

"Rude, bad boy! Thou art sinking deeper and deeper. What wouldst thou have?"

"A kiss."

"Foolish fellow," she said, looking down and turning away her head. "Oh the lovely Forget-me-nots!" she cried, forgetting the danger, and the unreasonable demands of her captor. "Thou must get some of them," and she sprang lightly from his arms to the opposite side of the water. The boy still stood in the middle of the stream.

"The Forget-me-nots?" asked he.

"Yes, yes, yes, the Forget-me-nots!"

He stooped to gather them, and she clapped her hands in triumph.

"What wilt thou do with the flowers?"

"I shall arrange them in a saucer of water; then they will all spring upwards and bloom around a stone that I shall place in the middle."

In a little while they both sat down on the bank of the stream. The little girl sorted over the flowers he had brought her, and collected into her apron enough for a nosegay.

The boy watched very contentedly, and had already forgotten that she had denied him the kiss. "Give me a flower as keepsake!" he begged.

"No, indeed! Why didst thou try to force me to kiss thee?"

She caught up the corners of her apron and ran off towards her home. The boy frowned, and shook his fist threateningly at her as she ran, and then he went on his own way, as if nothing were the matter.

Our fate was just what the girl had said it would be. In a few days the little rattlecap had forgotten her butterfly chase in the meadow, the kiss, and the Forget-me-not which she had denied to her companion. We, however, had sprung up, unfolded new buds, and stretched our heads over the stone that parted us, and chatted together, and asked each about the boy whom we had not seen for so long. Suddenly he appeared; he had come on an errand from his mother to the mother of his little play-fellow, and, as he delivered his message, his eye fell on the bundle of Forget-me-nots. The color rose to his cheek, and as the lady turned away for a moment, he drew near, broke the stem on which I grew, and placed it in his button-hole.

"What art thou doing?" said the lady.

"Nothing," he said, blushing more deeply and holding his cap over the stolen flower in his breast. Soon afterward I withered between the leaves of his Latin grammar. There I lay until the winter came and the snow lay on the ground. One day the boys played at snow-balling in the play-ground; their books were thrown hastily on the wood-stack, as they bounded off to their play. I slipped from between the pages where I had lain, and was carried in with the wood and burnt in the school-room stove, just at the moment when the same boy received a reprimand for turning over the leaves of his grammar, and refusing to say what he was looking for. I never understood why he stole me from the saucer or why he blushed in doing so.

"That is the story of the first petal," said Lilli, plucking it off, and letting it fall into the stream, that bore it swiftly away. Four more leaves yet remained.

The Brownie, who had sat all this time in somewhat painful impatience, did not exactly know what to say to this narrative; he tried to find the point of the story, and to criticise the whole in a way least likely to wound his friend.

"Very pretty," he said, "but thou must really read some of my books; they are more satisfactory. In them you would be told what was the upshot of all this,

and how the children, after experiencing a host of marvelous adventures, were finally united and became a happy pair. I have been waiting for this all along."

"I know as little about that as does my Forget-me-not," said the Elf. "This is not a book; it is merely a page of one, and the flower-sprite who related the history could only tell what it had been her fate to see and hear. Shall I read more?"

"It will be all the same throughout, I fear," said Käppchen, "for this is just what would naturally happen to a Forget-me-not."

"Let us see." She held the second leaf up to the light, studied it for a few moments, and then read on, uninterruptedly, as follows:

#### AMONG THE STUDENTS.

I lived on the bank of a very pleasant river. And although from the plot of meadow-land where I and my sisters grew we could scarce catch a glimpse of its waters, yet the grass was kept green by the spray that rose from its rushing waves, and our roots were nourished by the secret rills that crept through rocks and beds of sand to our bed. Although from my tender size I could not reach it with my eyes, I could still hear the murmur of the river, and could gaze on the other side up to the great mountain wall that bounded the valley, and watch the light of my first sunset bathing in its glory the ruins of three ancient castles that hung on its crest. The sun has just set, and I awaited the quiet beauty of evening, when, all at once, a confused sound of voices, the tramping of horses' hoofs, and now and then the plash of moving oars upon the river broke the stillness. I put forth all my strength, and turned my gaze to the shore. My curiosity grew stronger, and I thrust my head forward among my sisters and looked to see what was going on.

A long train of young men, some on horseback and some in carriages, swept joyously along. First came three riders, in high dragoon boots, knee-breeches, and swords at their sides; gay-colored sashes crossed their breasts, and gayly-

colored caps sat lightly on their waving hair. Carriages followed, some with six horses, some with four, some with two, the horsemen dispersed between. Suddenly the command to halt was given. The young men alighted, and the carriages and horses were dismissed, and returned with noise and confusion toward the town. A boat, garlanded with wreaths and oak boughs, and bearing on its pennon the colors worn by the students on their caps and sashes, lay moored at the river's edge. Most of the company embarked, while the rest wandered gayly along the river's brink. The boat pushed off, and the music of a students' song broke on the stillness of the evening, swelled by the host of youthful voices :

"On the shady banks of Neckar  
Stand the castles old and hoar,"

the oars moving in measure with the song. I turned my gaze involuntarily toward the mountain, that, in the glow of the sunset light, seemed to look down solemnly on the joyous band, as if conscious of the homage paid it in their song. Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie. The students who wandered along the river side had each of them gathered a nosegay or a green sprig to adorn his cap. One among them, whose hat was still without a spray, stooped, and seizing a large bunch of us, stuck them in his cap. I was delighted at the thought that I should see and help to adorn the *commers* festival of the students. When they left the boat once more, the students strolled off in larger or smaller companies up the mountain paths or along the river side, as accident or the fancy of the moment dictated. I nodded over the brow of my wearer as he climbed the heights leading to the castle, towards which I had cast such wondering glances from below. Through tangled masses of ivy and bramble we pressed upward to the highest battlements of the ruined fastness. The wide, wide world lay before us, and scornfully I looked down—with shame I confess it—on the humble place of my birth. The other students who had followed us went on their way. My

friend began to clamber up to the top-most edge of the ruined tower. I grew dizzy. A yellow House-leek, that I brushed in passing, whispered, "What art thou doing up here, Valley-flower?" I looked at her, smiling proudly, but before I could answer her we had reached the top. The student seated himself on the ruined wall, and, throwing his arm round the trunk of a tree which had wound its roots among the damp stones, gazed down upon the fair earth below. He was heated with climbing, and took off his cap, laying it on a large stone at his side. The first astonishment over, I fell into vague and melancholy thought; and was in such a poetic frame of mind that I felt tempted to write a poem, which should describe the scene in the midst of which I found myself. The student seemed to have shared my thoughts. He drew out his pocket-book, and pushing aside his cap, laid it on the stone beside him and began to write. I wanted very much to see what he wrote, for I felt convinced that he had stolen the poem I was going to write, and about which I prided myself already. But I and the cap were both pushed aside. The sunlight shone on the paper, and the young man turned himself to escape it, but in vain. He thought a moment, and then seized his cap and shaded his paper with it, and I read all he wrote. But it was not the poem I should have written. No tear here for the Past? No hope for the Future? Satisfied to the full, asking nothing beyond the joy of the Present? Oh, certainly he who wrote this was a student! A student! There was the answer.

"What art thou about up there?" shouted voices from below.

"Nothing," said the student; and closing his note-book with a blush, he snatched up his cap and swung himself lightly over the battlements, scattering a shower of earth and loosened stones as he descended.

And then they all hastened down to the little inn, in one large room of which all the merry company was assembled. A long table was already spread, and at



either end lay two naked swords crossed. At one end of the room was the orchestra, and at the other were set bright-colored transparencies bearing the arms of the *corps* to which the students belonged. Garlands decorated both the hall and table. Coats were thrown aside, the tricolored sashes slipped from the shoulders, the clash of the sword gave the summons for each one to take his place, and the supper began. All was jollity, overflowing merriment, the gaiety, the abandonment, the joy of youth! Glasses were filled, emptied, and again refilled. Suddenly the music broke into the melody of a song, the swords struck the table.

"*Silentium!*" shouted the President, and the talking was hushed, as every voice joined in the song—

"Every breast is filled with pleasure,  
Every beaker filled with wine;  
But 'tis Friendship's boundless measure—  
Friendship makes the joy divine."

It was the song of Friendship, and I, the flower of Friendship, was rocked on the waves of its melody, and looked round on the other flowers that decorated the walls, the tables, and the caps of the students, feeling as if this was a homage paid to me. And as the song ended and all rose—when the glasses clinked joyously together, and each man grasped the hand of his friend and looked into his eyes—I felt ready to melt into tears of pleasant sadness and sympathy. I am somewhat of a sentimental turn, I believe. Thus it continued till late into the night; but though the jollity grew loud and the mirth high, many a frank and earnest word was spoken. My student threw his arm over the shoulder of his friend, and both walked out upon the balcony. Over our heads was the starlit sky in its eternal silence; at our feet was the rushing river, with its mountain wall, black in the darkness of the night, and behind us the ringing of glasses, the confusion of excited voices. My student clasped the hand of his friend. I understood him. I had read his poem.

Again the sound of the clashing sword and the mandate of *Silentium*.

The voices were hushed, coats were resumed, and each man took his place. The most solemn silence followed the late riot.

"Our King and Country!" and out burst that most wonderful old melody. The first verse was sung somewhat more slowly than the previous songs. The corps captains, mounted on their chairs, two at either end of the table, clashed their swords together in time to the air—

"As it clashes how it flashes,  
This good sword of temper rare;  
I pierce thy cap—thy oath prepare!"

And as the oath was taken the hand was laid upon the crossed swords that had pierced the cap, and they sang again—

"True to this jovial Brotherhood  
To live, to die—I swear."

Then the swords were passed on and the verse repeated. One cap after another was strung upon the blade till all heads were uncovered, and the swords met in the middle of the long table. It went hardly with us poor flowers during this ceremony, and as the cap which I graced was rudely pressed by a neighbor's, I felt the stem on which I grew snap and loosen from the other blossoms. The melody suddenly changed, and I could see, as I leaned forward, that the captains exchanged the swords as they sang—

"Now take thy cap; I set it on thy brow,  
And over thee I wave this good blade now;  
Three cheers for this our brother! Hip, hurrah!"

And at this they handed the caps in order across the table, laying the naked blade upon the head of each in turn, as if in consecration of his vow. All heads were now covered. The captains resumed each his own cap from the hands of his fellow, and the swords clashed once more. *Exest commercium, initium fidelitatis!* and the noisy and joyous clamor, so long restrained by the solemn initiatory hymn, broke forth once more. And we poor flowers! How was it with us in the mean time?

When the stranger cap that had been pressed upon us so rudely was snatched away, we Forget-me-nots were torn from

each other, and fell scattered upon the table, and he who had gathered us heeded it not. One of my sister flowers fell upon the rim of his glass, and hung there till, as he raised it to his mouth, she kissed him on the lips, and then, slipping down under the table, died at his feet. I envied her fate. But crushed, scattered as we lay, we did not remain entirely unnoticed. The student sitting next to my friend looked down upon me, and then, as if surprised by a sudden memory, he caught me up.

"A Forget-me-not," he murmured. "A Forget-me-not—just like to the one she once denied me! She has grown tall and beautiful since then! Would she refuse to give it to me now? Thus," he said, laying me between the pages of his *commers* book, "I place this as if she had given it to me!" and he laid me on the page where were these words.

"Him love ever follows and leads by the hand,  
And gives him a home in the stranger's land."

And upon these words I breathed my last. When the student, after long years have gone by, again opens his book of songs, what will be the vision that the poor, dried Forget-me-not will recall to his mind? Will it be the face of his first love in his old home, or the joyous *commers* night at Neckarsteinach.

Käppchen had listened very quietly to all this; whether from interest in the story, in a spirit of resignation, or simply out of gallantry, it is hard to say.

"How singular," observed he, "are human festivities, especially among students!"

"Our Forget-me-not seems to have been mightily taken with it all," answered Lilli. "The spectacle moved her to tears."

"What would not a Forget-me-not cry over?" said he.

"But the whole thing appeared to her imposing, and not without its earnest meaning."

"Poor thing!" replied Käppchen. "And it was, after all, the most pure absurdity. The crowd of carriages, the drinking, and, beyond all, the boring of their caps!"

"It may be so," said Lilli. "It is not

my business to defend my stories," and she let the second leaf fall into the stream. Perhaps in order to cover the pause in the talk, Käppchen leaned forward as if to regain it, but the stream had already carried it away.

"What a pity!" said he. "I should like to have copied that student's poem."

"What for?" asked Lilli; "there are a thousand poems, and more beautiful than that, on other petals."

"I could have made use of it to fill up a blank space in my proof-sheets," said Käppchen. "It would have done well enough for that; for as to the real worth it matters very little. We have our poems handsomely and tastefully bound, gilt-edged and gilt-lettered; for books have quite taken the place of all other trifles that people use as ornaments: the outside is pretty, and you can amuse yourself in turning over the leaves, though you may not care to know anything of the contents of the book."

"Strange creatures, these human beings!" said Lilli, mockingly. "And this is what thou callest a taste for literature!"

The sun had by this time set; twilight lay over the land; the mist rose from the marshy hollow that stretched out beyond the nook where our elfin pair sat. The heavy veil of vapor spread itself farther and farther, moved by the evening breezes. Käppchen pulled his cap closer over his eyes, and Lilli gathered some heads of the white Cottonweed that grew in the meadow, and spread it on the ground beneath her. After which she prepared to read from the third leaf of her flower.

"Thou wilt ruin thy eyes," said Käppchen, and sought to take the flower from her hand. Lilli laughed, and starting up, she called over the meadows in clear tones,

"Wake up, ye Fire-flies, trim your lights and shine!"

And over all the meadow the dewy grass began to sparkle with lights. The twinkling sparks rose into the gray mist slowly at first, and then more rapidly, brighter and brighter, till they glanced and gleamed in an endless entanglement.

"Come hither," commanded the Elf again, "and those who can remain still,

and shine steadily, may listen to what I am about to read."

At this the Fire-flies settled themselves upon the moss that covered the stone, or hung among the flowers that overshadowed it, so that the two friends sat in the full light. The stream also gave back a thousand reflected stars as the flowers swayed or the waters rippled. Käppchen exclaimed with delight,

"What a blaze of light! It is just like a ball-room!"

"And into a ball room I am about to lead thee," said Lilli, who had now found the thread of the history of the third leaf; and she read:

#### IN THE BALL-ROOM.

Not in the free, fresh air, but in a large hall with glass walls did I first see the light; and delightful as it was there, I always missed the merry breezes and the freedom of the open sky. We were a large company of flowers, gathered from the four winds of heaven. Here rose the tall Palm, and the wonderful butterfly-like blossoms of the orchidaceous plants hung from the roof, and filled the air with perfume. The coquettish Camellia spread her blossoms against the shining background of her leaves; the Pomegranate burned in sullen grandeur. Who may repeat or give a name to all the complaints of the homesick flowers? It is true I had not been torn from my native climate, but they had deceived me in the course of the seasons, and cajoled me out of spring and summer. I was told this by the sunbeams, who visited us when the matting was withdrawn from the windows, and we looked out upon a world of dazzling ice and snow.

"Why should they take us?" I cried, complainingly to a company of Violets that grew near. "Why should we, who are of humble origin, be brought here among all these great and brilliant foreigners?" But there was no time to think upon the answer, for the gardener, who tended and watered us, came one day, clipped off a quantity of his sprays and blossoms, and carried us all off with him. Tasteful hands bound us into little nose-gays, and arrayed us in a crystal chal-

ice, and then, well protected and secured from the cold, we were sent forth. I felt almost frozen in the icy chill that penetrated our cover, and yet it filled me with yearning towards the free, fresh air. Thus absorbed in my own feelings, I paid little attention to the cold tone of resignation with which the wintry winds sought to console a dark Camellia near me, or to the whimpering of the Orange-blossom, that shuddered painfully and sheltered itself beneath the leaves, and whom a more robust Erica tried in vain to comfort. All at once a change came; we breathed a warm and scented atmosphere, bright light flashed through the crystal vase in which we were set, the cover was removed, and, bewildered, I gazed upon the unimagined wonders of a ball-room. A stream of light fell from the great corona; lights blazed on the walls; a gay and gayly-dressed crowd thronged the room. The orchestra poured its music through the hall, and the dancers, inspired by its sounds, floated away under its magical influence. We must have come as the ball was drawing to a close. A Myrtle sprig which had fallen from a lady's bouquet, and had been carelessly thrown among us, described to me wonders of the past evening that really bewildered my senses. We had been placed in a quiet corner, where we were entirely out of notice, but from the embrasure of the window where we stood, half hidden by a swaying curtain, we could still view all that went on. At first I was bewildered and dazed by the glare of the lights that trembled in measure to the music of the dance, the splendor of the dresses, and the beauty of the forms that moved to and fro. But in a while I regained sufficient composure to observe what was passing, and the friendly Myrtle spray was always ready to give me information. What a strange scene! With what grave composure the dancers approached their fair partners! with what solemnity he bowed and she took the proffered hand. A few moments, and the same pair whirled past us with brightened eyes and quickening pulses; the slender form of the girl swayed within the arm that held it. But when they

once more reached the seat, again the same calm bow, the same formal acknowledgment. It was like a flame that started up for a moment, and then was suddenly extinguished. Then came a long pause. In the orchestra the instruments were tuned afresh, and below the dancers promenaded to and fro. Chairs were brought in, and each dancer led his lady to a place. The music burst forth, and the first pair opened the dance. The lady was of the most resplendent beauty, the belle of the night. She was of a tall and slender figure. Fair curls, among which drooped the crimson bells of the Fuchsia, clustered round her imperial head and fell on her shoulders. Her eyes, more brilliant than the diamonds on her fair bosom, flashed conscious and certain of conquest. Her beautiful jeweled arm lay lightly upon that of her partner. The Myrtle spray noticed at once the object of all my attention.

"That," said she, "is the daughter of the house, whose betrothal is celebrated to night. She dances now with her fiancé. I know this, because it was from her bouquet that I fell, and both the bouquet and the parure she wears were given her by him before the ball."

"How happy she must be!" I sighed. Near me sat a middle-aged lady with her daughters, who, apparently, had not found partners. She whispered to a gentleman who stood by her, "The mamma has caught him finely; no difficult matter, however, for he is not very bright!"

"And La Fiancée, who is an old school-fellow and intimate friend of mine," said the daughter, "told me in confidence, only a week ago, that she found him immensely tiresome. She is such a flirt, and—"

"It is certainly a brilliant party," said the gentleman.

Two young officers were led by the dance into my neighborhood.

"She is certainly very handsome," said one. "But she has no heart," answered the other. Just opposite to me, standing within a doorway, was a young man dressed in black. He did not dance and spoke little, but his dark

eyes rested unremittingly on the brilliant young creature, upon whom all the attention and remark of the evening turned. I felt a secret sympathy with him, I knew not why. Just as I was beginning to think that we poor flowers had been forgotten, the chalice in which we were set was carried away and put upon a little table in the middle of the room. The gentlemen came up, one by one; each chose a nosegay and presented it to a lady, and was repaid by a smile and the promise of a dance. The vase was nearly empty; the last among the dancers approached; the nosegay in which I was bound lay still unappropriated. I saw the young man whose eyes had so constantly followed the beautiful betrothed suddenly start and cross the room with hasty strides. "A Forget-me-not," he whispered, and seized the bouquet in which I lay. He approached her, and as he bowed before her his dark eyes were fixed inquiringly upon her face. She could not meet his glance. She dropped her eyes and looked down upon the flowers he had given her, and, almost as if to hide some sudden emotion, she said, "A Forget-me-not? Do you remember when we were children and gathered Forget-me-nots in the meadow?"

"And later—" he said; "but no retrospects to-night." She took his arm, and they danced together. A few minutes afterward I looked up. He had not again returned to his place. He had gone. The dance was ended. The guests had departed, the ball-room was deserted. The beautiful fiancée had thrown aside all her flowers, all but my nosegay; that was still pressed tightly in her hand. She left the ball-room, passed through the gayly-lighted hall, heedlessly treading beneath her feet the withering flowers that strewed the floor. Her step was firm, her eye clear, her head erect as ever. She took a silver lamp in her hand, and entered her chamber, where her maid awaited her coming. The wreath was unbound from her hair, the diamonds unclasped, the bracelet taken from her arms. She threw them on the table without vouchsafing them a glance. When she was undressed and had dis-

missed her maid, she stood thoughtfully in the middle of the room. She went towards her bed; she returned again to the table, where lay all her jewels. Was it that she might delight her eyes in looking again upon the costly gems in which she herself had shone that night? She took up the flowers. Her fingers trembled; she searched among the buds and leaves—I felt it—for me! She opened a little drawer of her dressing-case; as she did so a costly brooch that lay in the way rolled to the floor, but she heeded it not. She took her scissors from a case, cut the ribbon that bound us together, drew me from among the other flowers. My petals were already beginning to droop when she bent over me, and I felt a hot tear fall upon my face as I looked up. What a change had come over that cold, proud face! The head was bowed, the whole body shook, tears streamed from the beautiful eyes and rolled over the cheeks. Could she be happy? I asked myself. Was she heartless? She sank into a chair, and dropped her head upon her hands. How long she sat there I know not. The lights burned out, and the day broke behind the curtains. Was it fancy only, or did a dark shadow pass the window? She started, took from her dressing-case a little locket, and pressed the spring; a lock of dark hair fell from it. She laid me, whom she had held in her hand all this time, upon the curl. I felt her lips touch me, and I died in that kiss.

Lilli was silent. "Finished already?" said Käppchen. "Thy stories end just when one thinks they are about to begin." Without any answer, the Elf dropped the third leaf into the stream. Fortunately the stars were all out now, or they could not have read further, for the Fire-flies were all asleep.

"Lazy things," said Lilli, and shook the grass till the sleepy Fire-flies started and danced like sparks on every side. "What is the use of reading anything to you?" said the Elf. "Away with you!" and she drove them off. Poor little meadow-stars! what had they to do with

tales of a ball-room? Käppchen himself did not know what to say to it all.

"Dost thou know why it is that the Fire-flies shine?"

"That we elves may see o' nights when the moon does not shine, and the stars have hidden themselves behind the clouds," was the ready answer. Käppchen smiled slyly. He was going to say something about elfin egotism, which saw its own convenience as a primary object in the working of the universe, but he swallowed his remark, and decided to give a scientific explanation instead.

"I do not ask what is the *motive*, but what is the *cause*?" he began.

"I understand," said Lilli. Käppchen was amazed, and somewhat annoyed also, thus to be cut short in the commencement of his treatise on phosphorescent and electric light, for Lilli went on chattering without giving him a chance to interrupt her:

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE-FLIES.

The Lady-birds were going to have a wedding, and all the Beetle family were invited. Many of them had a long journey to make, and decided to go in company. They went by night, for that is the time when Beetles travel, just as in sunshine only the Butterflies venture abroad. The travelers had almost reached their journey's end, where they proposed to arrive by dawn, when their road was suddenly intercepted by a wide morass, over which the wild Jack-o'-Lantern was playing his mad pranks. The Beetles came to a dead halt, folded their wings, and took counsel how to proceed.

"We cannot cross," said the prudent Cockchafers. "These hopping fellows will run after us, and set fire to our wings."

"Then we shall have to fly round the morass," said the Stag-beetle. To this the smaller Beetles would not agree, for they were already tired, and dreaded the long way round.

"It is all very fine for Stag-beetle, with his great wings, to talk of going round," said one of them, "but it won't do for us: we should probably get lost on the new road, too."

“Suppose we take a Dragon-fly—they know all about the roads over the swamp—as guide?” proposed the Rosechafer. But the small Beetles would hear nothing about going round at all, and after a long debate, the great Beetles went on their way, leaving their little companions disconsolate behind, full of fears that they should entirely miss the gay wedding feast. Time was passing, and a malicious Jack-o'-Lantern danced scoffingly before the terrified crew, and almost drove them to despair.

At last the Fire-flies, who at that time were mere insignificant gray flies, said,

“We have courage—we will fly on before, and try whether the flames will destroy us. Wait you here, and watch the result of our enterprise.”

And they went forward. The little gray fellows approached the mad, fiery Jack at first very cautiously. The first time that he sprang at them they fell back, and the spectators on the bank were all ready to triumph in their overthrow. But this only spurred them on to fresh acts of daring. They had already encircled the enemy, and as he endeavored to create confusion and terror among them by dashing through their ranks, they found, after the first dazzling flash was over, that they were in no way injured by the flame, and cheered lustily as they pressed forward to the attack. With obstinate valor they pursued him, till at last, surrounded, seized, hemmed in on every side, there was nothing left for him to do but to yield himself their prisoner, and suffer himself to be dragged by his victors in triumph to the bank. The other Beetles were now, of course, very willing to join in the triumph and share the booty with their friends, but the Fire-flies knew how to maintain the pre-eminence which they had fairly won. Jack-o'-Lantern was laid upon an old tree-trunk, and with a blade of sword-grass was cut in pieces, and each of the little heroes received his share of the flaming prize and hid it beneath his wing. And now they proceeded untroubled on their way across the marsh, for the other Will-o'-the-Wisps, terror-

struck by the fate of their brother, slunk shyly out of their way.

And then was it not a delightful satisfaction, when they arrived at the house of the bride, and had paid their compliments and congratulations, to see the big Beetles as they arrived, tired and exhausted after their long journey, scolding away in high ill-humor over the shameful conduct of the Dragon-fly, who had first spitefully led them wrong and then deserted them! When the big Beetles inquired of their smaller companions how they had got over the flaming morass, they only hummed and hawed under their moustaches and waved their feelers knowingly, for the Fire-flies had begged them to say nothing of their adventure. They were quite ready to do this, as by telling the story they would only have exposed their own cowardice; and besides, Beetles, like some others, are sometimes more willing to keep silence over the triumphs than the failures of their neighbors. The day went by, and the high ceremonial of the wedding evening commenced. All were busy over their toilettes, except the Fire-flies: they sat modestly apart in their gray dresses. A gold Beetle who had spent an unusually long time over his dressing, stalked proudly past them in his green and gold mantle, and said, scornfully, “Poor souls, you and your dusty jackets will cut but a sorry figure to-night. No dressing would do you any good, or I would offer you some of my superfluous gold dust, that you might find on yonder blade of grass, by the dew-drop that I used as a looking-glass.”

“Thank you,” said a pert, young Fire-fly; “but if we have no gold brocade, we have pure diamonds, which thou hast not.”

With these words they unfurled their wings and let the bright light stream forth, and as they flitted to and fro there was no end to the astonishment and wonder of the wedding guests. The Fire-flies remained the heroes of the festival, and as it drew to a close the fair bride chose a band of them to attend her on her homeward way. This all happened long ago, but the Fire-flies still

retain their lights, and when these begin to fail they make an expedition after a Will-o'-the-Wisp and divide him as before.

"Absurd!" exclaimed Käppchen, whose patience was quite spent; "all this is downright absurdity!"

"No," cried Lilli, very earnestly; "it is all perfectly true, and just exactly as I have told thee; and if thou goest through the woods at night thou canst convince thyself about it. There stand here and there in the damp grass old tree-trunks that glimmer and shine in the darkness. Some have thought that treasure lies hidden in such places, but they will find their mistake if they seek it there. Upon those old trunks the Fireflies divided their Jack-o'-Lantern, and the place shines for a long time afterwards; and neither rain nor dew can extinguish the light, for it has its birthplace in the wet earth, and does not fear water.

"There lies a chip of such a tree-bole, and I will lay it here, that it may light me while I read the story of the fourth Forget-me-not leaf. The stars also lend their light, and we shall do very well."

Before Käppchen could in any way object, Lilli had begun. Thus ran the history of the fourth petal.

#### ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I was the scion of a large family. Many of my sisters, with whom I should have bloomed in company, had already reached maturity; many had spread their last blossoms; and the bare green stem, stripped of its fair crown of blue, stood up bald and graceless in the chilly air. My companions could tell of spring and summer. I knew only of cold, misty autumn days, of pale and shrouded sunshine that fell through the branches of the alders and willows enclosing the pool near which I grew. As far as my eye could reach over the damp and marshy ground I saw nothing but withered flowers, that the sighing wind bowed toward the earth. These, the last children of spring and summer who retained scent or color, seemed faint and weary of life, and to be longing for rest. I wept as I gazed and felt my own loneliness, though

I understood it not. The sun had set, the blazing ball had sunk down blood-red, blurred and vague in outline, through the heavy mist that hung over the meadow and crept up over the trees, which in vain shook their leafless branches, as if endeavoring to free themselves from its clammy touch. I awaited the desolate and lonely night, when I suddenly became aware of a menacing sound in the distance, as of the measured tread of many feet, the regular clank of steel, broken by the short word of command. Nearer and nearer came the muffled sound over the turf, plainer and plainer the flash of arms through the twilight. The close disciplined lines of a regiment of infantry moved like a solid wall toward the place where I grew, and I pressed myself behind a stone, round the end of which I had been peeping, to escape the heavy tread that threatened to crush me. "Halt!" shouted the captain, and the troop stood as if rooted to the ground. A few words that passed down the lines were borne away on the wind from me. A small detachment stepped out, turned, wheeled, and vanished quickly from my sight. The sound of their retreating steps was lost in the noise and bustle among those who remained. A portion of these retired to a short distance, where I could scarce make out the outlines of their forms against the gray background of approaching night; the rest stacked their muskets and laid aside their knapsacks and accoutrements. After the almost unbroken silence of the march followed an unrestrained tumult of voices and busy passing to and fro. Some of the men cleared a space not far from my corner, surrounding it with stones; others dispersed themselves in the alder thicket and picked fagots, while others unrolled their cloaks or rummaged in their haversacks. The officers formed a circle by themselves a little apart, and I could not discover whether they were issuing orders or whether they were holding counsel among themselves. Farther off still, a sergeant with his tablet stood noting down the whispered words of one of his corporals. Silence at last fell over us,

but it had not lasted long when it was broken by the clang of sabres and the tramp of approaching horses. A squadron of hussars rode up at full trot. They halted, dismounted, drove stakes into the ground to which they might tie their horses, and then each man busied himself with the needs of himself and his horse. I could not observe more, for the night was deepening fast, and the movements of those nearer to me engrossed my attention. The soldiers who had been gathering fagots from the neighboring alder copse now brought them and kindled a fire within the enclosure of stones they had made. Under the shelter of the bank the fire soon kindled. The damp brushwood sent up thick clouds of smoke and then burst into flame, and the crackling sparks flew up into the darkness. The night was damp and cold. The rain fell, and the wind whistled keen and strong as it drove the smoke of the bivouac fire. The men gathered round the blaze, and talk went on, interrupted now and then by a coarse jest, applauded by a chorus of loud laughter; the canteen passed from hand to hand; from time to time rose a verse of a soldier's song, followed by fresh outbursts of merriment. The trumpeter stood at a little distance and whistled an air. Some of the officers sat by the fire and joked and talked with the men, while others had strolled off to a little distance and sat on the upturned drumheads. It was a strange picture, full of life and color—the gay, motley uniforms of the men, the gleaming stacks of arms, the horses stolidly emptying their fodder-bags in the background, and all lit up by the flickering firelight or veiled in the smoke or the darkness of the night. Gradually it grew quieter about the fire. One by one each man had chosen himself a resting-place under the sheltering bole of a tree or against the hedge-bank, and, rolled in his mantle, had given himself to sleep. The rain had abated; the fire, now nearly deserted, burnt low. The footfall of the outposts, and farther off the voices of the patrol as they gave the password, alone broke the stillness of the night. Near to me sat a lieutenant

of infantry and the surgeon of the regiment of hussars in close and friendly talk. They had met over the fire a while before, and recognized and greeted each other as old and long-parted friends, and now they had withdrawn together and seated themselves close to the place where I grew. The lieutenant sat on the stone behind which I was hidden; the doctor lay on his soldier's blanket at his feet, and I could observe both faces from my corner. The young doctor seemed to look gayly and contentedly on all the world; but the face of the officer, brightened as it was at the moment with pleasure at meeting an old friend, bore traces of inward pain and disappointment. Old associations had recalled the time when they were both students together in Heidelberg. They talked over the happy hours of the past, joyous *commers* nights that they had taken part in; and many a name was recalled and question asked about the merry companions whom fate had scattered since that time. They spoke also of this their strange meeting under such unforeseen circumstances on the eve of battle. Their present grave profession of arms recalled their old sword-fights, and they laughingly went over the defeats and victories of their student days. The surgeon asked his friend how he had come to take up the military service. At this question the expression of pain deepened on the countenance of the lieutenant; he avoided an answer, and both friends looked down in silence.

A confused noise of voices suddenly startled them. A stack of arms had fallen, and the crash of the fall and the flash of the steel in the fire-light had terrified a horse, who, in breaking loose, had severely injured the trooper who tried to check him. There was a cry for the doctor, who was thus hurried from his friend. The lieutenant remained alone and gazed still into the embers, lost in his own thoughts. I fancied I could read his heart. The pleasant memories of those youthful days, so powerfully conjured up by the presence of his old friend, had run on till they brought him to a later, bitter experience.



He started from his reverie, shook back his brown curling hair from his brow, as if he could in like manner scare away the haunting grief that pressed upon him. He tore open his coat, and drew out his watch as if to wind it up. As he did so, something glittering fell clinking on the stone, and then rolled off into the grass. His watch-chain had broken. He stooped, and by the glimmering light of his cigar searched among the grass and flowers. The lost ring had caught upon me as it fell, and clung so tightly that on drawing it off he broke my stem and took us both up together.

"A Forget-me-not," he cried, "that chance has thrown into my hands! Strange! Again and again a Forget-me-not! I will take it as an omen for the approaching engagement." He placed me in his button-hole, wrapped himself in his mantle, and sank on the ground to sleep. Thus I lay on the beating human heart, and felt how it heaved and throbbed. What lay hidden therein? I listened at the entrance of that secret chamber, and marked every movement of that beating heart as it rose and fell, swifter or slower, loud or peaceful, with the dreams of the sleeping man.

The morning dawned. A cold wind parted the white layers of vapor and showed the sun—the sun of a fatal day. The roll of the drums awakened the sleepers. The bugle called the hussars to horse. Soon all were clad and armed, and all ordered and disciplined as on the previous evening. "March!" sounded down the lines, and the troops moved forward over the meadow, and I with them, for I still clung to the breast of my wearer. Soon we came to a better road, and moved forward at a quick march till we reached some rising ground, where the command to halt again sounded. A wide plain lay before us. Separated from us by a wooded hollow, stretched a high embankment, flanked by a village, and which was farther on commanded by a wooded eminence. Both the village and the high land were in the possession of the enemy. At the farther side of the hollow they were already drawn out in lines of battle.

The troop with whom I went took the right wing. "Company A of the Third Regiment—forward!" cried the general. A company of sharpshooters were drawn out to the front, and the officer in whose button-hole I hung received the command. So we stood in silent expectation. The left wing had already engaged the enemy. From the opposite height thundered the enemy's cannon, and twice had an attacking force been driven back dismayed from an attempt to take them. At last our summons sounded. Forward moved the sharpshooters, and I at the head upon the breast of their officer. We crossed the hollow and pressed on with one aim to drive the enemy from his rampart. Steady and calm were the eyes of my lieutenant as he looked at his little company; firm was his tread, strong and clear rung out his voice in command. Did nothing betray the tumult within? I, and I alone, who felt those heart-throbs, could guess it. Was it the wild lust of battle? Was it the foreboding of a coming doom; a mortal pang in the triumph over the strong love of life? I knew not. Scarcely had we crossed the hollow when the enemy's fire opened upon us. Here and there a man fell from our ranks, but forward they still pressed, animated by the eye and the word of their leader. The attack commenced on the earth-works; they were gained, but our lines were thinning fast. Our leader rallied his men once more and pressed on. How his heart bounded! Not in the fear of death; nay, rather that he sought it. The attack was repulsed and again hazarded. Death called hoarsely to us from the gaping mouths of the cannon, and I trembled before them for myself and for him who wore me. A ball sped—struck—and carried me deep to the heart of my gallant bearer. He fell. One weary sigh escaped his breast. The faint heart fluttered and then was still, never to beat more in joy or sorrow. I died in his life's blood.

The fourth leaf followed its sister petals. It clung for a moment to a stone,

and then a dewdrop rolled from the moss and carried it to the stream.

Lilli pressed her fingers to her eyes, and when Käppchen good-naturedly inquired what ailed her, she declared it was the stars that shone too dimly, and added something about its being imprudent thus to try to read in the dark. As that was precisely what he had before told her, Käppchen reminded her of the fact, and tried to convince her that he had been right. But then she denied it all, and stoutly maintained, that though the stars might be to blame, her reading had not hurt her in the least; and in proof of the truth of her assertion, she made ready for the perusal of the fifth leaf of the Forget-me-not that she held in her hand. Käppchen saw at once that any arguments on the ground of prudence would be thrown away, and yielded to the humor of his friend, and listened to her story with as good a grace as he could assume.

But this time Lilli looked somewhat perplexed as she perused her leaflet, while across the countenance of her friend flitted a slight expression of malicious pleasure at her discomfiture, as she began:

"Something must have got into my eye and blinded me for a moment, for with the fourth leaf I have torn away a part of the yellow heart of the flower, and with it some of the inmost fibres of this petal, and half of the story is gone."

"Ah, then, let us make an end of the reading," said Käppchen, and was about to get up.

"By no means," said Lilli, holding him back. "I always make it a rule to read my books to the end. And thou, who art so clever and hast so much learning, and hast had so much experience of the world, wilt be able to make out the drift and to guess the rest of the history. We seem to be just in the middle, and from here on to the end it is all clear; and thou must now listen." She read:

#### CONCLUSION.

The young girl stood in the window and held me in her hand. She pressed her hand to her brow, and drew it across

her eyes, and then gazed into the distance. I followed her eyes. Along the road through the valley, a horseman was riding fast. It was he.

"Lilli," cried Käppchen, impatiently. "What is the use of going on with this? Who is the girl? how did she come to have a Forget-me-not in her hand? who is *he*? We know nothing about this."

But the willful little Lilli had taken it into her head that she would decipher her flower to the end.

"My dear," she said, "do not interrupt me. It is easy enough to comprehend. A young man has just given a Forget-me-not to a young girl. He rides away. She watches him from the window. That is all clear enough. The rest of the story will show if I am right or not."

When he was out of sight she turned from the window. She had held back her tears, lest they should for a moment have veiled him from her sight. And now she stood alone in the room, and a stream of tears flowed over her cheeks. She smiled in the midst of her weeping, and pressed me to her lips.

"Is it true, really true, that he loves me?"

She paced through the room with a light, quick step; the flood of a new and wonderful happiness carried her on its rushing tide. She stood before the mirror, and looked as if she would read her own soul in her face, that had grown dearer to her since she knew that he loved her. She almost started at the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Tears!" she said. "Tears, and I never was so happy in all my life before!"

She smiled, and dashed them away, but the diamond drops still fell like showers in April. She walked to and fro till she became calmer; and the thoughts which had lately been swept aside by a great emotion returned to their natural channel, and the circumstances of her life rose before her. She stood suddenly still.

"My grandmother!" she cried, "my grandmother! I dare not confess this

to her! She will never, never listen to this!"

The blood seemed to have left her cheek, and the fountain of her tears to be suddenly sealed, so pale did she grow and so tearless was her eye. Her lips trembled and her heart beat aloud. A footstep became audible; she started, she moved hastily to her work-table, and catching up a piece of needlework, bent over it. I fell from her hands on to the table before her. The door opened, and a stately and venerable figure entered the room—a lady of firm step and majestic bearing. Her curved, handsome lips, her piercing eyes, shaded by gray hair, but undimmed by age, spoke of a resolute will and intrepid spirit. Her countenance was a book in which Life had written with a firm and hard pencil. I looked up timidly into those dark eyes that had so long since ceased to weep, as she looked down silently at her granddaughter, who felt her steady gaze, and, trembling, dared not raise her head. The features of the lady did not change, as with a searching glance she read the sweet, downcast face of the girl as the page of an open book.

"Thou hast been weeping," she said. "He is gone. Thou lovest him."

The poor child would never have dared to confess this sacred and new-born treasure of her young heart, but neither could she deny it, and her tears and silence were an eloquent confession. The grandmother went on in a gentler tone:

"This is, perhaps, the first struggle of thy life; but he who would live in this world, must learn to combat it and his own heart. Thou must learn to forget him."

The girl's heart rebelled. "Forget him!" she murmured. "Forget him! never, never!"

"Child," said her grandmother, "how much must we not learn to forget! Life is stern, and subdues us all."

The girl shook her head. The strength of a newly-risen hope defied the gray experience of life.

"Has he said anything to thee? What were his parting words?" asked the elder lady.

"Nothing," answered the young girl, "nothing; but I read it in his eyes, in the clasp of his hand as we parted, in the few trembling words of farewell, when he gave me this flower."

She dropped the work from her hand and took me up. Meekly proud in her new happiness, she held me up as if I were the visible sign of her love.

"A Forget-me-not," cried the old lady, "a Forget-me-not!"

She took a few hasty steps, and then sank into a chair. She sat long silent and absorbed in her own thoughts. Her features worked; something was deeply stirring the long-dead thoughts of the past. The girl had risen, and stood astonished and trembling before her grandmother; never had she seen her thus moved, and she waited fearfully for the sentence that should issue from those trembling lips.

"Go to my secretaire," she said at last, and the girl tremblingly obeyed. "Open the lowest drawer; not that—the one to the left. Under the letters. Dost thou see a small gold locket? That is it. Bring it hither, child." She obeyed. The grandmother took the locket into her pale, thin hands. She pressed the spring, the locket flew open, and within lay—dry and yellow with age—a Forget-me-not! "Thou lovest," she said. "Oh thou art happy!"

Tears fell slowly upon the faded flower in her hand. Never before had the girl seen her grandmother weep. It was as if the hard armor encircling the aged heart had melted, and the barrier between the two was broken down. The girl sank on her knees beside her, overcome by the discovery of a tie of sympathy that bound them together, and which she never dreamed of before.

"Thou hast loved, grandmother?" she cried; "thou too hast loved?"

Her grandmother drew her close to her heart, and kissed her brow.

"Thou shalt be his, my child. Thou shalt be happy."

The girl wound her arms closer and closer round the neck of her companion; and in this long and silent embrace I fell from her hand. At length the

grandmother rose, laid the dried Forget-me-not in the locket, that still remained in her hand, and replaced them in the drawer whence they had been taken. I was forgotten, and faded on the floor; for happy love needs no remembrancer.

The last leaf sank into the stream, and Lilli rose to go. The dawn already fringed the eastern horizon with its rosy hues. The grass and flowers were raising their heads, and shaking off the drops of dew.

"Thou must go and take thy morning draught," said the Elf. "And I, who

have spent all the night here gossiping with thee, must go and see what the other elves have been about all this time. Come, let us go."

Käppchen had also risen, and held out his hand to his friend to assist her down from the stone and across the meadow.

"Take care," he said. "and do not trample on the Forget-me-nots at thy feet."

Lilli laughed and vanished, without so much as bidding him farewell. Käppchen, gently bending aside the stems of the Forget-me-nots, as if in fear that he might injure them, went slowly on his way.

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## THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATION IN A REPUBLIC.

AS the structure of the eye implies seeing, the structure of the ear, hearing, the structure of the hand, holding and handling, so the constitution of the mind implies development and culture. The digestive apparatus, combined with the feeling of hunger, does not indicate the existence and necessity of food for the body more clearly than the capacity for knowledge, and the desire to obtain it, indicate the existence and necessity of food for the mind. This doctrine applies to all persons, at all times, and in all places. Wherever a soul is planted in a human bosom, it is capable of growth, and should be allowed to grow. Whenever God's world-plan is realized among men, educational facilities will be made co-extensive with the mental capacities of the race. Even if well used, it requires all the mind-power of the world to do the world's thinking. Soul-starvation is infinitely worse than bodily starvation, and no economy can be so shortsighted as that which allows the mind of a nation to weaken or waste away. Ignorance has everywhere and always been the main support of tyranny. Emancipate the human mind, and shackles are unloosed from the feet of slaves, crowns fall from the heads of kings and empe-

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rors, false dogmas lose their force in the mouths of popes and priests, and the people go free.

Education thus appears to be a want incident to the human race; but it is the design of this paper to occupy narrower ground, and to speak only of the special necessity for the education of the people in a republic.

A republic is a state in which the sovereignty is vested in a people, enjoying as individuals equal powers in respect to the government, and deriving equal privileges from it. This, however, it must be admitted, is rather a definition of what republics ought to be, than of what they have been or are. The so-called republics of the Old World were not republics in the sense in which the term is now used, and our own government is only an approximation to what is considered to be the true idea of a republic. Athens, Rome, Venice, Genoa, the Provinces of the Netherlands, all were governed by privileged classes of citizens. The rights of men were not held to be equal in any of them. The same is true, to a less extent, of Switzerland. And even in the United States, the whole people have never been the exact basis of sovereignty, nor have political powers and

privileges ever been equal among all classes of persons.

Still, the United States conforms more closely in its form of government to our ideal of a true republic than any other country, either in ancient or in modern times; and the point of this discussion will be to show the special need of education in a republic like our own.

The necessity of the universal education of the masses of the people of this country has been recognized by our wisest statesmen. Washington, in his Farewell Address, says, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." De Witt Clinton asserts, "That the first duty of a state is the encouragement of education; a general diffusion of knowledge is the precursor and protector of republican institutions." Chancellor Kent used this language: "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated defrauds the community of a lawful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance." George Wolf, the father of the Pennsylvania Common-School System, in his message to the Legislature, in 1833, tells them that "The state of public morals calls for the enactment of a system of public education, and the security and stability of the invaluable privileges which we have inherited from our ancestors require immediate attention to the duty." Philosophical writers on government, in foreign countries, have expressed themselves to the same effect. Montesquieu writes: "It is in a republican government that the whole power of education is required." Guizot declares that "Universal education is henceforth one of the guarantees of liberty and social stability." And De Tocqueville saw into the very heart of the matter when he penned the words, "In examining the Constitution of the United States, which is the most perfect federal constitution that ever existed, one is startled at the variety of information and amount of discernment which it presupposes in the people whom it is meant to govern."

All these opinions seem to be founded upon the general nature of republican

government. In a despotism one man rules according to his own will. To govern well, he alone needs an education. In a monarchy the emperor or king rules in conjunction with certain privileged classes, and, so far as good government is concerned, education may be confined to those who rule. In an oligarchy or an aristocracy the government is managed by a few; and if these few are taught how to govern, education need extend no further. But in a republic all men rule—all men are sovereigns—all men are monarchs and sit on thrones, and no such country can be well governed unless education is made universal. The right to govern implies a knowledge of how to govern.

But the same truth will appear from some of the more particular incidents of a republican form of government, and some of the special dangers to which such governments are subject. This paper will discuss only the first of these points.

The political machinery required in countries where the people rule is necessarily complicated. Montesquieu says truly that, of all forms of government, a despotism is the simplest, a monarchy the next in point of simplicity, and a republic the most complex. In this country a township is the political unit. It is a little republic in itself, and all who will may learn lessons on the science of government and the art of statesmanship at their own doors. The organization of the township has a history, too, that reaches far back to Saxon times in England, if it does not embrace customs prevailing among the Germanic tribes of Central Europe long antecedent to the expeditions of Hengist and Horsa—customs which Cæsar found common when he marched his legions against the northern barbarians and met them in many a fierce and bloody battle. Counties are comprised of townships, and their political organization is quite similar, but made more general in its scope, to correspond with the increased amount of territory embraced within their limits and the larger interests involved. The rude beginnings of these county

organizations, like those of townships, may be found described by Tacitus and Cæsar, and carry us back at least two thousand years. A State is an aggregate of counties. Its principal function is to make laws. In this respect only does a State government differ essentially from the government of a county or township; but, of course, its field of operation is wider in all respects. The people of counties and townships make their own laws only in connection with the people of other counties and townships, but States enjoy the functions to a large extent of independent sovereignties, and, according to American theories of government, have all the political growth and maturity necessary to constitute them law-making powers. The United States is a nation made up of States. The great government of the whole country, in its judicial and executive functions, still adheres substantially to the model of the township, but its legislative functions are similar to those of States. The Federal government has authority to pass acts of particular kinds which bind all the States and which no State can abrogate. The States have rights, but they are such rights as can be enjoyed without conflicting with the broader and higher rights of the several States, organically connected, as they are, into one whole—into one nation.

To comprehend all this intricate machinery, the special functions of its several parts, their relations and adaptations, to manage it, to keep it in motion, to adjust it when out of order—all things which are the duty of every good citizen—requires no small amount of knowledge. In a monarchy, a citizen may simply sit on board of the vessel; in a republic, he must know how to manage the ship. Without at least a good degree of knowledge of the nature and working of their own political institutions, the citizens of a republic are simply blind leaders of the blind, and they not only cannot escape the fate of such leaders, but their country must naturally perish with them. An independent, self-governed nation must be composed of independent, self-governed men.

A pure republic must make suffrage impartial. Under such a government none could be denied the elective franchise but those wanting the necessary qualifications for exercising it. To deprive any one well qualified of the right of voting on account of some adventitious circumstance would be tyranny; but to allow the ignorant to vote would be to invite self-destruction. In this country circumstances of political expediency have been allowed to prevent the right of suffrage from being strictly impartial, but it is none the less necessary here that an educational test of fitness for its exercise should be everywhere applied. It would be bad policy, perhaps, to take away the right to vote from any one who now enjoys it; but it might be fixed that after the lapse of a certain time no one should vote who could not at least read the preamble to the Constitution of the United States and write his name; and no prophetic gift is claimed in predicting that future patriots in legislating to preserve free institutions will find this standard of voting qualifications much too low, for the great doctrine is that the right to vote implies its intelligent exercise, and ignorance should be its natural forfeiture.

But, to make the question a practical one, what is our experience in regard to the matter? Are all the voters at our polls men of intelligence? Do all understand the issues which they decide? Do all vote independently, uninfluenced by passion, by prejudice, by importuning politicians, by "considerations?" Go ask in their moments of reflection the leaders of parties in our great cities, and they will unfold a tale that will mantle the cheek of the patriot with a blush of shame, if it does not make him tremble for his country. Tens of thousands of men vote every year who know little more of what they vote for, or why they vote at all, than would animals brought up from the stall or the sty. Demagogues shamelessly traffic in the votes of so-called freemen, and through their means hold high office, and, vampire-like, are sucking away the very life-blood of the nation. One single ignorant vote is a

sore upon the body politic, thousands constitute a festering ulcer, tens of thousands must bring corruption and death. Let the alarm be sounded in time. Let the danger be made known; and with the same voice proclaim the remedy, THE UNIVERSAL EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE. With universal education the republic lives—without it, it dies.

Theoretically, no man is fully qualified to vote for another to fill an office that he could not fill himself; but if such a thing is anyway questionable, it is still true that those who actually hold office should be competent to discharge its duties. Are there any ignorant office-holders in the United States? in townships? in counties? in cities? in States? at Washington? If so, does the nation suffer by it? This question is best answered by asking others. Can ignorant pilots skillfully navigate vessels? Can ignorant engineers safely run railway trains? Can ignorant financiers judiciously manage banks? Can ignorant generals successfully command armies? Still less, can ignorant men wisely conduct the affairs of great nations?

The science of government is one of the most abstruse of the sciences. Principles appertaining to the deepest mental and moral philosophy are involved in it. Underlying it are also the deductions of political economy, jurisprudence and constitutional law. It is darkness without the light of history.

The art of statesmanship is the noblest of arts. The true statesman must be a philosopher, and much more. If a philosopher simply, he will indulge in abstract theories, ill adapted to the present condition of mankind, and endeavor to enact them into laws. Plato described an ideal Republic, Moore dreamed of a Utopia, and Locke embodied his speculations in an impracticable constitution for the Province of North Carolina. Still, a statesman must be a philosopher, and have his ideals of the purposes of government and of life, and of the means necessary to secure them, though his province is to advocate and enact into

laws measures suited to the condition of society. Never forgetting the high claims of the good, his aim is to be practical. His art consists in what is expressed in the much-abused word, "policy." A statesman is never required to sacrifice a principle. It is not a sacrifice of principle to give a child the kind of food he can digest: not more is it a sacrifice of principle to enact for a community the laws which are best adapted to their social condition, even though the laws enacted may not be absolutely the best. A statesman may have his head up among the clouds, but he must keep his feet upon the earth; he may worship with the angels, but it is with men that he must work.

In such manner and so high should the science of government and the art of statesmanship be estimated. Ignorant men can neither master the one nor practice the other. In monarchies, the offices are held by privileged classes, who prepare themselves for their duties. In republics, the people choose their officers from among themselves, and they must be educated to choose them wisely. There would seem to be no alternative in countries like our own but either to educate the people or to be ruled by the ignorant.

The nation *has* suffered from ignorant rulers—is suffering from them. To those who but half know the sad story of the incompetency of officials of every grade, it is a wonder that our country continues so prosperous and so strong. *It will not always be so.* God has protected us so far as he protected the children of Israel in the wilderness; but we are reaching manhood, and must take care of ourselves. Let a mighty effort be made to lift the nation up out of its darkness—its danger—by giving to all classes, all races, all colors of people among us, the opportunity of obtaining an education that will fit them for their duties as citizens of the republic and as men. No other nation has done so much for the education of the masses; in no other nation is the duty so imperative to do more.

## RAYS FROM THE HONEYMOON.

ARE you gazing timidly on the future brightness of that fairest of all moons, my young single sister—over the left shoulder—while in imagination you lean on the right arm of the adorable, and walk with faltering steps up the broad church aisle, as a necessary prelude to basking in the moonlight? How the people turn to gaze and comment, some admiringly, others scornfully, on you in your bridal costume (especially the latter), with scarcely a thought for the bridegroom in his prescribed dress-coat and black pantaloons! It flashes upon you, more forcibly than ever before, what a happy man must he be who can make you two one, to have and to hold from this day forward.

Yes, it is true. He is all yours now, this envied treasure of the past anxious weeks of engagement, when his society was bliss and his absence agony. From the nicely-polished boots to the well-brushed hat, all your own—even to that light moustache and those incipient whiskers, which you inwardly resolve to exert your authority upon by ordering their removal at no distant day, since the color really matches the beloved's skin too nearly to be discernible.

These reflections in the carriage amid smiles and blushes, and the hasty stolen kiss of the young husband, little dreaming of the mutiny in store. Then the throng of friends with good wishes, none of them knowing exactly *what* to say, but murmuring an indistinguishable something in a congratulatory tone, which generally culminates in a novel remark on the weather. How many hands you must shake and kisses receive before the party can turn with delight to what all the time is as a sweet savor in the distance unto their hungry souls—the wedding feast—on which occasion you, poor bride, need not expect to enjoy anything; for on this day of days the ethereal must be your portion, and regard for your dress and veil compel acqui-

escence. Meanwhile, you are serenely conscious of that dark figure by your side, and delight yourself with the first glimmerings of the honeymoon, seen dimly, as yet, by reason of the crowd about you.

Stolen visits upstairs to the "present-room," and ejaculations on the beauty and value of the contents, cannot but be very gratifying to the happy possessor—especially if a little comparison is indulged in, of course to the disadvantage of the bride of last week.

But the carriage is at the door—the first link in the chain of vehicles that will convey you into the moonlight. The traveling dress is donned—the final kisses exchanged—the door is shut on you two aspirants for the lunar bow, and the traditional old shoe thrown after you.

Off by yourselves, with no more curious eyes to detect any suspicion of "spoonyness"—even the comforting shades of evening falling compassionately around you, and imparting that dawning desire for protection which is so very pleasing to your youthful spouse, and was formerly so utterly repugnant to your maiden independence. You move timidly nearer him; he has only needed that intimation to put his arm around you and draw your head on his shoulder, without regard to that becoming traveling bonnet, or its owner's hair, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the French artiste whose precious hours were spent in elevating it to the highest pitch, not disdaining artificial assistance. You remember this last fact with a thrill of horror, for you know that he, poor innocent! madly believes it all your own beautiful luxuriance; as if any woman could have enough hair for three, which is the usual amount she displays in these days of pomps and vanities; and you cannot help shuddering at the thought of the revelations which those rats, mice and cushions will unfold to the rash youth by your side.



Absorbed in the contemplation, you arrive at the *depôt*, and, before you know it, are in the cars, vainly deluding yourself with the belief that your bridal paraphernalia is unnoticed, and you are passing for an ordinary mortal under the care of an affectionate brother or cousin. No such fancies, my fair lady! Is it likely that two young people would start off in such remarkably fresh attire at this ominous season of the year, with such unconscious expressions of countenance, if they were not on their wedding trip? Not a bit of it.

But the moonlight begins to shine through the window, and under its influence you look about you to see if you have any companions in misery. By an intuitive perception (as you fondly imagine) you identify two or three couples, all the while believing yourselves undiscovered; which suggests to me your remarkable resemblance to an object in natural history known as the ostrich.

They are always distinguishable—these happy pairs. There is a certain something—an assumed carelessness of attitude—an anxiety on *his* part to keep the darling very warm in an abundance of shawls—a graceful fatigue on *hers*, inclining her to rest her head on that delightful and convenient pillow of the shoulder beside her; above all, the faint rays of the rising moon lighting up their countenances. Traveling under such circumstances is a positive luxury; the hours are moments, made doubly precious by the tightly-clasped hands, all unseen under those invaluable water-proofs, which you are inclined to bless and preserve for their associations for evermore. By all means let your wedding day be in the fall, when such protections are not only advisable, but necessary; and you can thus afford an example of filial obedience to your mother's parting request.

Then the hotels! With what an independent air you take possession of your quarters! and when the chambermaid makes an interruption, for the nominal purpose of straightening the window curtain, but in reality to observe the

newly-married couple, with what majestic nonchalance do you survey the prospect in the street, as if its perspective had become of immediate importance, while your beloved desperately reads the newspaper, oblivious of the fact that it is two days old, and upside down at that!

You are too blissful to have a very hearty appetite, but it is *so* delightful to eat just what he does; and if he should perchance order drumsticks of the chicken, you order them also in the very fullness of your heart. The soft beams of the honeymoon transform beefsteak and coffee into ambrosia and nectar, and you are utterly regardless of their former texture; in the ecstasy of your bliss even taking hash and bread-pudding, a thing you were never known to do in your previous hotel experience.

Of course you are en route for Niagara—the centre of the lunar bow, the Paradise of lovers, the abode of harpies seeking whom they may devour. When the tickets are purchased, the vendor smiles a half-encouraging, half-compassionate smile, as much as to say, "Poor young things!—two more sacrificed!" Your better half (as you already delight to style him) recalls it afterward, but for the time being gives no thought to the warning. If, in accordance with my advice, you have selected the late autumn for your wedding day, the larger houses are closed, and you must choose less pretentious quarters, fully as comfortable notwithstanding. Indeed, to your moonstruck vision, the ten-by-six room is a palace of convenience; the small wood-stove, by your glowing heart, is magnified into a furnace; no matter how hard it is to make a fire—no matter how that fire may smoke.

These are halcyon days, when the wonderful Falls and Rapids are most marvelous, because you see them with *his* eyes as well as your own; and if, by a fortunate chance, the evergreens on Goat Island are plumed with snow and the shore near the Falls is a glare of ice, what a pleasure to hear that restraining voice claiming the new right of obedience which the firm pressure of the hand enforces! For the first time in your life, it becomes

a happiness to obey, and involuntarily you wonder at the sensation.

But, alas! these glories of nature, with their still greater charm of the man of all men, are rudely broken in upon by shouts of "Carriage, sir? carriage? Take you and your lady all around Goat Island and on the Canada side for two dollars! Tell you all the interesting incidents for two dollars and fifty cents!" Horrible sound! You turn to flee, but there is no escape.

In every direction hackmen are visible, for with the eye of the eagle they instantly discern a new pair of victims, and with the vulture's swoop pounce upon them.

It is useless to plead former acquaintance with the place: they know you have never traveled there in *that* capacity before, and, *volens volens*, you are packed into a carriage and whirled away, to the utter disgust of the surrounding competitors. The trot soon subsides into a walk; for time, these drivers think, matters little to the votaries of Hymen, and the British side hath many traps and pitfalls. Methinks I see you in the grasp of that cormorant at the Museum, who vows and declares you shall have an India-rubber costume and go under the Fall; but the stronger vessel by your side has too recently acquired his treasure to risk a misstep, and he will not hear of it. The cormorant is furious, but you manage to escape after paying twice their value for the Indian souvenirs you purchase. You *must* go to Niagara as a necessary part of your bridal trip, and to enjoy the full glory of the moonlight; but the shimmering rays are dear in more senses than one, and on this Indian workmanship do they cast an almost fabulous radiance.

It is a relief to return to the hotel and watch the newly-arrived couples—for there are sure to be some—and you are fully convinced that you never behaved like they do, and are sure they must have been very recently married. In which happy frame of mind you are induced to make friends with the chambermaid, and request her opinion as to the respective dates of bliss. She coincides remarkably with your ideas (singular to relate), and winds up with the confident expression that you have been married some time; to which you, of course, respond in the affirmative, and give her a dollar for her discernment. Poor, moon-struck victim! she laughs in her sleeve at you, and tells the very next bride the very same story.

But you and he are more than ever convinced of your practical behavior, and think there never was such a sensible couple before. You will have learned, before you are a great deal older, that a few others labor under the same delusion, and you might just as well demonstrate a little more of the bliss with which your souls are overflowing. The honeymoon is at its full. What matter to you if the weather be clear or cloudy: you are enveloped in those golden beams that transfigure everything on which they fall. So the days glide, all too swiftly, until the allotted crescent begins to wane, and you must descend into the ordinary affairs of life, and subside gracefully into old married people.

Happy will it be for you if some rays shall still glorify the future path; for, my fair sister, they may praise the hunter's moon and the harvest moon, but, to my thinking, the one but precedes and the other follows that brightest of all moons—the honeymoon.

## PRE-HISTORIC MAN.

THE following article, which is based mainly, but not entirely, upon the labors of M. Alfred Maury, one of the highest authorities in science, relates to a subject of the greatest interest and importance. The primeval history of man has hitherto been wrapped in the night of the most profound obscurity, and until recently nothing was known, nor even conjectured, of his early habits and modes of existence.

Recent discoveries, however, in France and in other places, of human remains in the same locality and associated with those of paleozoic animals, now extinct, and of specimens of carving—rude indeed, but still evincing design—have proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that man was an inhabitant of this earth at a period preceding, by many ages, that generally assigned to him. We trace him from the dawn of his creation, living in caves with other animals, his arms and utensils fashioned of the hardest materials which meet his observation; gradually emerging from this condition; building rude habitations on piles in marshy localities, to secure him, apparently, from the attacks of some of the greater beasts of prey, against which his feeble means present but little defence, until he reaches the state portrayed in our earliest histories. We follow him, so to speak, from infancy to manhood, throughout the various phases of his being, carrying out the designs of the great Author of all, and filling in the edifice of creation the niche appointed to him by the Supreme Architect.

The valley of the Somme presents ancient alluvia belonging to the quaternary period, from which, long ago, fossils of extinct species of animals had been extracted; but in 1841 a savant of Abbeville, M. Boucher de Perthes, published a discovery made at Menchecourt, near that town, in the lands depending on the same terrestrial stratum, of a flint stone

rudely carved, but bearing the incontestable marks of the hand of man. Similar objects were found in following years; hewn stones, appearing to be arms or utensils, were disinterred, with paleozoic remains, in the Champ-de-Mars at Abbeville. The flint hatchets there buried contrasted strongly, by the coarseness of their workmanship, with those of curiously-fashioned polished stone which are known to antiquaries by the name of *celts*. Struck by this comparison, and convinced that monuments of the highest antiquity had been exposed, this gentleman gave to the public, in 1846, a work entitled "Primeval Industry," of which the data were borrowed from the discoveries made in his province. One year subsequently, in his "Celtic and Antediluvian Antiquities," he announced, in support of the opinion which he had from that time conceived of the contemporaneity of man and of the geological period preceding our own, views ingenious and bold, but which were generally received with great incredulity.

His doctrine, moreover, had been in a measure anticipated. It was taught in a pamphlet published by M. Melleville in 1842. Two years after, in 1844, M. Aymard, a naturalist and antiquary of Puy, having observed, on the south-west side of the mountain of La Denise, near that town, human bones in a mass of igneous rock, and found on the east side of the same mountain, in clefts identical with those which contained débris of our species, remains of the great mammifers, such as the elephant, rhinoceros and mastodon, he drew the inference that man might have been contemporary with those animals. In 1853, a discovery made at St. Acheul, near Amiens, confirmed the opinion of M. Boucher, and repaid him for the unjust contempt with which it had been received. Hatchets and articles in cut stone were found imbedded in the same deposit of gravel and sand (drift) which contained the fossil remains

of the *Elephas primigenius*, of the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, and of the *Bos primigenius*, and in general of species characterizing the quaternary fauna.

This discovery was announced by Dr. Rigollot, and created great excitement. It was strongly contradicted, but new discoveries and a verification of the facts by a host of geologists reduced the opponents to silence. Man had evidently existed during the time in which these animals inhabited Europe. Attention being drawn to facts of this nature, researches were multiplied. Excavations in other places led to the discovery of flint hatchets in the quaternary formation. At the same time the annals of science were ransacked, and it was found that similar objects had frequently been met with, but had attracted no remark, from the circumstance of the universal belief of the apparition of man upon the globe at a much more recent date.

The English geologists, who had been convinced more readily than M. Boucher's fellow-countrymen, made discoveries in their island which corroborated those of Abbeville and St. Acheul. Hewn stones were found in the drift in various counties of the south and east of England. The ancient alluvia are not the only portions of the superficial terrestrial crust in which man has left marks of his existence at the epoch of the quaternary fauna. Other deposits of the same geological period exist in which his traces appear in greater or less abundance, and which support the facts already revealed by the excavations of Abbeville and St. Acheul. I refer to the caves.

In 1828, M. M. Tournal and Christol described caverns in the south of France in which teeth, human remains and pieces of coarse pottery were found in the same clefts with the bones of some extinct animals. Some years afterward, Dr. Schmerling discovered in the caves in the environs of Liege, particularly in that of Engis, on the right bank of the river Meuse, bones of men, and even crania, enveloped in the same stalagmites, in the same conglomerate, as the remains of the mammoth, the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, the great cavern bear (*Ursus*

*spelæus*), the great hyena, etc. With these fossils were found stone arrow-heads, cut flints, stags' horns, and polished bones. Dr. Schmerling appreciated the full value of these facts: they were in direct opposition to the opinions then generally received, but he did not dare to speak decidedly on the conclusions derived from them, although he was inclined to admit a co-existence of our species and those animals. In 1840, Mr. Godwin Austen, in a memoir on the geology of the south-east of Devonshire gave a detailed description of the celebrated cave of Kent's Hole, near Torquay, and remarked circumstances analogous to those observed by Dr. Schmerling. The same layers of clay in this cavern had afforded bones of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and some extinct species of deer, together with human bones, and cut or hewn stones.

The most important and striking discoveries have been made within a few years in the south of France. A very remarkable one is that of Aurignac (Haute-Garonne), on the north side of the mountain of Fajoles. This cavern was entirely closed, except a small hole serving as a passage for rabbits, when one day a terrace-maker accidentally thrust his arm therein. He extracted several bones, and, suspecting the existence of a subterranean cavity, he enlarged the aperture and found a much larger collection of human bones. Unfortunately, the country people attached no importance to the discovery, and the mayor of Aurignac caused the bones to be buried in the parish cemetery.

In addition to these fragments of skeletons, the workmen collected several teeth of the greater mammiferous, carnivorous and herbivorous animals, and eighteen small disks or washers of a whitish substance (subsequently ascertained to have resulted from the decomposition of shells), pierced with a hole, and apparently used as a bracelet or necklace. Recognizing these remains as belonging to the quaternary period, and aware of their importance, Mr. E. Lartet made, personally, an exploration of the cave. He found some human

bones still imbedded in the rock, carved flints, horns of reindeer carved, and a quantity of the bones of the mammals broken, and even crushed, sometimes burned or bearing marks of the teeth of the carnivora. The perfect state of preservation of the buried bones proved that, at one period, the wild beasts, the hyena in particular, could have entered the cavern. Without the grotto he recognized under the accumulated earth a blackish stratum, evidently composed of ashes, the remains of charcoal and vegetable earth, beneath which were indications of a hearth or fire-place, extending, on a kind of platform, several metres in breadth; there he discovered flints and bones worked by hand, and presenting the appearance of arms or utensils; teeth and bones, wholly or partly carbonized; molars of the elephant from which laminae had been separated, and of which the ivory was much changed by the action of fire. The existence of coprolites (fossil excrement) of the hyena in the ashes of the hearth indicated that this voracious animal had entered the cavern, undoubtedly in the absence of man, to devour the remains of his repast.

These discoveries prove that at a time when these species of animals inhabited the south of France men had been buried in the cavern. Among the human remains were found the fragments of a meal or vestiges of some funeral rites. In other parts of France, and in Spain, Italy, Greece, Syria, England, and the United States, signs of our primeval condition have been found, such as stones, horns fashioned into axes, arrows, knives, harpoons, etc., along with the remains of an extinct fauna.

For these wonderful discoveries are not confined to the Old World. About ten miles from Charleston, South Carolina, on the banks of the Ashley river, has been found, within a few years, perhaps the most extraordinary conglomeration of fossil remains that have ever been discovered together. Remains of the hog, the horse and other animals of recent date, together with human bones, stone arrow-heads, hatchets and fragments of

pottery, are there lying mingled with the bones of the mastodon and of the extinct gigantic lizards in undisturbed post-pliocene strata. The details of these interesting discoveries have not yet been given to the scientific world, save by a recent verbal communication of Prof. Holmes to the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; but when published, they will be found of the highest significance.

It is therefore well established that, at a period when the earth did not present the present climatic conditions, in which Europe particularly was the home of powerful beasts of prey, when it was sufficiently cold in the southern portion for the mammoth and woolly elephant, the rhinoceros with divided nostrils, the musk-ox and the reindeer, man had already made his appearance. Living by hunting and fishing alone, unskilled in cultivating the soil or rearing cattle, unable to work the metals and fashion them into usefulness, he dwelt in caves, the occupation of which he disputed with the wild beasts. This is a very important starting-point, but additional research is necessary in order to determine the possibility of recognizing in this period distinct epochs, which may serve as landmarks in our pilgrimage to the remote regions of antiquity.

If we institute a comparison between the various objects carved in stone or in bone furnished by the quaternary strata, the caves and most ancient burial-places, we are struck by the different styles of workmanship which they exhibit. Some are most rudely fashioned, evidently by 'prentice hands; others indicate progress in skill; and some evince a singular ingenuity and dexterity. These evident steps in the progress of primeval industry enable us to classify the deposits according to a scale of relative civilization, for the same deposit scarcely ever contains at the same time arms and utensils belonging to the different epochs.

The physiognomy of the fauna marks a second chronological element. The animals whose remains are associated with those of man did not all appear at the same time. The cave-bear (*Ursus*

*spelæus*), which seems to have preceded the hyena (*Hyena spelæa*) and the great *felis* of the caves, gradually gave place, as the temperature declined, to the gigantic northern mammals — to the *Elephas primigenius*, the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, and to the reindeer. The reindeer survived the enormous thick-skinned animals, and left after him the aurochs, or great wild ox, which perished in his turn, leaving the animals now in existence. The transformations of the animal kingdom may serve therefore as beacons in the dark night of the ante-historic period.

The continent of Europe, after having been subjected to an average heat much higher than that which now exists, experienced a considerable diminution of temperature, producing the epoch known to geologists as the glacial period. Southern Europe, as far as Sicily, then resembled the actual condition of Siberia. Vast glaciers covered the whole of Ireland, Scotland and Scandinavia: those of the Alps extended to the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, a part of which was still submerged. All the valleys of the Carpathian Mountains, the Balkans, the Pyrenees and the Apennines were filled with ice. At a later period only, when the climate became milder, was the flora sufficiently abundant to nourish the numerous animals which mark the decline of this age of excessive cold. The temperature was still low, but not sufficiently so to paralyze all vegetation. There were spread over the countries partly freed from frost the elephant, the rhinoceros (which latter penetrated as far as Castile), the aurochs, the ox and the deer (all larger than their present congeners), which were mingled with the bear, the hyena, and the larger animals of the cat kind. At that period the hippopotamus and beaver (*Castor trogontherium*) inhabited the rivers of France. The marmot, the wild goat (*Capra ibex*), the chamois (now restricted to the peaks of the Alps and Pyrenees), then lived on the flat plains of the Mediterranean. The musk-ox (found now only beyond the sixtieth degree of latitude in North America) browsed in the

meadows of Perigord. The reindeer, still more active, abounded in the same parallels. The remains of these animals are found, associated with the flints and other stone objects which mark the rudest workmanship and the most rudimentary social state, in the lake deposits, in the sand and water-worn gravel of Hoxne (Suffolk) and of various localities in Bedfordshire, in the sand and gravelly deposits of the Somme and the Oise, and in the sand-pits of the Champ-de-Mars at Paris. From all this it is reasonable to conclude that, at the period to which we refer, the British isles formed a part of the continent. The great analogy of the quaternary fauna of Eastern Europe, on the borders of Asia, with that of Western Europe, leads us to the supposition that we shall there find numerous indices of the ancient existence of man.

The second stage exhibits more skill in the workmanship of stone, but no marked zoological characters distinguish it from the first. In this age the carnivora appear to have been less abundant, thus accounting for the increased number of the ruminantia. The great thick-skinned animals still lived; the reindeer abounded in the south of France, and its remains have been found in large quantities, not only in the clefts and bone-bearing deposits of Perigord and the Angoumois, but also at the foot of certain limestone rocks, in conjunction with carved or hewn flint stones.

The man of this period made use of the bones and horns of animals, and of stones, which he fashioned with more skill. The inspection of some of these remains shows that they came, not from remains found in the earth, but from animals killed by man. Messrs. Christy and Lartet found a vertebra of a quite young reindeer transpierced by a flint arrow-head. Now the bone must necessarily have been in a fresh state to allow of such deep penetration of the weapon. All the instruments discovered in the caves of Perigord and the Angoumois attest considerable advance in workmanship. The arrows are barbed; certain flint-stones are toothed like saws; orna-

ments made of teeth and pebbles are found; and from several caves have been extracted bones of the feet of ruminating animals, hollowed out and pierced with a hole, evidently intended as whistles. The man who inhabited these caves did not only cut stone skillfully, he not only succeeded in carving ivory and the reindeer's horns, but, what is very remarkable, he had some idea of designing, and figured, on schist, ivory or horn, with a flint-point, the resemblance of the animals which surrounded him.

These curious monuments of an ante-historic art naturally awakened the suspicions of the learned. It was incredible that these *graffiti*, these carved drawings, could belong to so antique a period. New discoveries, however, convinced the most incredulous. In the cave of Eyzies was found engraved on a piece of schist the profile of the anterior half of the body of an animal. The resemblance is too rude to define the species, but it is evidently herbivorous; another piece from the same locality exhibits a head with wide-marked nostrils and a gaping mouth. At Laugerie-Basse reindeers' horns were found presenting much more accurate delineations, in which could be recognized the *Bos primigenius* and the head of the wild goat. The most remarkable is the one found in the cave of La Madeleine; namely, a leaf of ivory, on which is engraved the mammoth with his long mane, and which was presented, in 1865, to the Academy of Sciences.

This curious discovery proves decisively the contemporariness of man and the elephant, in Europe, at that remote period. A sculptured dagger, found at the station of Laugerie-Basse, made of a single piece of reindeer's horn, and representing that animal, attests conclusively the co-existence of man and that ruminant. The art with which the material was worked shows a considerable degree of talent in the artisan. The same may be said of other specimens found at Bruniquel. Man did not confine himself to the representation of animals, but also attempted that of him-

self; for on a cylindrical tool extracted from the caves at Perigord, and of which the two faces are ornamented, can be seen two heads of aurochs on one side, and on the other a human face between two horses, in a somewhat inclining posture.

Thus already in the second stone age, when man still remained in the most savage state, he began to be an artist, and to have some conceptions of the beautiful. The recumbent position of some of the skeletons in the caves of those primeval days, particularly at Aurignac, and also in some very ancient burial-places in France, Switzerland, Sweden and Algeria, and in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, denote certain funeral rites which necessarily have their origin in ideas of another life. Man had, then, religious creeds, or at least superstitions. He was not, as has been asserted, a sort of perfected monkey, a more intelligent variety of the gorilla; he was a thinking and inventive being, having already some perception of the ideal.

The third age is marked by the apparition of polished stone, for it must be noted that in the caves of Perigord, notwithstanding the skill displayed in the workmanship of the flints and bones, no trace of polish is seen on any stone instrument or weapon. These polished stones, hatchets of flint, serpentine, nephrite and obsidian are no longer found most abundantly in the ancient alluvia and caves; they exist in greater quantities in turf-pits, in accumulations, undoubtedly very ancient, but which are raised on the surface of the ground, in burial-places of excessive antiquity, in intrenched camps, such as Cæsar's camp near Perigueux, and in those of Hastedon, Furfooz and Poilvache in Belgium, which were subsequently occupied by the Romans. These stone arms and utensils have been found by thousands in France, Belgium, Switzerland, England, Germany and Scandinavia. They are the hatchets known to antiquarians by the name of *cells*. In this third age the manufacture of hewn stones had progressed very considerably, and they seem to have been cut in the quarries and carried elsewhere to be polished.

The tribes who made these stone implements could not have lived entirely isolated from each other; they certainly had some means of exchange and traffic. Hatchets of fibrolite—a material found in France only in Auvergne and the Lyonnais—have been discovered in Brittany. In the island of Elba a great number of objects in cut stone, the use of which was anterior to the working of the iron mines (in the time of the Etruscans), have been met with: the majority of these primeval arms are of a flint which does not exist in the soil, and must have been imported by sea.

The remains of the fauna contained in the strata of the caves corresponding to the stone age prove conclusively that the latter is posterior to the quaternary period. The great carnivora and pachydermata no longer existed. The urus (*Bos primigenius*), which disappeared only at the commencement of the historic epoch, is the sole animal which does not belong to the present fauna. In these strata are found the horse, the deer, the sheep, the goat, the chamois, the wild boar, the wolf, the dog, the fox, the badger, and the hare. The reindeer is seen no more. On the other hand, we find the domestic animals, which are entirely wanting in the caves of Perigord.

The climate, at that period, was evidently such as it now is: we are on the threshold of the historic period.

There exists in France and in the British isles a multitude of monuments of enormous, unhewn stones, which, for a long time, were considered as Druidical altars and edifices, and were known by the name of dolmens or cromlechs. The exploration of these curious megalithic monuments, of which no mention is made by the ancients, has revealed tombs, covered, now and then, by a hillock, under which the rough stone building was hidden; and, curious to remark, hardly a trace of any metallic object. With the bones and ashes have been found only arms made of flint, quartz or serpentine, and some coarse pottery. None of the latter appears to have been turned in a lathe: in the same

tomb it presents great inequality of style and art, but is, in shape, identical with that of the same period found in Great Britain. Dr. Closmadeuc has observed that the number and variety of articles of earthenware in the dolmens of Armorica are generally in inverse ratio to the richness of deposit of stone hatchets. The total absence of the latter generally coincides with great abundance of earthen vessels.

As already remarked, the animals whose bones are found at the entrance or in the interior of these tombs belong all to the present fauna, and even to our domestic species. These circumstances show that the date of the so-called Druidical structures is much more modern than that of the bone-bearing caves, and they should consequently be classed with the third, or polished stone, age. The discovery of bronze in some of them indicates that dolmens existed in Gaul at a time when the use of metals was known. Burial-places of this category have been found, in which bronze predominates and stone is rare; but it must be observed that the construction of the funeral vaults had likewise undergone a change: the interior was divided into galleries and subterranean chambers.

The simultaneous presence of stone and bronze may mark a period of transition, proving that the dolmens were erected at an epoch closely connected with that distinguished by the working of the metals. These megalithic monuments have been found not only in the regions inhabited by the Celts, but also in Syria, Africa and even in Hindostan. In Greece, burial-places have been discovered containing instruments of polished stone, but no traces of any metal. The dolmens of Scandinavia are very analogous to those of France. The dead bodies were not burned before being deposited, and bronze appears much less frequently therein. No animal remains characteristic of the quaternary period have been found. The stone and bone objects from these tombs affect various forms, and are often remarkable for their delicate finish and polish.



Similar objects buried in the turf-pits of Denmark, the north of France and Belgium, are but little inferior to the preceding in elegance of execution. In Denmark they are generally found in the lowest strata, formed of decomposed pine trees. This fact evidences the antiquity of polished stone instruments, for this tree had disappeared from the country for thousands of years, and been replaced by the oak, and then by the beech.

Generally, the hatchets of the polished stone age differ from those of the rudely hewn period in this, that the latter are split or pierced at their small extremity, whilst the former had a broad cutting edge. Some hatchets of this second period were intended to have handles; others seem to have been used as knives or saws. With these exceptions, the arms and utensils of the two periods resemble each other: they consist of axes, knives, barbed arrow-heads, scrapers, awls, sling-stones, quoits, coarse pottery, and beads of shell or clay, which had already appeared in the preceding age.

Large collections of edible shell-fish, chiefly oysters, are found on the coast of Denmark and Sweden. A superficial inspection proves that they were not carried thither by the waves. They are evidently the remains of repasts, justifying the name of *kjoekkenmoeddings* (kitchen offal), by which they are known in the country; and frequently extend several hundred yards in length by a breadth five or six times smaller, and from one to three yards in height. The character of the tribes who thus abandoned the refuse of their meals on the shores of Scandinavia is unknown. They could not have been much advanced in civilization, for their food was that peculiar to savages. The entire absence in these collections of any metallic objects refers us to the stone age. In fact, numerous stones, pieces of carved bone and horn, and coarse, hand-made pottery, have been disinterred. The imperfection of the work recalls the epoch of caves, the first or second age of hewn stone. No paleozoic species has been

found in the *kjoekkenmoeddings*. Excepting the lynx and the urus, which apparently have disappeared only within the historic period, no bones of extinct species have been found in those regions. Remains of the hog and the dog have been extracted, but it cannot be affirmed that those mammals were then domesticated. These deposits rank, therefore, in chronological order with the most ancient dolmens and the bone-bearing caves of the most recent period.

In 1853, the great depression of the waters of Lake Zurich revealed vestiges of buildings on piles, which seemed to belong to a remote antiquity. Similar discoveries were made in other lakes, not only in Switzerland, but in Savoy and Northern Italy. In Ireland, artificial islands of similar construction, and dating from the stone age, were already known by the name of *crainoges*. In the lacustrine cities the piles are generally arranged in an irregular manner, parallel to the shore. The platform is composed of several layers of trunks of trees crossed, and of poles fastened by a network of branches cemented with clay.

The custom of building houses on piles in the middle or on the shores of lakes must have existed for ages in Helvetia and the neighboring countries, for the objects found in them belong to very different periods. In those evidently the more modern, arms and utensils of bronze, and even of iron, have been found; in others, only hewn or polished stones, and bones worked by hand. Like the animals of which the remains were buried in the layers of the stone age, in the *kjoekkenmoeddings*, under the dolmens, the bones exhumed from the bottom of the lake by dredging are identical with those of the species now living. They are the brown bear, the badger, the polecat, the otter, the wolf, dog, fox, the wild cat, the beaver, the wild boar, hog, goat, and the sheep. The elk, the aurochs, and the urus are the only mammifers no longer found in Helvetia, but their extinction in the Germanic countries dates not long before the commencement of our era.

These buildings on piles may therefore be regarded as marking in Western Europe the last period of the stone age, the epoch of polished stones, which explains the presence of metal in some of them. Hence the Helvetii lived in the middle or on the borders of the lakes until bronze was brought to them by some more advanced nations, either the Etruscans or the Indo-European tribes, who, as their language attests, were acquainted with the metals prior to their migration to the continent of Europe. The instruments in many of these lacustrine cities denote a much more rudimentary state of art than that of the hewn stone age, and suggest the quaternary period; but the hatchets are ground and sharpened, so as to present a regular cutting edge, which is never the case with those found at Abbeville, in the caves of the south of France, or in the kjoekkenmoeddings. The pottery, likewise, resembles that found under the dolmens; and in various caverns it is made by hand, has assumed different shapes, and exhibits a rudimentary ornamentation. "What is not less remarkable," says Mr. E. Desor, "is the use made of these vessels for the preservation of fruits and cereals intended for winter consumption. Mr. Gilliéron has found near Pont de Thielle very beautiful specimens of wheat, carbonized like the turf surrounding it. At the station of the island of St. Pierre he discovered, in addition, barley, oats, peas, lentils and acorns. Hence the inhabitants cultivated the ground and raised cattle." The discovery of millstones, with pestles of granite and freestone, shows that they knew how to grind grain. In the lacustrine cities of the polished stone age fragments of cloth assert their capability of dressing and weaving flax.

From what precedes, it will be seen that it is possible to establish, approximately, a chronology of the deposits referable to the stone age. These deposits represent the first halting-places of society in its march toward civilization. The use of metals marks a new evolution. Although we find in each country this

succession of three ages, corresponding to the three epochs of social development, it does not necessarily follow that all the people arrived at each of them at the same time. There exists between the three respective periods no necessary synchronism, for tribes have been discovered which, in the last century, had not emerged from the stone age. This was the case in the greater part of Polynesia, when Cook explored the Pacific Ocean. In 1854, Mr. Marcou found on the banks of the Rio Colorado, in California, an Indian tribe using arms and utensils of wood alone. The nations in the north of Europe received civilization long after those of Greece and Italy, and the dolmens of the stone age may have been erected many years after the people of Asia understood the use of iron and bronze. In fact, the discovery and use of the metals in Assyria, China and Egypt dates from the remotest antiquity. Tubal Cain, one of the sons of the patriarch Lamech, was the first to work in iron and copper. In fact, the art of working in metals must be assigned to a period preceding the Deluge by nearly a thousand years.

Among certain nations the great antiquity of stone instruments lent them a religious character, and hence their use was frequently retained in the rites of their temples. The Jews performed circumcision with a flint knife: in the worship of Jupiter Latialis a stone hatchet (*securis pontificalis*) was used; and in China, where the metals have been known from time immemorial, the stone arms, and particularly the flint knives, are religiously preserved. Having established the chronological order of the three stone ages, we have nevertheless no absolute dates from which to estimate the antiquity of the deposits just treated of. We must seek elsewhere, in the comparison of the types, arts, and social state which they denote, for the elements calculated to solve this problem.

When we reflect how very slowly the strata constituting the most superficial crust of the earth were deposited, we may form an idea of the time required

for the formation of the alluvia in which the rudely-worked flints are found. One of the most distinguished geologists of our day, M. Elie de Beaumont, has remarked, in his "Lectures on Practical Geology," that the entrenched camps of the Romans and the megalithic monuments furnish us with proofs of the great age of the surface of the earth. Where rivers drift down slime and stones, where the sea deposits sand and gravel and undermines the cliffs, the movement of uplifting and displacement is more marked; but it still goes on very slowly, as proved by the exploration of the Egyptian Delta. Before the historic period, however, this might not have been the case, and more frequent and powerful revolutions may possibly have caused more rapid accumulations. This possibility does not allow us to approximate with certainty—assuming as a chronological element the actual facts of the deposit—the period from which date the hewn flints, the arms of horn or bone which we disinter. The calculations made on this basis are very arbitrary; as, for instance: a Swiss naturalist, M. Mortol, whilst studying the cone of torrentine deposits of the Tinière, near Villeneuve, observed that Roman antiquities were found at a depth of 1.30 metres in a stratum of from sixteen to seventeen centimetres in thickness. He assumed this figure as a measure of the uplifting of the cone during a period of time equal to that elapsed since the Roman period—that is, sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred years; and he inferred, hence, that of the two subjacent layers, the age of the first, in which bronze appears, was three thousand or four thousand years; and that of the lower, in which polished stone instruments were found, was from four thousand to seven thousand years.

Now it is evident that this calculation rests on the hypothesis that the torrent of the Tinière did not drift more alluvia in times anterior to our own than it has done for sixteen hundred or eighteen hundred years—an hypothesis which may be incorrect. When the cold was much more intense than in our day, the climate

more severe, and the deep snows swelled the torrents to a greater volume, these deposits may have accumulated more rapidly. It is certain that the quaternary period, in which a fauna and climatic condition existed very different from those observed in Gaul at the date of Cæsar's conquest, must have been removed far beyond the historic times; but how many ages elapsed between the age of caves containing hewn stones and that of the dolmens and lacustrine cities?

Without affording us an exact date, the determination of the physical characteristics of the human race is a very important element; for it enables us to ascertain if the tribes which inhabited the caves, the lacustrine cities, or those which deposited their dead under the dolmens, belonged all to the same family, or if they were united by a greater or less affinity with the races of present Europe, whose arrival on that continent dates at least three thousand five hundred or four thousand years ago.

Unfortunately, the number of crania and fragments of skeletons extracted from the deposits of the stone age is very small: and they do not possess identity of shape sufficiently marked to establish the characteristics of a race. A skull was discovered at Neanderthal, near Dusseldorf; another in the plastic clay of a lateral valley of the Arno; a jaw and cranium, presenting a remarkable depression, at Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville; a cranium, indicating a less developed forehead and less elevated stature than those of our race, in the cave of Engis near Liege (belonging to the age of hewn stone); and other crania in the turf-pits of Denmark; while human bones have been found in various caves in Belgium and the south of France. All that can be said is, that these skulls, like those from the lacustrine cities, present the well-marked brachycephalic (round head) type which some ethnologists regard as being that of the Ligurian head; the bones of the cranial vault being nearly always very thick, as seen in the ancient Armoricans.

Anatomists have imagined they saw a marked resemblance between the ma-

jority of these crania and those discovered in Russia, in the tombs of the Finnish or Tchoudic race; but even if this resemblance were verified, we cannot hence conclude that all the monuments of the stone age were necessarily the work of the same race. A very distinguished Danish antiquary, M. Worsaae has remarked that as no dolmens or cromlechs are to be found in Finland or in Lapland, their construction must be attributed to another people. On the other hand, M. Alexander Bertrand has shown that the distribution of the dolmens in Europe is but little favorable to the hypothesis that they were made by the Celts; they must belong to a race which spread over the western coast of Europe and penetrated into the interior of the continent by the great water-highways. We may also observe that these megalithic monuments are not found in the Danubian countries, which the Celts crossed before reaching France, nor in Cisalpine Gaul, whither they emigrated at a later period. The dolmens of the stone age were, consequently, the work of a people extirpated by the Celts or subjugated and amalgamated with them.

The opinion that the men of the stone age were elder brethren of the Finns would harmonize with the data of the quaternary fauna. Since the species which inhabited Southern France, Spain and Italy—the mammoth, rhinoceros, musk-ox and reindeer—retreated toward the north of Europe and Asia, when the climate moderated, the same may be naturally inferred as regards the human races contemporary with these animals. The Basque, or Iberian tribes, the savage Ligurians, who, at the time of their subjugation by the Romans, inhabited caves, may, indeed, be the descendants of this primeval people, modified by contact with Asiatic emigrants. Ignorant of the art of cultivating the soil, the autochthonous tribes led a life closely resembling that of the tribes of North America and Arctic Russia, whose ancestors they probably were. Nevertheless, as there is in the beginning an intimate connection between climatic conditions and the social state, we can-

not infer from an identity of industrial products an identity of race. The arms and stone utensils made, at this day, by the savages of Polynesia and some islands in the Indian Ocean, and which are found among the ancient tribes of the New World, present a remarkable similarity to those found in the most ancient deposits and tombs of Europe.

These coincidences warrant us in supposing that the men of the stone age were in a social state resembling that of the islanders of Andaman and New Caledonia, or rather that of the Greenlanders and Esquimaux. This is strengthened by the fact, that there have been extracted from the caves and ancient deposits of France, Switzerland and England, oblong hatchets, flat on one side and convex on the other, having a short handle, and which are identical with those now used by the Esquimaux to scrape the skins of which their garments are made.

Living on the borders of rivers or in the middle of lakes, these people soon felt the necessity of constructing boats; and those found in the turf-pits and in the beds of certain water-courses resemble in many respects the canoes of the Polynesians and the *kayaks* of the Esquimaux and Greenlanders. They are almost all hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree, and some seem to have carried a mast. One was found in the bed of the Seine, and is now in the museum of Saint Germain; one was buried beneath the grit of the Rhone; another was hidden in the bed of the little river La Loue (Jura); a fourth was discovered in Lake Geneva, near Morges; and, lastly and finally, one was exhumed in 1860 from a turf-pit near Abbeville.

The food of the tribes inhabiting the borders of the sea and the rivers was chiefly fish and shell-fish, while those of the interior lived on the flesh of animals, which they killed with their stone weapons. The accumulations of bones found in the caves prove this fact. Some of them are even marked by the instruments used in stripping off the flesh; but the men of that period were not satisfied with devouring the meat: they

were fond of the marrow, as indicated by the mode of fracture of the long bones. Another curious peculiarity which assimilates the habits of the stone age with those characterizing savage nations—those of North America, particularly—results from an examination of the human teeth. The greater part of the incisors are much worn and flattened on their upper extremity: this condition of the teeth is also seen among the Greenlanders, and has been remarked in the jaws of several Egyptian mummies. It was produced by the habit of tearing and grinding the meat with the front teeth. The accounts by the ancients of the Troglodytes of Asia and Africa, who continued, like the first men, to inhabit caves, agree, in many points, with the facts taught us by the study of the bone-bearing caverns and quaternary deposits. This circumstance is an additional proof of the inequality in the progress of civilization.

Whilst certain nations in Asia had reached, three thousand years before Christ, a social state which excels that of many contemporary peoples, some tribes were, fifteen or eighteen centuries ago, and are, even in our day, in the same state of barbarism indicated by the stone age.

Man emerged, probably, from the abject and miserable condition in which he groveled only by the effects of contact with more advanced nations—with those who (history and the comparative study of languages and mythologies teach us) emigrated from the east. Thus, without the discovery of Christopher Columbus, the Indian tribes would be, at this moment, what they were four hundred years ago. The primeval autochthonous races of Europe have disappeared or retreated before the influence of emigrants of a superior order: the same is the case with the indigenes of the New World. These races are gradually being extinguished, like the barbarians of Polynesia and Australia.

The tenth chapter of Genesis, which carries us back to a period at least two thousand years before our era, exhibits the greater part of Eastern Asia and the

Mediterranean basin overrun by the descendants of nations who had made great advances in civilization. The first period of the stone age in Europe must have preceded this date by a considerable length of time. This datum, which is justified by the Egyptian texts, is again confirmed by the figures represented in the tombs of the fourth and fifth dynasties of the Pharaohs. These figures exhibit a fauna identical with that now found on the shores of the Nile; whence it follows that at the period of the pyramids of Gizeh the zoological distribution in the Mediterranean basin was such as we find it to-day. We must therefore go far beyond those times, which preceded our era by three thousand or thirty-five hundred years, to find the quaternary fauna. On the other hand, the emigration of the Indo-European races, who introduced into our continent the knowledge of agriculture and the manufacture of the metals, cannot be less than three thousand years ago. The close of the polished stone age belongs, therefore, to a period elapsed since that epoch, whilst the age of hewn stone must be fixed at double that number of years in Europe.

Such are the only approximative data furnished to us by history and the monuments. They enable us to lay the foundation, but nothing more. These considerations would force us back to a much more remote antiquity in Asia, where tradition locates the cradle of our species, and which was certainly that of civilization, but whose soil has hitherto been only superficially explored. The first steps of civilized society have been everywhere slow: it is only when progress has taken a certain start that its motion is accelerated.

We shall not attempt to solve the many mysterious problems connected with the primeval history of the human race, but merely remark, in conclusion, that, if man be the last, he is the most perfect work of God, and that his origin is not so recent as the silence of the cosmogonies would lead us to suppose. His infancy, which in some parts of the globe is not yet finished, was prolonged

through an immense period of time. His apparition is anterior to the historic age: he was present at climatic and geologic revolutions which preceded the present condition of the world. The birth of man dates from a period at which the earth presented a very different appearance from that of our day, but of the mystery of that birth we shall probably never know more than we are taught in the first chapter of Genesis: that "God created man in his own image, and said, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it." The advance of human knowledge in various directions has long made it

clear that Usher's chronology must be abandoned; and it is now no less evident that the true and venerable record of the primeval history of man which is contained in the early chapters of Genesis must be deciphered by a different key from that popularly employed. The purpose of this paper, however, is not to discuss the bearings of the recent discoveries upon the ordinary interpretations of Holy Writ, but rather to lay before the reader in a condensed form the ascertained and certain facts brought to light within the last twenty years in regard to Pre-historic Man.

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VOX HUMANA.

A NIGHT-LAMP burned dimly in a room of the Hotel Fédér, at Genoa. The apartment had been formerly one of the gay halls of the Palace of the Admiralty, and the faint rays of light that flickered around hardly disclosed how tarnished were the gildings and faded the fresco ornaments of the ceiling and walls.

A Sister of Charity, who had been summoned to perform the office of nurse to a sick person, sat some distance from the bed, but near the shaded night-lamp. While her eyes glanced from time to time towards the couch, they returned unflinching to the book of devotion which she held in her hands, over whose leaves spread the little gleams that came from under the lamp-shade, and made the words distinct to the eyes of the pious woman. She recited in a low voice the prayers for the dying, for the last sacred rites had been administered and death was near at hand.

A rustle in the bed made the Sister draw near to it. Gretchen Kœnig, the great woman-organist, lay there dying. With the strength of the death-struggle the once powerful body of the musician lifted itself half-way up on the pillows.

She sat erect, and her large, dark eyes, whose brightness almost shed a glare around her, gazed eagerly upon the self-possessed Sister, who stood beside the couch with a silent but kind expression of inquiry upon her face. The two women looked at each other as strangers might, meeting on a lonely heath.

"Have you ever loved?" asked Gretchen, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes," answered the Sister, calmly.

"Whom?"

"Christ."

"And I loved man!" groaned the dying Gretchen. "Close your book, good woman. The prayers almost drive me mad; for I only love Franz, and cannot think of heaven, or God, or Christ, or anything but him!"

"I always knew he was unworthy of the deep feelings I gave him—that he was selfish, unfaithful and without principle; but I loved him passionately. When we were both young he married me, for he thought then that he loved me; but he did not: it was my music that infatuated him.

"Franz became a poet and an artist under the influence of my tone-tongue: for although I was only a humble teacher,

I was a clever executant, and my husband drew inspiration from me, through which his genius soared off into the tone-realm where he was a creator; while I, alas! remained the mere instrument.

"I can feel now the thrill that would pass through me when he buried his beautiful head in the folds of my robe while listening to my organ-playing. The touch of the passionate caresses which he never gave me at any other time tingle on my lips and brow still, although so many years have dragged wearily over them, and on them lay the heavy snows of winters upon winters of neglect and absence.

"At that touch, chords, harmonies and the divinest melodies rolled off from my fingers like sparks and glowing lights. Memory in those happy days had a marvelous power. Without trouble I could recall difficult studies of Bach, and I executed them with a taste that sometimes startled me; while he, my lover—no, my husband—for he was never my lover—drew music-life and material for fame from me, as I drew the harmonies and sounds from the keys and stops of the instrument. Why should he, with his untrue nature, have had greater gifts than I, while my glowing, earnest spirit lay mute within me?

"You know, Sister, how superb his voice was. He has sung at your great festivals, and people said the pathos of a mortal and the glory of an angel were blended in his songs.

"He took the flat outlines of characters in operas, whose written notes lay over them as mere hieroglyphics, and gave them form and shape—nay, more—life and breath. Masters crowded around him with their compositions, for they needed not only his voice, but his comprehension, to make their visions clear and palpable to the public.

"Then it was that he met Selma Paz, who was—O God!—not only my rival, but his equal: she was what I should have been, loving Franz as I did.

"I tried to bear it all patiently. After vespers I used to stay during the darkening twilight in the old church alone.

I strove to silence my gnawing grief by studying out grand modulations, during the hot, black hours when I knew they were giving passionate, throbbing life to some music-poet's vision, swaying the crowd with their voluptuous love-melodies, their rich, full-throated voices floating off upon the air like disembodied spirits, melting and pulsating together.

"Imploring chords, sobbing, broken tone-chains lay spread out by my hands in wild confusion on the still, solemn atmosphere of the holy place as this knowledge coursed like maddening venom through me. Blessed incense from the evening consecration, faint as the memory of a good act, crept up soothingly; shadows gathered in close, as thick folds of drapery about and above the lonely organ-loft. Silent as death was the place, and into this cold, dark ocean of stillness I poured my hot flood of passionate harmonies and vexed, questioning modulations.

"Once in a while, as the waves of rich-freighted sounds, blending with the surrounding stillness, died off, and became one with it, and my weary fingers, dropping from the keys, fell with helpless weight beside me, I would hear the soft, retiring footfall of some holy priest, who had been reciting his prayers or performing a pious duty at the altar.

"On these lonely evening hours memory would grow very cruel and bitter, as it recalled to me the twilights that Franz and I had spent there together the first days of my love and our marriage—the time when his unfolding genius drank inspiration at my fountain. His very words would be repeated in my ears, as if said by some mocking demon—

"'Play on, my beloved! Your music gives me life.'

"Let me talk, Sister. Do not check me. If I tell my grief aloud, the heavy weight may pass off and I may find peace. To whom have I ever spoken before? But those prayers of yours seemed to break the heavy bars of silence and pride.

"Then I would leave the organ-loft, and prostrate myself on the altar-steps

—not in prayer—but in rebellious remonstrance with God!

“Why should this be?” I would ask. “Why should I, the pure and the true, serve only as an instrument of use, in the hands of another, for my own misery?”

“But as the light of the never-darkened lamp that hung before the altar stole down in cool, pale rays over me, it seemed to recall the words of the stern Saint Paul:

“Nay, but who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it: Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?”

“One Sunday—it was Easter—we had a grand musical display in my organ-loft. A cardinal from Rome was to be present at the sacrifice, and I sent for the singers at the opera house to help me. The mass sung was the D Minor of Haydn—that sublime one in which the trumpet-notes seem as if they should be sounded by the silver trumpets of the ancient synagogue.

“Selma took the soprano solos. I forgot that she was my rival while listening to her singing. After executing the rippling passages of the *Kyrie Eleison* with unerring exactitude, her superb voice, entirely unaided by the organ or other instruments, attacked the high G of the major key of the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

“Full, round and rich-colored as a bursting pomegranate that *Gloria* floated off from her beautiful throat, filling the whole building with its splendor. I forgot mortal love and jealousy, and all the angel arose within me.

“When the violins played the soft melody which precedes the *Et in terra pax*, the notes sounded as if proceeding from angels of peace and love. Franz sang the invocation with a tenderness that gave an impetus to my new-born hopes, and when Selma responded the *Pax hominibus*, my whole soul felt emancipated from all the past torturing doubts.

“At the *Offertory*, Franz sang Stradella's hymn *Pieta Signore*, and I alone accompanied him. Voice and instrument united as they had never done before. My fingers drew out from the keys the solemn responses to this divine composition, whose melody is a successive harmony, and the prompt speech and light traveling tone of the Stopped Diapason, to which I added the Dulcinea, gave the organ part a character of great beauty and delicacy.

“My organ was a beautiful little instrument—it was Müller's—the one at Breslau, you know. It had only twelve registers, but it was large enough for the church, and moreover it was as docile as an obedient child.

“I threw all my strength of feeling into the music, and it seemed that Selma and Franz were drawn close to me by unseen hands. Their eyes were full of tears, and they looked tenderly at me: at least so I thought.

“How flute-like was the *Benedicite*! Even the holy priests at the altar paused to listen, as did the crowd, to Selma's crystal tones, that rose undimmed above the *tutti* of the whole choir and orchestra.

“After the joyful *Hosanna* came the *Agnus Dei*. Selma stood beside me, and appeared to be struggling with uncontrollable feelings; her voice sobbed out, rather than sung, the responses to the contr' alto solo, and a murmur of wonder and sympathy rose from the crowd when they noticed the tenderness and pathos in her voice.

“Franz sat near us, his beautiful face hidden in his hands, but I saw the tears trickling between his fingers, and his whole form trembled with emotion. At the close of the service I played one of Bach's organ passages, filled with multiplied melody, through which I desired to express not only the overflowing happiness of my heart, but a solemn thankfulness for the new life of faith and truth that seemed to be dawning for me.

“That night Selma and Franz fled together! I never saw them again. Those who pitied me said I was too noble and gifted to grieve for such an



unworthy husband. What did they know of the passionate strength of a woman's love? My heart was a deep ocean, still as a lake on its surface, but holding a tragedy of ruin beneath, and no one could know how I mourned and suffered.

"I remained at Breslau, following my weary profession of teaching; but at nightfall, after the day's work was over, I pined for Franz; and then, too, came the music-thirst. After vesper service I always remained—as in the spring days of love and the sad ones of jealousy—to find help in my instrument. I studied all the fine works of various masters, and my musical powers developed rapidly under the spurring influences of loneliness and anguish.

"Before I knew it, my fame spread wide abroad, and crowds of people came from far and near to hear the woman-organist: at last the little church was found too small to hold them all. Thus I was pressed out into the world, and I traveled through many countries. The music-thirst grew stronger, the love of my fame was great, but nothing silenced for one instant the ever-aching yearning for Franz.

"At last the news came to me that he and Selma were dead! Both were lost at sea on a voyage to America. Then I thought that, if I could die, we might all meet, as on that blessed Easter Day, and be one in love with each other; for in heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage: you know that, Sister."

"This is Easter Eve," said the Sister.

"Yes, but it is near day dawn, is it not? Open the shutters. Let me breathe the morning air, for oh, I am stifling!" and the dying woman struggled to catch the quick-ebbing breath.

The Sister pushed the blinds of the nearest window aside, and though the faint rays of the approaching day could hardly reach the room through the narrow space of the street, the air that poured in was fresh with the spring morning's breath; but sweeter even than its fresh-

ness were the lovely sounds it carried on its warm waves. From a neighboring church came the faint but clear notes of an organ and choir. A solemn High Mass service was closing, and the beautiful strains of Haydn's *Agnus Dei*, in the D Minor Mass, could be heard distinctly by the nurse and the poor dying woman.

The Sister of Charity knelt down and took Gretchen's cold hands in hers, while she repeated in a low whisper the last prayers. Gretchen sank slowly back on the pillows.

"Yes!" she murmured. "He is there—waiting for me! Hush!—I come—Franz!"

The music pealed out louder and louder. The angelic flight of voices in the *Dona nobis pacem* chased each other on the transparent, glittering atmosphere made for them by the silvery notes of the trumpets. When the trumpets ceased, the voices and instruments rose in full chords, and moved along in heavenly bands, harmoniously together.

Shorter and more eager grew Gretchen's breath, and broken words fell from her lips that told of impatient longings to reach that which her imagination presented. The Sister's prayer welled up pure and cool, as a little woodland spring, beside the hot sands of mortal love and yearning.

The gradually failing eyes of the dying woman gazed forward on that which was invisible to mortal sight, and her spirit grew more and more restless to be released from the leaden weight of the poor body that was slowly detaching itself from her, each life-long link falling heavily off one by one, as rusted chains in a dungeon.

Day-dawn became brighter; the dusky shadows of the room struggled at first faintly with the fast-entering rays of light, and then passed off; at last the pure beams of Easter morn hung over the death-bed, like long, tapering angel's wings, and all was stillness and peace!

## THE ABBÉ BRASSEUR AND HIS LABORS.

ON—we forget what day in the year 1854—*The New York Tribune* contained a letter from Mexico, which created quite a stir in the very little world of American antiquaries. The writer announced that he had made the strange and important discovery that the languages of the Indians of Mexico and Guatemala were closely allied to the old Saxon and Scandinavian tongues, and that consequently the builders of those “desolate palaces” which the pen and pencil of Messrs Stephens and Catherwood had made familiar to the American public, as well as the chivalrous and warlike tribes whose names and deeds have become as household words by the vivid narrative of Prescott, were in fact distant cousins of our own—partly descended from the same old Germanic stock. The name attached to the letter was not wholly unknown to those interested in such inquiries, but it is as yet not so familiar to the general reading public of our country as it deserves to be. It was that of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg.

The Abbé is the most learned living writer concerning the ancient things of America, and we hope that a brief sketch of his life and labors will lead to a more general recognition of his merits than he now enjoys in the United States.

Whether an inexorable fate does not mark a man for an antiquary from the very commencement might well be asked; for certainly there is no more absorbing passion than that which is kindled in the bosom of a Dryasdust from earliest life. Thus we find when but ten years old, or thereabouts, our Abbé—then no Abbé, but simply E. Charles Brasseur, an urchin in the Flemish village of Bourbourg near Dunkerque—accidentally came across a time-worn copy of the *Journal des Savans*, containing a short description of the ruins of Palenque, the famous ancient city of Guatemala. “It is impossible for me,” says he, recalling in after years the incident, “to describe the sen-

sation of wonder mixed with pleasure which the perusal of this article gave me. It fixed my destiny as an archæologist. A vague presentiment showed me in the distant future I know not what mysterious veils stretched over the past, which a secret instinct urged me to lift up. As the renown of Champollion reached my ears, I asked myself whether the Western World would not also yield up her treasures of memory to the grand whole of universal history.”

Fortune favored the longings of the boy. When he had completed his studies, and had taken orders in the Church, he was invited to Quebec. This was in 1845. Here and in Boston he studied history and English. The perusal of Prescott’s incomparable *Conquest of Mexico* fired his imagination anew, and fixed him in his determination to devote himself, in his own words, “*aux choses Americaines.*”

Returning to Rome, where he had finished his preparation for the Church, he applied himself for two years to the serious study of the rare and priceless documents on ancient America preserved in the library of the Vatican. When, in 1848, the clash of arms disturbed the quiet of the Eternal City, he set out well prepared in mind for the scene of his future labors. Landing at Quebec, he visited Philadelphia and the other Eastern cities, journeyed down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, and from there reached the city of Mexico at the close of the year. Amid these scenes which for so many years had filled his dreams he passed several fruitful summers. “I visited with eager curiosity,” he says, “the sculptured rocks of Tula, celebrated as a metropolis in the antique annals, whose foundation is lost in the night of time; Queretaro with her blissful climate showed me her superb aqueduct: I paced with sadness amid the solitary edifices of Santa Cruz; and I passed through the ancient Tonolan, now Guad-

ajajara, where once a queen came forth in stately pomp to welcome the Spaniards under Nuño de Guzman." Holding as he did the post of almoner to the French legation, every facility was furnished him to visit the ancient remains even as far north as California, while the National Museum offered him unique manuscripts and relics of aboriginal art in gratifying abundance. In his zeal he went so far as to acquaint himself thoroughly with the native Aztec tongue, a formidable task for a European, but he was well repaid by the ability it gave him to peruse various documents written in that language shortly after the Conquest.

The first fruit of these wide travels and studies was a little volume entitled "Letters to the Duke of Valmy, being an Introduction to the History of the Ancient Civilized Nations of Mexico." To be sure, before this he had composed a history of Canada and one or two minor works, but to none of these does he attach much importance. The letters were rather a crude and hasty sketch, but betray in every page the enthusiastic antiquary, and served to bring their author into connection with various distinguished ethnologists—Mr. Squier of New York, and M. Aubin of Paris, among others.

The subsequent year or two he was in Europe again, but constantly longing for the sombre forests of tropical America. At length his ardor swallowed all prudential considerations, and, poor as he was, he started to explore the ancient cities of Guatemala and Yucatan. He reached New York actually penniless, and to prosecute his journey was forced—not to pawn his shirt—that would have been nothing—but to sell his "*petite chapelle de missionaire*," and, what was worse, a manuscript vocabulary of the Yucatanese language—"one of the most interesting pieces," he mournfully adds, "in my whole collection."

Once in Guatemala, he was in his element. Appointed by the Archbishop as administrator of the Indian parish of Rabinal, on the very site of one of the most famous cities of the ancient era, he explored the country in all directions,

ransacked the dusty nooks of the convent libraries, and sedulously studied the different dialects of the native tribes. After a sojourn of a year and a half among the pure-blood natives, he returned to Paris with a precious mass of documents and a store of erudition concerning ancient America which has certainly never been equaled.

He then addressed himself to his great work, the first volume of which appeared in 1857, on the "History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and of Central America during the ages anterior to Christopher Columbus, based on original and inedited sources drawn from the ancient archives of the indigenes." This monument of industry, embracing four volumes of six or seven hundred pages each, placed the author at once at the very head of American antiquarians. The libraries of Europe were thrown open to him, the French government gave him material assistance, and even Spanish jealousy unlocked its well-guarded archives and invited him to Madrid to extend his researches. When the ill-starred Maximilian was seduced into taking the throne of Mexico, the Abbé was appointed chief of the commission to inquire into the ancient history and antiquities of the country. Before the lamentable and bloody scene which closed the brief dynasty of the empire he had visited many parts of the realm, but now, we believe, he is back again at Paris.

Such has been his life. Let us now see what have been the results of his labors.

It has often been remarked that it requires one kind of talent to collect historical materials, but quite another kind to use them properly—to generalize from them wisely. The Abbé Brasseur is a case in point. No more intelligent, enthusiastic, conscientious collector and collator of ancient documents can anywhere be found: no more visionary, daring, hazardous speculator on his accumulations can be imagined. His derotation to his theory quite obscures his judgment. The especial hobby that throws him most frequently off the track is that there was an early and intimate

connection between the civilization of the Old and New Worlds.

His notion of the Germanic origin of the Central American tongues is a part of this. The linguistic analogies he puts in evidence to prove it are of a nature to make sober philologists, like Professor Whitney, stare and gasp. We will give some of them, and let them speak for themselves. The word *nawal* in a Central American dialect means intelligent: the Abbé at once identifies it with the English words *know all!* *Calar*, in another, means to make manifest: it is as plain as day to him that this is nothing but the German *klar*, English *clear*. Again, *tsar* means a leaf: evidently it is from the same root as *shadow*, the gloom caused by leaves!

Another proof of his position he delights to recur to: in the oldest Mexican traditions frequent reference is made to a distant land called Tula, lying far in the east, whence came the first of men. This, says the Abbé, is certainly the same as that *ultima Thule* which the old European geographers placed at the western limit of the world. He is almost ready to identify it with the southern coast of the United States.

But he goes still further. In one of his later volumes he has a long and learned essay, in which, without any visible smile, he discusses the knotty question whether ancient Egypt derived the first elements of its civilization from Central America, or the latter from ancient Egypt!

But these eccentricities we can well afford to pardon when we consider the invaluable accessions to aboriginal literature we have gained through him. Does such an expression cause a smile? It may be excused, for how few have yet learned that there *is* an aboriginal literature. The possibility of the fact had to be demonstrated.

Most readers doubtless suppose that the last word on Aztec civilization may be found in Prescott's Mexico. So far from this, Mr. Prescott hardly touched on the most important points of all. When he wrote it was supposed that the Aztec manuscripts were wholly un-

decipherable. Now we have almost gained a key to their strange characters

M. Aubin, whose name we have already mentioned, was the first to break ground in this new field of research. About ten years ago he published a "Memoir on the Didactic Paintings of the Ancient Mexicans," in which, following out some hints of the older historian, and drawing his illustrations from his own unequalled collection of Aztec manuscripts, he showed that they possessed a well-defined method of recording ideas by figures representing sounds. The principle is extremely simple. It is that of the familiar puzzle called a rebus. If we wished to write Newton, we would simply draw a *new tun*. So in the Mexican picture-writing the name of Montezuma, properly Mo-cuauh-zoma, appears as a figure combining a mousetrap, *mo*, an eagle, *cuauh*, a lancet, *zo*, and a hand, *ma*. M. Aubin defined over a hundred of these syllabic figures, and was able to make some headway in deciphering the original manuscripts.

But his discovery, interesting as it is, was quite thrown in the shade by another of the Abbé Brasseur. The latter had long been persuaded that at least in Central America a real phonetic alphabet had been used; and most luckily, by dint of endless rummagings in old Spanish libraries, came across a manuscript written by Diego de Landa, the first bishop of Yucatan, containing a faithful transcript of the long sought-for alphabet. It contains twenty-seven distinct letters, totally unlike those of any other known alphabet.

Unfortunately the good bishop, who looked at all such matters as vain artifices of the devil to amuse the heathen, not only gave the most obscure explanations possible how the alphabet was used—for it seems that it corresponds less to our A, B, C's than to the signs used in phonography—but, what is more to be regretted, made sure that his successors should not puzzle their brains over it to any serious extent, by destroying every native manuscript he could lay his hands on.

Still, the chief point of all is now

proven beyond cavil, that both Mexicans and Yucatanese had for centuries before Columbus a phonetic system of writing, which insured the perpetuation of their histories and legends independent of the shortness of memories. It was an awkward method, it is true, and as soon as they became acquainted with the Roman alphabet it fell into disuse. Some among them, Christians as they now were, felt sad to see the ancient histories forgotten, and with the new alphabet, but in their native tongues, copied them carefully from the old records. A few of these, after remaining for centuries in manuscript and forgotten, the indefatigable Abbé found and brought to Europe.

Some of them are mere titles and genealogies of petty princes, running back hundreds of years before the discovery by Columbus. Others again create a suspicion that they were composed too long after the subjection of the people to the Spanish priests to offer a correct reflex of the native mind. But there is one of them, most authentic in its antiquity and most remarkable in form. It is the sacred book of the Quiches of Guatemala. What the Rig Veda is to the primitive Aryan nations, what the Pentateuch was to the Jews, what the Voluspa and Edda were to the Northmen, was to the principal nations of Mexico and Central America the POPOL VUH, the National Book, as it was called, of the Quiches. There was hardly a myth among the widespread Aztec race, or among their polished neighbors of Yucatan, but is included or referred to in this sacred volume. In its mysterious references and obscure phraseology, in its fantastic legends, and occasionally in its crude but sublime imagery, it is hardly inferior to either of the uninspired works with which we have just compared it. Although a Spanish translation has been published at Vienna, and the original, with a French rendering opposite, by the Abbé Brasseur at Paris, the work is still so little known that we can safely venture on an extract or two to show its character.

In the form in which we at present know it no rhythmical cadence can be

discovered; but the reason of this is only that the ancient accentuation of the language is lost, as is evident from one of the opening phrases, "thus is *sung* the praises of Him, the grandfather and grandmother of all." In reference to matter, it is divided into two parts—the first taken up with the mythical struggles of the gods; the second, with the origin and fortunes of the Quiche tribes. The Abbé Brasseur, it is true, who, in mythology, is attached to the historical school of Euhemerus, recognizes no such distinction, counting it all as history. But this is one of his vagaries.

At the very outset of the work, which commences with a list of epithets of the highest divinity, we meet the singular fact that the commonest of these epithets is the familiar English word *hurricane*. The root of this term is not found in Quiche, nor is it from the Latin *furio*, as Noah Webster rashly conjectured, but was borrowed long ago from the native dialect of Hispaniola, in which it was the common name of the terrible tornado of the Caribbean Sea, the most sublime and awful display of power which nature offers. The grotesque style, full of childish repetition, obscure allusion, barbarous yet sometimes grand and weird images, can only be appreciated by a literal rendering of a portion of the original. We choose for the purpose the opening chapter or chant, describing the creation, and translate with a verbal fidelity that must be our excuse for the apparent crudities:

"There was not yet a single man, not an animal; neither birds, nor fishes, nor crabs, nor wood, nor stone, nor ravines, nor herbs, nor forest; only the sky existed.

"The face of the land was not seen; there was only the silent sea and the sky.

"There was not yet a body, naught to attach itself to another; naught that balanced itself, naught that made a sound in the sky.

"There was nothing that stood upright; naught there was but the peaceful sea, the sea silent and solitary in its limits; for there was nothing that was.

“There was naught but rest and stillness in the shadows, in the night. Alone also the Maker, the Moulder, the Ruler, the Serpent clothed with feathers, Those who fecundate, Those who give being, are upon the waters like a growing light.

“They are clothed in blue and green; this is why they are called Gucumatz; wisest of all are they. Thus is the sky; thus is the heart of the sky; such is the name of the Wondrous One; thus is he called.

“His word came to the Ruler and to Gucumatz in the shadows and the night; and it spoke with the Ruler and with Gucumatz.

“They spoke; they consulted and meditated; they understood each other; they joined words and minds.

“Then, while they consulted, the day broke; and at the moment of dawn man appeared, while they held council on the growth of the forests, on the nature and the life of man in the shadows and in the night, brought about by him who is the Heart of the Sky, whose name is Huracan.

“The lightning is one of Huracan; the second is the track of the lightning; the third is the thunderbolt that strikes; and these three are the Heart of the Sky.

“Thus they consulted while the earth grew.

“Thus verily took place the creation as the earth came into being. ‘Earth,’ said they; and the earth existed.

“Like a fog, like a cloud, was its formation: like huge fishes rise in the water, so rose the mountains; and in a moment the high mountains existed.”

It seems in perusing such passages that we must rather have in our hands some dark riddle from the Orient, in which the contemplative Asiatic mind has sought to penetrate the essence of matter and to sound the unfathomable source of life, than that we are reading the independent production of the red race of America. But the evidence that the Popol Vuh is absolutely authentic and original is such as to put all doubt out of the question.

The most of the first part is taken up

with the victories of two divine brothers, *Hunahpu* and *Xblanque*. They are first pitted against the material powers of nature, *Zipaluac*, who heaps up mountains, and *Cabracau*, the earthquake, who shakes them down. Having conquered these, they turn their arms and skill against the lords of the under world, or of *Xibalba*, the Land of Phantoms, or of *Spirits*. These lords bear the grim names, *One Death* and *Seven Deaths*, and they it is who send abroad over the world all manner of diseases, famine, and miseries, who stir up wars and destroy states. But it was not for that that the brothers sought their subjection, but because their own father had fallen by their wiles. For their father and his brother, playing at ball one day, knocked their ball by chance into the under world, and, for a less incentive than that of *Orpheus*, determined to follow and regain their own. The truculent rulers of the darksome realm received them with fair words, only to lure them deeper down until they could safely overpower them. The head of one they hung upon a tree, which thereupon budded and filled with tempting fruit. The virgin daughter of a prince passing that way plucked and ate, and straightway felt herself enceinte. She fled to the upper world, and there brought forth the twins *Hunahpu* and *Xblanque*.

The plot of vengeance is detailed at great length, but of course poetic justice is satisfied, the evil-minded tyrants are sacrificed to the manes of the murdered father, and their malign powers circumscribed for ever. The victorious heroes having thus broken the chains of earth and of death, rise to the heavens, and become, the one the sun, the other the moon—a veritable apotheosis. At this point the narrative abruptly changes: there is no further question of these mythical characters; the chronology of the wars and wanderings of the *Quiche* nation commences; and the rest of the book has but little general interest.

It were not difficult to see in this unique waif, which has floated down to us from a literature now for ever lost, a profound moral lesson, or perhaps one of

those significant allegories in which the uncultivated mind of an early age ever delighted to envelop the maxims of a deep philosophy. Native as it is to the soil of America, it has a stronger interest to us than the reveries of the Oriental sages: in style and thought it is far above what we looked for from the despised Indian; and as a repertory of his mythology and history, its publication marks an epoch in the archæology of our continent.

One more extract we will give before turning to the other labors of the Abbé Brasseur; this time from the second part, in which the fourth and last creation is described; for, like the Hindoos, they believed in the recurrence of periodical catastrophes, which swept away heaven and earth in one universal ruin.

"Hear now when it was first thought of man, and of what man should be formed. At that time spake he who gives life and he who gives form, the Maker and Moulder, named Tepen, Gucamatz:

"The dawn draws near; the work is done; the supporter, the servant, is ennobled; he is the son of light, the child of whiteness; man is honored, the race of man on the earth; so they spake.

"They came together; they spake wise sayings in the shadows, in the night; they pondered, they shook their heads, they consulted, meditating.

"Paxil and Cayala, thus is named the land whence came the ears of yellow corn, the ears of white corn. \* \* \*

"Immediately they began to speak of making our first mother and our father. Only of yellow corn and of white corn were their flesh and the substance of the arms and the legs of man.

"They were called simply *beings*, formed and fashioned: they had neither mother nor father: we call them simply *men*. Woman did not bring them forth, nor were they born of the Builder and Moulder, of Him who fecundates and of Him who gives being. But it was a miracle, an enchantment worked by the Maker and Moulder, by Him who fecundates and Him who gives being.

"Thought was in them; they saw;

they looked around; their vision took in all things; they perceived the world; they cast their eyes from the sky to the earth.

"Then were they asked by the Builder and Moulder, 'What think ye of your being? See ye not? Understand ye not? Your language, your limbs, are they not good? Look around beneath the heavens: see ye not the mountains and the plains?'

"Then they looked and saw all that there was beneath the heavens. And they gave thanks to the Maker and the Moulder, saying: 'Truly, twice and three times, thanks! We have being, we have been given a mouth, a face, we speak, we understand, we think, we walk, we feel, and we know that which is far and that which is near.

"All great things and small on earth and in the sky do we see. Thanks to thee, O Maker, O Moulder, that we have been created, that we have being, O our Grandmother, O our Grandfather.'

There is a sort of rhythmical cadence and even rhyme in this last prayer or psalm of joy. The original of the first few lines will illustrate this, and at the same time show the appearance of this difficult but rich tongue. The vowels are as in Spanish:

Quitzih vi chi camul qamo,  
oxmul qamo!  
Mi-x-oh vinakiric,  
mi pu x-oh chiynic,  
x-oh vachinic,  
koh chanic,  
koh taonic,  
koh bizonic,  
koh zilabic.

The publication of this venerable document has placed the ancient history of America in quite a new light, and has laid the foundation for a series of studies on the mental capacities of the red race which go more and more to prove the high development it had obtained.

Another proof of this, for which we also have to thank the Abbé Brasseur, is a complete native drama, composed, acted, and set to music by the ancient Guatemalians. This he discovered while at his parish of Rabinal, and had it re-

heard before him by the aboriginal characters themselves. Both words, music and stage directions were taken down on the spot, and have since been printed in the Abbé's "Collection of Documents in the Indigenous Languages of America."

The drama is entitled "The Hero of Rabinal." It opens with a contest between the hero of Rabinal and the hero of Quiche, a neighboring nation. The former is victorious, and brings his adversary a prisoner to the presence of the Rabinal king, Hobtoh. Though a captive and doomed to speedy death, the proud spirit of the warrior is unmoved. "Make ready for me also," he cries, as he enters the presence of the king, "a seat and a throne, for thus am I wont to be honored on my mountains and in my valleys. I am not one to be exposed to the winds and the frosts." The king reproaches him with his many slaughters of the youth of Rabinal and his unjust attacks, all of which the Quiche hero acknowledges and boasts of. "Now," he adds, "since you, O king, are strong, are rich, here in the walls of this great palace, lend me the cup from your table, and bring forth the royal drink, called *ixtatzunun*, the twelve drinks, the twelve sweet poisons, sparkling and fresh, that for one moment I may taste them as a sign that my last moment is here—a sign of my death, of my end, here, between heaven and earth." A slave brings in the precious beverage and hands it to him in a painted cup. He drains it, and, holding the empty vessel, recognizes that it is made from his own father's skull. For a moment he is overwhelmed with grief to think that his remains too will be kept for such base uses; but his pride returns, and he asks to be clothed in "the brilliant stuff, the shining stuff, brodered with gold, bright of color, woven by the mother, the queen, as a sign of my death, of my end, here, between heaven and earth."

This, too, is granted, and clothed in the royal robes he tells the musicians to play the air to which he led his companions to victory and brought back his enemies in triumph. They comply, and

he dances until the heavens shake, the earth trembles, and the woods resound. One more request does the warrior make, "as a sign of his death, of his end, here, between heaven and earth." It is that the king bring forth "the Lady of Precious Feathers, the Shining Emerald, whose mouth is the mouth of a virgin, whose eyes have never been touched; that I may give a gift to her mouth, that I may give a gift to her face, that I may dance around with her, that I may look upon her within the great walls of the palace, in its four quarters, at its four corners, as a sign of my death, of my end, here, between heaven and earth."

The king's daughter, who it now appears has been the unattainable loved one of the Quiche hero, the cause of his daring attacks on her father's realm and the object of his exploits, comes forth and dances with him before the throne. The dance ended, the hero says: "O king, now I have seen her: I have danced with her in the court of the royal palace. Take her now, guard her now, shut her up in the walls of the great castle! But lead out to me the twelve Eagles, the twelve Tigers, that I may play with them at the point of my arrow, and with the strength of my shield." These were the royal guards. He dances with them a sword dance, disperses them with his arrows, and tells the king these eagles and tigers have neither beaks nor claws. One more request he proffers—that for thirty times twenty days he may be free to take one last look at his native mountains. It is received in silence. The hero disappears and the guards whisper, "He is gone." But he enters in a moment, and tells them that he is no coward to flee, that life to him is without attractions; and concludes: "Come, ye Eagles, come, ye Tigers, do your duty, obey your orders; but let your beaks and your claws tear so that I die in an instant; for I am a warrior, and I have shown it on my mountains and in my valleys. May heaven and earth remain with you, O ye Eagles, ye Tigers." He bends over the sacrificial stone, and is there put to death, while the guards perform



a solemn dance in silence around his dying body.

Thus ends this remarkable drama, which, with all its rudeness of design and execution, has in it the elements of true art and pathetic scenes. The music that accompanies it is grave, even melancholy, in character, varying but a few notes, and to the European is very monotonous.

These are the most important contributions of the Abbé Brasseur to the literary history of the red race, but they are by no means all. He is even now engaged on one not less interesting. It is the publication of a very ancient manuscript in the Aztec tongue, called the History of the Suns, or four ages of the world, embodying the myths and historical traditions of that highly civil-

ized nation from the earliest date. Parts of it have already appeared, and it promises to be not less rich in contents than those we have already quoted. The only regret we feel is, that the strong bias in favor of certain theories, which is, perhaps, unavoidable in a person of such an enthusiastic temperament, prevents the learned author from giving a perfectly correct translation. But an extra dose of discretion on the part of the reader will be sufficient to place him on his guard against reposing too implicit a confidence in the Abbé's deductions. Certainly, it is high time that the long study and unwearying ardor he has devoted to the ancient history of our continent should be known and acknowledged by the reading public of our land.

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## TRADE AND CURRENCY.

THE trade-record for 1867 is an unfavorable one. As a general fact, no money has been made the past year by importers, jobbers, and perhaps we may add retailers; or, in fact, by any considerable class of dealers who have carried large stocks. Sales have been limited, profits small, expenses large, depreciation of merchandise on hand heavy; and, taken together, the result shows a balance, probably in nine cases out of ten, upon the wrong side of the ledger.

Auctioneers, brokers, agents—all that class of middlemen who hold nothing upon their own account and take no hazards—have secured their usual commissions and charges, which, as they come out of the owners of the property disposed of, are the same to them, however great the loss that may fall upon those who employ them.

The manufacturing interest, as a whole, presents but a beggarly account for the past year. In woolens, results have been decidedly disastrous. But

few concerns have made anything, while most have lost severely.

Some cotton mills have done a fair business, but, taken together, their profits have been light, and although dividends may be declared by most of the establishments engaged in the two great branches of industry mentioned, they will, to no small extent, be made from the accumulations of the previous years, rather than from the current profits of the year just closed.

Ship-owners, as a general thing, have made little addition to their capital; while ship-building, a branch of business once extensive and profitable, has been nearly, we may almost say quite, annihilated. Of course, there are exceptions to these general statements. Merchants may have introduced or manufacturers have made some favorite styles of goods upon which a handsome profit has been realized, but such cases are always to be found, however dull and unpropitious the general condition of trade.

Failures the past year have not been

numerous or heavy. There is a good reason for this. Both the mercantile and manufacturing interests made very large profits during the war and for the first year after the peace, so that they have on hand a great nominal amount of property, and are able to stand heavy losses; but so far as their capital is invested in merchandise, it must be constantly melting away by the decline of prices, and in the final result must be largely diminished. At present, however, with the immense expansion of the currency, and the vast credit which the banks are able to give, there is little occasion for delinquency in meeting engagements. No debts in the present state of things are paid; they are merely canceled by exchanging the credit of the government, in the shape of greenbacks or the notes of the banks, for private obligations; and hence, while the government has its promises in circulation, in various forms, to the amount of some four hundred and fifty million, and the circulation and deposits of the banks amount to nine hundred million more, there is little excuse for not discharging indebtedness; in other words, transferring it from one party to another.

The labor interest should be noticed when looking back on the past year. This we find much depressed. Wages, though higher than before the war, are much lower than merchandise and rents, and consequently the laborer must buy less commodities than formerly, and practice more self-denial. This is inevitable, and is one reason of the reduced demand for all articles except the absolute necessities of life. Business is greatly depressed by this circumstance, since laborers constitute the greater part of the population of a country.

But while every leading interest of the country is thus depressed, the crops, we are assured, have been large; our factories, we know, are as effective and more numerous than at any former period; our people are as able and as much disposed to labor; and even the waste occasioned by war has been nearly or quite restored by the natural increase of population, and an unparalleled immigration; still, there

is a prevalent feeling of apprehension and distrust, a gloomy foreboding and unwillingness to enter upon any new industrial enterprise, or even to assume the ordinary responsibilities of trade. Why is all this? There must be some cause, and a powerful one, to produce such results. What is it? Doubtless the false monetary system created by the war. Congress deemed it necessary to make the notes of the national treasury a legal tender. We do not stop to inquire whether this was necessary; it is sufficient for our present purpose that it was done. And what are the consequences to-day? It is two years and a half since the restoration of peace; the armies of the nation are disbanded; the brave men who composed them have returned to their accustomed industry; but the currency, created as a war measure, still continues to be the foundation of our financial system. This currency is defective, in that it has no element of value in it; and is a false standard, because enormously redundant, being, at the lowest calculation, more than twice the normal amount required by the exchanges of the country. For these reasons it is greatly below par, worth in gold but seventy cents on the dollar. And yet it is the standard under which all our values are created, and by which they are measured. Less efficient than the currencies of other countries, the people who use it must lose all the difference between their own and the sound currencies of the countries with which they trade. They can neither make nor sell anything advantageously. Every branch of industry must be crippled. Such is precisely the position of the United States to-day. Its commerce is disturbed, its industry paralyzed; and it is idle to expect any general improvement until a sound monetary system has been established.

The remedy for all this is so apparent it scarce need be given: the currency must be gradually contracted until the *standard of value* is restored. Congress by its action impaired that standard, and alone can restore it. That this might easily and safely be done we need not doubt. Fortunately for us, we are not

called upon to take a leap in the dark or make an untried and doubtful experiment. A case is before us greatly resembling our own in its essential features.

At the close of its great contest with Napoleon in 1815, the British nation had a debt of £865,000,000 sterling, equal to about \$4,300,000,000. Its currency was an irredeemable one, which, during a war of some twenty years, had been at a discount of 10 to 40 per cent.

The cessation of warlike operations did not bring a return to specie payments, and the country went on for some four years with its depreciated currency. Every branch of industry languished. There was a general want of confidence, for all sensible men knew very well that no reliance could be placed upon a monetary and financial system which had no real basis of value. Consequently, there was a general indisposition to enter upon the legitimate operations of industry and trade. Parliament saw all this, and a bill was brought forward requiring the Bank of England to return to specie payments on the 1st of May, 1823. A strong opposition was made to the measure from various quarters. The whole banking interest vehemently opposed it, for its dividends would be diminished; the mercantile interests protested earnestly against it, for stocks on hand would decline in value; and almost every department of trade, alarmed at the proposal, exerted its utmost influence to prevent the passage of a measure supposed to be so disastrous. But Sir Robert Peel, and the intelligent men with whom he was associated, were determined to free the country from the incubus that rested upon it, and the bill became a law on the 2d of July, 1819.

And now for the result. The bank did not wait till 1823 to return to specie payments, but resumed at once, and the country in a short time was restored to a sound and prosperous condition.

We may derive instruction and encouragement from this scrap of history. It shows us what parties opposed re-

sumption, and their motives for doing so. We see what a formidable opposition was raised, for, although every sensible man well knew that trade could never be sound and satisfactory until the specie standard was secured, all dreaded the *withdrawal* of the superabundant circulation. And we learn, too, that, notwithstanding this array of opposition at the outset, the nation rejoiced at the accomplishment of a measure so indispensable to its prosperity. Such, no doubt, would be the result in our own case should Congress take efficient action in relation to this matter.

The same parties will oppose contraction here as in England; the same clamor will be raised; the same predictions of ruin will be heard in all directions. And yet, when the thing is done, the country will heartily approve the act, and start off in a fresh career of prosperity. Resumption would not be as speedily accomplished here as in England, because our currency is more expanded, and a longer period will be required.

But the analogy between the condition of England in 1819 and the United States in 1867 is not perfect. There is this difference: In England it was only necessary that the leading men in Parliament should be satisfied that the interests of the nation required resumption. If the Ministry were so convinced of this as to be willing to assume the responsibility of proposing the measure, it would be carried, no matter how unpopular with the classes interested in opposing it.

The case here is widely different. It matters not what views the Secretary of the Treasury may entertain, nor how wise and expedient the course he would adopt; unless he is heartily sustained by Congress, he is powerless. He is virtually in the hands of a majority of that body, and Congress is in the hands of the people. No matter what their own private opinions, no matter how clearly they may see what the great interests of the nation demand, members of Congress will act according to what they believe to be the wishes of those who have elected them. Many, indeed, maintain, as a principle, that the representative is

bound to regard the wishes of his constituents; and the cases are rare in which a member is not too regardful of his popularity to be found acting in opposition to known views of the people of his district.

Under these circumstances it is quite clear there can be little hope that any decisive action will be taken by Congress towards resumption until it is distinctly called for by the people.

The idea that the country will return to a sound monetary condition by the mere lapse of time—by just floating on with the natural current of events—is absurd. Besides, if such a result were likely to be attained in some distant future, is it wise to keep the country in a depressed condition until the event be consummated by so tedious a process? Can we afford thus to sacrifice for an indefinite period the vital interests of the nation?

When the currency has been brought to par with gold, the national credit will be restored. When greenbacks can no longer be bought for 70 cents on the dollar, the national bonds will no longer be transferred to Europe at 30 per cent. discount, as they now are, in exchange for foreign products. If full confidence were established, no more bonds would be sent abroad, for the good reason that they are all wanted at home for investment. American 6 per cents. ought to be worth 20 per cent. premium in our own market *in gold*, and would be in a sound condition of the national finances. But no favorable result can be hoped for until the currency, by a gradual but efficient contraction, has been brought to the specie standard.

The prospect, however, of a favorable solution of our difficulties is unfortunately a dubious one. Congress has assembled, and on the first day of its session we hear of a proposal to withdraw from the Secretary of the Treasury the authority to contract the currency four millions per month; and it is well understood that a powerful effort is to be made to sanction a further issue of greenbacks to the amount of one hundred million dollars.

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If the first of these measures is adopted, the result must be to hold the country in the unprosperous position in which it now is, without any chance for improvement. The present stagnation of business will continue, constantly growing more and more disheartening. If we are to go still further in the downward road, if a large addition is to be made to our present inflated circulation, the consequences will be still more deplorable. To stop the process of gradual contraction is sufficiently ominous of evil, but to open the floodgates of expansion is absolutely frightful.

There is great danger, we apprehend, from information before us, that the most extreme views may find favor, and another hundred millions of paper money be issued.

In view of such a contingency, let us look for a moment at the probable effects of the proposed measure.

The new greenbacks would be paid out, doubtless, in discharge of seventhirties or compound-interest notes. They will pass into the banks, where they will be loaned to customers: not needed at all for the legitimate purposes of trade, they will afford to speculators so much additional means for their operations. Gold will advance, how much no one can say, because the power of the Secretary of the Treasury, with his immense reserve, is so great in the gold market that he can influence the premium to almost any extent he pleases; so that no one can tell at any given moment what the true value of gold is, as compared with the existing currency. Should the new issue, however, impair the national credit, as to some extent it certainly must, the rise of premium, despite all the efforts of the Secretary, may be large.

Every sensible man, every intelligent financier, knows perfectly well that increasing the volume of irredeemable paper *in time of peace* is a step towards repudiation. It will be a manifestation of such utter ignorance of the laws of currency, or such a reckless disregard of them, as cannot fail to make a deep impression upon all that class of men, at home and abroad, whose confidence in the

national securities is most essential to the public credit. We need have no doubt on this point. None but the most ignorant and unreflecting can look upon such a proposal with any other feelings than those of deep anxiety. The speculator alone can have any complacency whatever in a further enlargement of a currency already oppressively redundant.

Let us look for a moment at the practical operation of this: A capitalist has \$10,000 in seven-thirties. The government pays him off in the new issue. What will he do with his money? He might invest the amount in a house or store, but he knows that if he does so, the building will cost him twice as much as it would have done in 1860, and that, when the specie standard is restored, he would be able to build with half the money; so he will not take this mode of investment if he can well avoid it. Will he be disposed to invest the amount in business? That is highly improbable, when depression is universal, and those who are in trade would be but too glad to get out. Will he enter the money market for the purchase of personal securities "in the street?" Certainly not, unless he is familiar with such operations, and disposed to take large risks with the hope of corresponding profits. Will he purchase stocks in banks, railroads, and the like? These he will find to be held at formidable premiums. Will he purchase national bonds? That will be a serious question, when quasi repudiation is rampant on every side, when men of high position are loudly proclaiming "*that* to be a dollar which Congress declares to be a dollar, whether made of paper, leather or tin; and a just one, too, for the discharge of all obligations." But in whatever mode the capitalist invests his new greenbacks, they will pass into the banks, will be loaned out to the public, increase the circulating medium, and of course enhance prices.

But the rise in prices which this extra issue occasions will not be uniform. It will take place mainly in those commodities which are most safely monopolized

and held for a rise. Breadstuffs of all kinds will be, as they always have been, the favorite investment. They are indispensable: for them the demand is constant and imperative, so that, of all commodities, these will be most raised in price. But dry goods in general will not be much raised by this. They cannot be monopolized; and the same is true of the great mass of all manufactured goods. The latter, therefore, especially at the present moment, when production in every department is pressing hard upon consumption, will be little if any raised in price by the proposed expansion of the currency. Particular articles in every line of trade will be seized upon, temporarily bought up, and so held as to command a large advance, but this will be quite exceptional to the general rule.

The money market cannot be made permanently any easier by the additional greenbacks. Momentarily, until they are absorbed, money will be more plentiful; but as soon as they are once brought into circulation by the movements of the speculative classes, the demand for money will be not only as great, but greater in proportion to the quantity in existence, than before the addition. This doubtless seems paradoxical; nevertheless nothing is more certain. The philosophy of money, as well as the teachings of experience, shows that such must be the case.

But the most important consideration is yet to be noticed, viz: its effect upon the labor interest of the country. We have said that the great staples of life will be more raised in price than any other. These the laborer must have at whatever cost; but will his wages advance in equal ratio? Certainly not. It is demonstrated beyond cavil that wages in general rise from an inflation of the currency only about one-half as much as commodities. This has been shown most conspicuously within the last five years, even when there was the most pressing demand for labor, as in 1864-5; and it will be still more painfully manifest when expansion has still further enhanced prices, while the de-

mand for labor has not proportionally increased, or has been actually diminished.

If, then, it appears that wages, in the present condition of our industry, not only will not advance in consequence of an enlargement of the currency, but actually decline from what they now are, while the necessaries of life will be enhanced in cost, what can the laborer do? This is the point at which the true results of a further issue of governmental promises as money will be most fully realized. Expansion may be sport to the speculative classes, but it is death to the laborer. He bears the full force of the blow, because while no one speculates in his wages, and thus enhances their natural rate, the great staples he consumes are made the special object of monopoly. He has no redress, no power to help himself: he may not even know the process by which he is oppressed, but his

wail of distress will be heard as never before.

The laborer confers a value by his services, and is entitled to a *value* in return, not the promise of it. Whenever from any cause he fails to receive this, he is wronged, and in the present case so deeply wronged that whenever he becomes conscious of the manner in which the wrong is inflicted, he will claim redress, and obtain it. Until then he must suffer the consequences inseparable from a false and pernicious monetary system. But he will not suffer alone: his interests are identified with all the great interests of society: his depression is the depression of manufactures and trade in all their ramifications. Every interest, therefore, whether industrial or financial, demands of Congress not only that no addition be made to the present currency, but that it be gradually reduced to its normal limit.

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### THE COOK IN HISTORY.

IN spite of the learned nonsense of philosophers and physiologists, from the days of Plato and Aristotle to the age of Darwin and Owen, not one of these worthies has succeeded in propounding a definition of Man that will hold water. A reasoning animal, *homo sapiens*—a featherless biped—a talking mammalian—an improved baboon;—these and many other equally unsatisfactory solutions of the problem have appeared under the patronage of great names, whilst the far simpler, more philosophical and profound, as well as comprehensive, formula—man is a *cooking* animal—can boast of no higher parentage than Dr. Johnson's biographer and toady. Yet Boswell's definition is the only one which will stand the test of criticism, and which marks with clearness and scientific precision man's true place in creation. *Homo sapiens*, forsooth! As if the dog did not possess observa-

tion, memory, imagination even, as well as the power of drawing conclusions! As if we had many architects who could match the spider and the bee, or many generals whose engineering operations would compare favorably with those of the beaver, the mole, or the ant! And as to the power of speech, although no asinine Webster or elephantine Johnson has favored us as yet with his vocabulary, when the claims of the parrot and those of the modern stump-orator are fairly considered, will the palm of eloquence be awarded to the latter? Is the nasal rant of the sensational preacher<sup>9</sup> more pleasing than the mellifluous braying of his long-eared rival? *Homo coquens*, then, is the word: let all future writers on Zoology "overhaul their catechism for that chapter," and, as Captain Cuttle sagaciously recommends, "when found, make a note of it."

But it is not alone as drawing the

dividing line between men and brutes that the noble art of cookery claims the respect of philosophers. Montesquieu, and after him the late Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper, have written learnedly and eloquently upon the influence of climate on the physical and intellectual development of mankind. With great respect for those eminent, though probably dyspeptic individuals, we beg leave to suggest that with better-regulated digestive organs, and (consequently) more unclouded brains, they could not have overlooked the far more important part played by the cook in history. "The destiny of nations," says the author of the *Physiology of Taste*, "depends on the manner in which they feed." Where shall we find a truer picture of the overgrown power and the gigantic corruption of Imperial Rome than in the profusion, extravagance and Oriental luxury of the banquets of Vitellius, Nero and Helio-gabalus? What is more emblematic of the gay, versatile, ingenious and mercurial genius of the French people than their elegant, artistic, and at once *imaginative* and scientific *cuisine*? What more typical of John Bull's combined stolidity and solidity than his traditional roast beef and plum-pudding? The go-ahead disposition, the restless energy, the impatient impulsiveness of our own countrymen appear but too plainly in their lightning style of cooking and *eating*; while the chronic revolutionary habits of our Spanish-American neighbors may be traced to their atrociously high-seasoned national diet. Had our good friend Louis Napoleon despatched to Mexico a regiment of French cooks, instead of an Austrian Archduke, backed by his Zouaves and Chasseurs, his benevolent wish to regenerate that ill-fed republic would have been carried out without spilling a single drop of *human* blood, and he would have been spared the humiliation of failure, as well as the responsibility for the terrible tragedy of Queretaro.

An eminent French judge once remarked to the great astronomer Laplace, that he looked upon the invention of a new dish as a far more interesting event for humanity than the discovery of a new

star, inasmuch as we already had stars enough and to spare, but we could never have too many dishes; and that he should never regard the sciences as sufficiently honored or adequately represented in France until he saw a cook in the first class of the Institute. The learned president was right; and although Laplace and his colleagues failed to adopt his suggestion, we still hold to the opinion that he to whom, above all others, we owe the preservation of "a sound mind in a healthy body" should take precedence of the professors of every other branch of purely human knowledge.

"Dinner," said Dr. Johnson, "is the most important occurrence of every day;" and that great moralist never concealed his contempt for those people "who have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat."

A foppish nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness for good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

"Tell me what thou eatest," said another philosopher, "and I will tell thee who thou art." Our temper, our health, our capacity for labor, mental as well as physical, are all in the keeping of our cook, who may be said to perform for us, by his chemical manipulations and mixtures, the first and most important process of digestion. "*C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat*—no good soldier without his soup," was a favorite maxim of the first Napoleon; and he devoted many days to the study of improvements in camp-kettles. Had that great man paid as much attention to his own diet as he did to that of his soldiers, he might have remained to the hour of his death the crowned arbiter of Europe. It is well known that the Russian army narrowly escaped annihilation at Borodino, and had Napoleon then made a proper use of his reserves, the retreat from Moscow and all its attendant disasters would have been avoided. Again.

at Leipsic, he might at one time have crushed the Allied armies and broken up the last coalition formed against him. On both occasions, owing to ill-prepared food—which he had, besides, an unfortunate habit of *bolting*—he was not *himself*, his faculties being paralyzed by indigestion, and he failed to push his advantages—as he most unquestionably would have done after a rational dinner—at the right time and to the utmost extent. His victory of Dresden also was marred by a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions, of which nasty and unscientific *ragout* he partook too freely during the battle. Had Napoleon united in his own person, and in an equal degree, the gastronomic and the military genius, what a record he would have left in history, instead of dying at St. Helena of the combined effects of disappointed ambition and the execrable fare provided for him by Sir Hudson Lowe!

Hunger—that “beneficent and terrible instinct”—is the grand motive-power of humanity, the parent of all improvements, inventions—in a word, of civilization itself. But for the necessity of satisfying that most exacting and tyrannical of all masters, the vast majority of mankind would absolutely refuse to work, and go on a grand perennial strike. Where is it that man has shown the least capacity for improvement? In those very regions where, under a constantly genial sky, the earth brings forth with spontaneous abundance vegetables and fruits requiring little or no preparation, to minister to his daily wants. Whilst cookery and its attendant arts and sciences flourish in less-favored zones, it can only be said to exist in its rudest and most elementary form among the denizens of tropical lands; hence the inferior position they occupy in the scale of progressive humanity.

One of the most startling evidences of the unphilosophical spirit in which history has heretofore been written, is its brief, meagre and unsatisfactory treatment of a subject of such *vital* importance as the Rise and Progress of Cookery. We are made familiar with the

sayings and doings of the most contemptible tyrants, whilst we know next to nothing of the benefactors of mankind who lighted up for posterity the beacon-fires of culinary knowledge. The butcheries of warriors and conquerors are chronicled with painful vividness, celebrated in song and embalmed in undying rhetoric; but the enduring achievements of the conquerors of the kitchen, whose hands were never stained with the blood of their fellow-men, and to whom we owe a larger debt of gratitude and admiration than to all the heroes of history and romance combined, are passed by in disdainful silence. Had the barbarian hordes from the North, under whose successive waves of invasion the arts and the civilization of Greece and Rome were buried, or the fanatical Moslem who committed to the flames the accumulated treasures of the Alexandrian Library, spared at least the priceless work of Arcestratus, the Homer of the kitchen, or the learned culinary treatises of Mithæcus, Parmenon of Rhodes, Artemidorus, Mnesitheus of Athens, Heraclides of Tarentum, Ambius, Licinius, C. Matius, the friend of Cicero and Cæsar, and last, but not least, the lost book of the elder Apicius, *De irritamentis gulæ*, what centuries of groping in the dark, and what severe trials of their stomachs, our ancestors might have been spared!

As the matter now stands, next to the Old Testament, whose notices of the subject are necessarily brief, we can only glean from the writings of Grecian and Roman authors such scanty information as may be collected in broken and disjointed fragments. That the Egyptian cookery had attained some degree of perfection, is demonstrated by the numerous tokens of a high state of civilization they have left behind them, as well as by the perpetual hankering of the Israelites for the “flesh-pots of Egypt” after their escape from bondage. Ducks, round loaves, biscuits and cakes are found in the Egyptian tombs, and we are told by Herodotus that they had a contrivance for the artificial hatching of eggs in ovens. The Assyrian, Baby-



Ionian and Persian banquets were noted for their magnificence; but not having been favored with one of the *menus* of Sardanapalus, or even with the bill of fare of Belshazzar's feast, we can only form a very general idea of the luxury and sumptuousness of these ancient orgies.

While the Greeks were a wandering, acorn-feeding tribe, a Phœnician cook of the king of Sidon, having quarreled with his employer, was discharged, and came over to Thebes in Bœotia. It was to this discarded cook, named Cadmus, that the Hellenic tribes owed their first introduction to the mysteries of cookery and alphabetical writing. This Cadmus was the grandfather of Bacchus, the jolly god—a fact which illustrates the universally recognized connection between good eating and drinking, as well as the ancient relationship of gastronomy and letters.

The Athenians of old, like the French, who of all the modern nations most closely resemble them, had the name of producing the best culinary artists of their time, a reputation which extended to their descendants in Italy—*Sicula dapes* being a proverbial phrase of the Roman epicures, who employed Sicilian cooks in preference to all others. Among the lost books of the ancients, one of the most precious must have been the poem of Archestratus, the friend of Pericles, who is said by Athenæus to have explored the earth and the ocean, *not* to inquire into the manners and customs of other nations—as to which he considered it useless to inform ourselves, since we cannot change them—but to seek for their most savory productions, and to confer with the culinary artists of every clime in order to learn their most valuable receipts. His poem is pronounced by Athenæus a perfect treasure of science—"every verse a precept."

Of the Lacedæmonian fare the less said the better, and we are disposed to agree with the Sybarite who, after tasting their black broth, remarked that he no longer wondered why the Spartans courted death in battle, seeing that such

a fate was far preferable to life with such broth!

Nor is it to be wondered at, that while the Athenians, those accomplished gastronomers, could boast of the greatest poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, historians, philosophers and cooks the world had ever seen, the uncultivated palate of the Lacedæmonians should have paralyzed their intellect, and been one of the principal causes of the lamentable inferiority exhibited by them in everything but war.

Although the Homeric poems were composed long before the golden age of the Athenian *cuisine*, they contain not a few gastronomical passages of a rude but genuine and hearty character, indicating that the great bard of antiquity had prophetic glimpses of a better time to come. Pindar and all the lyric poets are full of the subject, and we know that Socrates and his disciples were fond of discussing philosophical topics around a well-furnished board. The great satirist, Aristophanes, absolutely revels in culinary descriptions. In a fragment of one of the old Greek comedies a cook is introduced, who boasts of cooking a fish so exquisitely that it returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying-pan! The same personage claims to have discovered the principle of immortality, inasmuch as the odor of his dishes can recall the dead to life.

In Plautus, Ballio hires a cook who avers that "Jove himself dines on the odor of his dishes." Ballio asks him how Jupiter dines when he (the cook) is out of place?

"He goes to bed hungry," majestically replies the cook.

In spite, however, of the self-glorification of these ancient boasters, it is the opinion of the learned Leclerc, *à propos* of the work of Cœlius Apicius, *De re coquinariâ*, "that it contains receipts for extraordinary dishes which could not fail to ruin the stomach and burn up the blood." This criticism, we take it for granted, is intended to apply exclusively to the Roman *cuisine*, of which Carême, the highest authority on such matters, says that "in spite of the extravagant

encomiums it has received, the splendid kitchen of the Romans was radically bad and horribly heavy." Few persons in our day would like to sit down to an entertainment after the manner of the ancients, similar to that described by Smollett in "Peregrine Pickle," of which a soup made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions and hen-livers, and pies of dormice, liquored with syrup of white poppies, and pork baked in honey, were leading attractions. Your modern Lucullus does not feel under the obligation of regaling you with the tongues of five hundred nightingales and peacocks; and if asses and puppies are occasionally to be seen at our tables, they do not as a rule make their appearance there as *dishes*.

Carême praises the Roman *maitres d'hôtel* for the elegance and the artistic taste they displayed in the arrangement and decoration of their tables, but he reproaches them for "sacrificing too much" to sugars, fruits and flowers. One of the causes of their inferiority to the moderns was the want of the tropical spices and the scientific sauces which enter so largely into the manipulations of the latter. "The characteristic of ancient cookery," says the great professor, "was profusion; that of the modern is delicacy and refinement. The barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire put out at once the light of science and the fire of cookery; and when there is no more *cuisine* in the world," he pathetically adds, "there is no more literature, no more social unity!"

Whatever we may think of the culinary artists of that period, it cannot be disputed that their merits were very highly appreciated by their contemporaries, and that a cook whose *salarium* exceeded four thousand dollars a year must have been held to be "worth his salt." Who has not read of that lucky artist to whom Mark Anthony presented a whole *municipium*, or corporate town, as a reward for a repast which had pleased Cleopatra? Alas, for the modern artist! He can hope for no such reward! Fancy Queen Victoria bestowing Birmingham

or Liverpool, with all its inhabitants, on a Ude or a Soyer, or Andrew Johnson conveying Baltimore or Philadelphia to his *chef de cuisine*! Didn't Lucullus pay five thousand dollars for a little dinner for three—himself, Cæsar and Pompey? and was not the daily marketing allowance of Vitellius' purveyor fifteen thousand dollars? If Seneca is to be trusted, Apicius spent sixty millions of sestertii on his table, and finding that he had only the paltry sum of ten millions left, committed suicide for fear of dying of hunger.

One of the most extraordinary condiments of the ancients was the *garum*, which was obtained by macerating in strong brine the putrifying entrails of fish. Apicius recommended a mixture of salt, pepper, ginger, thyme, celery, rocket, aniseed, lamoni, marjoram, thistle, spikenard, parsley and hyssop as a cure for the effects of a too heavy dinner. As a modern commentator justly remarks, they who could digest the remedy need not have been afraid of the dinner.

We find in Macrobius the bill of fare of a supper given by Lentulus, the first course consisting of sea hedgehogs, raw oysters and asparagus; the second, of fowls, oysters, shell-fish, dates, beccaficoes, roebuck and wild boar. The third course introduced a wild boar's head, ducks, river birds, leverets, fowls and Ancona cakes. Dinner with the Romans was a mere lunch, consisting of cuttle-fish, dormice, polypi and hedgehogs, garnished with assafœtida and *ligusticum*. The *cœna* or supper was the grand achievement of the Roman cook, and earth, sea and sky were ransacked for their rarest and most expensive productions, in order to tickle the palate of men who invoked the aid of emetics to stimulate their appetite.

During the ages of darkness and ignorance which followed the fall of the Roman Empire, the fire of cookery, like the lamp of learning, found a sacred asylum in the monasteries of Southern Europe. From the obscurity of the cloister it emerged again into the light of day at the great revival of Literature and Art which took place in Italy at

the dawn of modern history. Kings, popes, cardinals and merchant princes became the munificent patrons of Painting, Sculpture, Cookery and Poetry. It was to testify his approbation of a dinner set before him during Lent that Leo X bestowed on his favorite cook the appellation of "Jack of Lent"—*Jean de Carême*—a name destined to achieve immortality in the person of one of his descendants, the famous Antoine Carême, the cook of George IV, Talleyrand and Rothschild, whose *magnum opus*, *L'Art du Cuisinier Français au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle* (The Art of French Cookery in the Nineteenth Century), will be classed by a grateful posterity with Bacon's *Novum Organon* and Newton's *Principia*. Petrarch, Boccaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, were distinguished *gourmands*, and the culinary achievements of Raffaello were deemed not unworthy of the masterpieces of his easel, as in our own day the celebrated Alexandre Dumas is said to dish up with equal felicity and success a story and a sauce, a dinner and a drama, and to produce *salmis* and *sautés* not inferior in fascination to his *Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo*.

France is indebted to Catherine de Médicis for the introduction of the revived Italian school of cookery, and this should go far to mitigate the horror in which her memory is otherwise very justly held. Having found its most congenial soil, the tree of culinary knowledge struck deep root and flourished luxuriantly under the reign of the Valois and of Henry IV. From that period to the present time, the literature of the kitchen and all its great names are almost exclusively French. The earliest cookery book that we know of, however, was written in the Spanish language, in 1390—a fact which is readily explained when we recollect that this was for Spain a period of unexampled prosperity and greatness. Under Louis XIV, of France, cookery became a recognized power in the state, and partook of the luxury and splendor of the court of the *Grand Monarque*. The memory of Vatel, the Decius of the kitchen, who killed himself because at a dinner given by the

Prince de Condé, his employer, to the king, the fish he had ordered did not arrive in time, has been immortalized by Madame de Sévigné in one of her most eloquent letters. The misplaced heroism of Vatel, we are glad to say, has not been imitated by any of his successors; and it is the judgment of Carême that the failure which occasioned his death could never have happened to a truly great cook, "who always has splendid and imposing reserves" provided against all emergencies.

"After all that has been said of Vatel," adds the oracle of cookery, "he had only a mind deeply intent on his subject: you but see in him the conscientious man of duty and *etiquette*. His death astonishes, but does not melt you, for he had not reached the highest elevation of his art." Carême censures the cookery of that period as "wanting in delicate sensualism;" but he acknowledges that the art made great progress under the Régent d'Orléans and Louis XV, who bestowed the *ordon bleu* on Madame Du Barry's female cook, whence the name still applied in France to all distinguished artists of the weaker sex. The *pain de Orléans* was the invention of the Regent, and the *filets de lapereau à la Berry* of his witty and naughty daughter, the Duchess de Berry. Marshal de Richelieu stood sponsor for the *Mayonnaise*, and the *côtelettes à la Soubise* were devised by Bertrand, the Prince de Soubise's *maitre d'hôtel*, of whom the following anecdote is related: The Prince de Soubise had ordered a supper for a numerous party of guests, and commanded Bertrand to draw up an estimate of the cost of the intended feast. The *maitre d'hôtel* presented himself with his bill, and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was fifty hams.

"What, Bertrand!" said the astonished nobleman, "you surely are not in earnest! Fifty hams! Do you wish to treat my whole regiment?"

"No, mon prince; only one of those hams will appear on the table, but I require the other forty-nine for my flavoring, whitening, garnishing, etc. etc."

“Bertrand, you are robbing me. This item shall not pass.”

“Ah! monseigneur,” said the artist with rising indignation, “you do not know our resources. Do but say the word, and I shall dissolve those fifty hams to which you object so much into a little vial not bigger than my thumb!” The prince laughed, and the charge was allowed.

The second half of the eighteenth century was a glorious era for gastronomy. Paris became the great intellectual centre, the gay arena where brilliant conversation and elegant manners ruled supreme, and where the nobles, the *abbés*, the encyclopedists, the wits and the literary Bohemians of France and of Europe delighted to assemble on a footing of social equality in the parlors of those charming women who, as Sydney Smith describes them, “violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers,” whilst the great revolutionary earthquake was preparing which was destined to engulf them all. When the explosion took place, good cookery came very near disappearing with the traditions of the *Ancien Régime* and the old monarchy. The fierce Terrorists of '93 cared nothing for *recherché* dinners, and had not their career been cut short by Bonaparte on his return from Egypt, the glory of the French kitchen would have departed for ever. “A few years more of the rule of these Goths and Vandals,” said a contemporary epicure, “and the receipt for *fricasséed* chicken would have been lost!”

Under the Empire, and thanks to the enlightened patronage of Talleyrand and Cambaceres, the achievements of the Laguipierres, the Méots, the Beauvilliers, the Roberts, the Verys, the Philippes and the Carêmes carried the French *cuisine* to the *apogee* of its glory. More fortunate than their imperial master, these men of genius, after subduing all Europe by their sauces and *ragoûts*, and even permanently invading *la perfide Albion*, succeeded in preserving all the conquests they had made, and, victorious on a thousand fields, never met with a Leipsic or a Waterloo.

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The same extraordinary combination of qualities which makes the great general is also required to constitute a great cook. Clear, cool and collected under fire, a complete master of all the stratagems, means and appliances of his art, and possessing in an equal degree fertility of resources and the power of rapid combination—ever guarded on his “flanks”—unassailable in his “removes”—impregnable in his “reserves,” and all but irresistible in his *entrees* and *entremets*, the perfect *maitre d' hôtel* must above all be animated by that noble thirst for glory and renown without which nothing truly great is ever achieved. “Pastry,” said the famous Laguipierre, “is very difficult and dangerous to our health; hence the profession should be highly honored, for it is indeed a perpetual battle!” Carême prepared himself for his great culinary exploits by reading a few cantos of the Iliad. “The fumes of charcoal are killing us,” he was wont to exclaim; “but what matters it? Fewer years, and more glory!” In the same elevated spirit of devotion to the dignity of his calling, Julien, the cook of the late Marquis of Wellesley, left the service of that nobleman, although an increased salary was offered to him, because his dinners had been kept several times waiting, owing to the pressure of the public business which detained his master (then one of his Majesty’s ministers) longer than usual at the War office. Another disgusted Parisian artist refused to remain with the Duke of Richmond, after his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he discovered that there was no opera in Dublin.

M. de Béchamel, the *maitre d' hôtel* of Louis XIV, for ever immortalized himself by the invention of a sauce, of which he truly remarked, as he sat his *masterpiece*, the *Turbot à la Béchamel*, before the *Grand Monarque*: “With *such* a sauce, I would cheerfully undertake to make your Majesty eat your own grandfather.”

A more pleasing, though not so extraordinary spectacle, took place at the hospitable mansion of Cardinal Fesch, the

uncle of Napoleon, and "Primate of Gaul" under his great nephew. The Cardinal had been presented with two turbot of enormous size, and as he expected at dinner several of the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church, he was naturally anxious to make the most of the extraordinary gift. On consulting with his *chef de cuisine*—an artist of great talent and brilliant imagination—his Eminence was strongly urged to avoid such a solecism as the unheard-of meeting of two turbot at the same board. "Rest assured, however," added the *chef*, "that the service of your Eminence shall not be disgraced by such a ridiculous exhibition; but if you will leave it to me, the turbot will both appear at the proper time, and receive all the honors to which they are entitled." The guests arrive, dinner is announced, and, immediately after the soup, one of the turbot is placed upon the table, where its magnitude and beauty elicit universal praise and unbounded gastronomic enthusiasm. At this moment the *maitre d'hôtel* comes forward and orders two of the waiters to carry the dish to the side-table, in order to serve it to the company; but on the way one of the *valets* staggers and drops upon the floor, carrying the dish and its precious freight along with him. Consternation and dismay are at once depicted in every face; each reverend guest is mournfully deploring the fatal accident, when the illustrious *chef*, turning towards the door, exclaims in a calm voice and with a majestic wave of his napkin, "Bring in another one!" whereupon the twin monster of the deep makes his appearance, and the desired effect is produced.

If we are not mistaken, it was Cardinal Fesch who, having won a wager from

one of his vicars, and being kept rather long waiting for the truffled turkey his subordinate had forfeited, reminded him one day of the circumstance. "Monseigneur," replied the delinquent Abbé, "I would have sent it to you before this but for the fact that the truffles are not good this year." "Bah! bah!" ejaculated the prelate; "that's only a false report which has been spread by the turkeys!"

It will, perhaps, seem strange to many that we should close this desultory sketch without devoting some pages to the American *cuisine*. Our apology shall be brief. Among the many valuable receipts contained in Mrs. Glasse's well-known book, there is one to make a hare-stew which commences thus: "First catch your hare. . ." Now, inasmuch as in the course of a tolerably long life we have not yet succeeded in "catching" an American cook—meaning thereby one whose concoctions, *ragoûts* and preparations were not imitations, more or less successful, of Gallic, British or Teutonic prototypes;—one who had the genius to conceive and the dexterity to execute something new, original and racy of our soil, climate and social habits; and inasmuch as our American women, by whom alone can such a result be achieved, are now content to leave the whole subject in the inexperienced hands of the fair but clumsy daughters of Erin and Germania, or of the dusky Abigails whose ancestry may be traced to Congo and Timbuctoo,—we prefer to bide our own time and wait for that COOKERY OF THE FUTURE, the revelation whereof will doubtless be granted to that happy generation which is also destined to behold the abolition of pauperism and the disappearance of venal politicians

## MY DESTINY.

With yearning heart I wait  
 Without the golden gate  
 That leads into the realms of Poesy;  
 Wide lie the lands and fair  
 Beneath th' enchanted air:  
 Alas! there is no entrance there for me.

Not at my touch unfold  
 The mystic gates of gold,  
 Yet through their jeweled bars strange splendors glow:  
 Without are care and strife,  
 Within, the fairer life,  
 And bay-crowned forms pass singing as they go.

Some sing, and Joy appears  
 More glad for what she hears;  
 From others' song Grief learns a sadder moan.  
 Some go in strange rapt guise  
 With gaze that seeks the skies;  
 Some seek the crowd, and others sit alone.

O wondrous realm and fair!  
 There Dante dwells, and there  
 Gœthe and Schiller wander hand in hand;  
 There Milton's sightless eyes  
 Unsealed behold the skies—  
 There Shakespeare reigns the monarch of the land.

There exiled Hugo's heart  
 Forgets in song its smart,  
 And shapes new glories from its endless pain;  
 There Longfellow's pure line  
 Learns cadences divine,  
 And fair dead Browning lives and sings again.

But I—in vain I knock,  
 I cannot ope the lock;  
 Hopeless I stand and hopelessly I wait:  
 Yet many ne'er behold  
 That mystic gate of gold;  
 How blest am I to stand *without* the gate!

Although I ne'er may win  
 The right to enter in  
 To thy bright kingdom, Immortality!  
 Yet to my raptured eyes  
 Are giv'n its shining skies,  
 The light, the loveliness of Poesy.

To me, to me belong  
 The singers and the song,  
 The wondrous visions from the fair Past sent;  
 And though I ne'er may stand  
 Within th' enchanted land,  
 My eyes behold it, and I am content.

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 OUR ANCIENT CITY.

WHO has not felt and expressed the wish contained in the child's couplet—

"I'd leave the world and climb a tree,  
 And pull the tree up after me?"

I felt just in this way. I had been having some losses in business; I was perplexed and care-worn. In going down Broadway every face I met seemed as anxious and care-worn as my own, and my spirits so weighed down my energies that I felt, unless I had some relaxation, I could transact no business successfully. Just at this time I received an invitation from an old friend in St. Augustine to visit him. I would go; the very thought of the ancient and quiet city was refreshing to me. Having no family to consult or arrange for, and only my old bachelor self to take care of, I could be ready by the next steamer. I must, however, have a few old friends for a quiet supper the night before I left, that I might have some parting good wishes to cheer me on my way.

My friends each had their little speech to make on the subject of my going; and, strangely enough, all of them said that St. Augustine was the place of all others that they most desired to visit. One or two wanted to know the prospects for purchasing a winter residence there.

"I consider, sir," said my friend Biggs, in his oracular way, "that you are making a visit to a place of more interest than any spot this continent contains. Here was Christianity first planted; here perished the first Christian martyr in Ame-

rica; here was held the ancient Spanish colonial court, with its 'lords and ladies of high degree;' and they tell me the buildings still remain that once echoed to the tread of knights in armor three hundred years ago. Here, sir, is now a foreign city, at this day, with a foreign language and customs, in the possession of our great Yankee nation. It is a wonder, sir, a great wonder! We keep it to show to our sneering European visitors, who say that we have no past—that we are the parvenu of nations. It has its ancient story, which it has preserved in an unaltered state of perfect torpidity."

Biggs is seemingly so well posted, I venture quietly to ask if he has ever been there.

"No, sir, no! but the history of that city has been well written—graphically written, sir—by a historian who, though his work is short, deserves to have his descriptive powers compared to Prescott. I allude to the History and Antiquities of St. Augustine, by Mr. George Fairbanks, formerly of New York. The work is now out of print, but it is one that the world should not willingly let die."

I meekly confess my ignorance of the work in question and my desire to read it, which, of course, as it is out of print, I cannot gratify.

My friend Jones thinks I have been worsted in some way, though it would be difficult to tell exactly how, as I had not attacked St. Augustine; but the triumphant tone of Biggs' laudation set me up in the position of a defeated op-

ponent; so he kindly comes to my aid and says:

"But, Biggs, there is no life in the place, as far as I have understood—no commerce, no manufactures, no business, and it leads to nowhere. In all Uncle Sam's lazy, convalescing body, after his late mighty sickness and terrible venesection, there is no place harder to rub some little circulation and life into than St. Augustine. I say, it is the very numbest spot. There must be a curse upon it: the old Huguenots that were murdered there, after they surrendered, or perhaps the Inquisition itself, that held its victims in the dungeons of the old Fort, may have blighted it for all ages to come. A town remarkable for its healthfulness, in the United States, to go on slowly but steadily decreasing in population for two hundred years!"

Biggs triumphantly answers that it has not been in the United States for two hundred years; the purchase was made in 1808; and then adds the crushing comment: "I suppose, sir, you would say that the fossil stone marked with the footprint of the Iguanodon was inferior to a living grasshopper, because it had no life, no activity." Jones was silenced, but my friend Cowles, who is somewhat addicted to preserving beetles, said, "Speaking of grasshoppers, he had heard that there were pink ones in Florida, and would I bring him a specimen?"

I pass over my journey from New York to Savannah by steamer, from Savannah by a sea-going steamer to Picolata, on the St. John's River, which is the regular way of going to St. Augustine. The eighteen-mile ride from this place, which contains three houses, to St. Augustine, is accomplished by two or three primitive-looking stages, two or three times a week. The drive might have been pleasant if the stage had had easier springs, and the slow horses had dragged it through the deep sand a little faster. However, there was some compensation in the exquisite beauty of the afternoon sky, the balmy air heavy with jessamine odor, and the majestic, sparse pine trees. There were no other trees for the greater part of the way: the

undergrowth was the saw palmetto and Spanish bayonet, belonging to the same natural family as our Adam-and-Eve's-thread-and-needle. There were, however, occasional shallow streams that we crossed, whose track was marked by dense, tangled vegetation of many kinds. There is a species of magnolia called "red bay," that stains these waters of a deep red, and makes them brackish and unfit even for animals. It may be the poisonous nature of this vegetation that gives the woodcutters in these streams the painful and irritating eruption they are said to suffer from: it is here called, "sand itch." I have never seen the same effect produced by the water of pure streams. Our ride lasted four hours, and the afternoon faded, *not* into twilight, for there is no twilight here, but the sun went down, and the moon came out as clear as though it had been midnight. There is a vividness about these Florida moons that has to be seen to be realized. The effect on this night, and on many others I have seen, was to me strange and peculiar. The moon kept a clear spot all around her that was pale green—a little inland sea surrounded by banks of clouds, whose edges were pink. The whole sky had a warm tint, as though there were a fire somewhere. We came in this moonlight to the ferry over the San Sebastian, which makes St. Augustine almost an island. This ferry is of the simplest construction, being an ordinary flat drawn across by ropes on pulleys. We were now in the town on the west side, where there are three or four very pretty places, and the look of care and cultivation that the moonlight showed was very pleasant after the gaunt pine trees. We drove into one of the four streets that surround the plaza, and then into the narrowest street I ever was in. One of the ladies in the stage said,

"Why, we must be driving on the sidewalks."

And another said, "There are no sidewalks, but I could shake hands with the people in the houses on either side of me; and these second-story balconies must be just over our heads."



We might have had ample opportunities of shaking hands if we had known anybody, for the whole population seemed out in the moonlight, and at every stopping-place leant on the windows, reconnoitred the passengers, and eagerly asked if there was a mail, by which I became aware of its rarity. Most of these loungers were the Northern visitors, and as soon as I stopped at one of the two hotels where I concluded to stay for the night, rather than disturb my friend so late, I heard the unfailing cough. Indeed, all the night through I was kept awake listening to the different tones of different coughs. There was the wheezy, asthmatic cough, the deep, rattling cough, the constant "hack, hack," that kept up longer than any, while occasionally there would come in a hard, bony cough. It was a fearful concert of coughing, and enough to sadden any one. The next morning I discovered that the worst cougher of the night before was sitting next me at table, and asked him, as in courtesy bound, how he was this morning. He answered me, brusquely, that "he was very well, indeed;" but immediately afterwards, with more courtesy, inquired if I had enjoyed the ride from Picolata. I was a little surprised at his replying in so abrupt a tone to a question so kindly meant as an inquiry after his health. But I soon found, with the generality of patients, nothing is so quickly resented. The word consumption, or consumptive, is never heard; even "pulmonary," though occasionally used, is generally tabooed. "She has a cough," or is "not very well," is the mild expression for the worst form and the last stages. Perhaps it is as well that they should ignore the fact of their danger, as I have noticed when they speak more freely they begin to despair, and go down hill very rapidly. The greater number of the patients, however, are so much improved by the climate that those who are not able to leave their beds when at home in the North seem entirely well here. There is a general cheerfulness, a willingness to amuse and be amused, a sociality that one rarely meets with at a hotel. But

as the greater number are here for the winter, and many for six months of the year, they cultivate each other's society, and give themselves up to every little pleasure that can be enjoyed. The favorite amusement—or rather, from its punctuality and regularity, it might be called the business of the day—is to play croquet in the plaza. There are about four regular croquet-grounds kept and claimed by different parties. Croquet *de rigueur* was never a fancy of mine: to have fair ladies puckering their brows at my bad strokes, and to see them lavish the sweetest smiles on some booby who played well on their side, was never to my taste.

The gentlemen go out gunning and boating. They say there is abundance of game; and the country people, or "Crackers," as they are called, bring venison in constantly, and occasionally bears; but the visitors never seem to have much luck. They console themselves by killing all birds that have fine plumage, and most of the ladies have assorted collections of brilliant wings and tail-feathers tacked on the walls of their rooms, many arranged very artistically. The boating parties usually go over to the island Anastasia, which is just across the bay, and gather shells; but the more adventurous go down about eighteen miles to a spot on the river, where there is an old fort built by the Spaniards, called Matanzas, where they get very fine oysters. Here they are the small, "raccoon oysters," as they are called, uncovered by the tide half the time. Indeed, the general food of the inhabitants is of the simplest description. There being only a weekly boat and a schooner or two running from this place to Jacksonville, the price of transportation is so very high that no provisions are obtainable in this way, except at the highest rates. They have no fresh meat besides beef, which, except during the summer and fall, when the grass is good, is of the very poorest kind. The natives generally live entirely upon fish, which are caught in quantities in the bay in every direction. Though the gardens are filled in winter

with the Northern spring vegetables—peas, beans, radishes, lettuce, etc.—yet they are never offered for sale in the market; and if you go to the houses to purchase them, you find them exorbitantly high: making few sales, they make up in price the deficiency of customers.

There are, however, no beggars here, and the fact is pleasant to record. It is in the power of every one to catch or to buy fish. The mullets are generally considered the finest kinds, and in the season sell for seventy-five cents a bushel. There are also quantities of bass, sheep-head and drum-fish. I saw a Minorcan salting down a barrel of mullets, he furnishing the fish and doing the labor for a cent apiece, the purchaser providing salt and barrels. This is truly, as it is often called, “the poor man’s country;” that is, if the poor man has no desire or taste for any kind of luxury. About, in his *Modern Rome*, calls luxury “a vice that is excellent, wholesome and honorable among all men when sustained by labor:” if the desire of this were infused into St. Augustine, it would alter very materially from its present condition.

At the hotel on the first morning I met an acquaintance, a stirring city man, who of all men I would have thought was most out of his element in St. Augustine. He was looking over a paper, and as this looked natural, I addressed him; and after an interchange of greetings, I said, “Late papers?”

“Oh, no; mail matter is too late getting here ever to be late when it arrives.”

“Is the place really so dead and buried as they say?”

“No; it is enjoying a green old age,” he replied. “I come here every winter for a short time, to rest mentally and bodily. It is better than all the summer resorts that I know of, and almost as good as Rome for the irresponsible feeling it gives one of having no duties, no occupations, except enjoying the climate and pleasantly doing nothing. We Anglo-Saxons work too hard. It’s necessary—the world couldn’t move on if we didn’t—but a little of the repose of the Latin race is also sometimes needed to

recuperate us—the “*dolce far niente*” that these people enjoy, who sit on the sea-wall and swing their legs all day, and are ready with the most courteous replies, in the most musical tones, to all sorts of questions. You have never seen any of them—Minorcans, as they are called? I’ll walk with you to your friend’s house, and show you some of them on the way. They are not at all like Spaniards—that is, the traditional dark, dangerous Spaniard one reads of: they are as unlike as possible. They neither wear dirks, stiletos, nor cloaks thrown over one shoulder: they won’t stab you in the dark; and if they dislike you, they only shrug their shoulders in speaking of you. They are not vehement about anything. Work disagrees with most of them; indeed, they are above it, or their fish-fed frames are not equal to labor. There are some honorable exceptions, however, who are industrious, energetic men, and have made what would have been considered before the war quite respectable fortunes. There is a good type of the female portion of the population.” By this time we were in the street, and had just passed a slender, gray-eyed girl, with a bright, intelligent expression on her rather sal-low features.

“You see there is neither the traditional black hair nor black eyes of the Spanish girls: they are all smaller and slighter than our people.”

I studied these people carefully afterwards and found his remarks just. Their great virtue is the exquisite politeness of both men and women. There is, in their own expression, a “*grazia*” of manner that, if not the visible expression of kind feeling, is a very good substitute for it. I knew one of these, who left his plough in the furrow to go over to condole with a neighbor who had lost a lot of lumber by a high tide. Another, a day-laborer, in speaking of a mutual acquaintance, a plain, Northern man, said, “He is a good-hearted man: it is a pity that he has such common manners.” It was a little surprising to me, for who would expect an American working-man to be a very critical judge of manners?

And the man himself who spoke to me had the air of a paladin.

The women, too, have a most perfect lack of self-consciousness, natural and easy. They seem to have no idea of flirtation, and when a young man is attentive, they are said to be "courting," and the natural termination anticipated is marriage.

Such names as they have are very impressive. I would advise the New York Ledger writers to come down to make a selection of euphonious cognomens for their characters. Imagine the honor of having a Canova plastering your walls, a Leonardi to shingle your roof, a Hernandez to make your clothing, a Lopez to dig your clams (which, by-the-by, are finer here than anywhere), and an Olivèros to mend your gun, and a Medici for constable!

It is generally supposed that there are two distinct classes of population here: the Spanish, who were here before the Minorcans came, and the Minorcans, the latter in some way supposed to be inferior to the former. This is a great mistake. The Spanish officials left the country when St. Augustine became the property of the United States; and those Spaniards who remained married and intermarried with the Minorcans, Greeks, Italians, and even a few from old Smyrna, that constituted the colony of New Smyrna established by Sir William Turnbull, who afterwards treated them with such gross injustice that they sought an asylum in St. Augustine. So that there is not now in St. Augustine a family of purely Spanish extraction.

I said that their great virtue was politeness, but they have another which is a virtue, or a vice, as one happens to consider it. I was lamenting to a Catholic priest their indifference to money, arguing that their condition and comfort would be greatly improved if they cared more for the acquisition of money. He disagreed with me. "The love of money is the root of all evil," he quoted, and I was silenced, though *silently* thinking that without a moderate desire for the gathering of wealth our great commercial, mercantile, and agricultural pros-

perity would never have existed. To be sure, they ask unreasonably high prices for anything they have for sale; but, if for any whim they do not choose to sell, no price that can be offered will be any inducement to them. I knew a fisherman who depended on his daily toil for his daily bread, whose only possessions were his boat and a wooden statue of St. Anthony, four feet high, that he said was brought from the church at New Smyrna when they left there. There was something miraculous about its creation or its preservation, though tradition did not tell exactly what it was. "Antonio Miraculo" was its only inscription, and it bore the marks of great antiquity. An antiquary, who was here with the army, desired to purchase it; and after offering various prices for it and being refused, as an experiment he offered five hundred dollars. The offer was quietly rejected by a man who had not five dollars in the world. But a short time afterward he gave it away, or "loaned it for life," he said, to an acquaintance of his.

The elder part of the population speak both Spanish and the Minorcan dialect, but the younger use English in their intercourse with each other; and though perfectly understanding the language of their elders, they are gradually dropping the use of it themselves. This, and their manifest dislike to being called anything but "Floridians," tends greatly to smooth away their peculiar characteristics, and in two or three generations these may be entirely lost.

The natives have occupied me long enough, and I now turn to the town itself. Its general outline is a parallelogram, a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. Its streets intersect each other at right angles, and run north and south, east and west, with slight variations. The sea-wall, which extends a mile from the water battery of the fort to the basin in front of the barracks, which last is the extreme southern end of the town, is slightly concave to the sea. It is built of the natural concrete of shell and sand-rock called "coquina," that is quarried on the island opposite, and

of which the houses are almost all built. The top is faced with granite brought from the North, and was an immense expense to the government. This is no part of the ancient Spanish wall, which is said to have surrounded the city, and of which traces can here and there be seen, and of which the old north gate was a part, but was built by the U. S. government to defend the town against the incursions of the sea. It was eight years in building, and was finished in 1845. The top of it, about four feet wide, forms a pleasant promenade for the citizens and visitors, and in the genial winter afternoons it is quite gay with the numbers enjoying the reflection of the gorgeous sunsets deepened and intensified in the dimpling water.

In the centre of the town, and open to the water, is the plaza, a half acre of grass plot, with a few trees, a stand for the band, and the plain monument in the centre erected to commemorate the adoption of the Spanish liberal constitution. Around the plaza are the public buildings. The ancient government house, on the west side, which was once surrounded by a handsome balustrade and turrets, but now shorn of its ornaments, is simply a large, ugly, yellow pile, used for court house, offices, etc. In the rear of this, is the Convent of St. Mary's, a lately-erected and rather imposing-looking building, with an image of the Virgin in front, blessing the passers-by. The cathedral on the north side, with its four bells chiming their discordant chimes, shares the ancient appearance of everything else here, but is comparatively of recent date. On Good Friday they still retain their ancient custom of having a life-sized image, representing our Saviour after the crucifixion, laid out in front of the altar. On All Saints' Day they have a coffin in the same place with a cross upon it, and the tolling for the departed is very mournful.

The Episcopal Church is opposite—a small, rather tasteful building, with four handsome memorial windows.

The dwellings generally are much alike—large and square, with a project-

ing balcony over the street, and a sugar-loaf roof coming down over them like an extinguisher. They are not at all prepossessing, looking externally, but their second-story rooms are large and lofty, and in ancient times no doubt were the scene of many gay festivities. They have each a small garden attached, with an orange tree or two and a few dark, thick-leaved tropical plants. The pineapple and banana of a little further south do not thrive here; the guava, pomegranate, fig and pawpaw are in perfection.

In my peregrinations about the town I was surprised that at every step, when I struck my cane in the soft gray sand that covers the streets, it had a hard, hollow sound, as though there were a stratum of stone not far from the surface. This I knew could not be the case, from the character of soil and the geologic researches I had been making outside the town. The curious fact was explained by an old citizen. The whole town had at one time been most beautifully paved with coquina, and horses and vehicles were not allowed on any of the streets except those around the plaza and one exit from the town. The other streets were swept daily, by a city ordinance; and this pavement still existed under the layers of sand that had since covered it. Perhaps some future public-spirited city council may uncover it. The fact of its existence is, however, known only to a few.

One of the principal objects of interest to me was the ancient and most picturesque fort St. Mark's—now less imposing than formerly from the late addition of earth-works, destroying much of the effect of the lofty wall, the bastions and the towers. It is still, however, a noble "wreck, in ruinous perfection."

In the open flat beyond is said to have occurred the massacre of the three hundred Huguenots after their surrender. I stood still on the spot and tried to realize the scene. It was a little difficult in the presence of the mild cows browsing around and the peaceful bay smoothing itself a little way off; but

when I looked down at the moat at my feet, where had lain until recently an instrument of torture they had thrown out of the fort, made of iron ribs and chains, and used for the ancient punishment of hanging in chains; when I looked up at the fort, frowning above me and remembered the walled-up dungeons I had seen, where human bones are said to have been found,—I could readily picture these bound prisoners huddled together, the Spanish troops forming a hollow square around them, and then the volley after volley fired into the midst of them, until the last had fallen.

To change the current of my thoughts I walked three-quarters of a mile further from the town in a northerly direction, to where I was told I should find the site of the first Christian church on the continent, where the first Christian martyr in America, Father Montes, had been slaughtered by the Indians, after allowing him to perform the mass for the last time. The church was called by the peculiar name of "The Lady of the Milk." I was shown the spot where it stood, a slight elevation about twenty feet square. The roots of what must have been an enormous old fig tree are said to distinguish the particular spot, and the tree itself, we are told, once overshadowed the church. The fragments of coquina that once composed it still lie around, and as it has always been,

and still is, held by the owners as consecrated ground, for half an acre around the sod is undisturbed. The owner showed me a medal with the image of the Virgin that he had lately found on the spot, but as it had no inscription that I could see, it gave no clue to its age.

I did not forget my friend's request for the grasshoppers. Indeed, the splendid tints of the insects astonished me. The brilliancy of pink and green and red ephemera, of the "gold-bugs," of the red-winged grasshoppers, with yellow and black-ringed bodies, from two to four inches long, and of the brown-winged ones, with a gold stripe down the back, and bright red bodies, surprised me. Indeed, it seemed that the warm sun in this climate had vivified every shade.

But the people here will never allow that they have warmer weather in summer than we have in New York. Indeed, I was assured that the constant breezes, either from the San Sebastian or the sea, temper the atmosphere so that it is rarely ever unpleasantly warm. I remember hearing some one assert this same fact of St. Helena, which is in the same latitude and not at a very great distance from the desert of Sahara.

The time for my return arrived only too quickly, but the memories of the Ancient City will remain for pleasant retrospection.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

UNDER this head, laying aside the weightier matters belonging to the conduct of a Magazine, the difficult task of balancing between good manuscripts and the painful duty of rejecting bad ones, we propose to indulge from month to month in a rambling, disjointed, and desultory chat with readers and correspondents. Every periodical receives communications which contain information of general interest, original anecdotes, literary discussions and miscellaneous matter, for which no place can be found in the pages devoted to longer, though perhaps less valuable, contributions. And while a special journal, like "Notes and Queries," devoted to assisting students and others to information of an out-of-the-way kind, would doubtless fail of support, still a common medium, through which literary men and women can communicate, seems to be really wanted in the United States. To take a single example of what is meant, it frequently happens that it is desirable to trace the authorship of a quotation which cannot be found in the ordinary works of reference; but how is one to do it? In these columns all correspondence from our fellow-citizens of the republic of letters will be heartily welcome; and if the proposed interchange of thought results in any degree in stimulating and satisfying the thirst for knowledge, and in promoting harmless mirth, the end proposed in marking off this department of the Magazine will be fully answered.

Among the trophies of an enlightened zeal for American interests brought home by Mr. Bigelow, our late Minister to France, was the original manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography. The fate of that manuscript has for more than half a century been a mystery. Sir Samuel Romilly, during his first visit to France in 1802, speaks of having seen it, but since then its fate has left no trace that we are aware of upon the literature of any country. Mr. Bigelow found it, we are told, in the hands of the family through whose courtesy it was exhibited to Romil-

ly—the very family to whom it was presented by its author.

Interesting as must necessarily be the original draft of perhaps the most universally popular book ever written by an American, a collation of the MS. has disclosed in it a new value which no one could have been prepared to anticipate. For some reason, which it will remain for the historical quidnuncs to ascertain, the world, it now appears, has never yet seen the autobiography which Franklin wrote. The manuscript discloses the fact that great liberties were taken with the text by the editor of the original edition of 1817; that numerous changes, several hundred in number, were introduced; and, a fact still more remarkable, that all the Doctor wrote during the last year of his life, embracing many foolscap pages, was entirely omitted. One of the most considerable omissions embraces a full description of his first visit to England as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania, to sustain the right to tax the proprietaries, who foolishly and perversely contested that right. All that, including a most graphic account of his negotiations with Lord Grenville and Lord Mansfield, was apparently overlooked by Wm. Temple Franklin, or whoever superintended the edition issued in his name.

We understand that Mr. Bigelow has consecrated a portion of the leisure purchased by his withdrawal from official life to prepare a correct and complete edition of the Memoirs, as they originally came from the pen and brain of their illustrious author.

It is a curious literary phenomenon that a posthumous publication like this, which has been printed in nearly every written language, and which, in booksellers' phrase, "is always in stock," should have had currency for more than half a century without once being verified, though the manuscript was designed for publication, and has been at least that length of time in the hands of the family at whose special instigation it was written, and to whom it was presented by the Doctor himself.

These facts throw a new mystery over these Memoirs, no less difficult of solution than that in which are hidden the causes of the delay attending the original publication of the Memoirs. The Doctor died in 1790. Wm. Temple, his grandson and literary executor, left for London the same year to superintend the publication of a complete edition of his works. He announced to his friends that they would be published the following year in London and in Paris, in English and French. They did not appear until 1817, more than a quarter of a century after they were due. If the causes of this delay, which never could have been solicitude for the Doctor's reputation, are ever fully ascertained, they may perhaps explain the "doctoring" to which it appears the Memoirs were subjected during their tedious journey to and through the press.

Another item of literary news which will interest the reader is the welcome information that George Eliot, or rather Miss Evans, is engaged upon another work, which is expected to rival in ability the famous "Adam Bede," one of the best novels ever written. It cannot come too soon.

Mr. Cowan, of the city of Washington, announces a forthcoming Dictionary of Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases of the English Language, to be illustrated from the works of English writers, and compared with the proverbs of other languages. The author is anxious to obtain, before his work goes to press, the additions, comments, suggestions and criticisms of such persons as have paid attention to the subject. In Mr. Cowan's circular he gives a specimen of the exhaustive manner in which he proposes to treat each proverb. Taking for his text, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," he adds no less than two columns of illustrations from all quarters. We shall be curious to see whether the author will class "Consistency is a jewel" among proverbs. It is said to have been first used in the form, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" by either Phillips, Curran or Grattan in a political speech. Who can tell?

The preliminary announcement that Notes and Queries would form a feature in the Magazine has already brought to the Editor's Table a few questions which

seem to deserve an answer. And first, for our fair friends. *Place aux dames!* A correspondent, who signs herself "Leonora," writes: "I have been trying for months to find out what poet Tennyson means when he says in *Locksley Hall*, you know,

. . . "This is truth *the poet* sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things:'

and *nobody* can tell me. *Please* you tell me, Mr. Editor, and I shall be *so much* obliged to you." . . . The poet, Miss Leonora, is Dante. The passage occurs in the story of Francesca di Rimini, at the end of the fifth Canto of the *Inferno*:

. . . "Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria." . . .

This famous passage is thus rendered by Cary:

"No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand."

Longfellow translates it literally, in accordance with his plan, which, with all deference, we look upon as a mistaken one:

"There is no greater sorrow  
Than to be mindful of the happy time  
In misery."

And Parsons, in words which bring out the author's meaning more clearly than either:

. . . The mightiest of all woes  
Is, in the midst of misery, to be cursed  
With bliss remembered."

The whole passage, one of the most beautiful in all poetry, should be studied, and with it Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture, one of the master-pieces of our century. The original is in the Demidoff Gallery at Florence, but engravings and photographs abound.

Akin to quotations and proverbs are those threadbare anecdotes and jokes which are styled "Joe Millers," and of which we are reminded by a fac-simile reprint of the original edition of "Joe Miller's Jests," now lying on our table. This quaint old book was reproduced in 1862, by John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. It is an octavo of seventy pages, and as a specimen of fac-simile it is probably without a rival, even the paper having been made expressly for it. The wording of the title-page is so quaint that it is worth copying entire. It reads:

Joe Miller's *JESTS*:  
 O R, T H E  
 W I T S  
*V A D E - M E C U M.*

B E I N G

A Collection of the most Brilliant *JESTS*;  
 the Politest *REPARTÉES*; the most Ele-  
 gant *BONS MOTS*, and most pleasant short  
 Stories in the *English* Language.

First carefully collected in the Company, and  
 many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Face-  
 tious *GENTLEMAN*, whose Name they bear; and now set  
 forth and published by his lamentable Friend and former  
 Companion, *Elijab Jenkins, Esq*;

---

Most Humbly *INSCRIBED*

*To those CHOICE-SPIRITS of the AGE,*

Captain *BODENS*, Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,  
 Mr. Professer *LACY*, Mr. Orator *HENLEY*,  
 and *JOB BAKER*, the Kettle-Drummer.

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*L O N D O N :*

Printed and Sold by *T. READ*, in *Dogwell-Court, White-*  
*Fryars, Fleet-Street.* MDCCLXXXIX.

(Price One Shilling.)



Everybody knows that Joe Miller was a comedian who flourished in the reign of George the First, and who was so exceptionally taciturn and grave, when off the boards, that when any joke was related, his friends would father it on him. It is not so generally known, however, that they kept up the practice after his death, which occurred in 1738. It appears that he left his family totally unprovided for, and John Mottley was employed to collect all the stray jests current about town and publish them for the benefit of the widow and children, under the title we have given above. Mottley doubtless had a fellow-feeling for the destitute family, for he was himself "a man that hath had losses, go to!" He was the son of Colonel Mottley, who was a favorite with James II, and who followed the fortunes of that prince to France. By the influence of his relative, Lord Howe, the son got a place in the Excise Office at 16 years of age, but being obliged to resign on account of unfortunate speculations, he applied to his pen, which had hitherto been only his amusement, for the means of immediate support. In that day plays occupied the place now held by novels, and Mottley naturally turned his attention to the drama. Unlike Hogarth's Distressed Poet, to whom the manager wrote, "Sir, I have read your play and it will not do," Mottley was tolerably successful as a writer, though his "Imperial Captive," "Antiochus," "Penelope," "The Craftsman," and "The Widow Bewitched," are no longer acted. It is related of Mottley that on the occasion of one of his benefits Queen Caroline did the author the honor of disposing of a great number of tickets with her own hand, the occasion being a public drawing-room held on the Prince of Wales' birthday. After the question of authorship is settled, the inquiry naturally arises, Who was Elijah Jenkins, Esq., and who were those Choice-Spirits of the Age, Captain Bodens, Mr. Professor Lacy? and above all, who was Job Baker, the Kettle-Drummer? Job stands patiently on the title-page, which the printer has succeeded admirably in reproducing, without even a "Mr." before his name. As to Mr. Alexander Pope, he is too well known as the father of Mr. Lo (the poor Indian) to be mistaken, and Mr. Orator Henley was

immortalized in the Dunciad as "the Zany of the age." He figures also in one of Hogarth's prints, gesticulating on a platform, a monkey by his side, with the motto "Amen." Disappointed of preferment in the Church, Henley formed the plan of giving lectures or orations, to which the admission was one shilling. On Sundays he took theological subjects, and on Wednesdays he poured out his gall in political harangues. On one occasion he filled his Oratory, as he called it, with shoemakers, by announcing to them that he would teach a new and short way of making shoes, which was by cutting off the tops of ready-made boots. With regard to the contents of this faithful fac-simile, the plain-spoken words used make it impossible to quote many of the anecdotes. To give the reader some idea, however, of the wit of the genuine Joe Miller, take the following:

"Colonel —, who made the fine Fire-Works in *St. James's Square*, upon the Peace of *Reswick*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on *Mr. Purcel's Monument*,

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.*

"Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only:

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Fire-Works can be exceeded."*

Again:

"Two Brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime: the eldest was first turned off, without saying one word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him. *Good People*, says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you'll see a Pair of Spectacles."*

But here we have a regular "old Joe:":

"A poor man, who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more *crooked* Word he'd beat her Brains out: Why then *Ram's Horns*, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't."

But to revert to the Queries. Here

comes a book-worm who signs himself W. D., inquiring who was the author of a volume of Essays published in Philadelphia in 1807, entitled, "The Savage. By Piomingo, Headman and Warrior of the Muscogulgee Nation." Many of these essays, he says, were ably written, and he has seen it stated, but cannot now remember where, that this was the first book written by a native of Tennessee. . . . Again, the same correspondent writes: "In the year 1809, a periodical, with the title of *The Trigram*, in the style of *Salmagundi*, was published in Philadelphia. It professed to be 'by Christopher Crag, his Grandmother and Uncle.' Two of the writers were Alexander S. Coxe, afterwards of the Philadelphia Bar, and M. M. Noah, afterwards the well-known editor in New York, but at that time a journeyman picture-frame maker in Philadelphia, where his rank in the militia procured him the title of major, by which he was afterwards known. Who was the third writer of those essays?"

Another correspondent asks, What is the context of these lines, and where may they be found?—

"So live, that sinking to thy long, last sleep  
Thou mayest smile, while all around thee weep."

. . . The answer is, that they are an almost literal translation by Sir William Jones from the Persian, and were published in 1785 in the *Asiatick Miscellany*, a periodical sometimes ascribed to the Asiatic Society, with whose researches, however, it had no connection. The correct version is:

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled:  
So live, that sinking in thy last, long sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile when all around thee weep."

This is one of the oldest epigrams in existence, and it is also one of the most beautiful.

We have called these lines an Epigram, and rightly. It is true that they do not agree in all points with the well-known definition:

"An Epigram should be, if right,  
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright—  
A lively little thing!  
Like wasp with taper body—bound  
By lines—not many—neat and round;  
All ending in a sting."

But this is a modern definition. The Greek epigrams that have come down to

us from upwards of fifty of their authors, are distinguished for grandeur and nobleness of sentiment, and for the chaste, elegant language in which they are expressed. Such an exquisite thought, conveyed in natural and beautiful attire, as the epigram which the world owes to Sir William Jones, is, to the man of refined and cultivated taste, an ample equivalent for the satire or the wit which is regarded as an essential ingredient in a modern epigram.

The same remark applies to the following lines from the Arabic:

"Two parts hath Life; and well the theme  
May mournful thoughts inspire;  
For ah! the Past is but a dream,  
The Future—a desire!

Literally speaking, the word epigram means an *inscription*, and it was employed by the Greeks to indicate the eulogy which they usually *inscribed* upon their temples, statues, monuments or trophies. From the very nature of the materials upon which such eulogies were engraved, the words had to be few; and accordingly simplicity and point were aimed at in their construction. In course of time this species of composition came to be applied to every occasion and subject. The Greeks used it to express general truths or maxims, as well as personal eulogy or satire, as in the following:

"The broad highway to poverty and need  
Is, much to build and many mouths to feed."

And so did the Latins, as when Martial reproves suicide:

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward creeps to death—the brave lives on."

Martial uses the word *Xenia* or Votive Tablets as the title of the 13th Book of his Epigrams, because in great part it treated of such objects as were presented to guests as gifts. A special interest was given to the name in modern times, in consequence of the publication by Schiller and Gæthe, in the *Musen Almanach* of 1797, of more than four hundred distichs in the elegiac verse used by the Greeks in this species of composition, and entitled *Xenien*. They referred chiefly to matters connected with the existing state of literature, and are mostly without interest to the English reader. The following definition of the best-governed State is, however, worthy of quotation:

"How the best State to know?—it is found out;  
Like the best woman—the least talked about."

This couplet brings to mind Pope's weighty words:

"For forms of government let fools contest;  
That which is best administered is best."

In the languages of France and England, and in our own time, an epigram is understood to mean a poem distinguished for its point, brevity and elegance. To please the modern taste, it should contain some stinging personal satire, humor or wit. Accordingly, the French language, which lends itself more readily than any other to the neat and sparkling expression of thought, abounds in epigrams. For instance:

"Eglé, belle et poëte, a deux petits travers;  
Elle fait son visage, et ne fait pas ses vers."

*Faire le visage* is to paint; hence the point of Lebrun's couplet does not come out distinctly in the translation:

- For but two faults our fair poet, Eglé, the worse is;  
She makes her own face, though she don't make her verses!

Victor Hugo's first thought, when in exile, was to score his betrayer in verse; and since the publication of his terrible *Châtiments*, the empire of the perjured saviour of society, of the Dutch champion of the Latin race, has been, to the literary men whom Hugo left behind, a despotism tempered by epigrams.

The English tongue, however, is susceptible of use in sarcastic verse almost as readily as the French, and the happy turn of some of Pope's satirical and eulogistic stanzas will occur to all. Talfourd remarks of Charles Lamb (the well-beloved) that he was ready to write an acrostic or a complimentary epigram at the suggestion of any friend. But the following anonymous couplet on a barrister would have done credit to either of those writers:

"Why is Necessity like Lord Anstruther's brother?  
Necessity knows no Law: no more does Anstruther."

Epigrams are the flower of culture, the perfume of conversation, the salt of a literary repast. Like opera-houses, their construction is confined to cities, and he who tills the ground does not care to cultivate them. It is a hundred to two and a half that you do not hear one from the mouth of him whose talk is of oxen; but

sit down and smoke a pipe with Heinrich Heine, and the odds are the other way. Being the matured fruit of a high civilization and an elegant leisure, they have been but sparingly produced in the United States. Examples, however—and good ones, too—have not been wanting, as for instance:

Not one of Lamb's choice epigrams doth Shoddy know;  
Still, in their place, he gives us *epigrammes d'agneau!*

. . . "Cortez" sends in the following interesting paper on the meaning of the words

#### PARQUET—PARQUETTE.

Can you tell how the word "Parquet" came to be applied to that part of our theatres which, in "the good old times" (*Consule Planco*) used to be called the pit—"clarum et venerabile nomen?"

The name is of very recent use, dating, I think, from the opening of the Academy of Music in New York. *It has no meaning*, and no previous application of the kind anywhere. In Paris, and everywhere on the Continent where French terms are in use, the space in question is invariably called "Parterre." In Italian it is called "Platea," and in Spanish "Patio." Nowhere but in this country is Parquet or Parquette used, and *we* have not yet a fixed pronunciation for the word. We hear it called *parkay* or *parket*, according to the taste (?) of the speaker.

Now, why was this word selected, and *who selected it?* Let us know his name. Why did he not take the French word "Parterre," which is, certainly, a neater and prettier word, and has both a meaning and an application?

As we use it, the word "Parquet" is absurd and unmeaning. There is such a word as *parquet* in French, but no *parquette* in any language, not even in our dictionaries.

In the Dictionary of the Academy (French) the following meanings are given to the word "*parquet*:"

1. The space appropriated to the seats of Judges and Advocates in Courts of Justice.
2. The place where the "Gens du Roi" hold their sittings. *Mem.* The "Gens du Roi" are defined as being "Les Procureurs et Avocats Generaux et les Procureurs et Avocats du Roi."
3. From this, the "Gens du Roi" are sometimes spoken of as the parquet.
4. The place where the officers (Huisiers) of the court sit.
5. The projection from the chimney-

piece, which we call mantel-piece; and lastly—

6. An inlaid flooring of wood, such as is general in Europe, and coming into use here.

In a general way, the word "*parquet*" may be said to apply exclusively to this inlaid wood-work.

Now, how *was* this unmeaning word introduced to us, and by whom? Is it too late to drop it and substitute the more euphonious and meaning word "*Parterre*?"

The Directors of our Academy of Music could make the reform in one season by simply adopting and using the word "*parterre*" on their bills and tickets. The other theatres would, no doubt, follow suit. F. C.

N. B. In the Dictionary of the Academy "*Parterre*" is defined as the space in a theatre between the orchestra and the amphitheatre. *We* call the fourth, or upper tier, of boxes at the Academy the amphitheatre. Why? It is another strange misuse of a name.

. . . There is one serious nuisance, connected with nearly all our great ocean steamships, that should at once be corrected. On the arrival at port, all control of such baggage as is stowed out of sight of the passengers is given up by the captain. It is hoisted carelessly from the depths of the vessel, and literally pitched ashore by careless and often drunken men; hastily dropped down a steep plank, as if with a view to its destruction. The trunks are often broken by the rapid plunge, and always more or less damaged. The scene is horrible at Jersey City, bad at Liverpool, and frightful at Havre. As Artemus Ward says, "Why is this thus?"

But notwithstanding the drawbacks to the pleasure of foreign travel caused by baggage-smashers and sea-sickness, intercourse between America and Europe was never greater than in 1867; and while England will have to give indemnity for the past before her government and ours can be friends, the personal intercourse between Englishmen and Americans was never more pleasant than it has been since the war. Nothing succeeds with John Bull like success; and though the bitter experience of the war has weaned us on this side, once for all, from our attachment to the mother country, still it does not materially diminish the cordiality with which we welcome the indi-

vidual Englishman to our shores. Americans would be as simply indifferent to another edition of Mrs. Trollope, or a repetition of the "American Notes," as they will be to the flattering remarks of Mr. Henry Latham, an intelligent and cultivated gentleman who personally made an agreeable impression when in this country, and whose "Black and White, or a Three Months' Tour in the United States," has just been issued in London. Mr. Latham's views are so different from those of most of his predecessors that we are tempted to quote the following passage from his preface:

"The American travelers who make European tours, when they leave their own shores are the most conservative part of the American nation. They are the successful men, who have made money, and are not disposed to be ultra-Republicans in future. They have feelings and interests in harmony with all that class of Englishmen who are in a position to show them hospitality; but unless they happen to come with introductions (and how few Americans there are who possess English friends!) they return to their own country without having seen the inside of an English house. They return chilled and estranged, willing to believe henceforth anything that they may hear about the 'cold shade' and the 'bloated aristocracy.'

"The English traveler in America will find men much more accessible. If he be worth knowing, everybody will be glad to know him for what he is worth: every American's house cannot be walked into, like the President's; but he will find an absence of caste distinctions and a freedom of manners and intercourse which will put it in his power to see more of character, and to understand the people better in three months, than an American traveler in England can in a year. It is quite the exception when this freedom of manners is offensive or intrusive; an Englishman will generally have to open the conversation, if he wishes to converse with a stranger. He may confine himself to his own society from one end of America to the other if he wishes; but if, after promenading from one end of the railway cars to the other, he has selected a promising fellow-passenger, he will find no difficulty in getting into conversation with him. It is very probable that when that fellow-passenger has discovered that he is an Englishman on his travels, he will ask him to come and stay a day with him; and if their further acquaintance is pleasant, will press him to stop a week; and when he goes on his way, will vol-

unteer introductions to half a dozen friends in different parts of the States; and there he will be received with a welcome and entertained with a hospitality which will make him ashamed for the rest of his life of the courtesies of his own land, whenever he thinks of a lonely American in a British coffee-room.

"To know oneself is not always the best of knowledge, nor ever the whole of it. There is a great deal to be gained by knowing one's neighbors. One great benefit to be derived from a visit to America is its tonic effect upon the mind. Hope may spring eternal in the human breast in Europe, but the yield, the number of gallons per minute at which it springs in every breast in America, cannot be realized without living in the atmosphere surrounded by the people. To an American nothing appears impossible, nothing chimerical. Every man is going to make a fortune before he dies. He does not believe in luck, he believes in himself; he knows by a thousand examples that a fortune is to be made by the poorest man in the States if he can find out the way to get at it. He cannot realize the mental condition of the agricultural laborer in England, whose highest dream of possible affluence is £1 a-week. He has no sympathy with pastoral poetry; and has a suspicion that contentment is a spurious kind of virtue invented by the British aristocracy. The idea of earning a competency and resting has no charm for him. His pleasure is in the work itself, in the calculation and the combination and the triumph over difficulty. The young men begin work before ours go to college, the old men end it at the grave. If your son is frivolous, and finds a difficulty in selecting that profession which will give most scope to his talents, send him to America, and he will find that an American will undertake to do any work, and will try and do it, and will in the end succeed in doing it.

"Geography accounts for a great deal of this elasticity of temperament; when you have traveled two or three thousand miles by rail through a country two-thirds of which are unenclosed, you begin to realize the sense of freedom from pressure, of abundance of elbow-room, the capacity for going out into the middle of a prairie and crowing with that abundant boastfulness and prodigality of statement for which the less cultivated American is sometimes conspicuous. When you find that most of the States are larger than European empires, you begin to understand the feeling of those who occasion-

ally tell you that America is a great country."

And echo answers—Great Country!

So ends our little preliminary Gossip. And now, a few words about the new Magazine. Contributions to its pages from all parts of our common country will be welcome, provided they do not treat of partisan or sectarian polemics; and if accepted, they shall be paid for, as it is no part of the publishers' plan to ask any one to do "something for nothing." Dating from the City of Brotherly Love, with hatred to none and with charity to all, we desire to occupy the historical and geographical position of Philadelphia, as the common ground where all who love the Union (and none others) can meet, and discuss matters relating to Literature, Science and Education, in harmony and good fellowship. American writers and American affairs will naturally claim the greater part of our space, but not to the exclusion of European topics. Momentous changes, involving consequences which cannot fail to reach our own shores, are impending in the Old World. A reformed Parliament will soon be elected in England, that will give effect to principles of government in harmony with the wishes of the great mass of the British nation, and bring into prominence a new set of legislators and statesmen. The approaching struggle for supremacy between France and Prussia, the antagonism of Italy and the Pope, the distracted condition of Spain, the attempts at reorganization of the Austrian monarchy, and the evidently approaching dismemberment of the Ottoman empire, will give unparalleled interest to the European drama of the next few years. For the purpose of supplying the readers of this Magazine with the means of forming a sound judgment on these and similar subjects, the services have been secured in London of a writer of world-wide celebrity—one of the acknowledged leaders of the Progressive Party of Europe, and whose works are extensively read and universally admired on both sides of the Atlantic. The publication of his letters may be expected to commence in the next number.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

## BOOKS RELATING TO AMERICA.

1. *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*. A Description of Works relating to America published between the years 1492 and 1551. By Henry Harrisse. New York: Geo. P. Niles. Royal 8vo. pp. 520.
2. A Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its discovery to the present time. By Joseph Sabin. 4 Parts (A to Baldwin). New York: J. Sabin. 8vo. 96 pp. each part.
3. Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature. A classed list of books published in the United States during the last forty years. With Bibliographical Introduction, Notes and Alphabetical Index. Compiled and edited by Nicolas Trübner. London: Trübner & Co. 8vo. pp. 554.
4. Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record. London: Trübner & Co. 8vo. 16 pp. each number.
5. American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 8vo. 40 pp. each number.

The first person of whom we have any record as a collector of books relating specially to America was the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Boston. Prince began in 1703, while at college, and continued for more than fifty years, a collection of public and private papers relating to the civil and religious history of New England. His collection of manuscripts was left to the care of the Old South Church; and they were deposited in an apartment of the meeting-house, with a valuable library of printed books which he had established under the name of the New England Library. But the manuscripts were principally destroyed by the British during the War, and thus many important facts relating to the early history of this country were irrecoverably lost. The books, however, yet remain, and this priceless collection has lately been deposited in the Boston Public Library.

Pierre du Simitière was a portrait painter and teacher of French in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary War.

He painted the likenesses of many of the distinguished men of that day, and some of his portraits, including those of Washington, Steuben, Deane, Reed, Morris, Gates, Jay, Drayton, Laurens, Thompson, Huntingdon, Dickinson and Arnold, were engraved and published in book form in London in 1783. But his passion was collecting: he was one of those useful creatures who have the instinct of the squirrel and the ant, not to say of the magpie. Besides giving some attention to coins, he devoted himself to gathering together books, pamphlets and manuscripts relating to America, and especially to the War. It was Du Simitière's custom to copy in manuscript such documents as he could not acquire in print; and so valuable did he consider his collection that, just before the occupation of Philadelphia by the British in 1777, he escaped from the city on foot with his papers concealed about his person, the most precious being wrapped around his legs. He is supposed to have had the intention of writing a history of the Revolutionary War, but he died in 1785 without accomplishing it. His books and manuscripts were purchased at the administrator's sale by the Library Company of Philadelphia, in whose possession they still are. The collection is especially rich in pamphlets and broadsides, many of which are of extreme rarity. One folio volume is lettered "Papers relating to the American Stamp Act," and contains newspapers, broadsides, manuscripts, caricatures and proclamations, all on that subject. On one blank page is pasted a piece of note paper, the edges of which are partly burnt, on which are two stamps—one in the left-hand upper corner with the words "One penny per sheet," surmounted by a crown, printed in ink; the other being embossed at the head of the page with the word "America," under which is a crown—under that a rose—and below that again the words "III pence." Du Simitière has written on this precious relic: "Part of the Combustible MATTER which was preserv'd from amidst the Devouring flames which lately con-

sum'd 10 Boxes of the same commodity: at New York." Underneath this fragment are written the following words: "This paper was sent from New York and put up at the Coffee-House in Philadelphia. See an account of the burning of the stamp-papers in New York in the New York Mercury, No. 742, for January 13, 1766, 3d page." Another of Du Simitière's volumes is lettered, "Publications of the Enemy in Philadelphia," and contains the placards and broadsides issued by Sir William Howe in 1777 and 1778. These two instances will give the reader some idea of Du Simitière's collection.

Prince and Du Simitière, therefore, not to speak of Dr. Kennet, who collected American books in the early part of the last century in England, must be held to be names which qualify the statement made in the Introduction to the *Bibliotheca Vetustissima*, that "it was not until 1828 that collectors, acting under the influence of Obadiah Rich, began to form libraries exclusively composed of American books." It is true, however, that the taste did not become general until about the period mentioned. Mr. HARRISSE says: "The number of rare and valuable works which are scattered in several American libraries is considerable; but we possess five collections exclusively devoted to America, which, as far as we have been able to ascertain, surpass all libraries of the kind in Europe. These are the collections of J. Carter Brown in Providence, Samuel S. M. Barlow in New York city, Peter Force in Washington, Henry C. Murphy at Owl's Head, Long Island, and James Lenox in New York city." The library of Peter Force, as is well known, has since been purchased by the United States for \$100,000, and incorporated in the Library of Congress. A like disposition—that is, a transfer in bulk to some public library, where they will be catalogued and made accessible to historical students—will, it is to be hoped, be made sooner or later of the other four libraries mentioned above.

The example of our great private collectors has been imitated by a host of others, so that, besides the large and small public Libraries and Historical Societies scattered over the land, there are hundreds, if not thousands, of individuals in the United States now employed in

gathering together books specially relating to America; those, however, who are wise, confining themselves to some particular corner of the great field. To all such the highly creditable works of Messrs. HARRISSE, SABIN and TRÜBNER will be valuable.

The *Bibliotheca Vetustissima* is by far the handsomest bibliographical work ever issued in America, reminding the reader of Dibdin's luxurious pages. Though not absolutely complete, nor free from errors—and what human work (save Callet's *Logarithms*) is free from errors?—it is highly creditable to the research and accuracy of the author. The preface is a model of learning and good taste.

Mr. SABIN's project is more extensive than Mr. HARRISSE's. It is no less than to publish a catalogue of every work relating to America that has ever been printed. When finished—as there is every human probability that it will be—with the completeness and accuracy of the first four numbers, and accompanied, as is proposed, with a copious index in the nature of a concordance, it will go far to supersede the necessity, for purposes of reference, of all other catalogues of American books. The manuscript matter, the labor of a lifetime, is already prepared, and is safely stored in the vault of one of the New York banks.

In the mean time, Mr. TRÜBNER's classified bibliographical Guide to American literature from 1820 to 1860, is a scholarly, well-digested, and thorough synopsis of books published in this country during the period which it professes to embrace; while the 149 pages of prefatory matter form an admirable and interesting introduction to the subject. The author justly remarks, that "without catalogues literature itself would be like some huge pawnbroker's warehouse without a key to its contents, full of all that is costly and valuable, yet choked up by the rubbish which surrounds it."

For the use of booksellers Roorbach's *Bibliotheca Americana*, with its supplements, is also valuable. It extends over the period from 1820 to the present time, but the titles are so short that they are rather unsatisfactory to students.

So much for the past of American bibliography. He who would keep up with the present, needs to "take in," as

they say in England, both Trübner's and Childs' journals. The former is a monthly register of the most important works published in North and South America, in India, China and the British Colonies, with occasional notes on German, Dutch, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Russian books. It is so complete as to include all works published in America. Childs' Publishers' Circular, issued semi-monthly, is indispensable to every one who would keep abreast with the ever-increasing tide of American books. It is painstaking and thorough in its collection of the titles of new books, and the notices are useful and trustworthy, while the letters of the Paris correspondent are extremely well written.

Language and the Study of Language. Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 1867. 12mo. pp. xi., 489.

The study of language in its connection with human thought and human history possesses a peculiar charm for all those who desire to penetrate more deeply into the mystery of man's nature. It is the first step in all clear philosophic thinking. Many cultivators of the physical sciences are disposed to underrate the value of linguistic studies in our systems of education, and to claim that the best intellectual discipline is to be derived from investigations concerning the laws and forces of the material universe. This question cannot be discussed here; but when we consider how much modern culture owes to the study of the classical languages since the revival of letters in Europe, it is doubtful whether any substitute of equal value could have been found for the higher education of our race. Nor is their work yet ended; for the modern science of language, the youngest of the historical sciences, is showing us still nobler uses to which we can put our Latin and our Greek. Already in Mommsen's profound work upon Roman History it has given us a deeper insight into the character of the great Latin race and its origin, and it may yet throw important light upon the early history of mankind.

We have read Professor Whitney's book with great satisfaction. Its leading arguments were first presented in the form of lectures before the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, and afterwards before the Lowell Institute, in Boston; but the topics are here worked out with much more care and with greater fullness. It contains a clear exposition of the leading principles of linguistic science, and, while it embodies the latest results attained by the most eminent scholars in this department, it bears unmistakable marks of original and independent research. Of course, much greater attention is given, throughout the work, to an examination of the structure of the Indo-European languages than to the other idioms of our globe, since the former are spoken by the races who have ever been foremost in all that pertains to Art, Science, Literature, and the highest civilization.

The author has very justly abstained from vague speculation, and he has therefore given us the safest and most reliable book on the subject published in our language. Professor Whitney seems to have no hobby: no Celtomania, no Sanskritomania, disturbs his reasoning faculties, and he discusses a difficult problem with the impartiality of a judge upon the bench. He demonstrates, with much clearness and force, that certain views put forth under the sanction of good philological authority are untenable. He first shows what language actually is, and soon dispels all the confusion thrown around the subject by such men as Bekker and his followers, who affirm that language is an organism. The theory of primitive dialects, as put forth by Ernest Renan and Max Müller, is shown to be the direct reverse of the truth. Then the hasty generalization of Müller and Bunsen concerning the so-called "Turanian" languages is proven to have no scientific value. Max Müller's attempt to place linguistics among the physical sciences likewise meets with no favor from our American scholar.

While we express the sincere gratification which Professor Whitney has given every genuine scholar by the publication of this volume, we hope that he will prepare a special text-book for students, something on the plan of Schleicher's



Compendium; since a work for the general reader must pass hastily over many details which find their proper place in a student's manual. It should draw as many illustrations as possible from our own mother tongue, thus aiding our younger students to a profounder knowledge of the capabilities of that one of the Indo-European languages which seems destined to encircle the globe, bearing with it the spirit of freedom and the genius of enlightened civilization.

*Waiting for the Verdict.* By Mrs. R. H. Davis, author of "Life in the Iron Mills," "Margaret Howth," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 361.

The fame of Mrs. Davis seems to depend chiefly upon an intense delineation of the bitter realities of life. In that bitter there is only a modicum of the sweets of love—the joys of recompense—and upon those her pen does not dwell with such force, such vivid and graphic lines. For her artist-pencil a heart encrusted by the long oppression of social laws, worn down by a horrible poverty, or an unanswered longing, offers more material than the glowing soul of youth or happiness. If, consequently, her novels are not as pleasant as some, they are none the less true; for she raises the veil from the face distorted by sorrow, and spares no particle of saltiness from the tears that flow from those eyes. The festering spots of society, from which so many writers shrink, she probes with the unerring blade that reveals the noisomeness that dwells there. In "Waiting for the Verdict" she has done this even more than is usual with her, and, judging the book by a standard simply of the pleasantness which has so large a share in popularity, one would wish omitted many pages of particularizing in her special sphere. However true is the picture of Broderip's sufferings, and of the poor slave-woman in search of her husband—and that the picture is true is evident—one at last feels that the portrayal is weakened somewhat by the length of the time one is compelled to gaze upon it. The geniality of the book is past when one has left the sweet and pure childhood of Rosslyn; and, however unaccountable are the freaks of womankind, one cannot help wishing that Rosslyn had married

some one not quite so insignificant as that man who held within him so much of "the pride of the Page-Randolphs."

It was probably not the object of the author to make either of her heroines beyond the ordinary stamp of women, and in such rank they must be received; so that if the reader relinquishes all idea of great admiration for any character, he will read the book with much more satisfaction. In this age of novel-reading—and in truth in every age—one is prone to look for hero or heroine as a little above the commonplace, as distinguished by some trait, but Mrs. Davis has very successfully tried the task of making her characters very like the "vast herd" from which they are taken. It is not a bad sign that the most popular books are those which are at the opposite extreme from those of past years, when every hero must be a Crichton or a Bayard—every heroine some Eloise of love and perfection.

In action, "Waiting for the Verdict" appears inferior to the author's previous stories; and, as has been hinted, too much time is given to detail of character and scenery, which, though remarkably well done, sometimes approaches the limits of tiresomeness, and suggests that she is writing so many pages on a given subject.

But Mrs. Davis is a powerful writer, for her works rise above these very manifest faults, and display the deep earnestness with which they are written. Her field is that realism wherein authors of less talent would fail utterly. Where others would hack unmercifully, her scalpel cuts with clean and trenchant stroke, and wounds but to heal with the permanence of true health.

*The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 596.

This work forms the necessary supplement to Sir Samuel's "Albert N'yanza," published in 1866, in which the mystery of the sources of the Nile was finally cleared up. The joint explorations of Baker, Speke and Grant resulted in the discovery that the rainfall of the equatorial districts of Africa supplies two vast lakes, the Victoria and the Albert, of suf-

ficient capacity to support the volume of the Nile through its entire course of two thousand miles; but the annual inundation, on which the fertility of Egypt depends, has an origin entirely separate from the lake-sources of Central Africa. The overflow is due exclusively to the two grand affluents of Abyssinia, the Blue Nile and the Atbara, which empty into the Nile proper about half-way between its lake-sources and the Mediterranean sea. The flood, following the period of the Abyssinian rains, occurs suddenly about the 20th June, and, according to Baker, to its yearly tribute alone is due the creation of the Delta of Lower Egypt. The exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile—a work which occupied the first twelve months of the author's journey toward the Nile sources—is narrated in the book before us. The interest attached to these portions of Africa differs entirely from that of the White Nile regions, as the whole of Upper Egypt and Abyssinia is capable of development, and is inhabited by races either Mohammedan or Christian, while Central Africa is peopled by a hopeless race of savages, for whom there is no prospect of civilization. A great part of the book is devoted to the sporting adventures of the author, and the gazelle, the giraffe, the hippopotamus, the wild elephant, the crocodile, and the lion figure largely in its pages. The author has the rare faculty of leaving out dry and uninteresting details, and he has made his book eminently readable.

**Letters from Europe.** By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States. Portrait. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 406.

The true way to write a book of travels is to jot down on the spot just those things which strike the eye as new and strange; and when a man like Mr. Forney, of remarkable natural intelligence and wide knowledge of men and things on this side of the water, does this, the result cannot fail to be interesting. The author, unlike the shoal of book-makers, discarded Murray, and trusted to his own fresh impressions for the material of a series of letters to the Philadelphia "Press," of which he is the editor. Those letters he has now published in book form, and while, of

course, a great deal will be familiar to the most ordinary reader, there is still much that is new. Mr. Forney was particularly struck with the superiority of the whole system of domestic life in the United States over that of England and France. "It is easy to say that I have nowhere found the working-people as well off as our own, for the foreigners themselves admit that; but the contrast is so painful that, as you dwell upon it, it fills you with solicitude for those who develop the wealth of those old countries. The comfortable dwellings of the mechanics of Philadelphia have not only no counterpart in England, but when I have spoken of them in connection with the system of labor, my statement has been received as the romance of some fairy-land. The idea of a workman living in a brick house, with water brought to his door, and frequently with his own gas and bath, for what is paid for two stifling rooms in a narrow street of overswollen London, was a revelation hard to believe; and when I added that many a mechanic in America accumulated sufficient before he was thirty years old to buy his own homestead, I frequently saw that incredulity succeeded surprise." The recent terrible riots at Exeter and elsewhere form a striking commentary on this text.

**The Practice in Civil Actions and Proceedings in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the District Court and Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of Philadelphia, and in the Courts of the United States.** By Francis J. Troubat and William W. Haly. Third Edition, by Francis Wharton. Fourth Edition, Enlarged and Rewritten by A. J. Fish. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., Parts I. and II. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother. 8vo.

No books are more needed by legal practitioners than works of practice. They contain that which the profession daily requires, and without which error and mistake might fatally affect judgments and proceedings in courts. The work now before us has been in continual use by the Pennsylvania Bar for many years, and is an approved and recognized authority. The present edition, of which we have here only the first volume—the second it is understood will be ready early in the year 1868—is an

improvement on all its three predecessors, not only in the care of the revision of the chapters, which is everywhere apparent, but in the entire new table of contents and succinct head-notes at the beginning of each chapter, which enable the reader at a glance to become master of the general subject, and open to him the very substance of the work without the labor of reading each paragraph in detail. Many of the chapters have been entirely rewritten, and all of them so modified and added to as to form substantially a new work adapted to present legislation and judicial determinations. The citations of cases are copious; and the work is worthy the established reputation of the Philadelphia Bar.

**Origin, Rise and Progress of Mormonism.** Biography of its Founders and History of the Church. Personal Remembrances and Historical Collections hitherto unwritten. By Pomeroy Tucker, Palmyra, N. Y. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 302.

What is new in this book relates mainly to the early history of Joseph Smith, Jr., and his family. "From the age of twelve to twenty years he is distinctly remembered as a dull-eyed, flaxen-haired, prevaricating boy—noted only for his indolent and vagabondish character, and his habits of exaggeration and untruthfulness. . . . He could utter the most palpable exaggeration or marvelous absurdity with the utmost apparent gravity." The author confirms, from personal knowledge, the well-known fact that the Book of Mormon was a romance written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding in 1812, and that the manuscript was missed or stolen from a trunk in the possession of his widow, in Otsego county, about the time the Book of Mormon began to be publicly mentioned.

**When were our Gospels Written?** An Argument by Constantine Tischendorf. With a Narrative of the Discovery of the Sinaitic Manuscript. New York: American Tract Society. 12mo. pp. 132.

It is well known that Baur and other German critics deny the genuineness of the Gospels, and attribute them to the second century. Now Tischendorf has made a capital discovery, which bears upon this question, and which is detailed

in this book. In the Sinaitic Bible which he brought to light, the entire text of the Epistle of Barnabas was found in the original Greek. Barnabas wrote in the early part of the second century, and in his epistle occurs this passage: "Let us take care that we be not of those of whom *it is written* that many were called, but few chosen." This shows not only that the Gospel of Matthew was written before Barnabas' Epistle, but also that the formula, "It is written," used by our Lord, and by which expressions out of Scripture are distinguished from all others, was applied to it. The importance of the discovery of Tischendorf consists in the fact that previously the first five chapters of Barnabas were known to exist only in the Latin version, the genuineness of which was suspected.

**The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth.** By H. F. Ewald. Translated from the Danish. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 312.

A tale the scene of which is laid in Zealand, Denmark, is what novel-readers do not get every day. In this story there is something attractive in the natural, healthy characters, the native Anglo-Saxon ideas, and the new and homely proverbs in which the book abounds, while the picture it presents of life in Denmark is fresh and interesting.

**The Ghost.** By Wm. D. O'Connor. With two Illustrations by Thos. Nast. New York: Putnam & Co. 12mo. pp. 93.

A charming little Christmas story.

### *Books Received.*

**Italian Journeys.** By W. D. Howell, author of "Venetian Life." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 320.

**Four Years Among the Spanish-Americans.** By F. Hassaurek, late U. S. Minister-Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 401.

**Works of Charles Dickens.** Globe Edition. Illustrated from Designs by Darley & Gilbert. Bleak House. Our Mutual Friend. Little Dorrit. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo.

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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER IV.

GALBRAITH made a short cut through the woods down to the beach, where he thought to find Laddoun. He went slinging along with nervous strides, making great leaps now and then, and shouting shrilly like a madman after them. He was but a boy, and the excitement and triumph of the night must find vent somehow. He wanted Laddoun. He would like to drag the old fellow up into his room, and watch his face redden and eyes shine over every little gift there. It was the very thing to touch George to the quick, and bring the tears to his eyes. He wanted the whole village to come and share in the happiness it had given him—to see how grateful he was. He felt as if he were full of hot words, as if he must break his silence and tell them his story, to force them to care for him as he did for them.

Yet when he saw two of the men who had been kindest to him coming through the woods, he hid behind a thicket, and let them pass. That old nightmare of bashfulness throttled him, as it is apt to do boys of the best blood, and his throat choked, his legs and arms grew self-conscious and heavy, and his tongue stiff.

He forgot his errand and George

Laddoun, and walked more slowly. It was then, in this swell of his great joy and content, that the thought which had been tugging at his heart all day pressed up barely into words.

"If—if my mother could see my room!" he whispered, stopping quite still and looking down. As he went on after that, scrambling over the bay-bushes, and climbing fences, he said it to himself more than once—

*"Mother?"*

He seemed to be growing more fit to say it since the villagers had given him this credential. The truth was, this was the thought that had made him dumb and pale when Lizzy first showed him the room. In a moment he saw a little fresh-looking woman coming into it, with her gray, watchful eyes fixed approvingly on him. He could see even the dress she wore—the pale brown silk, the white lace, the pearl ring on her small hand; things which at other times set her far off from him, with an impassable gulf between them. But this room and its meaning would have made her approve him. He thought he had taken a great step nearer her to-night. No wonder even old Mrs. Laddoun perceived that he looked as if a heart of flesh had been given him instead of one of stone.

Galbraith was like all other boys, except in this: that the incentives which first hasten them on into manhood, and give them fibre and weight, were all centred for him in that quiet little woman whom he had left years ago. If he could shift—be done with his ragged clothes, his lank, awkward body and vulgar ways, if God or his own effort—anything—would make a gentleman of him, he could go back to her. Love, money, fame, were but words to him. She and the world in which she lived were realities.

He thought, to-night, he was beginning to go back to her.

Just as Dallas came out of the woods into the salt grass, two men passed him. The night was dark, and his steps were deadened in the sand: they did not see him, therefore.

"Cradock," said the smith, Becker, "has been lying in hiding in the Quaker's room since yesterday. It was thought he might be needed."

Now this brought Galbraith to a sudden standstill. Cradock was the sheriff of the county: he had visited Manasquan once, years ago, and since then had served as a bugbear to frighten children to sleep. His coming was the portent of some great calamity; and Dallas, who had shied many a stone at policemen in New York, had so fallen into Manasquan ways that he clapped his hands with a sudden terror when he heard of it.

"What did he hide for?" asked the other man, who proved to be Nixon.

"Laddoun would have had warning, you see."

"George Laddoun be no more guilty than I," said Nixon, doggedly. "I wonder at you, Becker. It be easy for strangers to send a dog down hill when his friends give him a kick."

"Where be he gone now, then?" triumphantly. "When Cradock came down with the New York man on the beach, as the schooner ran in, Laddoun was there. In his new rig, to go up to Lizzy's. When he saw them together, he turned off up the marsh, they do say, pale as a corpse. I always misdoubted

Laddoun. Where did he get the money to buy the cranberry bog yonder?"

The men passed on into the woods. Dallas did not stop them, asked no questions; whatever their news might portend to him—whether it brought some old crime of his own or danger for Laddoun out of that mysterious old time, it did not stun him as it had done George. He had slunk through this long grass an hour or two ago, as though his brain and limbs were palsied; but Dallas ran swift as a hound, and bent half double on the same path as soon as the men were out of hearing. The boy had the soldier-quality in him which the man lacked, and sprang naturally to arms on the first hint of danger, alert and defiant. His guilt or innocence was a secondary matter.

There was no indecision in his course. He knew Laddoun's hiding-place. There is a river, or an arm of the sea, which breaks into this county for about six miles—a broad, deep backwater, rather than stream. Coming to its edge, Dallas ran groping along until he found a long, narrow-pointed tub (a sneak-boat, as the fishermen call them, used for duck-shooting), pushed it off the sand, shut himself up in it, and, with a vigorous thrust or two, headed rapidly upstream. The water, curdled with the rising tide, stretched up between the rolling dark hills on either side, a sheet of glittering, steely blue.

A short, steady pull brought him to the point where the white, sandy road to the post-office struck through the pines: one or two crab-cribs were anchored there, and on the beach a seine-reel thrust out its shadowy, empty arms. This was the out-point of the village travel: beyond was a region unknown to the Manasquan world. In all Galbraith's root-hunting explorations of the head-water country, he had never encountered a single inhabitant of the sleepy Jersey village. Ben, an old clam-digger—who had no name apparently but Ben—had once built himself a hut a mile or two above the road, but he was dead years ago: so the story went, as Dallas knew. The hills and defiles on either

side of the broad water up which he floated were silent and untenanted as a shore in Hades. Almost as spectral and beautiful, also: the moon, a pale, thin bow, rising low in the sea horizon, threw timorous, dim lights up into this far-inland valley, where the tide crept and bosomed itself for a transient rest. Along the shore the knobs and peaks of hills grouped themselves in fantastic forms, bare, save for the cover of short, soft grass, sinking back into dusky, wooded slopes behind. Here and there one of these bald summits lifted a dead tree in relief against the sky, on whose topmost limb a fish-hawk sat flapping its wings and keeping a tireless watch over its nest. Higher up the stream, where the water was quiet and less bitter, the wooded hills crept closer to its edge, sheltering little comfortable hollows between them, which seemed to wait for cozy homes. Before one of these Dallas involuntarily lifted his oars, looking at it gravely. It was the place where he meant to build his own home some day. There was space for large buildings and a grand sweep of lawn. The boy's air-built castle was not a cottage: a fine, solid house instead, and its furniture planned to fit the silk and pearl ring which he had once seen his mother wear, and which held her far off from him. She should lose nothing when she came to him. Then, remembering Laddoun, he rowed on, shutting his teeth fast.

Galbraith's search lasted all night. At the head of the inlet, or where it breaks squarely against a hill (a thin, narrow creek being the only conduit reaching it from the interior), the water forms a shallow, umber-colored bed for numberless flat, marshy islands, covered with reedy, salt grass of every shade of brown and saffron. Between these flats Dallas poled his boat slowly, closely scanning the banks and slopes of the hills, afraid to call aloud lest he might wake the loud, resonant echoes which wait, ready and angry, along these shores, as though impatient of the continual heavy silence.

When the dawn came, however, filling the sky and even the brown water with

pink flushes, and the air with cold, delicious odors from the pines, Galbraith sprang on shore, and hurried to a black figure which he saw lying under a knotted old cedar half-way up the sand. It was Laddoun, asleep, his usually florid face haggard and colorless, his shiny clothes and boots filthy from dragging through the mud of the marsh. He had dropped down so carelessly that the tide plashed about his ankles.

"Laddoun! Laddoun!" All the repressed excitement or terror of the night made the call vehement; but the young man turned over with a heavy snore. If Laddoun was on the brink of the grave, he would relish his cut of beef or his sleep, Dallas thought. He shook him savagely, remembering poor Lizzy just then, and how the wedding morning was dawning for her. "Mr. Laddoun! This is no time to sleep like a log," dragging him up by the heavy shoulders.

George looked about him, dazed for a minute, and then got up, and, turning to the water, wet his face and head.

"What have you to tell me, Dallas?" looking at him at last.

"What have you to tell me? I've followed you all night to know. What does Cradock want with you? What kin I do for you?" pressing close, his chin quivering and eyes on fire. "There's no time to lose. What kin I do?"

Laddoun looked at him steadily, and then sat down doggedly. "You don't ask me what I've done?"

Galbraith's face altered, and his tone curiously became that of an older and more reasonable man than his companion. "No, I don't ask. I thought it was some of the old troubles back there," jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "I be no judge of any man. I'll do what I kin. What is the quickest way of getting clear of the business? This is—" He stopped.

"It's my wedding morning, I know that," getting up and sitting down again with an oath. "It's my ill luck, ready and angry—hounding me, as usual;" scolding on, in a tone at which Dallas could hardly hide a smile, listening with a boy's keen sense of humor. Laddoun

always faced trouble with pettish ill-temper, and, if nobody else could be found to bear the blame, had his Luck ready for a fag to be lashed for his sins.

Galbraith interrupted him. "Is it money that's wanted?"

Laddoun avoided his eye, jerking pebbles nervously into the water. "No. It's not a debt," dryly. "I knew that Quaker the minute I saw him with Cradock. I thought, before, that his cowardly phiz was familiar to me. He's Bunsen—on the detective force. You know?"

Galbraith nodded. He put his hands behind him presently, steadying himself against the cedar, and wet his lips once or twice before he spoke. Laddoun watched him shrewdly.

"You've no reason to want to come in his way, either?" sharply. "You've been in hiding this many a year, Master Galbraith."

"I don't want to come in his way," gravely. "But I've not been guilty. I'll let no man say that. I've not been guilty."

Laddoun shifted his position uneasily. It was curious that in this moment of his own apparent peril his thoughts seemed to be concerned exclusively with the boy, on guard with him, as it were, watching him with a mingled pity and alarm.

"I'd like to know the truth about you, Dallas Galbraith," he broke out. "Since the day I helped dig you out, along with the others, from that coal-pit in Scranton, three years ago, nigh dead with the choke-damp, you've been a puzzle to me. Do you remember that day?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"A queer black beetle you were! Do you mind, when I'd brought you to, how you begged me to hide you, to let you be counted as dead or missing, to get you out of Scranton? For the love of God to get you out? Well, did I do it? Did I share what I had with you after that? Though how could I tell what sort of criminal I had in hiding?"

"Yes, you did. But you did not think me a criminal, Mr. Laddoun?" passing both hands over his head with a slow, patient gesture.

"How could I tell? Appearances were against you," hotly, lashing himself into a rage. "I think I played the part of a good friend to you, Galbraith. I was but a poor devil of a student, but I never treated you as a servant. I went share-and-share with you. What I saw of life, you saw."

"Yes, I saw it," under his breath; and poor Dallas wondered when it was that he had grown into the knowing man he was now. It was such a little while, before he was dragged out of that pit at Scranton, that he had been a child sitting lazily beside his mother while she pored anxiously over his books, both of them sitting down on the carpet to play marbles with real relish and fun when the lesson was learned. Such a little while ago!

When he heard what Laddoun was saying again, he found he was talking of some of the sprees he had gone through in New York.

"Well," rubbing his chin with gusto, "we saw life, Dallas, if we have to pay for it now. But you were always a puzzle to me."

"This is no time to talk of that. Cradock is on your trail."

"Yes, it *is* the time," vehemently. "For, if you were not the knowing little rough I thought you, I'd rather have lost my right hand than have served you the trick that I've done."

Dallas looked at him, bewildered, a moment. "Trick? I don't understand. We can settle that afterwards. Is it one of the old gambling matters, that Bunsen has tracked?"

"No," turning away.

Dallas stood deliberating. Boy as he was, he had helped Laddoun out of many of the drunken scrapes into which he was perpetually plunging with his two or three chums. It was the worst set among the medical students into which he had fallen; and Laddoun was generous, ready to fight or pay for them to the end. When he was in the mire, however, he was quite as ready to howl his complaints out loudly: his silence now, therefore, puzzled and alarmed Galbraith.

"You've land enough to clear you from any debt," he said, in a perplexed

tone, "and debt was always the worst of your troubles. And I'll say this: that the least part of the money was spent on yourself. That be true of you, Laddoun."

"I know it. But I don't begrudge the help I give the fellows! I don't begrudge it. While a man lives, let him live!" the dark red mounting to his handsome face and his eye sparkling. "But this matter—now I'll make a clean breast of it, Dallas!" flinging out his hand to him. "But for God's sake be merciful to a man! I was hard pushed. You know the old man we lodged with, in Lisperard street? Just we two?"

"Adamson? Yes."

"Well"—mumbling the words rapidly, and sopping the sweat from his forehead—"I was hard pushed. It was either the money or ruin, and he was a hard old file: he had not a drop of anybody's blood in his veins. Now, Dallas, you know he was a hard file—an old beast? More than any man I ever knew."

"Go on," drawing his breath shorter. "What do you mean?"

"You ought to know what I mean," angrily. "You must have every word spelled to you now-a-days before you'll understand it. You remember a cheque which you drew for me, at the Metropolitan Bank? I paid my endorsement for Pancott with it, and you settled some other scores, just before we came here."

"I know. It was Adamson's cheque. He owed it to you."

"So I told you," in a low voice, turning his back on him and going down to the beach.

"Didn't he owe it to you? He never gave away a rag," with a laugh. "And it certainly had the old man's name on it."

"He did not sign it, Dallas."

Galbraith had leaned forward to catch the half-whispered words: for a moment he did not comprehend them. Then he stood erect, the color gone from his face.

"You mean that you—you— No, that can't be! You're not a thief, Laddoun," beating the air with one hand in a senseless way.

"No, I'm not a thief," facing him,

and putting one hand on his shoulder. "Be quiet. I signed the cheque, and I suppose in law they'd call it forgery. But I meant to pay it back to him. Now you know I meant to pay it back, Dallas? Nobody that knows the sums I give away, and how I spend money like water, would suspect George Laddoun of robbing the man of his wretched shinplasters. It was to help Pancott I took it. The old miser had thousands hid away, and I thought I could make it good to him some time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand." But the lad spoke stupidly, and looked at him, Laddoun saw angrily, with a sort of dumb dismay.

"Never couple the name of Laddoun with thief again, then," haughtily. "It was a miserable business. I never did replace the money. I never had it, you see. And then, when we left the house, I recommended a man named Parker to the old fellow as a boarder, and I found afterwards that Parker was a bad lot. I wasn't to blame there, either. I hardly knew the man. But it ended badly."

"We saw in the papers that Adamson was robbed and murdered. Do you mean that—?"

"No. I don't say who did it. But it never was discovered, and I know now that Parker was a bad lot. It was I that brought him to the old man. I wish to God my hands were clear of that!" gloomily. "It's my luck."

"It never was discovered," Dallas repeated mechanically, trying to steady himself, pulling the cuffs down over his shaking wrists.

"No." Laddoun looked at him steadily, squaring himself before him. He was ashamed that the words he had to say made him quail before this insignificant, lank boy: he made what strength and courage he could for himself out of his own portly, handsome presence. "No. The detectives have had it in hand for months. They had a notion that the party who did the forgery—finished the job. But they've no proof of that—not an atom," hastily passing his hand over his mouth. "It's only the



suspicion. But that is enough to damn a man's whole life."

The first shock over, the reasonable look began to come up into the lad's eyes. He put his hand affectionately on Laddoun's arm.

"You need have no fear," with an unsteady smile. "You're not the sort of man, Mr. Laddoun, to be suspected of murder, let them prove the forgery or not. A man's character counts for something in law, I reckon."

"They've no proof of the forgery against *me*, Dallas." It cost George Laddoun a harder wrench to speak the words than he had thought: his mouth fell weakly open when he had done, and he watched the boy as a convicted felon might his judge.

But Dallas only answered quietly, "I'm glad of that; mostly for Lizzy's sake. What does Cradock want, then?"

His stupidity provoked Laddoun; it was easier to go on. "They've no proof against me. I wasn't even in New York when the money was drawn. You had taken other cheques, which Adamson had given me, to the bank," watching Galbraith's bewildered face furtively as he spoke.

"Then it's all right," relieved. "Nobody would suspect a dull boy like me of it."

"You're not counted a dull boy here, and you weren't there. Old Bunsen, or Ledwith, or whatever he calls himself, has spread the notion through the village that the head-work of the shop is done by you; and back there in Philadelphia, there was none of the fellows that didn't wonder at your odd knowledge of chemistry and the hand you wrote. You'd better use of your pen than I had. It was cursedly queer in a coal-digger's boy. I'll say that. Old Adamson used to say, 'There's a heap of brains under that boy's yaller hair.' No, you'd not be counted too dull to do it."

Dallas stood still one breathless moment: then he came slowly towards Laddoun, a fiery heat rising to his cheeks and eyes.

"You thought of that? You made a tool of me? You brought this on me?"

He had put his hand on Laddoun's collar as he spoke, and when he had done he flung him from him fiercely, as though he had been a dog; he did not even look to see where he fell into the muddy tide, but, turning away, walked up the beach.

Laddoun gathered himself up without either scowl or oath. He liked the boy better for the blow. He stood looking at him where he had seated himself on the sand, his hands clasped about his knees, staring down the river, up which the morning ripples glistened redly.

"Galbraith!" venturing toward him at last.

The boy was deaf and dumb as a stone.

"Galbraith, you don't think I meant harm should come to you? As God sees me, I meant to replace the money and make it all square with the old man. Besides," hesitating, "I didn't think you'd scruple to do it, even if you knew."

Still no answer.

"You know there was a queer suspicion about you, Dallas. Now, you know there was," in a whining voice. "You didn't seem to belong to your station. Why would you want to be counted for dead if you'd done nothing amiss? Why did you wince just now at the thought of the detectives? Why did you keep so dark about them times before I dug you out at Scranton? 'S long as I've knowed you, there's never a word dropped from your lips about them times."

A change came into the lad's face—an almost imperceptible change—but it brought a sharp qualm to Laddoun. "If I wronged you," he continued, impetuously, "I'd give my right hand not to have done you this turn. I've spent my life serving others, and it seems infernally selfish to see you in this scrape and know that I can get off scot-free. But I never meant harm to come of it. It's my luck."

Dallas staggered to his feet. "I don't know what's luck," he said, dully. "There's something that's kept its hold on me and dragged me down, down, since the beginning. I'm tired of fighting agen it. I reckon it's God. But for

you, Laddoun," turning on him fiercely, "if you think you'll get off scot-free, you're mistaken. You wrote me a letter from Albany, where you'd gone on a spree, saying that Adamson had given you the cheque, and telling me where in your bureau to find it. I've got that letter now. It was uncommon kind, and I kept it—like a fool! I never threw away a kind word."

"You've got that letter?"

"Yes." Laddoun walked up to the boy, looking straight into his eyes: the man, like any animal driven to bay, was not without a certain courage.

"It will not help you, Dallas, to bring me in with you. They would take that letter for a plot between us."

"You worked for your punishment, and you shall have it. If the lifting of my hand would clear you, I wouldn't do it."

"The lifting of your hand would clear me. There's no proof against me but that letter."

If he had hoped by this to move the boy to any sympathy, he was mistaken. Dallas gave a short, savage laugh, and turned off—did not look back even when the sound of oars broke the stillness, and Laddoun, with an oath, cried out that the men were on them. "There is no use in running. Cradock is armed," he said.

Dallas made no reply, but stood quietly, watching the boat pushing its way slowly through the narrow black currents between the marshy islands.

"When I saw Cradock with the Quaker last night," said Laddoun, in a thick, rapid tone, "I thought they'd scented you out, Dallas. They had no proof against me. I couldn't stay to see you taken and know I'd brought it on you. That's what I'm here for. They have no warrant against me. There's no proof but that letter against me."

But Galbraith was silent. The men had brought the boat up to the shore at last, and one after another sprang ashore. There were Graah and two fishermen, beside Cradock and the pseudo Quaker. They all watched the two figures anxiously as they came nearer. Laddoun

put on his hat and threw back his chest, bowing with a faint imitation of his old pompous politeness.

"Aha! they don't mean to make fight," said Bunsen, in an undertone. But the sheriff was looking intently at Galbraith. The wind blew the boy's thin, fair hair back, and there was something in the childish face and reasonable, woman's eyes that had its effect on the old man.

"That be'n't the face of a bad one," he said, doubtfully. "You've made no mistake in the lad?"

"I've made no mistake. That fellow's got more wit than you or I, in some ways, innocent as he looks. Graah can tell you that."

"I've got no ill word to say agin the boy," said Graah, stopping short for emphasis, his solid voice going up and down with the swing of a pendulum. "I know nothin' but good of him. An' George Laddoun's my neighbor. I come here to see fair play, an' so I tell you; an' if them men say they're innocent, I'm on their side, constable or no constable."

Bunsen glanced at the ponderous village authority with a slight smile, and passed him. Cradock touched the handle of a pistol in his breast-pocket. "Better keep clear of this matter, Mr. Graah," he said.

"As if I be afeerd of his pistols!" muttered the old man, aloud. But he winced before the officer's indifferent good-humor: it symbolized the law. He and the two men stood apart, watching, while the others went up to Laddoun and the boy. They held their breath to listen; and no wonder. It was ten years ago since Cradock had made an arrest in Manasquan, and it had become a date in the fireside stories; and these were the village favorites. It was as if a pestilence had broken out with an hour's warning in their midst.

"When he took hold of the boy," old Graah said to his wife afterwards, "I tell you I felt an in'ard tug an' choke, just as when our Joe was nigh drowned in the under-tow. I couldn't but think of the sickness last summer, an' how the lad went about from house to house, nor

how the little 'uns made much of him. I count them judges—little 'uns." But in the village gossip over the matter, Graah went no farther than, "I say nothin'—law's law."

Laddoun met the officer with another bow. "One too many for an innocent man," Cradock muttered.

"You had business with me, gentlemen?"

Bunsen nodded. "Not pleasant business, Doctor Laddoun. But no doubt you will be able to adjust the matter satisfactorily. We men of the world see these things in a different light from our friends here," beckoning back to the villagers.

Laddoun combed his whiskers, smiling with a ghastly counterfeit of ease. "I have no idea of the nature of the difficulty," he stammered, not having yet determined on his course of defence. "Appearances may be against me, but I can set it right—I can set it right."

"Until you know the proof against you, it is better to commit yourself as little as possible," said Bunsen, dryly.

Laddoun's countenance steadied at this. He drew from it that the proof was slight, and thought the warning friendly in Bunsen. He noted shrewdly, too, that the detective, while he talked to him, kept his eyes on Dallas with a sort of critical admiration.

"They give the boy credit for the brains of the concern," he thought, with an odd mixture of relief and annoyance.

Then Bunsen went over to Galbraith. "I have a warrant for you," he said, putting his hand on his shoulder and raising his voice. The others stood listening.

Dallas took the man's hand off quietly, but his grip was like iron. "I'll go without force," he said, in a shrill, loud voice, speaking, not to the officer, but to Graah and the fishermen. "I took the cheque to the bank. But I'm innocent. I'm no thief."

He went alone before them all, and took his seat in the boat. When they were all in, and had begun to row down stream, he put out his hand to Graah's

knee. "Mr. Graah?" he said, in a low voice.

But the law was beginning to have its effect on the old man: his jaws worked nervously as he chewed his plug of tobacco; he kept his eyes turned away from the lad's face, and moved his fat knees with a little shuffle of relief when he took his hand away. This was the last appeal that Dallas made—then or afterwards. He was dumb, unless when spoken to, during the time that elapsed before he was removed for trial to New York. Watchful, too; his eyes turning to one face after another with a look which brought the tears to many of the women's eyes. If they had spoken out boldly the faith they had in him, God knows how differently it might have gone with the boy. But the shadow of authority was a power in Manasquan: a man once in the clutches of the law was guilty till proved to be innocent.

Going down the river, the sun shone out brightly. Laddoun talked to the detective and Cradock, with the old affectation of ease, about the unimproved condition of the land, the chances of marl in a field back of the beach; even pointing out, with a shaking forefinger, the swarms of red and black-winged lady-bugs on the marsh-grass. Bunsen answered him pleasantly, but his attempt at indifference told badly on Graah and the fishermen. They scowled at him doubtfully, askance. A Manasquan man in Cradock's terrible grip had no need to chatter of marl or bugs.

When they came to the landing-place, there was a strange silence noticeable on shore, by which one might know the great calamity that had fallen on the village. The seines were still wound on the reels, the mackerel-boats empty and at anchor: for the first time in many years, old Calcroft, the clam-digger, was gone from his post. Laddoun, glancing feverishly from side to side, saw that the front shutters of most of the wooden houses were closed as they passed up the long, sandy road. There was the usual caucus of men on Nixon's porch, but they sat in gloomy silence, staring into vacancy, as the prisoners went by.

There was not one of them who did not hold the boy, at least, to be innocent; not one of them who, if he were going down in the treacherous sea yonder, would not have gone out to save him. But what fault have we to find with the cautious Jersey villagers? Which of us has not seen some soul going down in deep waters and kept a discreet, conventional silence, when a cheerful call and a hand held out would have brought them to the shore?

There was not one of their faces which Dallas did not read with his slow, unappealing eyes; but Bunsen alone suspected what was hid beneath the lad's unnatural composure: nothing escaped him, from the slow settling of the blood under his nostrils to the faint breath drawn at long intervals. He guessed that this matter had nigh pushed the boy to some strange extremity. "But he must have some friend to fall back on: there'll be a rope held out to him, surely, at the last."

Cradock whispered to him that Dallas seemed too dull and childish for such work as forgery, and Bunsen contented himself by pointing out his firm step, different from Laddoun, who cringed along beside him. "The boy's of another strain of blood from any of these people hereabout; there's breeding and strength in him," and he recounted the story of the chemical apparatus; for Bunsen was but like less shrewd men, and was awed by any knowledge which he could not possess.

He would have rated Dallas as dull enough if he could have seen how utterly he had given up all hope of acquittal. The letter would be proof of Laddoun's guilt, but not of his own innocence, he believed, because Laddoun had told him so. When Cradock spoke to him, he only repeated the same words mechanically: "I took the cheque to the bank; but I'm not a thief."

They had but one place, two rooms in the back of a vacant house, in which to confine the prisoners until evening, when Squire Boles, who was absent at a woods' meeting, could give them a hearing. Bunsen ushered them into a

narrow hall, smelling of fresh pine, on either side of which was a square apartment.

"You'd better take one room, Laddoun, and the lad the other. Mr. Cradock will smoke a pipe with me, here. Send me up some tobacco, Graah. When will I leave Manasquan?" repeating the old man's whisper aloud. "Well, if matters go against our friends here, as soon as I can get a requisition. I've had a pleasant sojourn in Manasquan," patronizingly. "And by the way, Graah, if any of Laddoun's or the lad's friends would like a word with them, they can come up. I want all things to be friendly among us."

Laddoun and the boy, standing in the opposite doors of the hall, heard him. Dallas came forward. "I have friends," he said, in a strained, distinct voice. "They showed that to me last night. Tell them I'm no thief."

Graah listened with his head down on his breast, but made no answer. Then Dallas went into the room allotted to him, and sat down on a pile of boards which had been left on the floor. Laddoun came inside of the door, glancing back, lest he had been seen. "Galbraith!" in a shrill, desperate whisper, beckoning with his hand. "For God's sake! There's no proof against me but the letter. Think of Lizzy!"

"Tut, tut! my man. This won't do," and Bunsen shoved him good-naturedly out of the door. But Dallas had listened to him with an unmoved face, sitting with his hands clasped about his knees on the planks, the sunlight falling about him.

Laddoun, locked up in the little eight-by-ten room, paced to and fro like a caged bloodhound. He had a real affection for Galbraith, and between that, and a consciousness which he would hardly acknowledge to himself that he had not "played the fair card by him," the boy filled his mind more than Lizzy or his own danger or shame. He swore to himself half a dozen times that he would call in Cradock and Bunsen and make a clean breast of it—let the boy off.

That would be the generous thing to do; and while the heroic spasm lasted Laddoun was quite capable of doing it. He had his hand on the door-knob to call Bunsen, when it was pushed open, and the officer came in.

"I came to have a pipe and chat with you, Laddoun."

The young fellow drew himself up on guard. "I don't smoke, here. It stupefies me, and I'll keep my wits awake to-day, Bunsen."

"A talk, then," seating himself leisurely on the chair which he had carried in, his opaque eyes on Laddoun's flushed face. "I'll be frank with you. It's the best plan with shrewd fellows like yourself."

Laddoun laughed coarsely. "Too shrewd to be humbugged," he said; but he began to comb his oily whiskers with renewed complacency.

"No. I show you my hand. I tell you fairly that I think that boy has used you. He's a deep one, and I'd like to trace him back to the beginning. Tell me what you know of him: it won't go harder with you if you do," meaningly.

Laddoun made one or two turns, his brows contracted, a half word escaping him now and then. Whatever was his struggle, the dead gray eyes above the pipe appeared to take no cognizance of it.

"I can't tell you Galbraith's antecedents," he broke out. "I helped drag him out of a coal-pit in Scranton, where there were a dozen diggers killed with the choke-damp. It was when I was in Philadelphia, and I and a lot of fellows were up in the coal country on a spree. Being doctors, they called on us. It was at night, and I had this boy in a shed by one of the heaps of coal-dust when I brought him to life. He begged me to hide him and let him pass for dead, and I did it. I've kept him since. I think I've been a friend to Dallas Galbraith," doggedly.

"I should say you had," soothingly. "Pass for dead, eh? That hints at a bad record. I judge Master Galbraith had made acquaintance with men of my trade before."

"It don't follow that he had, by any means," sullenly. "The boy's back was purple with wales and scars when I got him. The men in the pits had used him brutally. That's the whole secret of it."

Bunsen smoked in silence a while, then he took up another trail. "So it was with you he learned the rudiments of his trade—chemistry, botany, and the like? He told me he had had a chance."

"He had no chance with me. It was an old thing with him: I never knew where he learned it. He was cursedly close-mouthed. And I don't think I deserved it. He'd had the training of a gentleman's son, Dallas had, though he's learned the talk of the Scranton pits since. But when you get below the coal-soot on him, and the coal-ways, there's a boy that I don't pretend to understand."

"I must say that he has treated you ungratefully," suggested the detective, with affectionate earnestness. "So he kept his own counsel, did he?"

"He's showing his gratitude to-day," with a bitter laugh, remembering the letter. "As for his secrets, I never tried to worm them from him. There were places and people he was afraid of, as a child would be of ghosts in the dark. He's nothing but a child in most ways, after all," in a relenting tone. "But he can keep his mind to himself, as I never could do."

"Did you know that he applied for entrance as student in one or two laboratories while he was with you?"

"No. But it's likely. He had a natural hankering for that sort of work. The fellows helped him to books. So did I."

"But it needed an entrance-fee, which he could not pay," he continued, his eyes still on Laddoun. "He applied in one place the very day before the forgery. He needed money for the fee and his board, if he left you. That is a proof against him: it looks badly."

"Yes, it looks badly," rubbing his hands nervously one over the other.

Cradock called to Bunsen just then, and he rose, picking up his chair. Laddoun's imbecile hand went shaking up

to his collar and his mouth, hinting at his secret.

"Do you want to say anything more to me, Doctor?" suggested Bunsen, starting at the opposite wall.

"I? No. What should I have to say?"

"Good morning, then."

"I might—might think of something to mention. Will you be outside if I should?"

"Outside, just within call. You don't think of it now?"

"No." But the detective still held the door open and waited a moment, and in that moment Laddoun held his own chance of manhood and Galbraith's fate in the breath of his nostrils.

"No," he said, and the door was shut.

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#### CHAPTER V.

LADDOUN ate a hearty dinner that day. Nixon sent up the best mutton-chops his kitchen could furnish to the prisoners, and by the time they came the young doctor was sure of acquittal. He had sent in his mother to talk to the boy, and he had no doubt he would destroy the letter. Dallas could not withstand a woman's tears.

She found him still sitting on the pile of planks, his hands about his knees, as he had been since morning, only that the untasted meal was spread out cold on its tray on the floor, and the sunshine had crept farther from him to the opposite wall. The old woman said but little, and shed no tears. A great age seemed to have fallen on her chirrupy little figure and face since morning. She stood looking at the floor at her feet, her gray hair not so wan or old as the features it framed.

Dallas rose when she came in.

"George tells me that you can clear him by a word?"

He made no answer: she would not have heard him if he had.

"I can't beg it of you," steadying herself by one groping hand on the wall. "I'm not strong. I've buried seven

children in my time, but there's no blow been like this."

She waited a few moments, unconscious, he saw, that he was there. When she turned to the door, he took her by the elbow and helped her gently. She was muttering about "George," but had altogether forgotten what she came to ask of him. When Bunsen opened the door, she made her formal, old-fashioned little courtesy to them, and went away without saying a word. But an hour or two afterwards Galbraith saw her sitting on a log outside of the window of Laddoun's room. There she sat all day, motionless. If she had gone down on her knees to him, it would not have made the boy's heart so sore as the sight of her sitting there.

Father Kimball came up in the afternoon and talked to him, but Dallas made dull, irrelevant answers. He could not understand the old man's words; they sounded like water falling far off, they had so little meaning in this matter—this pain of his. He broke into a text of Scripture which the good old preacher quoted, with—

"If I could prove that I was used as a tool—what then?"

Father Kimball's eye gathered its quick shrewdness. "By Laddoun? I'll tell you candidly, my boy, the evidence is strongest against you: there is only the suspicion of collusion with George. The cheque was drawn by you, the money was paid out by you, and there is abundance of testimony as to your remarkable skill with your pen. Even if you bring proof that Laddoun was a confederate, you cannot clear yourself."

"I cannot clear myself." He went on repeating these words so long to himself that, with his haggard, colorless face, the old man feared he was becoming insane. "You'd better eat something, Dallas," he said. "And be patient. If you are innocent—and I believe you are innocent," quickly catching the boy's unsteady eye—"be patient and trust in the Lord. He will deliver you if you are one of his children."

"If I am found guilty," abruptly, "what is the punishment?"

Father Kimball coughed once or twice before he found courage to say, "Surely you know, Dallas. You will be sent to prison."

Dallas got up as if his joints were stiffened, looking out into the sunlight: his lips moved as if by machinery. "I did the best I could," he said, "and it's come to this."

The old man's eyes were full of tears. "You can't make your own lot," he said, taking Galbraith's cold hand in his. "The Lord has it in care. That is, if you are one of His children. Every hair of your head is numbered. But if you've never been converted, your good intentions and works are but as filthy rags, in His sight."

Dallas turned his pale face on him, bewildered. Father Kimball saw that he was using an unknown tongue, and he suddenly turned to worldly matters.

"Have you no friends, Dallas? No father or kinsfolk? I've often suspected you were of better birth than Laddoun knew. If it is so, tell me, my child. Let me apply to them. If they have influence, your whole future may depend on it."

"It's all done with to-day," Dallas said, as though talking to himself. "If I can't clear myself, there's no future for me. Do you think I'd go back a jail-bird to my mother?"

He sat down again, and after that seemed to hear nothing that the old man said to him. When he was gone, Tim Graah climbed up to the outside of the window, and after Dallas had whispered a few words to him, disappeared into the woods, running like a hare. Now, there had not been a word spoken by either of the prisoners, all day, which had not reached the thick ears of the leaden-faced man sitting on a chair tilted back in the hall, just outside of their doors. He had his own reasons for sifting their secrets.

But Tim had caught sight of him. He did not try, therefore, to scale the window again. Instead, a bit of bark, with one or two papers wrapped about it, was thrown in a half hour later, and fell noiselessly at Galbraith's feet. One

was the old letter from Laddoun: the other a brown paper wrapping, on which was printed in big text: "All us boys is frends to you, Dallas. Timothy Graah."

Dallas laughed, and colored, when he read it, folded it up and hid it in his shirt: then took it out to read over, laughing again, but with the tears coming slowly down his cheeks. The other paper he kept in his pocket. He did not read it over again.

Just before dusk he heard a noise in the hall, Bunsen and Cradock moving from their chairs, and a woman's voice. They opened Laddoun's door.

"No. I will see Dallas," she said.

It was Lizzy. The sight of her roused him as nothing else had done: there she was, with her yesterday's face, quiet and steady. If the terrible blow had touched her, it had left no traces. While he looked at her smooth hair, the knitting stuck in her black silk apron, the well-blackened shoes, the whole matter seemed like a dream, and his old self came back to him.

"I'm glad you came, Lizzy," holding out his hand.

But after taking it she did not speak for a moment or two. Then she said, cheerfully, "I came to see that you were doing all that you could for yourself. First, eat," opening a covered basket which she carried. Dallas obeyed her, at first from his usual submission, and then, like a boy, ravenously. When he had done, he pushed away the basket and sat looking at her. The good taste of the food, the hearty warmth of her presence, made his fate loom up colder and more terrible. It was so natural to just be a boy, to eat and drink, to live a careless, jolly life, like the rest of them.

"Now," nodding slowly, one finger laid in her palm. "What proof have you of your innocence? I mean to put it into shape for you."

"I have no proof. There's been something agin me from the first, Lizzy. I can't fight it."

"That is childish," sharply. "I believe in your innocence as much as—as I do in Laddoun's," hurriedly. "If I

were a man, I'd force justice from the law. I'd never whimper."

"As you believe in Laddoun's?" he repeated, in a slow, thoughtful undertone.

She did not answer him for a minute, and he noticed that she put down the basket which she was adjusting, and rested her hand on the wall. "I did not come here to talk of Laddoun. There is no proof against him. If I did not believe him to be innocent, what would become of me, Dallas?"

"I know, Lizzy."

"But it is you who are in danger. What can I do for you?"

Dallas was standing before her, a compassionate smile on his face, as he noted how her firm, hard voice clung and lingered to Laddoun's name. But when she spoke of himself, he grew grave and quiet. "We will not talk of the chance for me," he said. "There is none. It has not been my fault. I wish you would tell them all I am no thief. That is all I can say."

Elizabeth looked at him long and searchingly. "If I did not think George Laddoun innocent, what would become of me?" she said, her very lips growing pale.

Galbraith drew a long breath: then he smiled cheerfully, and took her hand. "There will be no proof against Laddoun, Lizzy," he said.

When she went out, she saw him standing in the middle of the room still smiling cheerfully after her.

She did not go in to see Laddoun.

Squire Boles came up to the vacant house when he reached home after dark, and it was there that the prisoners had their hearing. The witness had been at Nixon's all day; a bank clerk; a quiet, bald-headed gentleman, in a shining suit of broadcloth, who walked about among the barefooted fishermen, watching them with the askance, deferential courtesy of a hare let loose among a gang of mastiffs on their parole. He noted their grim reticence with surprise: not even the landlady asked him a question. They knew that Laddoun and the boy's future depended on his tongue.

It was not their habit to gossip when deeply moved.

People went up to the vacant house after dark, and crowded into the hall, silent as if they came to a funeral. When the door was opened, they could catch glimpses of the room in which Squire Boles sat behind a high desk, carried up for the occasion, his book, ink and spectacles spread out under the light of two tallow candles.

Cradock stood beside him, stern and unsmiling, and, behind, the solid gray face of the detective was dimly seen in the darkness, no unfitting figure, it seemed to the fishermen, to decide on this matter of life and death.

"They say," they whispered to each other, "that Boles' verdict be as good as final. Bunsen's hinted one of them be sure to get off, but it's a dead certainty agin the other. Which, I don't know."

When Laddoun and the boy were led in through a side door, the crowd without stood on their tip-toes, trying to discern from their faces which was the guilty one. The boy stood near the open fireplace, in which a log or two had been kindled, and bent forward, his hands behind him, so that the light flickered over his fair hair and pale, quiet features: Laddoun was in shadow, but they could discern his ruddy, careless face and portly swagger; now and then, too, he nodded and smiled to some one without.

"Whichever be the guilty one," said Nixon, sententiously, "he be as good as dead to us. No jail-bird need show his face in Manasquan agin."

His voice was loud. He saw Dallas raise his hand to his collar, and as suddenly let it fall. Old Mrs. Laddoun pressed her way among them into the room, dropping a courtesy as she went.

"My son George be in trouble, gentlemen," she said, slowly; "my son George be in trouble," with a feeble little smile. They all stood aside to let her pass, and many of them muttered a "God help her!"

There was another woman who sat outside on a bench in the corner, with



her face turned from the door. They whispered among each other that it was Lizzy. Poor little Jim Van Zeldt hung about near her. He was confident that Laddoun was innocent, but there was no telling how the verdict would go, and he wanted to be near her if she needed any help.

Then the door was shut. There was a profound silence outside: they could hear a low, monotonous voice within, and knew it was the bank clerk giving his evidence. Old Father Kimball came into the hall out of the woods.

"I thought you did not mean to come up, brother?" one of the men whispered.

"I could not refrain," the old man said. "I could not stay away while the souls of two of our brethren, as we may say, are on trial." Then he walked to the far window and stood with his gray hair uncovered, looking out into the night. They knew he was praying.

The door opened presently and Graah came out. The evidence was over.

"How goes it, Graah? how goes it?" crowding about him with pale, anxious faces.

But the old man choked when he tried to answer, and shaking his head hurried out.

"It be the boy. He wur main fond of the boy," they said.

They could see Dallas standing forward alone, his head held up, his face resolved and pale. The old justice peered over the papers, his head shaking. These prisoners were his friends and neighbors: he had prayed to God that he might deal justly with them. In his agitation he mixed all the forms of his law-book together in his talk: there was a cool smile on Bunsen's face listening to him.

Laddoun's black, bold eyes, yet in the shadow, glanced warily around. "You cannot commit me on such grounds. There is not warrant for even suspicion," he said defiantly, wiping his mouth again and again.

"Young man, we know the law," and the justice shuffled his rusty wig to and fro uneasily. "Is there no farther evidence against Doctor Laddoun? I can-

not commit him on the mere ground of being this lad's employer and most kind friend. He was your friend?"

Dallas looked up. "He helped me when I needed help," he said, slowly.

"There is no evidence against me—none," Laddoun cried, vehemently. The boy turned his quiet eyes on him. There was a silence for a moment: those who were nearest to Dallas saw a change come on his face, as though he heard a cry which they could not hear. Then there was a sudden flash among the wood embers, and a paper which had fallen among them burned to ashes.

"Stop!" said Bunsen. "One word with this boy. Have *you* no proof against Laddoun, Galbraith?"

There was a pause, broken only by the crisp crackle of the fire. The crowd in the hall pressed nearer, and held their breaths to hear, as Dallas spoke.

"No. I have no proof."

"Then you are discharged, Doctor Laddoun," said the justice. "For you, Galbraith" (the boy turned and faced him), "you are remanded to the custody of this officer, to await a requisition for trial in your own State." The old man got up, pushing back his spectacles with a shaking hand, and then leaned forward with both hands on the table. "From the evidence before me, I have little doubt how that trial will end. You have had a chance among us to— We treated you as one of our own sons. But you have lost your chance among men now—and—" He broke down here altogether. "May God have pity on you, Dallas!"

There was a sudden confusion, and then as sudden silence, as Laddoun turned to go out among them, a free man. Bunsen nodded and congratulated him. Laddoun gave a loud, uncatenated laugh, which broke off abruptly. He almost staggered as he walked, his face purple, fumbling at his cravat. They all put out their hands and pulled him out into their midst; but he said nothing, glancing back uneasily at Dallas. Jim Van Zeldt saw Lizzy stand up as Laddoun came out and was welcomed back among them; she looked at him

steadily a moment, and then turned and went out into the night alone.

Dallas Galbraith, with the detective's hand on his shoulder, stood looking at the door where their faces were massed, turned again towards him for the last time.

He had had his chance among them, and it was gone for ever.

"I did the best I could," he said, putting out his hand before him like a drowning man. Then Bunsen led him out through the dark side-door, and they saw him no more. That was the only stroke he made against the tide which was washing him out—out.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"How far to the Stone-post Farm now, driver?"

"Madam Galbraith owns land all along the road, but the Stone-post Farm is in the next county."

"She was a Dour by birth?"

The driver nodded shortly.

"And is fond, I surmise, of gathering her own kin about her?"

"I reckon she is. She has the country hereabouts swarming with 'em. Wimmen like her, without chick or child, are full of their whims."

"My own name is Dour," ventured the young man, buttoning his worn kid gloves nervously and coloring a little.

The driver, a short, pousy man, shot a keen glance over his shoulder at the lad's pale, hatchet face, long black hair pushed behind his ears, and well-kept clothes. "You don't favor the old Madam's stock, anyhow," indifferently; and, flicking his leader's right ear, he began to whistle.

Paul Dour, who was pluming himself inwardly on the keenness of his guess about the old lady, lapsed into silence. He felt himself vaguely to be snubbed. These people of the West (as he called the Ohio valley in which he was traveling) disappointed him. It was his first journey out of New England into the raw, uncultured regions which form

the members of the body of which it is the brain. He had intended to be charitable in his judgment of them—to insult no one by his criticism—making that allowance for all short-comings, social or otherwise, which became a just, clear-sighted philosopher of the transcendental school. Now, Paul's modicum of Concord philosophy had dribbled down to him diluted through a dozen conduits. Consequently it proved a very mild haschish indeed: his visions were few, though his mental contortions many. However, he had none the less faith in it. Here was the leaven which was to impregnate the mass of the American people. As clay ready for the hands of the potter, so the swarms of thriftless, inadequate slaveholders, and the brute physical and moneyed force of the Middle States, waited for the informing New England mind. Paul, like most of the lads and young women who go out from New England, anticipated a great deal of quiet amusement, though but little additional knowledge, from his venture.

But it was dull work so far. The Pennsylvania Dutch he had found curiously indifferent to the informing element which was to vivify them. Could this stolidity, he thought, with alarm, extend farther? His self-complacency was unusually thin-skinned: every pin-prick caused a painful contraction. The very farm-houses which he was passing now, with their solid foothold of unhewn stone, their wide acres, their giant oaks pre-empting the earth, as it were, and all the material good that therein is, annoyed him. They would better have befitted his own section, the old homestead of the country, than did its flimsy white wooden tenements. He missed the dissatisfied, tentative disquiet to which he was used, in this warm, mellow air, and in the composed faces of the people. He was curiously let alone. Nobody seemed to need his history or his thought. The people were decent, decorous, minded their own business. But as for the conversation, what seed of progress lay in that? Facts—facts—facts—he heard nothing else, from the New York auction clerk who had crossed

the Jersey ferry with him, to this coach-load of passengers with whom he traveled through the West Virginia hills. What did he know of the duty on iron, or the rates of grain in Chicago? Yet, he was uneasy. After all, could such things as these affect the daily lives, and therefore the souls, of the great commonplace masses of men, more than the subtle refinements of a pure philosophy? These Western people had a strong common-sense code, to which test they brought all religion, politics, the life of a man, or the food of a horse. It stunned and baffled him.

"I fear," he said, to a fellow-passenger who was mounted on top of the coach beside him, "we generalize too much with regard to the Western people in New England. We mass them in our hypotheses and conclusions. No doubt there are curious inflections of character in different States, owing to climatic influences and the like."

"There are only two influences at work on men, sir—God and the devil," sharply, jerking the flaps of his black coat together.

"Oh!" said Paul. He scanned the small, loose-moulded face of his companion with new interest. A white neckcloth and intolerant gray eye were the salient points about him.

"I have been a laborer in this vineyard a great many years, and I find nothing so pernicious as this cant of influences. God has but his few messengers of the preached word (of whom I am one of the humblest), but Satan lies in wait at every corner. You must forgive me, sir," more gently; "but I understood from you that you were going into one of his pitfalls unawares, and it is my duty to warn you. You are young and ingenuous: pardon me."

"I am going to a friend's—Madam Galbraith's," said Dour, with a little vanity, at naming a power in the land.

The clergyman shook his head, and momentarily closed his eyes. "She is a relative of yours?"

"That I cannot tell. The truth is, I have never seen her, and would be glad of any information you could give

me. My visit has altogether the flavor of an adventure."

The clergyman opened his eyes curiously. Bob Penly, the driver, turned half-way round, whip in hand.

"I graduated in a college in Massachusetts two weeks ago," proceeded Paul. "There was a classmate of mine from this neighborhood, and through him I heard of her as a probable relative. I wrote to inquire, and for reply I received an odd epistle. I have it here." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of thick paper, on which these words were scrawled in a masculine hand: "Sir: John Bligh, whom I know to be a truthful lad, and moderate in his statements, apprises me that you are a Dour, and also a poor young man, and deserving. It occurs to me that you are a grandson of Peter Dour's. He emigrated from this county to Vermont in my father's time, for what purpose God, and his own cracked brain, only knew. Whether you are or not, I will be pleased if you will come to the Stone-post Farm. You are invited to remain during a fortnight. We can in that time determine whether a longer stay would be agreeable to you or me. As you come for my whim, you will permit me to pay for it.

[Signed]

"HANNAH DOUR GALBRAITH."

"John Bligh was my classmate," explained the lad. "He said she was an eccentric old woman and wealthy, and it might be the making of me. Besides, I had never seen the West; so I came. Some men might have been offended at her bluntness. But I liked it."

"She is a wealthy woman," said the preacher, beating his knee with the letter; "very wealthy. She has said to her soul, 'Soul, take thine ease: eat, drink, and be merry.'"

"She has said it to a lot beside her soul," said Penly, pulling his reins energetically. "There's as many poor as rich fed at her table."

"She paid my expenses," resumed Paul, hastily. "I'm poor, as Bligh said," with a frank laugh. "As for the deserving, I hope the old lady may find me so."

"She is not chary of her money," re-

sumed the clergyman, in a tone of patient mildness. "She sends it where her whim blows, like the wind scattering the leaves yonder. Yet it is the Lord's: she is but a steward, Robert Penly," severely. "And with it she lures young men like this over her threshold, where there is card-playing and dancing continually. It is not for me to judge," turning again to Paul, "but I never pass the boundary of her land, and look at the house perched on the mountains, that I do not think of that other Woman of old, clothed in scarlet, who sat upon the seven hills, drunken with the blood of the saints."

Bob made an angry cut at the off horse. It was a rigid Presbyterian community, and Bob himself carried about the bag on Sunday in a country church, so that he felt his mouth in a measure gagged.

"I've heerd she seldom goes to church, and never gives a red to missions or the like," at last he said, compromisingly.

The preacher bowed assentingly.

But Bob could not forget a loan that had been made to him the winter that he was down with the rheumatism, when the twins were born—how the queer old Madam had paid his rent, and sent in pork enough to last until spring. "Take that filthy plug out of your mouth, Robert Penly," she said, "and keep it out until you have paid me." Bob burst into a chuckle.

"Well, she's a law to herself, I reckon," he said, "and to other folks too. Captain Galbraith, we call her. My wife, now, thinks there's salt enough in her big body to savor the whole county. Doctors differ, you see, parson."

The clergyman rebuked the familiarity only by silence. "I would be sorry," he said, mildly, turning to Paul, "that you would suppose me a common gossip, used to malign my neighbors. But the house to which you are going is the only one in the neighborhood where the amusements and corruptions of the world find entrance, and Madam Galbraith's position and generosity make her example weighty, as you see. Besides, the power of her tongue—" he added, in a

lower voice. "Her words burn like scalding drops, at times," and his pale face grew a shade paler; from some bitter remembrance, Paul fancied.

They fell into an awkward silence after that, only broken by Bob's persistent whistle. The road wound circuitously up and down steep hills, passing by lonely farms, clusters of two-storied brick houses huddled on the edge of every water-course, each shouldering the name of a city, then out again through the great sweep of forest, in which Paul was doubtful whether he might confidently look to find wigwams or not.

The early November frosts had browned and rotted the crimson and yellow leaves of the mountain foliage, and left but the shape and grouping of the trees, stripped of their cover of color, sharply defined against the sky: an infinite study of form alone. Mile after mile this rare limning edged the mountain horizon, an endless variety of simple, noble shapes outlined in black upon an amber, crystal-clear background. For the Indian summer still lent the red and golden tints of August to the sky and to the haze which hung half-way up the hills, escaping from the chilled, muddy creeks below.

At one of the farm-houses the clergyman alighted, carpet-bag in hand: he held up his hand to Paul, who shook it heartily.

"You will not take my warning amiss? You are on the Galbraith lands now."

Dour glanced hurriedly at the wide creek on one side, and the shelving mountain-sides, blood-red with iron, on the other, with a quicker beat of his pulses. What if the terrible old woman made his fortune, after all? For if his inner eye kept a fixed regard on the pure Central Truths, his outer gray ones had as shrewd respect for next year's income.

"No fear," loftily. "The old lady shall not prove my Mephistopheles. But we will get on admirably, I dare say. I can accept all natures, provided they have the human element. Bligh had an essay of mine—Psychical Axioms; and I think she has seen it, and hence my invitation," blushing ingenuously in spite of himself.

The preacher shook his head. "No.

You're a Dour, that's all. She has never been able to find kinsfolk of her own name. Psychical Axioms, eh?" and with an amused laugh he nodded, and, jumping the worm fence, turned into a stubble-field.

"Considerin' the season, he might have wished you a jolly Thanksgivin'," said Bob, dryly, as the red coach lumbered off again up the hillside.

"They keep Thanksgiving to-morrow at the Stone-post Farm?"

"I reckon," with a nod that was emphatic as an oath. "Don't you be misled by him," with a contemptuous nod backwards to the spare black figure in the field. "Parsons is good in their way, but they're narrer. That's it. They're narrer. They don't see without glasses. Now Madam, she makes the whole country-side keep Christmas and Thanksgive along with her. I'd not like to count the barrels of flour and turkeys that left her place yesterday."

"No children, you say?"

Bob shook his head. Paul was young. What if this respectable old ogress found him her nearest kinsman—and heir?

"A widow?"

"No. Old Mr. Galbraith, he's there. It's he that says where the flour and turkeys is most needed."

"I remember a Galbraith once," said Paul, half aloud, reflectively. "A boy of about my own age. He was tried in New York when I was there in the Christmas holidays. My uncle defended him. But that was years ago."

"It was, now?" Bob dearly loved a story, but he scorned to betray too ready an interest, the speaker being but a lad. "And *his* name was Galbraith? Like enough. They're plenty as huckleberries. But they're decentish folks, ordinarily. And your uncle got him off, hey?"

"No; he did not. It was a clear case of forgery. But my uncle was curiously interested in the boy, I remember." Dour was silent, recalling with an effort the particulars of the old, painful story, but he gratified Bob with no more of it; and Penly, after filling up the time with a critical squint at the scenery, stroking the dust from the brown terry waistcoat

that covered his fat little paunch, and glancing at his pinchbeck watch, began again:

"We're a bit behind time. That near horse, he's off his feed now. Well, the old couple—the Madam and her husband—had a son once. I didn't tell you. But he was like a good many of your high-bred colts—he wasn't worth nothing. They raised him too much, likely. He was fed and slept accordin' to rule. When he was a baby, she never hired a nurse, I've heerd say: no woman should touch him but herself. So he slipped the tether and made off. He married a silly girl of this neighborhood and took her along. It was an awful muddle."

Paul's curiosity, always alert, was roused. "How did it end?" he said.

"I knowed young Tom Galbraith well," said Bob, breaking into a comfortable trot of talk, that kept time with his horses' tramp. "There wasn't a man about the drinking-shops and stables in the county that didn't know him. So I never looked to hear any good of him. He took his wife across the mountains, East, and there they scuffled along from hand to mouth, I've heerd since, till he died. There was a good deal of outcome in his wife. She was a Jennings—an orphan girl. So she fought along bravely, sewin' and the like, for her and the boy. She never wrote to the Madam, even when the child was born."

"There is a boy, then?" said Paul, coloring as his boyish visions of heirship suddenly vanished.

"Yes, there was a boy. But he's dead. There's somethin' cur'ous about that boy's death, a mystery like, that nobody knows the bottom of but the old Madam. They say his mother put him to dig in the coal-pits at Scranton, and that the choke-damp killed him. But it's a dark story through and through."

He was silent for a while, and then began again in a louder voice. "Tom Galbraith's boy would have been welcome here by high and low. He might have drunk and flung out his money like water, as his father did before him, but he'd have come to nothing worse, coal-

pits or not. 'Tain't in the blood. It was the want of brains as ailed Tom, but he was as honest as his mother; and she—well, it's likely she is an old heathen, as the parson says. But I've experienced the world this fifty years, and she's as clean a card as I've known in the pack, take her altogether."

"And Tom Galbraith's widow?" bringing him back to the road.

"Well, she's back now—Mary Jennings. She's changed her name again. She married a Captain Duffield, East there, some do say, to save her and her boy from starving, but some say it was after the boy's death. I don't know. I think it's likely she wanted somebody to trim off her pink face and curls, as poor Tom never could do. She was mighty fond of her pretty face, Mary Jennings was. But the story goes that Duffield used her like a devil. However, *he's* dead. Only a month or two ago. And hearin' that, the old Madam sent for her. My wife says she'll be there this Thanksgiving."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow. She's of a different stock from the Galbraiths, you see. Well," hesitating, "she's a sort of far-off kin of my own. But that don't matter. The old Madam would take her out of the coal-pits themselves, provided she was honest. But she's a terrible judge when a man makes a slip," shaking his head. "There's things I could tell you—I hope God 'ill be slacker in judgment than them that's like her here."

They were entering the crooked streets of a little village on the side of the hill, and Bob blew his horn shrilly.

"Now I've got a load to take up here," he said confidentially to Paul; "the Rattlins. Well, they are a lot! They're going to spend Thanksgiving at the Farm. Along with you. They go once a year, and it lasts two weeks. There's eight of them. He's a preacher, Rattlin is," jerking out the sentences between the jarring of the wheels. "And eight of them to feed. There's a tough fight for you! I hope you'll be kind to the little man, sir," slacking the pace of

his horses to a walk as they went up the hill. "This is his year's one holiday, I take it. He has three p'intns for preaching, lyin' within fifteen miles, an' he gets a bare five hundred from 'em, and that but half paid in; and preachers can't turn an honest penny at odd jobs, like the rest of us. Consekently, they're half clothed, them Rattlins, and whole starved. Lord, here he is! Like a little cricket, as usual. Good morning, sir," touching his cloth cap respectfully, and drawing rein.

A little man, hardly as high as the wheel, stood suddenly beside it, rubbing his hands, his thin cheeks red and wet with perspiration.

"You did not forget us, Robert?" panting for breath. "We've been on the watch for two hours. I really thought you had forgotten this was the day we were to go. Though that's hardly likely. We've been up since sunrise, so as to be quite ready. We'll not detain you, Robert. The baggage is on the steps."

"We're behind time, sir. As I was saying just now, this here horse is off his feed."

"Off his feed, eh?" anxiously. "Let me examine him," applying his ear to the horse's chest. "He is hoarse, Robert. He ought not to be out in this chilly air. I'd recommend covering his breast immediately. I have a blanket that I'll lend you for the purpose. I'll make a short cut across the fields for it."

"If they have one, it's about as much as they do have," said Bob, looking gravely after the retreating figure, with the thin black summer coat fluttering about it. "My wife says they all slept under newspapers last winter. Not bad kivers," as Paul laughed. "But the world owes that little man a decent keep. Why, I'll bet you it's months since he's tasted meat; and as for debt—Lord, sir, they owes for their bread for months back. Skinner hasn't the heart to press 'em. Everybody likes them Rattlins."

The coach had rumbled through a narrow lane, and drew near to a little box of a house, with the usual patch of a lot beside it filled with tomatoes, beets,

and a row of parsley. The house was just closed, and Mrs. Rattlin brandished a key which was nearly as big as itself. The tide of Rattlins ebbed and flowed about the great hair trunk that was set down directly in the middle of the road. When the coach came in sight they hallooed and swarmed over it, over the fence, the two babies scaling their mother's plump little sides until she was forced to sit down and relieve her own turmoil of mind by slapping and kissing them.

"Did you ever see such a lot?" said Bob, whipping up the horses. "Did you ever see such a little woman? 'Pon my soul, she's good enough to eat! They're all as round and fat and jolly as ripe mush-millions, and how they get jolliness or fat out of the skimped life they lead is more than I can tell. Jest as mush-millions get juice out of sandy sile, likely. Well, here you are, young 'uns! Jest hold the reins a minute," throwing them to Paul. "I'll load this wagon myself," scrambling down among them, and beginning to strap the hair-normity on behind, and to throw in various odd bundles of shoes and frocks tied up in gingham handkerchiefs, over which Mrs. Rattlin anxiously presided, while the preacher himself, with one of the boys, strapped the white worn blanket over the horse's chest. Then he felt its ribs, and went about among the other horses, his head knowingly on one side, looking into their mouths, feeling their flanks and backs, followed by an admiring regiment of boys.

"You've some fine stock here, Robert, fine stock! I used to be a judge of a nice animal: well, to tell the truth, I owned a good mare once, myself—a very good mare."

"That's the bay, Jenny, at Whitcrosses," said Bob, in the deferential tone which he always used to the little man. "I heern she was yourn once, sir."

"True, true. I often go down to Whitcrosses, and she knows me yet, I really believe. Yes, I was as fond of Jenny as of one of these little chaps. But it wasn't convenient for us to keep

her," with a momentary gravity. "But I think, Penly," energetically, "there's few men can live to my age with eight children, and say they have lost nothing but a horse," the thin little face reddening with a sudden brightness, which made even Paul, up on the box, nod and smile down to him, and feel a sudden warmth about the air.

He had a New Englander's quick eye, and he was used to petty scrapings and makeshifts of economy. He could see the gingham shirt peeping out under Rattlin's old-fashioned linen collar: see the seams where his trowsers had been turned wrongside before for the two bigger boys (worn terribly thin under the knees): he knew at a glance that the pink ribbons were dyed at home which fluttered over Rosy and Gerty's pretty, shy faces, yonder by the fence. All of their clothes were for summer wear: they had no business to be wearing them now: they had no business to be laughing and poking fun at each other, at all; but they did it, and that in a fashion which showed Paul that it was a practice to which they were born, and not a weakness of the moment. The world, Bob said, "didn't give them a decent bob," yet they made much of the old monster every day, took it by the ears, and warmed their hearts over it, as if it had been Kriss-Kingle himself, with arms and back loaded with goodies for them.

It was contagious, somehow. Before he knew what he was about, Paul had the reins tied and was down among them, joking with Rattlin, packing in baby after baby among the straw which filled the bottom of the coach, scrambling over the boys, and quite aware that this expedition to the Stone-post Farm was such a holiday as came but once or twice in a lifetime. They were all in at last, even to the blushing Rosy and Gerty (Paul blessed their untimely gingham frocks, for how else would he have a glimpse of the plump, pink arms and shoulders?) Then he shut the door, and climbed up to the top again, where Mr. Rattlin and Bob were seated, and away they bowled, confident that there was as much fun and good-humor and

chubbiness and rosy cheeks and ribbons boxed up below, as any five feet square of an earthly coach could hold.

The afternoon sky clouded over, and the whole temper of the day became gray and gusty, but Bob told his raciest stories, and the horses tramped along as if they had drunk spiced cordial instead of water at the inn; even Paul broke out into some hearty college song; and everybody, Penly and the Rattlins, girls and boys, caught the chorus in time, and roared it out together until the hickory woods, on each side, rung. Then they came to the half-way-house, where the horses were changed. Presently, a great cracked gong sounded, and Bob went in to his dinner. Dour was half-famished with his long fast, but he shook his head when the landlady called to him. He could not go in and leave the wistful little man and his party outside nibbling from their paper of stale crackers on the porch. He went in to the grocery and bought some cheese, however, and they made a regular picnic of it.

"I never take dinner at a tavern," said one of the boys, coming back with his hands in his pockets from gravely inspecting the happy eating people within.

"Traveling is very expensive, Mr. Dour," said Mrs. Rattlin.

To which Paul replied that it was, and that he generally was provided with crackers, and not obliged to depend on the inns; and then they all got into the coach again, Paul crowding in between Miss Rosy and the youngest boy.

However, at the next village where they stopped, a man came out of the post-office and put a bank-note in Mr. Rattlin's hands. Openly, before them all. He made a little speech, too, saying that it was a small Thanksgiving testimonial from some of his flock, and that they wished him many happy returns of the day; at which Mr. Rattlin grew red and choked, and was as full of eager gratitude as though they did not owe him two quarters' salary.

"It will pay Skinner, Gerty!" Paul heard Mrs. Rattlin whisper, with her little joyous chirrup of a laugh.

But it did not pay Skinner; for at the

very next inn Rattlin got down with a good deal of excitement in his manner, and presently they were all brought in to a stew of canned oysters, such as seldom was eaten before: Penly and Dour, the inn-keeper and all; Mr. Rattlin himself going out with a soup-plateful to the old ostler who was watering the horses. Mrs. Rattlin, after the first wince of chagrin in her blue eyes, was the very life of the party. This carnal dissipation gave a sort of wicked flavor to the day, which was very relishing: they mounted into the coach, noisier and more reckless than ever, to finish the journey, the men going on top again.

Evening was closing in before they entered the Stone-post Farm.

"You're on the old de-main now," said Bob, pointing with his whip to the low fences made of stone blocks, with rails between, which gave a name to the homestead. "You've been crossing bits of the Dour land all day, spread out like a spider's claws, but you're in the heart of it now. The Dours were among the first settlers in this West Virginia country, you see: all big, strong-jointed men, I've heerd: they had to hold their ground agin the wild beasts and Indians. Yon's the fort they built in the old times for safety, when there was a rising among the savages," nodding to a low, mud-plastered range of buildings on the slope to the left. "The Madam, she's the last of them: she's got the land, and she's got the pluck and the grit of all the old Dours in one. Yon's the house," pulling up to give effect to the first view.

Paul looked slightlyingly at this type of an old Western homestead, that had grown up in the hollow of the mountain as slowly as the gigantic oaks that stood sentinel about it, and, apparently, with no better defined idea of architecture than they. It belonged, too, as much to the ground on which it stood: the great blocks of gray stone came from the mountain, and the brick, turned a dull brown through long rain and sun, from the soil under their feet. It stretched, with its barns and out-buildings, over the space of a small hamlet. The land-



scape, with its broad fields, frequent water-courses, and sharp mountain ranges, differed from the miniature farms of New England: to Paul's eye it lacked refinement; the house finished and gave expression to it all, as a face to a body. It was liberal, large, hospitable; and it was content to be nothing better than it was for ages to come.

Coming nearer, Mr. Rattlin nodded with keen admiration. "That is what I call a picture," he said, and Dour could not contradict him. The great valley below lay in shadow, but the evening light rested on the mountain summit and on the old house at its base. Its gray and ruddy brown walls harmonized so cheerfully with the natural tints of the ground and rocks, that Nature, Paul fancied, had thrust out welcoming hands to draw it into closer companionship. The warped black shingles of the roof were crusted and edged with moss, and the wild ivy had climbed with its persistent three-fingered leaves over its sides until they were covered with masses of clear crimson. The windows, deep set in the stone, began to glow red from within in the chilly evening, and rifts and trails of bituminous smoke poured from the wide stacks of chimneys, yellow and black, across the pale sky.

"There she is herself!" cried Bob, pointing to a short, largely-built woman crossing a field, ploughed for wheat, with slow, steady pace, a stick in her hand, with which she seemed to be testing the depth of the furrow. "She goes about her farms like an officer on guard—the Lord help Joe Driver if them furrows ain't straight! She'll keep going till old Death taps her on the back, I reckon, some day, in her walk." But he stopped joking, and put on a grave face when Madam Galbraith, perceiving the coach, waved her stick for it to stop, and came down the hillside towards them.

Paul had time to look at her curiously: old as she was, her step was firm and free as an Indian's: her dress was of coarse gray cloth, the upper part cut like a man's coat, her head covered with a flannel hood: she halted at a wide opening in the road, and beckoned

them to come closer. Bob drove up slowly.

"Who have you here, Robert Penly?" in a loud, clear voice. "Tut, tut!" tapping on the side of the coach; a pair of keen eyes, under shaggy white brows, inspecting the passengers inside and out rapidly. Paul kept silence, not deeming it fit that his introduction should be given in this informal manner.

"Mr. Rattlin, eh?" as the little man jumped down and stood in front of her. "You are welcome, sir. I think good comes under my roof with you." She bowed as she said it, with a curious stately grace in her cumbersome body. She passed over Dour without notice, and thrust her head inside with a strange anxiety, he fancied, in her face, shutting her wide mouth grimly. The high-featured, large-boned woman, standing in the rough road and twilight, had seemed repellant and coarse to Dour; but when she pushed back the flannel hood, exposing the swarthy clean skin, broad forehead and deep-set eyes before which he quailed, he thought it, reluctantly, a grand head, and framed aptly in the reverend mass of silvery gray hair.

"Ha—women folks? women folks?" as a babble of greeting welcomed her from inside. "And that's all? Well, I'm glad to see you all, youngsters. You'll always seem like a girl to me, Mrs. Rattlin, in spite of your brood. Go on. Up to the house. It ought to be like home to you by this time. If you think of anything which would make you give thanks more heartily, let me know it;" and patting the head of the nearest boy, she turned away from them.

"Stop, Penly! What does your company mean by driving such miserable hacks as these?" touching the horses with her stick. "They are a disgrace to the country. Stock that ought to have been out to grass years ago! Tell them it must be stopped, or I'll give them winter fodder for their cattle, and"—lowering her voice—"see that they miss their mail contracts next year!" with a cynical laugh. "Drive on, now. No, Mr. Rattlin; I beg that you will go back to your seat. I'll walk alone—walk

alone," and lifting her stick by way of farewell, she struck across the field again.

Young Dour smiled superciliously.

"She has been used to the charge of a large tenantry," said Rattlin, jealously. "It has roughened the husk a little. But she is discomposed to-day. Usually, it is like coming to a Christmas fire to be near her. A great, genial, tender heart she has, that woman."

"She's disapp'inted," Bob broke out, "in not seeing Mary Jennings. She sets such store by the memory of that boy of hers that even the woman who forgot him is dear to her because she was once his wife."

Madam Galbraith was joined<sup>a</sup> at the end of the field by a gentleman, who held the turnstile for her to pass through, and then walked silently beside her towards the house, his hands clasped behind him: a tall, spare man, carefully dressed, with a few thin white hairs straggling from under his hat. He watched her nervous strides and passionate, long-drawn breaths gravely, but without a word. Finally she stopped.

"James!"

"Yes, Hannah."

"The woman has not come. She'll not come. It is in keeping with all of her life. A pink-faced, frivolous trifler: she lured Tom from me; she hung about his neck like a millstone; she hid the birth of his boy from me; and now—" She stopped, her nostrils distended and white. It was her only sign of passion. The little gate on which her hand rested shook violently.

He put his own on it. "Hannah?" he said, "Hannah?" gently.

Her whole burly frame seemed to cower, ashamed. "I forget myself, James. Let me go in a while alone."

"Tell me first what is your disappointment? Why do you bring the woman here? Tom is dead, and his boy— We had better bury them out of sight, Hannah." The quiet gentleman passed his hand over his pale face as he spoke; it was a common gesture with him, and, like all his motions, had

in it something mild and reticent; but his wife was struck by it as never before. She looked at him keenly. Was it possible that her husband had held their dead son closer to him than she, in all her loud agony of grief? But James Galbraith's secret thoughts were not to be uncovered, even by his wife.

"I want her near me," she said. "I want to touch her face because he kissed it at the last: to hear her voice, because it was dear to him. I am a fool, perhaps, and a dotard. But the nearer I come to the grave, the more I hunger for something of my own. I'm an old, branchless trunk. I had but my boy. There's not a dog now that wouldn't be nearer to me than all the world of men and women if he had loved it."

He held his quiet eyes on her, calming her. "I understand," he said.

They entered the gate and passed into a wide hall. A great coal-fire threw alternate yellow light and shadows through it. She stopped him by the arm in front of it. "James," in a low, hurried whisper, "don't laugh at me. I told you long ago I did not believe that Tom's boy was dead. I lie awake at nights thinking, What if God would give him to me, a pure child as he is, to atone for the mistake I made with his father? I never believed he was dead. If the woman comes, I will force the truth from her!"

"Yes, Hannah," mildly.

Madam Galbraith went to her own room and locked herself in. It was her habit when deeply disturbed.

But her husband sat quietly before the fire, his delicate fingers pointed together, looking into the sudden flames and shadows. He had no need to turn a lock upon his grief.

If the simple-hearted gentleman kept the boy he had lost near to him in his every daily walk and thought, no man knew it. His odd, fastidious, kindly ways and quizzical humor apparently filled up his little rôle in life. Even his wife would have said there was in it nothing more than these.

## LOOKING SEAWARD.

The fretted waters of the bay  
 Roll golden in the rising sun,  
 And swiftly o'er the shining way  
 The ships go gliding one by one.

Athwart the hills that grandly lie,  
 Dipping their bare feet in the sea,  
 The sails, like white clouds floating by,  
 Cast quaint, quick shadows as they flee.

Far out, where sky and ocean run  
 To one bright line of light and foam,  
 Those motes that glisten in the sun  
 Are happy vessels bounding home.

And here, amid the city, whirled  
 By toil and strife and care, we stand,  
 And look upon that ocean-world  
 As souls look on the Promised Land.

Here, all things weary seem, and worn ;  
 Our eyes are stained with dust and tears ;  
 But there, whence those bright motes are borne,  
 How pure and lovely earth appears !

'Tis so ; for now, were we with those  
 Whose eyes have, sure, a longing gleam  
 On the far-coming ships, who knows  
 How precious might this haven seem !

What storms and perils hardly passed—  
 What days of doubt and nights of fear—  
 Have strained the hearts that now, at last,  
 Draw nearer home, and still more near !

This is a type of all our days :  
 For ever holding up the glass  
 To gaze far off through golden rays  
 On things whereto we may not pass.

For ever thinking joys that are  
 Are sodden, dull and full of pain ;  
 And those that glisten from afar  
 Hold all the gloss and all the gain !

## LIFE AND ITS ENIGMAS.

THESE are numerous and infinitely diversified—curious and full of interest. Life itself, indeed, is an enigma which has not been unraveled; a problem not yet solved. It is not our personal property: we have no title to it in fee simple, but hold it only in usufruct. It is entailed strictly. We cannot alienate it nor cut off the entail.

How long we have a right to it—how long we ought to live—are serious questions, to which many answers have been given, none of them entirely satisfactory. It is an affair of race, of native country, of climate, of tribe, of family. Each of these may be further modified by personal peculiarity, idiosyncrasy, habit, custom, manners, mode of living, and occupation.

Flourens, with true Gallic cheeriness, maintains that we have a right to live—that is, we are born with the capacity of living, and *ought* to live—one full century; and offers certain agreeable and plausible reasons for his opinion, founded on our slow rate of growth and tardy attainment of maturity. It is not easy to say when we absolutely cease to grow. We knew a lady—a very pretty one, too—who grew steadily until she was twenty-eight years old and had been some time a mother. And we have a more remarkable and quite authentic record of late growth in the case of Dr. Harrison, of the Isle of Man, who stretched upward a full inch between his thirtieth and thirty-second year. It is a pity that we do not know how long he lived, or whether he carried out the Frenchman's calculation, which would have given him, "barring accident," one hundred and fifty years at least. We cannot but regret, too, that we have no account of the youthful rate of growth of "Old Parr" and Henry Jenkins, famous ancient patriarchs of modern date, men of a century and half; nor any data from which we might infer the period, whether average or retarded, when they

arrived at their tough and persistent manhood.

We pretermit, as vague and misty, all discussion of Captain Riley's Arabs of two hundred and three hundred years of age; of withered and decayed, but still animated, mummies of African women—Joyce Heth and the rest; and of the remote tribes of Finns, Lapps and Esquimaux who never die.

This topic of the Vital Duration of living beings is as obscure as it is interesting. The gardener knows his annuals and biennials, his flowers of a day, a month, a year. At the other end of the scale, and in contrast with this promptly-fading beauty, we find in the orchard, vineyard and forest examples of varying but wonderful endurance and tenacity of life. The peach will yield, in climates suited to it, its delicious fruit for forty to fifty years. The olive, proverbially slow-growing ("tardè crescens"—Hor.), is almost immortal, if carefully tended. The vine at Hampton Court, visited by generation after generation of Englishmen, is still in full vigor. What shall we say of the venerable cedars of Lebanon; of the oak which braves the tempests of a thousand winters, and the baobab, probably the only living survivor of the Noachian Deluge?

We find similar and equally striking contrasts in the animal kingdom. We watch the gay butterfly as it spreads its soft wings and flits through its brief hours of sunshine and love, and turn away, moved with gentle pity, to think of the impending extinction of so much seeming enjoyment. And we ask in vain how, or in what conditions, this ephemeral vitality differs from that of the raven, that croaks his harsh refrain throughout his hundred dreary years, or that of the eagle, who "renews his youth" we know not how often nor how long.

After all, there is grave reason to believe that we must reduce our expecta-

tions to the familiar standard, and accept the allotment of the "threescore and ten years" assigned to us. If, by some special reason of individual vigor or hardihood, we pass beyond this limit, the remaining days are apt to be oppressed with infirmity and languishing. Yet there are wonderful exceptions of persons who, like the charming Ninon de l'Enclos, have retained in admirable measure all the capacities that render life desirable and enjoyable;—eccentric instances both of preservation and renewal of the organic structure and functional activity. There was the Countess of Desmond—

"Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

Graves, the Irish Sydenham, gives us several such histories. There was an Englishman of Maryport, Cumberland, whose hair continued to grow so abundantly that twenty wigs—and the periwigs of that day were full and flowing—twenty wigs were made of it between his eightieth and one hundred and twelfth year. There was the great Curran's great-grandmother, Mrs. Waterworth, who got a new set of teeth and recovered her lost sight after eighty years of age.

Elsewhere we read of a certain Edward Progers, who departed this life on New Year's day, 1713, aged 96, dying then of the anguish of cutting teeth,—“he having cut four new teeth, and had several to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof.” Poor old fellow! in his “second childhood” too literally, alas!

Some time ago we picked up in a foreign bookstore three volumes of a work entitled “*Personages Enigmatiques—Histoires Mystérieuses—Événements peu ou mal connus;*” a French translation from the original, written by a penetrating, deep-digging German in his native language—so well adapted for all mysterious, mythical, enigmatical, and unintelligible inquiries, events, and catastrophes. He has discussed, with great ingenuity and profound research, the shadowy history of many men and women, whose whole existence, as far as

it came to light, was an enigma, and who pass before our eyes like the figures of a magic-lantern or phantasmagoric show. But was there anything exclusive in this characteristic except the incidental relations, which gave it emphatic prominence in the particular examples selected?

If we reflect for a moment, we must perforce arrive at the conclusion that each one of us, if studied in the same way, and with a certain interval of time and distance, would become similarly an enigma, a riddle, unintelligible to the reader or looker-on. How many enigmatical personages now occupy the great stage of action, “observed of all observers!” How little we comprehend of the workings of that powerful machine we call Bismarck, or of the complicated movements of “the nephew of my uncle,” or of that blundering, rude combination of reaping, thrashing and grinding energy, now laid by a while, we hope—that “plant-animal,” as Alfieri would describe him—Garibaldi!

We may regard these, and such as these, as instances in which the ample original stock of vital power expends itself or is employed in special action—not used in merely adhering to existence, nor growth nor renewal or restoration. Of the famous but stupid Phoenix we have nothing recorded but his astonishing relapses into a life during which he has done nothing that we ever heard or read of—he merely lives and re-lives.

But the physiological idea is, that every one is born with a separate store—an endowment hereditarily derived or an individual possession—of a certain amount of nervous power, the very essence of life—vitality embodied; and, either as a part of this, or a peculiar gift, with a certain concurrent capacity of renewal through the general processes of nutrition and restorative conditions. This valuable capital, and the interest it may be made to yield if properly managed—our surplus income of power—we may spend as we please. And we are apt to spend it in our youth; however variously, almost always wastefully. While a Pitt swallows and digests the

Cyclopedia, quietly and gravely to external appearance, but burning inwardly with the intensest ardor of ambition, and thus consumes hastily both interest and capital, to die in early but worn-out youth, some of his compeers throw away their smaller stock in boat-racing, so loudly denounced by surgical Skey; or in Alpine climbing, fruitful, according to Hope, the stethoscopist, in heart-disease, as we know it is in fatal and shocking accidents.

It is not within our scope to treat of the several "fast" methods of disbursing and getting rid of this private hoard of vitality, by which so many fall into premature and disreputable bankruptcy.

Seriously, our purpose in this brief essay upon life and its half-understood or unexplained mysteries is to announce as emphatically and impress as vividly as possible the doctrine—vaguely trite and familiar, but requiring clear and repeated enforcement—that it is the duty of parents first, next of teachers and guardians, and afterwards of each one for himself, to husband the primary resources upon which exclusively he is to depend, and from which, therefore, he must draw prudently and economically. In a certain sense, setting aside the risks, inappreciable and not to be calculated, of accident and pestilence, and with as much precision as is attained in the life-tables of insurance offices, it is in the power of every one to decide how long he ought to live, how long he has a right to live, how long he may live.

If we commence early to measure and restrain our expenditure of vital energy, of nervous power, it will of course last the longer; and longer still if we manage with care and improve the collateral power, with which we are gifted in a certain degree, of renovation, restoration; both of these powers or forces limited, doubtless, and of various extent and amount in different individuals. For we are not "born equal" in this any more than in any other comparable conditions. The favored mortal is he who enjoys coincidentally the largest primordial endowment in both kinds—the funded stock and the enviable

capacity of renewal. In modern times, Henry Lord Brougham has excelled in these respects all his contemporaries. He has spent like a prodigal the invaluable energies which have distinguished him, while his mental treasury, as well as his physical forces, have seemed almost inexhaustible.

We may pursue with advantage the financial analogies already suggested. It is not the miser who subsists longest and best on his hoard. In our double endowment we have, as he has without availing himself of it, the benefit of a reproductive capacity. It is happily ordained that the normal use, "as not abusing it," of every one of our faculties, augments or refreshes it; and thus he who lives duly renews, as fast almost as he expends it, the *palabum* or material of life. Muscular exercise, though it fatigues, and if too violent or protracted exhausts, when proportionally resorted to, increases the muscular power. The brain must be made to work if we would escape stolidity and expand our intellectual capacity. We find this principle well expressed in the ancient apothegm which we quote after Lord Palmerston, following him in his selection of *variorum* readings:

Balnea, Vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora sana;  
Sed vitam faciunt Balnea, Vina, Venus.

But as those prosper best in all human affairs who concentrate most regularly and closely their energies upon one given object, whether in the study of law or philosophy, in the pursuits of commerce, agriculture or mechanics, so those will make the best and safest compromise with the unavoidable contingencies of use and waste who employ their forces uniformly and with definite aim to effect the objects of life, while they endeavor to live at the lowest rate of expenditure of power.

Attention directed in the train of thought into which we have been leading our readers constitutes the study of personal and mental hygiene, which should form everywhere a portion of the education of both sexes, and should govern, or at least influence perceptibly, the

conduct of all those concerned in guiding and protecting them.

That there is great need of some such influence is most emphatically and impressively proved by the immense waste of young life going on in all civilized countries, even in the present nineteenth century, refined and enlightened and progressive as it boasts itself.

From the Registrar's reports we learn that in the temperate climate, and amidst the prosperity and comfort of Great Britain, nearly half the children born—fully 40 per cent.—die before they reach the age of five years. At least as large a

proportion must be lost to us here. Surely these little, helpless animals must come into the world with more than the vitality required to serve them for a single lustrum. Of this there must be allowed to occur a most prodigal waste, or, on the other hand, we must take for granted a wanton or ignorant failure to supply the daily and hourly pabulum demanded of fresh, pure air, genial warmth and sunshine, food and drinks.

But enough for the present: we may, if there seem to be any interest awakened in the subject, resume its consideration.

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### THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

THE Christian and Sanitary Commissions of the late war are without adequate precedents in history. True, we read of individual men and women, in all ages of the world, who did what they could to assuage the miseries of battle-fields, hospitals and military prisons: many knightly, monastic and local civil organizations, to a limited extent, labored often in the same service. But the thought of organizing into grand working unities the scattered, and thus easily wasted, energies of an immense nation was a new one, and the credit of it is exclusively American.

It is not our design here to set forth the history, value or methods of the Christian Commission during the late war, but only to gather together a few representative incidents, which may illustrate its work and recall our soldiers to remembrance. Its intercourse with the army was through nearly five thousand Delegates, who served usually through a term of six weeks, always without pay, and, in a large percentage of cases, without even remuneration for necessary expenses. These gentlemen were of every social class and occupation, though the larger proportion were clergymen of different denominations. Their labors,

under the direction of a select body of paid, permanent agents, were not confined to the soldiers of the Union army, but extended to all who were in sad estate of body, mind or soul through any occurrences of the war. The Commission's name indicates that its highest and holiest function was held to be Christian ministrations. To this all its resources were made subservient.

Of course, with such an army of Delegates, fresh from home and laboring for love, not hire, the service became an eminently personal one, free from the peculiarities of the "circumlocution office" and "red tape." The soldiers were not long in learning to appreciate this.

Rev. Geo. J. Miggins, the present Superintendent of City Missions in New York, one of the Commission's earliest Delegates, tells a bit of his experience at Yorktown, after the occupation of that place by Gen. McClellan, in May, 1862. The subject of the story is an Irishman:

"It was at a time when a great many were sick at Yorktown—men who had marched and dug and delved until they were completely broken down. A great many of them had no clean shirts on. I had a large supply, and was going through a hospital tent, giving them to the poor

fellows. I came to an Irishman. 'My dear friend,' said I, 'how are you? You seem to be an old man.' 'Shure an' I *am* an ould mon, sir.' 'Well, how came you here in the army, old as you are?' 'Och, sir, I'm not ounly an ould mon, but an ould sojer too, I'd have ye know.' He had been twenty years in the British service in India, and had fought America's foes in Mexico. 'Yes, *sir*,' he continued, 'I'm ould, an' I know it; but I'm not too ould to shouldher a musket and hit a rap for the ould flag yit.' 'You're a brave fellow,' said I, 'and I've brought these things to make you comfortable,' as I held out to him a shirt and pair of drawers. He looked at me: said he, '*Is't thim things?*' 'Yes; I want to give them to you to wear.' 'Well, I don't want thim.' 'You *do* want them.' 'Well, I don't,' and he looked at me and then at the goods, and said, somewhat sharply, as I urged him again, 'Niver moind, sir, I don't want thim, an' I tell ye I won't have thim.' 'Why?' 'Shure,' said he, 'd'ye take me for an objic of charity?' That was a kind of poser. I looked at him. 'No, sir,' said I, 'I do *not* take you for an object of charity, and I don't want you to look upon me as a dispenser of charity; for I am not.' 'Well, what are ye, thim?' 'I am a Delegate of the Christian Commission, bearing the thank-offerings of mothers and wives and sisters to you brave defenders of the Stars and Stripes.' I thought, 'Surely, after such a speech as that, I shall get hold of the old fellow's heart.' But he only looked at me and said, '*Anyhow, I won't have thim.*' I felt really hurt. I did not at all like it. He was an Irishman, and I happened to be a Scotchman. I was determined not to be conquered. I meant to try further; and when a Scotchman means to try a thing, he will come very near doing it.

"I didn't talk any further then, but determined to prove by my acts that I had come down to do this old man good. So, day after day I went about my work, nursing, giving medicines, cleaning up the tent, and doing everything I could do. One day, as I went in, a soldier

said, 'There's good news to-day, chaplain.\*' 'Ah! what is it?' 'Paymaster's come.' 'Well, that *is* good news.' 'Yes, but not to me, chaplain.' 'How is that?' 'I've not got my descriptive list; and if a fellow's not got that, the paymaster may come and go, and he's none the better off for it.' 'Well, why don't you get it?' 'I can't write, chaplain; I've got chronic rheumatism.' 'Shall I write for you?' 'If you only would, chaplain.' I hauled out paper and pencil, asked the number of his regiment, name of his captain, company, etc., and sent a simple request that the descriptive list might be remitted to that point. When I had done this, I found a good many who wanted their lists, and I went on writing them till I came to the cot next to the old Irishman's. It was occupied by another Irishman. I asked him if he had his descriptive list. 'No.' 'Shall I write to your captain for it?' 'Av ye plaze,' and I began to write. I noticed the old Irishman stretching over, all attention. I spoke, now and then, a word meant for him, though I affected not to notice him. After I had written the request, I asked the young man if I should read it to him aloud. 'Av ye plaze, sir,' and I read him the simple note. When I had done, the old Irishman broke out with, 'Upon me sowl, sir, ye wroite the natest letter for a dishcriptive list that I iver heerd in me loife. Shure an' a mon wud think ye'd been a sojer all yer days, ye do wroite so nate a letter.' I turned round and asked, 'Have you got yours?' 'An' I haven't, sir.' 'Do you want it?' 'An' to be sure I do,' said he, flaring up; 'an' thot's a quare quistyun to ax a mon,—av he wants his dishcriptive list,—av he wants his pay to boy some dillicacies to sind home to the ould woman an' the childher! I *do* want it; an' av ye'll lind us the sthroke uv yer pin, chaplain, ye'll oblige us.' I sat down and wrote the letter, and when I had done, said, 'Now, boys, give me your letters, and I'll have them post-paid and sent for you.'

"When I returned, sad work awaited

\* The soldiers, almost uniformly, styled the Christian Commission Delegates "Chaplains."



me. One of Massachusetts' sons lay in the tent, dying. I spoke to the suffering boy of mother, of Jesus, of home, of heaven. After I had done all I could for him, I turned to leave the tent. Who should meet me at the door but the old Irishman? He looked very queerly. There was certainly something the matter with him. He was scratching at his head, pulling at his beard, and otherwise acting very strangely; but I did not take much notice of him, as I had been so solemnly engaged. He came up to me, and, clasping my hands, said, 'Be me sowl, sir, ye're no humbug, anyhow!' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Oh,' said he, 'haven't I watched ye ivry day as ye've been goin' through the tint, carin' for the byes? An' ye've been loike a mother to ivry wan uv thim. Thanks to ye, chaplain! thanks to ye, and may God bliss ye!' he repeated, as he again wrung my hand. 'An',' said he, 'ye do all this for nothin'. The byes 've been tillin' me about ye.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that's a mistake.' 'Well, now, how's that? They've been tillin' me ye wur a Prisytharian ministher, an' thot ye came away from yer home down here for the love ye had for the byes. But ye don't do it for nothin', eh? Who, thin, pays ye?—the guvirmint?' 'No; if it had to pay me, it would take a great deal more money than it can spare.' 'Well, does the Commission pay ye?' 'No.' 'Well, thin, av the guvirmint doesn't pay ye, nor the Commission doesn't, who *does* pay ye?' I looked the man straight in the eyes, and said, 'That honest, hearty grasp of the hand, and that hearty "God bless you!" is ample reward for all that I have done for you. Remember, my brave fellow, that you have suffered and sacrificed for me, and I couldn't do less for you now.' He was broken down. He bowed his head and wept. Then taking me by the hand again, he said, 'Shure, an' av thot's the pay ye take, why, thin, *God bliss ye! God bliss ye!* Ye'll be rich uv the coin uv me heart all yer days.' And then, after a moment's pause, he added: '*An' now, chaplain, av ye'll jist give us the shirt an' the dra'rs, I'll wear thim till there's not a thrid wv thim left.*'"

Early in September, 1863, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, the well-known Western Agent of the American Sunday-school Union, then a Delegate at Stevenson, Alabama, writes of a soldiers' tea-party in the hospital:

"One Hoosier boy, not over twenty years old, lay sick with a touch of the fever-and-ague, an affliction which I had myself sometimes suffered from at home. 'What did mother do for you when you had these spells at home?' I asked. 'Oh, she used to make me a good cup of tea, and such nice toast!' 'Why, that's just what *my* mother used to give *me*. And didn't it help you?' 'Yes, almost always.' 'Why don't you get tea and toast here?' 'Oh, the tea is not what mother used to give me, and the toast isn't the same at all.' 'Well,' thought I, 'you shall have some that's good, if it's to be had here.' So, going to the Commission quarters, I soon found myself dipping into a chest of real, genuine black tea, and a cask of sweetest loaf sugar by its side, and a box of condensed milk. Then repairing to the government bakery, I secured a nice loaf of bread, and took it to the establishment in the rear, where the cook was. I began telling him what I wanted, and asking for the privilege of his fire and utensils to do my work, when he interrupted me with, 'In dis kitchen I cooks and you talks.' So he took the knife, sliced the bread and toasted it, while we talked of Jesus and his religion. The tea and toast were at last made. The condensed milk was used instead of butter, and there was a delicious-looking article to carry to the hospital. 'My friend,' I said to the Indiana boy, 'wake up. I have something nice for you.' 'Why, preacher, ain't there milk in that tea?' 'Certainly.' 'Why,' he asked, in astonishment, '*does the Christian Commission keep cows down here?*' 'Better than that, my boy: they have gone all the way to the old cow at home, and it's all right. Now, sit up and eat and drink.' And he did to his heart's content—indeed, I am afraid he ate too much. A soldier close by said, 'Chaplain, can you give me a little tea and toast too?' 'And

me, too?" said another. "And me, too?" was the chorus that went around the room. "Certainly, certainly; we'll have a general tea-party." And we did. The good old cook was notified and he did the toast up brown; and the hot, smoking tea was delicious. We had a glorious tea-party there!"

Mr. John Patterson, of Philadelphia, whose faithful, untiring services on behalf of the soldier can never be told, tells of an amusing colloquy, a few days after Gettysburg, between some Union and Confederate hospital patients and himself:

"Quite a number of us had been busily aiding the surgeons, who had attended to about two hundred cases of amputation during the day. At supper, after being washed and dressed, the men began bragging about the good butter we had given them. 'Let's see, boys,' I said, 'which of you can make the best wish for the old lady who made the butter.' 'An' shure,' replied an Irishman, 'may ivry hair uv her hid be a wax candle to loight her into glory'—a kind of beatified Gorgon, one would say. Then came another Irishman's wish: 'May she be in hivin two wakes before the Devil knows she's ded!' The third and last was from a son of the Emerald Isle likewise; it was addressed to myself: 'An' troth, sir, I hope God 'ill take a likin' to yersilf!'"

But there were deeper wants than those of the body—other comfort and help to be given besides the physical. The gospel of clean clothes, of food that was not "hard-tack," of encouraging words, was but the entering wedge of a higher message, whose proclamation was the Delegate's dearest privilege.

Mr. D. L. Moody, of Chicago, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, was a Delegate to the hospitals after Shiloh. Here is one of his experiences:

"There was a man on one of the boat-loads of wounded from the field who was very low and in a kind of stupor. He was entirely unknown. A little stimulant was poured down his throat, and Mr. Moody called him by different names,

but could get no response. At last, at the name 'William,' the man unclosed his eyes and looked up. Some more stimulant was given, when he revived. He was asked if he was a Christian. His reply was in the negative, yet he manifested great desire to be one. 'But I am so great a sinner that I can't be a Christian.' Mr. Moody told him that he would read him what Christ said about that. Turning to St. John's third chapter, he read the 14th verse: 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The dying man said, 'Stop; read that over again, will you?' It was read again. 'Is that there?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Moody; 'that's there, just as I read it to you.' The man began repeating the words, settling back upon his pillow, as he did so, with a strange, solemn look of peace in his face. He took no further notice of what was going on about him, but continued murmuring the blessed words until left alone.

"The next morning, when the soldier's place was visited, it was found empty. Mr. Moody asked if any one knew aught about him during the night. A nurse who had spent the hours with him until he died, replied, 'All the time I was with him he was repeating something about Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him, but he only answered what he had been muttering all along. Just before he died, about midnight, I saw his lips moving, though there was no sound escaping. I thought he might have some dying message for home, so I asked him for one. But the only answer was the whispered words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up;" and so on until his voice died away and his lips moved no longer.'"

Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of Boston, one of the two Delegates who afterwards went through with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, tells an incident of the spring of 1864, happening in "Bragg's

Hospital," Chattanooga, which beautifully illustrates how bright might be the soldier's last earthly hour :

"A soldier told me how he had found Christ. A man on the next cot was dying some time before. Just before passing away, he called the nurse to bring him a cup of water. Said he, 'Bring two, nurse : I want one for my friend here. He has come a long distance, and must be tired.' 'I don't see any friend,' said the nurse, a little puzzled. 'Don't you see him?' asked the soldier, pointing into what, to every one else in the room, was tenanted only by the vacant air. They assured him there was no one there. But he could not be convinced. 'There is some one standing by the bedside,' he repeated : 'bring him a glass of water, nurse, for he is tired.' And so, doubtless, there *was* One there, for him. 'I didn't see what he saw,' added the man who told me the story ; but the closing eyes of the dying Christian, turned towards the attendant 'Friend,' awed him deeply ; 'For,' said he, 'it must have been an angel.' "

"Thither we hasten through these regions dim,  
But lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim  
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore  
Our lightened hearts shall know  
The life of long ago :  
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore."

Camp Stoneman, near Washington, in March, 1864, furnishes another incident :

"A soldier from Michigan, only eighteen years old, lay dying in the camp hospital. Rev. Mr. C——, a Delegate, was at his side. 'I am very sick : pray for me,' the soldier said. 'Have you a Christian mother?' 'Oh, yes ; my father and mother are both Christians ; so are my sisters ; my brother is a minister. But I'm afraid I'm not a Christian : I wish I was.' He was prayed with, and then offered for himself a most fervent petition. As the Delegate read St. John's 14th chapter, the soldier anticipated him, showing his knowledge of the Bible. Together the two sang—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
and afterwards—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

"Just before dying the boy called the wardmaster to him, and, lifting his weak arms, put them round the man's neck and kissed him. Looking up, he said, 'I love everybody.' He prayed again ; and afterwards, feeling very much exhausted, the nurse told him to try and sleep a little. They lifted him gently upon his left side. His thoughts went back to her whose memory lingers longest upon earth. Like as a child might have done, he folded his arms across his breast, and in a low voice repeated distinctly—

"Now I lay me down to sleep :  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep :  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"The light went out of the dying eyes : the pale lips moved not again. The answer to the simple petition had come quickly indeed :

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God."

Rev. G. S. F. Savage, District Secretary of the American Tract Society in Chicago, tells this story of the battle of Belmont, Gen. Grant's first considerable military engagement :

"A lieutenant of an Iowa regiment, wounded by a ball in the shoulder, was conveyed to the hospital at Cairo. At first it was thought that he would recover, but after a few days he rapidly declined. Just before his death a lady nurse said to him, 'Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live : if you have any word to send to your wife and little one in Iowa, you must speak it very quickly.' He looked up at her, his face shining like St. Stephen's, and said, 'Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus.' "

Here is another beautiful reminiscence of Shiloh, related by Mr. D. L. Moody :

"A surgeon, going over the field to bandage bleeding wounds, came upon a soldier lying in his blood, with his face to the ground. Seeing the horrible wound in his side and the death pallor on his face, he was passing on to attend to others, when the dying man called him, with a moan, to come, just for a

moment. He wanted to be turned over. The doctor lifted the mangled body as best he could, and laid him upon his back. A few moments after, while dressing wounds near by, he heard him say, 'This is glory! this is glory!' Supposing it was the regret of a dying soldier, correcting, in this scene of carnage, his former estimate of the 'pomp and circumstance of war,' the surgeon put his lips to his ear, and asked, '*What is glory, my dear fellow?*' 'Oh, doctor, it's glory to die with my face upward! and moving his hand feebly, his forefinger set, as if he would point the heavenly way, he made his last earthly sign.'

Rev. Edward P. Smith, so long the Commission's Field Agent in the Cumberland Army, writes, in July, 1863, from Murfreesboro', the grand centre before Rosecrans' movement upon Tullahoma:

"A soldier from the 'Anderson Troop' (Fifteenth Penna. Cav.) was brought, late one afternoon, to the general hospital outside of this place. It was his first experience of this kind, more desolate by far to him than any picture of ours can make it,—taken weak and desponding as he was, from among comrades who enlisted with him in Philadelphia, into the company of strangers. As the nurse, who has lifted him from the ambulance and has laid him on his cot, is helping him undress, the cavalryman asks, with a hesitating voice, 'Nurse, do you ever read in the wards?' The nurse replied in the affirmative. 'Well, nurse, I wish you would read a bit for me this evening.' 'What shall I read?' The soldier asks him to take a Bible from his knapsack. 'Find that chapter about "Coming to the waters."' The nurse was a Christian, and readily turned to the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and read through the first verse: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat. Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.' 'That's it,' said the sick man, 'that's it.' As the nurse was continuing the reading through the chapter, the cavalryman stopped him, and said, 'Read that verse

again, nurse: "Ho, every one that thirsteth."' He read it again, and then again, at the man's earnest request. 'Now,' he said, 'that'll do, nurse. Do you ever pray?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I can pray.' 'Will you offer a little prayer for me?' The nurse knelt by his cot and offered the request which the soldier dictated. The next morning he asked again for the reading of Scripture. The nurse said, 'What shall I read?' 'I want to hear again about that "Coming to the waters."' He read it twice to him that morning and twice in the evening, and prayed with him. The next morning he read it again. 'I must pray for myself, nurse,' the cavalryman said, and he asked to be placed in the attitude of prayer on his cot. He would not be denied the privilege. They placed him on his knees, with his hand on the head of his iron cot. He began praying for himself in the words of the Lord's Prayer. And so the Messenger found him; and taking him up home, 'showed' him 'a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

"A week or two before I had met, in Louisville, a relative of the cavalryman, who was vainly trying to get through the lines to minister to him. I took the soldier's address, and, very soon afterwards, visited the Murfreesboro' hospital. The nurse related the affecting story, which was at once communicated to the cavalryman's mother in Philadelphia. She would never have learned in any other way, most probably, how her boy died. Certainly, in the Last Great Day there will be very many surprises to mothers and fathers and friends, from the unveiling of histories told to no human ears; which He only noted who 'shall bring into judgment every secret thing.'"

Rev. E. F. Williams, for a long time one of the Field Agents in the Army of the Potomac, relates the story of the death of Captain Bronson, shot in the shoulder at Chancellorsville, who lingered for more than two weeks in the hospital:

"Death had no terrors for him; but there was a struggle that a parent's heart

can only know, when he said, 'Oh, if I could only get inside the old homestead, and look on the faces of my little ones, and my parents, and George and Lottie, I should be satisfied.' I replied, '*We shall come pretty soon.*' He answered with a smile, as he pointed upward, 'Yes, only a little further on.'

"Shortly before he breathed his last, he said, 'Sing me one of the songs of Zion.' His wife, who had come, asked him, 'What shall we sing—"Rock of Ages?"' 'Yes, "Rock of Ages."' That and 'Come, sing to me of heaven' were sung. Bending over him as he lay with closed eyes, as if for a moment asleep, my ear caught the word 'glory,' quickly followed by the expression, in a loud, distinct voice, 'Death is nothing to the glory beyond.' I asked, 'Is death swallowed up in victory?' The answered words came back from the threshold of the heavenly door, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

After Spottsylvania Court House, Rev. Mr. Williams, passing through the extemporized hospital at Laurel Hill, came upon the tent in which lay the noble Gen. Rice of New York :

"A company of soldiers were crowding round a fly, under which lay several wounded officers. The interest of all seemed to centre in the slight form of one who was in the midst of the suffering group, the star upon whose shoulder discovered his rank. The day was intensely hot and sultry, so that the sides of the fly were raised a few feet from the ground to secure better circulation of air. The head of the general was towards the centre and his feet towards the outer edge of the tent. A few pine boughs were his only couch. One of his legs had been amputated. Members of his staff, weeping, stood about him or stooped fondly down to catch his last whispered words. From his moving lips, it was surmised that he wished to be turned over. 'Which way?' asked a lieutenant. '*Towards the enemy,*' was the indistinct response; and he was carefully and lovingly turned towards the foe, the booming of whose guns was even then telling of fearful carnage in

our lines. A moment later, a Delegate bent over him and, whispering gently, said, 'How does Christ seem to you now, general?' 'Near by,' was the quick but faintly-spoken answer; and with these words upon his lips the spirit of General Rice passed into the better land."

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of Missouri, was one of the original members of the Christian Commission, and throughout the war was an active Delegate as well as soldier. In the summer of 1865, at the close of a Sabbath service in Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, he told to the soldiers present a story of his earlier campaigns in Arkansas :

"One of my noble boys, very young and a Christian, was brought into the hospital, stricken down with malarial fever; and, weary with the tedium of camp-life, he longed, as he lay on his weary cot, through the 'lazy, leaden-stepping hours,' for the active fray. His ideal of a soldier's life was 'at the front.' Learning of his sickness, and that he must soon die, I hastened to his side. After talking with him about his soldier-life, his home and his approaching death, I said, 'Now, my boy, when I get back to St. Louis, I shall go to see your mother, and the first question she will ask will be, "How did Charley die?" Can't you tell me, in a few words, exactly how you feel about dying?' 'Yes, general,' said he, fastening his deep blue eyes upon me; 'I think I can. It seems just as if I was going to the front.'

"And so indeed he was. For is not the real campaign beyond, for which this life is only the drill-camp?"

There are no incidents which so conquer us with their beautiful significance as the stories of soldiers' sacrifices and devotion. Reverently we think of them as the faint, human images of the great central sacrifice made by the "Only-Begotten and Well-Beloved Son." From a very rich storehouse we can select but a very few. The first is the story of a Delegate at Mission Ridge :

"We met four soldiers bearing back a comrade on a blanket. The men

halted when they saw us and laid down their burden, asking if we would see whether the color-sergeant was badly wounded. I knelt down by him and said, 'Sergeant, where did they hit you?' 'Most up the ridge, sir.' 'I mean, sergeant, where did the ball strike you?' 'Within twenty yards of the top—almost up.' 'No, no, sergeant; think of yourself for a moment: tell me where you are wounded;' and throwing back the blanket, I found his upper arm and shoulder mashed and mangled with a shell. Turning his eye to look for the first time on his wound, the sergeant said, 'That is what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse and making for the top. I was almost up when that ugly shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer—two minutes longer—I should have planted the colors on the top. Almost up; almost up.' We could not get the dying color-bearer's attention to himself. The fight and the flag held all his thoughts; and while his ear was growing heavy in death, with a flushed face and look of ineffable regret, he was repeating, 'Almost up; almost up.' The brigade to which he belonged had carried the ridge, and his own regiment, rallying under the colors which had dropped from his shattered arm, was shouting the victory for which the poor sergeant had given his young life, but of which he was dying without the sight."

Rev. J. H. Knowles, of Batavia, N. Y., in June, 1864, was just leaving the army before Petersburg for home, at the close of his term of service, when this incident occurred:

"A soldier had been brought in on a stretcher and placed under the shade of a green tree. He was shot through the mouth: his tongue was cut. He was unable to speak, and the surgeon said he must die. Upon a card he wrote his desire to see a Delegate of the Christian Commission. They summoned me. As I approached, he made signs for pencil and paper, and wrote, 'I am a Christian, prepared to die:' then, after looking about him upon the soldiers near, he wrote again, 'Rally round the flag, boys;

rally round the flag.' I took the writing, and with deep emotion read it aloud to his comrades standing about him. The dying boy then raised his bloody hand, and, though unable to speak, waved it, as Marmion his sword, over his head with all the enthusiasm of the charge; and then, quietly, while every eye was wet with quickly-gathered tears, went away out of the midst of the company into the City of Peace."

The wounded from the Wilderness battles were sent to Fredericksburg, which became a vast hospital and grave. And yet, even here, where the weight and sorrow of the war seemed heaviest, the clouds, surcharged with thunderbolts of wrath, were lifted often, and gleams of sweetness and light came through, telling how God was not forgetting to be gracious. A few stories of Delegates' hospital work will show how it was that there, as once more wonderfully, the darkest day witnessed the brightest sacrifice. The first incidents are from the experience of Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of Philadelphia:

"One poor fellow, taking me for a surgeon, said, 'Sir, will you dress my wound?' I am not a doctor, but I did my best. I took off the bandage, sponged away the hard incrustation that had gathered upon the wound, and found that both his eyes were gone: he had been shot through the eyes and the bridge of the nose. 'Poor fellow!' I said to him; 'this is hard.' 'Yes, it is hard, but I would go through it again for my country.'

"Right beside him there lay a man upon a stretcher, strong and noble-looking, but shot through the head. His eyes were closed; he knew no one; could answer to no voice, and yet he still breathed. I never shall forget how that massive chest heaved up and down. We watched him for hours, thinking every hour would be his last. All night he lay there motionless, save that heaving bosom. In the morning he was no better, but he began to move his feet. He seemed to be marching, and he marched until he died—tramp, tramp, tramp—dead, but marching on."

Rev. Herrick Johnson, of Pittsburg, relates the following :

"I remember a soldier from Maine who had lost his left leg. The little delicacies and attentions had opened his heart. He had told me of his widowed mother and loving sisters, and I had written his message home. Back came their noble answer, saying, 'We cannot, as a family, both brothers and sisters, express our gratitude enough to Him who ruleth all things if, from the glorious Army of the Potomac, He give us back our darling with only the loss of one leg.' And from that couch of suffering was sent up a message to heaven also. And that, I believe, found answer—more blessed even than the message home. For hours and days he had been lying on the hard floor, with nothing but a blanket under him, restless and sleepless from the shock his nervous system had received. There, in the dusk of evening, with his hand close clasped in mine, the patient hero breathed his low prayer: 'O Father, God, be pitiful, be merciful, give me rest—rest of body and of soul—oh, give me rest!' And the hard floor seemed to grow woolly soft, as if Jesus had pillowed it; and rest, 'of rest, God's rest the best,' came to that tired heart. 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.'

"I recall another, a young sergeant, one of whose limbs had been sadly shattered. He was a brave, patient boy, but remarkably reticent, resolutely maintaining a cold reserve. For days he was proof against all kindness, but at last I found the way down to his heart's secret place of tenderness and tears, and the great drops wet his cheeks as he told how he had run away from home and almost broken his mother's heart. He said his own pain was nothing to the trouble he had given her. 'Shall I write to your mother,' I asked, 'and tell her how and where you are?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'but break the news, gently, break it gently; and oh, tell her how sorry I am for having laid such a burden on her loving heart.' And then we talked of another home he had

wandered from, and another heart he had grieved, and I asked him if he had not a penitent message to send home to God. Ere long, I believe there was joy in the presence of the angels over the return of one more prodigal. The surgeons at last decided that his leg must be amputated; and very soon it became manifest that even this would not save him, and we told him he must die. He was ready; arms, haversack, canteen, blanket—all had been lost on the battlefield, but he had clung to the flag he bore, and he lay there with it wrapped about him. Just as he was dying his lips moved. We stooped to listen. He was making his last charge; 'Come on, boys! our country and our flag for ever!' We asked him, 'Is the Saviour with you?' And he whispered, 'Do you think he would pass by and not take me? I go, I go.' And wrapped in stars, he went up among the stars."

One other incident, of the battle of Resaca, told by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, seems to us a fitting climax here. It cannot be surpassed elsewhere in history.

"Two of us picked up a man in our arms to carry him off the field. A shell had struck him in the mouth, tearing an awful wound, which was bleeding profusely. I offered the poor fellow a drink from my canteen. One would not have guessed, in looking at him, that he could have any thoughts beyond his wound at the time. The first sensation after a wound is well known to be one of intense thirst. Yet the soldier refused the proffered draught. I asked him why. '*My mouth's all bloody, sir, and it might make the canteen bad for the others.*' He was 'only a private,' rough and dusty with the battle, but the answer was one which Sir Philip Sidney or the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, had not equaled when they gave utterance to the words which have made their names immortal."

The hardships and dangers of the service of relief were sometimes only equaled by those of the soldiers themselves. About forty Delegates paid the penalty of their devotion by their death,

and very many others carried with them to their homes the seeds of future and lingering disease. Yet there was ever comfort to be gathered in these trials from the very Gospel that was preached to others. Rev. Edward P. Smith, the Cumberland Army Field Agent, gives an account of his sickness and recovery while on an official visit to the army around Vicksburg before that city fell, which illustrates this :

“I had been in the army but a few days when I was taken sick with the malarial fever and carried to the hospital. It was my first experience of sickness in camp. I said to myself, when they had carried me into the tent and left me alone, ‘Now you will have an opportunity to try the effect of the counsels you have so often given to soldiers in like circumstances.’ But I found it one thing to preach, and quite another to practice. I knew that God does all things right and well, but I could not help the feeling that a change in my present prospects would be an improvement. I passed a sleepless night, alone and without a light. The more I tried to settle into the conviction that God would provide and make it well for me, the more I was longing for a change.

“While I thus lay thinking and tossing on my blanket, just at the gray of the dawn in the morning, the fold of my tent parted and a black face peered through. It was ‘Old Nannie,’ a colored woman who had taken my washing the day before. What had sent her there at that hour? Looking smilingly at me, she said, ‘Massa, does ye see de bright side, dis mornin’?’ ‘No, Nannie,’ said I, ‘it isn’t as bright as I wish it was.’ ‘Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side.’ ‘You do?’ said I; ‘maybe you haven’t had much trouble.’ ‘Maybe not,’ she said; and then she went on and told me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the successive loss of her children, one by one, and then of her husband. She was *alone* in the crowded camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years. She closed up with, ‘Maybe I ain’t seen no trouble, massa?’ ‘But, Nannie,’ said

I, ‘have you seen the bright side all the time?’ ‘Allus, massa, allus.’ ‘Well, how did you do it?’ ‘Dis is de way, massa: when I see the great, brack cloud comin’ over,’ and she waved her dusky hand inside the tent as though one might be settling down there, ‘an’ ’pears like it’s comin’, crushin’ down on me, den I jist whip aroun’ on the oder side, and I fin’ de Lord Jesus dar; an’ den it’s all bright and cl’ar. The bright side’s allus whar Jesus is, massa.’ ‘Well, Nannie,’ said I, ‘if you can do that, I think I ought to.’ ‘’Pears like ye ought to, massa, an’ you’s a preacher ob de Word of Jesus.’

“She went away. I turned myself on my blanket, and said in my heart, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd; it is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo Bluff or in the churchyard at home, “the Lord is my Shepherd.”’ With this sweet peace of rest, God’s care and love became very precious to me. I fell asleep. When I woke, I was in a perspiration: my fever was broken. Old Nannie’s faith had made me whole.”

The Commission owed much of its success to the full and hearty co-operation of the general and subordinate commanders of the various armies. Without this, its work would have been either very imperfectly done, or restricted entirely to the great army-bases and home hospitals, which were nearly always well cared for by private residents in their neighborhood. Real or supposed military necessities sometimes impeded this co-operation, but never permanently hindered it. Rev. Mr. Smith tells an amusing incident of an involuntary interview with Gen. Sherman, on the one Sunday spent by the advancing Western Army at Kingston, in May, 1864:

“When we found that the army was to be at rest over the Sabbath, appointments were made in the different brigades for two or three services to each preaching Delegate. I had an appointment in the Baptist Church in the morning, and at Gen. Howard’s headquarters, in the woods, in the afternoon. The church had not been cleaned since its occupa-



tion as a Confederate hospital. The sexton, who agreed to put the house in order on Saturday afternoon, failed me, and only an hour before the time for service I discovered that another man, engaged and paid for doing the same work on Sabbath morning, had served me in the same way. It was too late now to look for help. I took off my ministerial coat, and for one hour, with the mercury at ninety degrees, worked with might and main. When I had swept out the straw, cleared the rubbish from the pulpit, thrown the bunks out the window, pitched the old seats down from the loft, arranged them in order on the floor, and dusted the whole house over twice, it was time for service. I sprang up into the belfry—the rope had been cut away—and, with some pretty vigorous strokes by the bell-tongue, told the people around that the hour for worship had arrived. Dropping down again through the scuttle upon the vestibule floor, a treacherous nail carried away an important part of one leg of my pantaloons. It was my only suit at the front, and while I was pondering how I should present myself before the congregation, a corporal and two bayonets from Gen. Sherman's headquarters, not twenty yards away, came to help me in the decision. 'Did you ring the bell?' 'I did.' 'I am ordered to arrest you.' 'For what?' 'To bring you to Gen. Sherman's headquarters.' 'But, corporal, I can't see the general in this plight: I am an agent of the Christian Commission, and am to preach here this morning, and was ringing the bell for service. If you will tell the general how it is, it will be all right.' 'That's not the order, sir.' 'Well, corporal, send a guard with me to my quarters, till I wash up and pin together this rent.' 'That's not the order, sir; fall in.' Without hat or coat, and with gaping wardrobe, preceded by the corporal and followed by the bayonets, I called at headquarters. Gen. Corse, chief of staff, standing by the side of Gen. Sherman, received me. Without waiting for charges or questions, I said, 'General, I belong to the Christian Commission. We are to have service

in the church across the way, and I was ringing the bell.' 'Is this Sunday?' Some mischievous soldiers had alarmed the people by ringing the bell, and an order was issued against it, but we were not aware this was Sunday. There is no harm done. At what hour is the service?'—and, bowing me out, he discharged the guard. As I entered, Gen. Sherman was drumming with thumb and finger on the window-sill, and when the corporal announced his prisoner, the general commanding fixed his cold, gray eye on me for a moment, motioned to his chief to attend to the case, and, without moving a muscle of his face, resumed his drumming and his Sabbath problem—how to flank Johnston out of the Allatoona Mountains."

Col. Granville Moody relates an interesting piece of the history of the movements which preceded the Stone River battles:

"The advance from Nashville began near the close of the week. Rain, mud and mist were the order of the day. The enemy's cavalry were harassing the front. The march, under such difficulties, made the troops unusually weary. Gen. Rosecrans held a council of war, to ask his generals' opinions on several matters connected with the movement. The question was raised, Shall the army march or rest on Sunday? The decision was doubtful. Some thought a day would thus be lost; others suggested that the troops needed rest. At last, after nearly all had given their opinion, Gen. Crittenden, who had been stalking back and forth under the trees during the discussion, was asked for his judgment. Turning round towards the group, and pointing his finger solemnly upward toward the wet sky, he said, earnestly, 'Gentlemen, I don't know how you feel about *that*; but we are going into a battle in a day or two, and I always have thought it best to be on the right side of the old Master above. The army can wait.' That Sunday the soldiers rested."

We have spoken already of General Fisk's connection with the Commission, and of his active work in the army. A

series of incidents from his experience may fitly close this paper :

"While his first regiment was organizing at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Col. Fisk was in the habit of conducting religious meetings with his men, in the great amphitheatre of the fair grounds. These meetings were of great interest. Thousands of citizens were regularly in attendance to join in the services, and some clergyman was present each Sabbath to preach. One Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church, was preaching earnestly upon the necessity of a pure life, exhorting the men to beware of the vices incident to the camp, and especially warning them against profanity. The doctor related the incident of the commodore, who, whenever recruits reported to his vessel for duty, was in the habit of entering into an agreement with them that he should do all the swearing for that vessel ; and appealed to the thousand Missouri soldiers in Col. Fisk's regiment to enter into a solemn covenant that day with the colonel that he should do all the swearing for the Thirty-third Missouri. The regiment rose to their feet as one man and entered into the covenant. The sight was grand.

"For several months no swearing was heard in the regiment. Col. Fisk became a brigadier, and followed Price into Arkansas. But one evening, as he sat in front of his headquarters at Helena, he heard some one down in the bottom lands near the river swearing in the most approved Flanders style. On taking observation, he discovered that the swearer was a teamster from his own headquarters, a member of his covenanting regiment, and a confidential old friend. He was hauling a heavy load of forage from the depôt to camp : his six mules had become rebellious with their overload, had run the wagon against a stump and snapped off the pole. The teamster opened his great batteries of wrath and profanity against the mules, the wagon, the Arkansas mud, the Confederacy and everything else. In the course of an hour afterwards the teamster was passing headquarters : the general called to

him and said, 'John, did I not hear some one swearing most terribly an hour ago down on the bottom?' 'I think you did, General.' 'Do you know who it was?' 'Yes, sir ; it was me, General.' 'Do you not remember the covenant entered into at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, with Rev. Dr. Nelson, that I should do all the swearing for our old regiment?' 'To be sure I do, General,' said John ; 'but then you were not there to do it, *and it had to be done right off!*'

"Gen. Fisk related this story, in January, 1865, in the hearing of President Lincoln, at an anniversary meeting of the Commission, in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington. The President, if one might judge from his demonstrations on the occasion, enjoyed the incident hugely. The next morning Gen. Fisk was waiting in the ante-room of the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. A poor old man from Tennessee was moving about among the large number in attendance, with a very sorrowful face. Sitting down beside him, the general inquired his errand, and learned that he had been waiting three or four days to get an audience. On seeing Mr. Lincoln probably depended the life of his son, who was now under sentence of death at Nashville for some military offence. Gen. Fisk wrote his case in outline on a card, and sent it in with a special request that the President would see the man. In a moment the order came ; and past senators, governors and generals, waiting impatiently, the old man was ushered into the President's presence. He showed Mr. Lincoln his papers. He took them, and said, with great kindness, that he would look into them and give him an answer on the following day. The old man, in agony of apprehension, looked up into the President's sympathetic face, and cried aloud, 'To-morrow may be too late. My son is under sentence of death. The decision ought to be made *right off!*' and the streaming tears told how he was moved. The tall form of Mr. Lincoln bent over the old man in an instant. 'Come,' said he, 'wait a bit, and I'll tell you a story about something else

that had to be done *right off.*' And then he went on and related the story of 'John Todd,' which Gen. Fisk had told the evening before. As he told it the old man became interested; for a moment he forgot his boy and sorrow, and President and listener had a hearty laugh over the ludicrous conclusion.

"Mr. Lincoln took up the papers again, and bent over them a second to write a few magic words. The old man's eyes filled with tears again as he read them, but this time the tears were joyful ones, for the words saved the life of his boy."

### LOVE ON THE OHIO.

MR. GEORGE THORN had just graduated at Jefferson College, and was on his way from Canonsburg to his home in Iowa. He had registered his name and paid his fare to St. Louis on the steamer *Brilliant*, lying at Wheeling wharf, and for twenty-four hours had been waiting for the boat to complete her loading and start upon the trip. Under such circumstances, every diversion is made available as a prop to patience and a means of whiling away the otherwise tedious hours. Not the least interesting of such diversions are those afforded by the arrival and departure of other boats; and especially the study of the forms and faces of the passengers who throng the guards of the boats, engaged, it may be, in similar occupation.

While Mr. Thorn was sitting forward on the boiler-deck of the *Brilliant*, thus scanning the passengers on the steamer *Clipper*, which had just arrived, his eye fell upon a young lady whose countenance and form at once affected him as with a spell of witchery. She was standing upon the guards of the *Clipper* to the rear of the wheelhouse, and conversing with another lady beside her, while they both looked out upon the busy scene which the other steamers and the wharf presented.

"What a peerless woman!" mentally exclaimed Mr. Thorn, as he gazed and gazed, in enchantment which every moment deepened upon him. After a few moments more of intensest scrutiny, he

indulged in more enthusiastic mental exclamations. "Hebe, what a face! O Terpsichore, what a form!" said he, his late college-studies following him into his bewilderment and mingling with his emotions. Then he gazed again, minutely studying the lady's hair, her eye, her mouth, her attitude, her manner; and this time mere classical allusions seemed too tame for his purpose. He quoted one of Horace's most glowing amatory passages. He had in those few minutes become a votary of Venus. Cupid had shot a quiver-full of arrows into his heart.

It matters very little what were the real facts in regard to the lady's personal attractions. Titania, when the spell was upon her, fondled Bottom the weaver, although he wore the shaggy head on his shoulders; and, by-the-way, he told her the truth in return, that "love and reason keep little company together now-a-days." It happened, however, in Mr. Thorn's case, that the fascination was of a somewhat reasonable nature. The lady was young and handsome, elegant and graceful. She had been the centre of attraction on the *Clipper* during the entire trip. Mr. Thorn was not alone, therefore, in his admiration.

By the tacit common law of steam-boat travel, upon the Western waters at least, personal inspection of those around you is admissible, if it be not specially obtrusive or markedly impertinent. It seems to be necessary as an antidote to ennui and insipidity; as in Mr. Thorn's

case, for instance. By allowance of this law, the young lady who had so magically attracted his attention slowly passed her eye back and forth along the line of passengers upon the guards of the Brilliant. Each time it encountered Mr. Thorn's, fixed upon her with such intent and eager gaze that she could not help observing it; and, attention once being drawn to him, he was not likely to be disparaged by it, for he was a manly fellow—large, well-made, self-possessed, with a general air of good sense and good nature.

It is not worth while to repeat here the trite old disquisition about the language of the eye. Everybody knows that eyes can say some things better than tongues can; and, in fact, can say some things that tongues cannot say. Besides, eyes are rather unconventional in their talk. They speak, too, at such distances and so freely, without exciting the least thought of impropriety. Right over broad and deep gulfs set by conventionality they speak clearly and distinctly, and not unfrequently reveal in a twinkling secrets which the more politic or less facile tongue would boggle at for days, and probably stumble over in the end. Not, indeed, that the eye is without its own prudences and proprieties; but it is prudent and proper as judged by a more generous code of social laws and a more liberal system of social ethics than would be appropriate to that grosser, more sensuous organ, the tongue.

By this subtle language of the eye Mr. Thorn, whether intentionally or not, told the strange young lady that he was captivated; and she, in return, at least modestly intimated a little complaisant sentimentalism. And for half an hour or more they kept up the running talk, at intervals as propriety allowed, until quite a special acquaintance of that kind was formed.

But what of all that? Such acquaintanceships have a very slender tenure, and are usually of the most evanescent kind. Besides, the circumstances were rather unfavorable to its cultivation. The steamer Clipper was making only

a transient stop, and would presently shove off and proceed upon her trip; and that would end the whole matter. The strangers, who had never seen each other before, would probably never see each other again.

When that thought first occurred to Mr. Thorn, it "struck all the blood into his face like a strong buffet;" for during the last half hour he had been building some very seemly castles in the air, and such a consideration flecked them with mist, if it did not hide them in thick clouds. But love is a hopeful as well as an unreasoning thing; and another glance of the lady's eye revived Mr. Thorn's cheer for the moment.

Yet only for the moment. When the glance was turned away, back came that thought upon him with unwonted force. So abrupt, so violent was its assault, that it jerked him from his seat and hurried him off into the cabin. He went there to consult philosophy, he said to himself; and, pacing back and forth, he consulted philosophy in such a soliloquy as this:

"What a fool I am, to be thus bewitched by a woman whom I have never met before and shall never meet again! True, she has the loveliest face and the grandest form I ever saw. And such an eye! Oh, Juno! never such an eye dawned upon me before! And such rich, melting summer-full lips! whole swarms of smiles lingering about them, like bees about fruit that is mellow and sweet with ripeness. And then that gentle, kindly expression of face, through which intelligence and culture beam like the sun through the soft, hazy air of Indian summer! Ah! that is where her power of enchantment lies. And how benignantly she has been recognizing my glances! Yet how modestly, too! And with what a queenly regard to proprieties! I am satisfied that she is favorably disposed, if—— But there it is! Oh, my heart! how can I bear the idea of our thus drifting apart upon life's wide ocean, to be separated for ever!"

Here his soliloquy became incoherent, turbulent, tumultuous. Fragments of hopes, of fears, of poetic apostrophes to

lips, to eyes, to form, went floating by upon that troublous tide of thought and emotion. Meantime he paced the floor of the empty cabin back and forth, back and forth, with constantly increasing nervousness of gait, until, just as he was saying to himself, "Eternal separation! How can I endure it, when it has been a pain to me to withdraw for only a few moments from her presence?" the bell of the Clipper rang for starting. That brought Mr. Thorn to a decision. He sprang to his state-room, seized his trunk and dragged it to the front door of the cabin, where he happened to meet a porter, whom he ordered to put it on board of the Clipper. Meanwhile he remembered his valise, and ran back to get it. By the time he returned an adventure awaited him. His trunk had been transferred, and the Clipper was unloosed and was swinging off; but the porter remained unpaid. Be sure that his coin to the porter was broad (it was in 1858, when coins were extant), and his leap was superb; for he had a shrewd suspicion that a pair of bright black eyes might be watching him from some lookout above.

The old adage about marriage in haste and repentance at leisure may be fitly applied to other acts besides marriage. Think of Mr. Thorn's case, for instance. He had lost his passage-money paid on the Brilliant. He had got on board of a boat which was going up the river instead of down. This was acting the prodigal with time as well as money. He had thrown himself into a flurry of excitement by a madcap adventure which cost him his self-respect, and might have cost him his life. And all this for what?

There, indeed, was the rub. After paying his fare to Pittsburg and retiring to his room, Mr. Thorn asked that question over and over with a very practical air, but somehow managed to answer it each time with rapturous interjections about starry eyes and pearly teeth. After a time, however, when his fluttering had somewhat subsided, and he had taken his fill of pooh-poohing at money as compared with the unspeakable treasure he was seeking, he condescended to con-

sider the matter rather practically by inquiring in what way—by what special methods—he proposed to secure this priceless treasure.

Then, for the first time, some of the difficulties of the case occurred to him. He remembered that, whatever freedom there might be for eyes, the rigid social rules which governed ladies while traveling on steamboats were more exclusive of strangers than the social rules governing anywhere else. He reflected, too, that he was an utter stranger to all on board, and could not, therefore, hope for an introduction, even at third or fourth hand.

When these suggestions arose, his first impulse was to smother them with romance; and he even began to cast about for instances in which worse obstacles had been removed by the occurrence of some happy event. But let us do Mr. Thorn the justice to say that he was a man of sense—when not in love; and that, even in love, all his good sense did not forsake him. He rigidly checked fancy and snubbed the romantic tendency; and then, looking the whole affair over in the light of common sense, he concluded that he had made himself ridiculous, in his own eyes at least; and for the moment it seemed to him, too, that the throngs of passengers on both boats had been witnesses of his folly. This last notion, however, he presently detected as a mere suggestion of mortified pride; for he was now coming to his senses. But there was still enough discouragement and reproach left to bear his mental reaction down to the depression of shame, mortification and chagrin; and for the time, therefore, his infatuation was forgotten.

By-and-bye another reaction ensued. Pondering upon his reckless, prodigal waste of money and time, his frantic inconsiderateness in changing boats, and his present ridiculous position, he grew excited, exasperated, maddened at himself. At such times men need diversion from themselves. Happy are they who, like Mr. Thorn, have the instinct which spontaneously prompts them to seek it. He rose hastily, lit a cigar, and went up

to the hurricane-deck to smoke and look about him, and cease thinking of his folly.

He noticed nobody on the way. Self was too distinctly before him yet. Passing through the crowd of passengers on the boiler-deck, and ascending the stairway leading above, he walked back the whole length of the hurricane-deck to the stern of the boat, and looked down into the rushing, foaming water swirling away in the wake. At any other time it would have made him dizzy to do so, but now it seemed to have just the opposite effect. It steadied him, by recalling his attention to the outside world. Then he turned to traverse the deck in the opposite direction, when, behold! his strange lady met his view. She was promenading there with another lady, in a leisurely, sauntering way. He had not noticed them before, because they were on the opposite side of the pilot-house from him when he came up on deck.

His eyes met hers, just near, not more than two steps distant. Their first mutual glance was a sort of recognizing one. Then each searchingly scanned the other for a brief but intense moment. That was a look of investigation, of scrutiny. The proprieties forbade going beyond that, although he felt very much inclined to telegraph the message, "I am seeking opportunity." Instead of that, however, he acceded to her message of "stranger," and said "stranger" in return. Then he passed on.

But something, Mr. Thorn thought, had been gained. They had seen each other nearer than before, and were both satisfied upon closer scrutiny. Some persons look best at a distance, because they are coarse, or bear upon their persons some blemish of proportion which only close inspection can detect. This was not the case with either of them. Real beauty, symmetry and grace will bear the narrowest scrutiny of competent eyes; and this nearer approach evidently impressed both of them. Besides, there was in it a fresh prop to Mr. Thorn's hope. Who could tell what might not occur? he said to himself; and again the

spell of enchantment took possession of him in full force.

As he walked forward after passing her, all kinds of schemes for accomplishing his aim suggested themselves to his now newly-heated brain. But amid the multitude there was not one that seemed practical. They each required some condition precedent to success; and the condition was in every instance wanting. He kept canvassing them, however, in hope that they would suggest something available; and, as he passed back and forth—meeting the lady, of course, at every turn—he became less and less fastidious in regard to the artistic symmetry and consistency of a plan. He was willing, in fact, to strain propriety a little for the sake of securing success. He even meditated the desperate expedient of attempting to pick up an acquaintance, by speaking to her incidentally at some favorable opportunity; but that thought was repressed as unworthy of himself and of her.

The truth is, that his infatuation was growing upon him; and, indeed, there seemed to be cause for its growth. As they passed and repassed in walking to and fro, their mutual glances, although not such as would have attracted the attention of others, were nevertheless full of meaning. Mr. Thorn was not obtrusive, indeed; not impertinent, not at all impolite; nor was the lady in the least degree forgetful of propriety; but still the eyes continued to talk—perhaps involuntarily. Presently, too, Mr. Thorn caught the tones of the lady's voice in conversation with her companion. Then Calypso became to him a very shabby myth. Sylvan reeds and mellow flutes were mere dinner-horns and canal-trumpets in comparison. He stood, in fact, at the roseate gates of Paradise and heard the music from within. In a word, as before intimated, his infatuation was becoming, if possible, more permeant and universal. He was drunk with love.

After some time, a staid, serene-looking old gentleman came up on the deck and addressed the young lady in such a manner that Mr. Thorn readily recognized him as her father.

"Mary," said he, in a half-chiding, half-caressing tone, "I see Mr. Selburne apparently looking for you below. Had you not better go down?"

"I should prefer continuing our promenade now," she replied. "Mr. Selburne will probably be up after a while."

"Very well," returned the old gentleman. "I only wanted you to know that he seemed to be seeking you. I need a little recreation myself." So the promenade continued, the old gentleman joining it.

Mr. Thorn, in passing, happened to hear this brief conversation, and it cast all his fine sentimentalism down into nether bathos. The whole air of the little colloquy seemed to indicate that the Mr. Selburne whom he had heard mentioned was the lady's husband.

"And," said he, in mental soliloquy, "here have I been running like a dolt and an idiot after a married woman; flinging away my money and risking my neck just to look at her. Stupid block-head! Headlong, precipitate, thoughtless fool! Ah, if I were only back upon the Brilliant, how content I should be!"

After a few moments of reflection in this strain, however, he turned to consider the other side of the question. What did those glances mean? he asked. Could he have been mistaken in his interpretation of them? Had he been so bemazed as that? He decided not. If he had any senses at all, he was sure that the lady had at least exchanged complaisant glances with him. But might she not have been quizzing him? He turned his eye to observe whether she wore the general air of a quiz, when a new development of the case met his view.

A man of elegant exterior, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, had joined the little company, and was now walking with the rest. He was evidently easy and bland in manner, but he wore that air of intense self-consciousness which was one of the unfavorable fruits of Southern social culture in those days. As the company passed Mr. Thorn the following colloquy occurred:

"Have you decided yet, Mr Matteson,

when you will return?" the young man asked of the elder.

"Not fully," the latter replied. "But probably not until fall, or at least until quite late in the summer."

"You will not return by the Lakes, then?" asked the younger man.

"No; we shall go that way," the old gentleman answered. "I am very sorry, Mr. Selburne, that you cannot accompany us."

"Thank you. I am sorry too," returned the other.

A journey on hand; bad enough! thought Mr. Thorn, who, among his other projects, had meditated the idea of tracking the young lady and securing an acquaintance at Pittsburg, where he had a number of influential friends. But still there was some relief in the case. Mr. Selburne was not the lady's husband, at least; and, besides, he would soon quit her company.

While Mr. Thorn was thus cogitating upon the new aspect of affairs, the first bell rang, and all went below to prepare for dinner. He repaired to his stateroom, and looked after his toilet with rather more than usual care. As he emerged from it in response to the second bell, an incident occurred which he regarded as exceedingly tantalizing, because it appeared to mean so much, without really meaning anything practical. His room was toward the rear of the main cabin, and the ladies had to pass it in going from their cabin to the table. It happened that, as he opened his door, Miss Matteson was just passing; and, strangely enough, the old-time, happy accident known to our grandfathers and grandmothers in their young, romantic days, opportunely occurred. Miss Matteson dropped her handkerchief. He picked it up, of course; and, as he handed it to her, remarked, with special significance of manner:

"I am happy to have even so slight an opportunity of serving you. Hope I may yet have a greater."

The lady's "Thank you" was not the mere formal one of everyday courtesy. Its tone was special. The expression of countenance accompanying it was full

of meaning. She evidently appreciated Mr. Thorn's remark and manner, and was not indifferent to his intention. But if either of them could have divined the future, that remark must have seemed intensely cruel.

However, let us not anticipate.

During the afternoon, the ladies, accompanied by Mr. Matteson and Mr. Selburne, went up again to the hurricane-deck to promenade and view the scenery. Mr. Thorn, deeming it impolitic to go up, and also desiring to have a little seclusion for collecting his thoughts, seated himself on the guards just outside of his room, to smoke and meditate. As he sat there, he now and then caught little snatches of Miss Matteson's voice, chatting and laughing in the company on the deck above.

After some time spent in leisurely sauntering back and forth, the company stopped almost immediately over his head, and seemed to him to be engaged in rollicksome wit and raillery, when suddenly the form of a woman was precipitated past him and plunged in the water beneath.

The event was peculiarly suited to his mood. Quick as a flash, he threw off his hat and coat, seized the two pairs of life-preservers hanging just inside of his door, and leaped into the water so as to alight a few feet from where the woman had fallen.

Then followed an intensely exciting scene. There was, as usual in such cases, an instantaneous rush of the passengers to the side of the boat, causing her to "kreeel" considerably. Then a moment's stupor seemed to ensue, during which every faculty of observation appeared to be on the stretch; but, as soon as the whole situation became apparent, everybody found something to do or to say. The boat was stopped; the yawl was manned and sent off; showers of life-preservers, with which the boat was well supplied, fell around the imperiled woman and the heroic adventurer who had undertaken to save her life; and above, on the hurricane-deck, several strangers had to assist Mr. Selburne in preventing Mr. Matteson from plung-

ing headlong into the river; for it was his daughter that was in peril.

Meantime, Mr. Thorn, rising to the surface after his deep plunge, had glanced rapidly about him and discovered the form he sought a few feet from him, but evidently in the act of sinking again. As he pushed toward her with strong arm, the clamorous cries of direction and encouragement, which had greeted his first rising, ceased entirely, and breathless stillness reigned while he made a few vigorous strokes, caught the senseless, sinking form, turned up the beautiful face from the water which had covered it, and, buoyed by the life-preservers, held it there until the yawl came rapidly up and took his charge and himself on board. Then, when it was seen that the lady was alive and safe, there burst from a hundred lips a loud, thrilling, prolonged shout of mingled joy and acclamation, that thundered over the water and reverberated among the Ohio and Virginia hills.

It was a moment of unspeakable pride and exultation to Mr. Thorn. He felt that he had met with an event which amply repaid him for all the depressing and mortifying experiences of the day. He had saved the life of Miss Matteson; and, however ungenerous and selfish the thought might be, he could not help reflecting that this solved the problem over which he had been puzzling ever since he got on board of the Clipper.

Miss Matteson was borne to her stateroom and received every needed attention from the lady passengers, besides the medical counsel of a physician who happened to be on board of the boat. It was found that she had not been hurt by the accident; and even the nervous shock did not seem to be greater than that which her father had suffered. In an hour or so both were recruited so much as to engage with some cheer in conversation; and by evening they scarcely noticed the effect of the day's unusual event.

Meantime, Mr. Thorn had retired to his own room immediately after the adventure; and, after changing his clothes, had sat down in seclusion until all par-



ties, himself included, should recover from the excitement, and until the merits of his adventure, and the facts connected with it, should have been canvassed by the commentators.

The canvass disclosed all the important facts in the case. Miss Matteson, in suddenly turning to catch her handkerchief, which was being blown from her hand, had struck her foot against some iron fixtures beside her, and had thus been thrown over the low railing of the deck. The river at the place where she fell was very deep, so that the plunge did not dash her upon the bottom; and, besides, the buoyancy of her clothing prevented her from going down as deep as she would otherwise have gone in falling from such a height.

As for the hero of the occasion, it was ascertained that nobody on board of the boat knew anything about him: even his name had to be obtained from the register. But the modesty and good sense he had evinced by his seclusion were duly appreciated and extolled. The quidnuncs, in their eulogistic ardor, even raised the question whether his after conduct was not as admirable as the strength, skill and daring shown in the adventure itself.

In the evening, however, Mr. Thorn was to be subjected to a still severer test. He was to show whether he had that higher quality, the power of self-possession under calm special scrutiny. The clerk of the boat called upon him in his room. He had come, by request of the formal but grateful Mr. Matteson and his daughter, to ascertain whether Mr. Thorn would allow them an interview, that they might express to him personally their gratitude for his brave and generous act. The clerk's task was not a difficult one: Mr. Thorn was easily persuaded. He would not put the lady nor the old gentleman to any trouble: he did not expect from them the formality of calling upon him. He would see them in the ladies' cabin, and he would be obliged to the clerk for a formal introduction.

By some means all the passengers

learned what was going on, and the event became one of general interest. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Thorn and Miss Matteson "both were young, and one was beautiful," gave special zest to the occasion; for even your prosiest men are fond of a little romance when it comes to them in a natural sort of way. At any rate, all the passengers thronged to witness the meeting of the hero of the day and the young lady whom he had rescued from death.

When Mr. Thorn was introduced to Mr. Matteson, the old gentleman took him by the hand with peculiar emphasis of manner and lavished his thanks profusely; adding in significant tone that he would be happy at any time to render Mr. Thorn any service in his power as a slight expression of his gratitude. To this remark the courteous Mr. Selburne, who, by-the-way, was not at all a rival, added the comment—

"You are probably aware, sir, that Mr. Matteson is a man of large means and extensive influence, so that his proffer is not at all an empty one?"

"Ah, well," interposed Mr. Matteson, modestly, "I do not imagine that I can recompense Mr. Thorn in any way for his generous act. That cannot be done. However, we can feel truly grateful, Mr. Thorn; which I assure you we do."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Thorn. "I am overpaid by your excessive appreciation of my services. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that I was already sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having tried to do my duty as a gentleman and a Christian."

"Well, that is a devout as well as chivalrous view of the matter," Mr. Matteson said, thoughtfully. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, abruptly and in another tone of voice, "But excuse me, Mr. Thorn. I am depriving you of the thanks of the young lady you saved. Allow me."

So saying, he took Mr. Thorn by the arm, and, in the old formal but cordial and easy style, he led him to the sofa where Miss Matteson was sitting, and introduced him:

"Mary, this is your deliverer, Mr

Thorn;—my daughter, Miss Matteson, sir.”

Miss Matteson received him with easy grace, restrained a little, however, by a remembrance of the whole day's events. She thanked him very feelingly and without any theatrical affectation for her deliverance from a watery grave; and then, as if to give emphasis to her utterances, she proffered him a seat beside her on the sofa and freely entered into conversation with him; during which, however, the demure rogues never once alluded to the romance of the morning.

I promise you that Mr. Thorn lost no caste in that conversation, although conducted under such trying circumstances: portions of the crowd which gathered to witness the introduction lingering for a time at first, and those more courteous, but not less curious, turning afterwards upon the two many a glance of critical observation. They both bore well the crucial test of that eager inspection. Unconsciousness of self, real or apparent, is the surest sign, if not the best result, of true culture.

It is not necessary to detail events which followed. It will answer every purpose to present a scene which occurred the next spring at Mr. Matteson's residence, near Memphis.

Mr. Thorn and Miss Matteson were alone in the parlor. She sat in a luxurious arm-chair, with flushed cheek and downcast eye, and yet with a faint gleam of humor shining through her blushes. He stood beside her, bending slightly

toward her, one hand resting lightly upon her shoulder, the other grasping one of hers, while with ardent eagerness he looked into her face. In response to a question he had just asked, she said,

“I suppose I must say yes, or else be charged with ingratitude;” and she barely glanced up at his face in roguish demureness.

“Well, yes,” he responded, catching her half-playful humor, and feeling the freer for it. “I had as lief put it upon that ground as upon any other.” And as he said this, he knelt beside her that he might look into her eyes, and that his face might be nearer hers.

“You can never claim anything more than gratitude, then, remember!” she said, as she smoothed back his hair with her unoccupied hand, and looked into his face whole volumes of contradiction to the words she had uttered.

“That is all I shall claim,” he replied; but the deceitful varlet at that very moment bent his head forward and took more.

And, so far as words went, there was an end to his question and to its answer. Many a time afterwards, when Miss Matteson had become Mrs. Thorn, she insisted that she had never accepted his proposal. The spirit of his usual response was, that women never say what they mean in love-affairs, except only as they talk with their eyes; and his instances were the scene at Wheeling wharf and the scene in her father's parlor.

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ROMAN QUESTION—FENIANISM.

LONDON, December, 1867.

IN this age of ours History travels by steam. Every day, almost every hour, brings with it fresh matter for report and comment. Important events follow each other in such quick succession that to compress in a few pages, month after month, an outline, ever so meagre, of European politics, is enough to overtask the powers of the most expert chronicler. However, it will be my endeavor to do it, in the hope that I shall be allowed the benefit of the maxim, *de minimis non curat prætor*.

Much of what has happened in regard to the Roman question, the grand topic of the past month, is by this time pretty well known to the world. But of the position, the selfish interests and hidden passions which prompted the most conspicuous actors in the drama, something, perhaps, may be said not unworthy the remembrance.

It is strange, assuredly, that one of the results of the haughty assertion of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States should have been to imperil the existence of Italy. Well, such was the case; and the reason is, that the day Napoleon had to withdraw his soldiers from Mexico at the bidding of the great American republic he lost his *prestige*—the main prop of his power in France. He is reported to have said, on the occasion of the Luxembourg quarrel, "Rather a folly than a retreat." In the Mexican expedition he was guilty of both; and if we were to extract out of the saying attributed to him what it contains, we would probably find in it something like the following soliloquy:

My power rests on the fact that, in the eyes of the French people, there is a necessary connection between the maintenance of the Empire and lofty ideas of military glory and national grandeur. Never would the French have suffered

themselves to be brought into bondage had they not been made to believe that, under a Napoleonic rule, they would see the world at their feet. Up to this moment they have been comforted for their humiliation at home by the proud consciousness of their paramount influence abroad. Heavy as their chains are, they have not found them too heavy so long as they have been coaxed into a belief that those chains were of gold; and that belief they had good reason for indulging after the Crimean victories, after the battle of Solferino—when I was giving Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel and creating Italy—when the Queen of England, in compliance with my wishes, was kneeling at Paris before the grave of the martyr of St. Helena—when, a king-maker, I was sending to Mexico an Austrian archduke, instructed by me to represent, on the other side of the Atlantic, the ascendancy of the Latin race—when Europe, awed into fear and silence, was listening to any word fallen from my lips as to a decree of fate. But little now is left of this fine scaffolding. My throne, which seemed to be in the clouds, is at present thought to be in the dust. People look down, instead of looking up to me. The doom of Maximilian showed that my protection was of no avail. The republicans of the White House humbled me. To my patronage Italy was seen to prefer the alliance of a king, my rival. Bismarck made sport of me, even more completely than Cavour had done. Austria, immediately after I had declared my will that she should continue a great German power, was driven, as it were, out of Germany at the point of the bayonet. The Prussian conqueror threw me into the shade. Even the Italians made light of me by marching on Venice, which I had received from Austria, and which they knew I was going to hand over to them. In fine, a very insignificant recti-

fication of frontier, sought for as a means of soothing the wounded feelings of France, was disdainfully refused by Prussia, at the very moment she was so enlarging her dominions as to threaten the safety of my own. What will become of me and my dynasty if I fall back over and over again? How shall I keep my hold of the French when there will be nothing to indemnify them for the loss of their liberties—when the external as well as the internal policy will be to them a source of humiliation? Raised to power by a pretorian revolution, how shall I remain master of the army if I leave off pandering to its first want—promotion; to its ruling passion—glory? Rather a folly than a retreat.

That these are the thoughts which worry Napoleon's mind is proved by his conduct towards Italy. Having been brought low by Prussia, and still more so by the great American republic, he was obviously on the lookout for an opportunity to show the force of his arm and to meet the accusation of tameness.

Unfortunately, the opportunity offered by the events of Italy was one at the same time most tempting and most deceitful. To strike the weak is not the way to be acquitted of the charge of truckling to the strong.

Moreover, who was to be blamed for the disturbances which served to color with a somewhat specious pretext the interference of the French ruler? Why, he, and he alone.

Let any one who doubts it look back to the causes. When Napoleon III. determined to go to war with Austria for the sake of Italy, his object was not to lay the foundations of a united Italian kingdom. The idea, coming from him, would have been simply preposterous; his policy being avowedly leveled at the destruction of the barriers which the treaties of 1815 had raised around France, in order to imprison, so to speak, her ambition, which was considered restless. He aimed merely, as was shown by his subsequent conduct, at the substitution of the French for the Austrian influence in Italy. He thought he might, if rendered master of the situation by

victory, establish on the other side of the Alps a confederation, with the Pope for honorary president and himself for supreme protector. Here I must beg leave to open a parenthesis.—Worshippers of success, thoughtless readers of the *Times*, and servile simpletons are all agreed that Napoleon III. is a far-seeing statesman, whose will is made of iron and whose wisdom is unequaled. It would be quite superfluous to invite their attention to the facts above stated; to remind them, for example, of that Mexican expedition so wantonly undertaken, so foolishly carried out, and crowned by a disaster of unparalleled magnitude: they are bent on admiring whatever their lucky hero may do or undo, say or unsay. If he steps forward, how bold he is! If backward, how prudent! A mysterious, deep meaning underlies his utterances, still more his silence. The bare truth, however, is, that resoluteness and foresight are *not* among the qualities of the present Emperor of the French. It is even worth noticing that no prince ever dropped so many incautious words as that potentate whose taciturnity is so much commended: witness the famous definition of the Empire: "The Empire is peace," followed by a war, and the no less famous declaration, "Italy must be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," followed by the treaty of Villafranca. Certain it is that the first expedition to Italy, in 1859, originated, on the part of Napoleon, in a total want of foresight. The fact of the Italians clamoring for unity after the battle of Solferino took him by surprise. Then, and not till then, did he perceive his mistake. Then, and not till then, was he made aware that the construction put by the Italians upon his unheeded saying, "Italy must be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," went far beyond the meaning he had intended to convey. The treaty of Villafranca in July, 1859, the peace of Zurich in October, were nothing but efforts to stop the car he had put in motion. But it was too late. The gift of Lombardy to Piedmont served only to increase that longing for unity which had taken hold of the people, and Garibaldi did not ask

leave, in 1860, to conquer two kingdoms and to give them to Victor Emmanuel.

But a link was missing in the chain—the most important one: Rome had to be snatched from the Pope. This, therefore, Napoleon tried to prevent, once for all, by the Convention of September, which transferred the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence, and made it obligatory upon Victor Emmanuel not only to refrain from any attack on Rome, but to put down any attempt from without tending in that direction.

The wisdom of the French ruler was, of course, extolled to the skies. The friends of Italy so far mistook the aim of the Convention as to see in the removal of the court of Victor Emmanuel to Florence a step towards Rome; the clerical party, on the other hand, although half-satisfied, rejoiced at the inviolability of the temporal power being, after all, solemnly asserted; and Napoleon thought he might congratulate himself upon having effectually thwarted the unity of Italy—unattainable without Rome—whilst saving the crown of the Pope-King, in accordance with the principle of the monarchical masonry.

A more glaring error it would be difficult to conceive. On the part of the Italians, the longing after Rome was by no means an artificial feeling: it sprung from the very nature of things, and was therefore likely to be stimulated to the utmost by being opposed. A very ludicrous process, that of pouring oil into the fire with a view to put it out! But the height of absurdity was to bind Victor Emmanuel to the impossible task of defending Rome against his own subjects, and, one might say, against himself! Could anything be better calculated to render his rule hateful, sap his popularity, undermine his throne? Of all the means of securing Rome to the Pope, the worst, certainly, was to afford to the revolutionary party—the only one determined to have Rome at any price—the opportunity of coming forward as the sole upholder of the national cause. The Convention of September could have no other result than to estrange the Italian people from Victor Emman-

uel, whom Napoleon meant to support, and to throw it into the arms of Garibaldi, whom Napoleon meant to crush. Would not the Emperor of the French have foreseen all this, were he the far-seeing statesman whom the *Times*, when in an ecstatic mood, holds out to the admiration of mankind?

It will perhaps be said that, far from being blind to the result just pointed out, the Emperor wanted it, so that he should be enabled to interfere again, destroy the Garibaldian party, have Italy more completely in his grasp, and show that the unity of Italy, coupled with her independence, could lead to nothing but an Iliad of anarchy and confusion. But then he would have coolly meditated the project of undoing his own work, of proclaiming the utter uselessness of his past victories, of overthrowing the throne he had so much contributed to erect, of oppressing by means of French rifles the nation he had enfranchised with French blood, and of changing into violent enmity the gratitude owed by the Italians to the people who fought and bled by their side at Solferino!

Consequently, on no ground can the Convention of September be vindicated: it was either merely absurd, or both absurd and immoral. In any case, it could not fail to have the dismal consequences which the recent events of Italy have brought to light.

However, the moment Rome was threatened by the Garibaldini, the Italian government was hemmed in by a frightful dilemma. Was Victor Emmanuel to act in strict obedience to the Convention of September, set up as myrmidon of the Pope, and affront his own people? Was he to act, on the contrary, in defiance of Napoleon and run the risk of a war, the certain result of which was destruction? The first arrest of Garibaldi at Sinalunga, on his way to the Papal frontier, seemed to show that Rattazzi had made up his mind to take the less dangerous course. But this was not altogether the case, and the permission given to the illustrious prisoner to return to Caprera pointed to a policy somewhat similar to that which Cavour

had so successfully adopted. And, indeed, what Cavour had achieved, Ratazzi thought himself justified in attempting. Whilst he was assuring the French chargé d'affaires at Florence, M. La Villette, that everything had been done to prevent the invasion of the Papal States,\* information was given to the French chargé d'affaires at Rome that the Italian authorities kept only a sham watch: several detachments, numbering about two hundred men each, had crossed the frontier; theirs were soldiers' muskets; in many a town, and particularly at Orvieto, volunteers were openly enrolled, and the Garibaldini were led by men invested with public functions in Italy.†

That Ratazzi kept fair with the advanced party, and secretly connived at the escape of Garibaldi from Caprera, appears certain; and there is no doubt he knew beforehand what would be the immediate consequences of Garibaldi's escape. The volunteers, with renewed eagerness, flocked to the frontier; ardent youths, unable to master their impatience, went straight on with blind determination, and, being beaten back and broken by the Pontifical Zouaves, took refuge behind the line of the royal troops.

The object of Ratazzi in secretly allowing the Revolution to spring up is obvious. He aimed, like Cavour, at making a cat's-paw of Garibaldi: he had no objection to a storm of a nature to give the regular Italian army a fair opportunity to proceed to Rome in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and to take possession of it, as if to save the Vatican from the desperate attempts of the revolutionary bands, and for that purpose only. So, the Convention of September, while apparently observed by the Italian government, would have been virtually destroyed; fresh arrangements would have become indispensable; and in the work of diplomatically settling the question, Italy would have enjoyed all the benefits of the "accomplished fact."

\* "Yellow Book"—Despatch of the 9th of October, 1867.

† *Ibid.*—Despatch of the 26th of October.

Nor had Ratazzi wholly miscalculated his cards in thinking that the republican character of the Garibaldian movement would make it all the more easy for him to win, by awaking the monarchical fears of Napoleon, and so inducing him to accept the situation. The better to spread the opinion that the throne of Victor Emmanuel was as much in danger as the temporal power of the Pope, a band was organized which consisted of conservative volunteers, loyal patriots, Italian noblemen: they were put under the command of an officer of the regular army, and sent across the frontier, at the expense of the government, to proclaim at Orte the dictature of Victor Emmanuel in opposition to the Red Shirts, and to shout at the top of their lungs, Long live the King! Meanwhile, Ratazzi took great care to inform the Emperor of the French, through M. Nigra, that the Italian republicans were rapidly gaining ground. Should they be suffered to say that they alone proudly represented the national feeling—that they alone had it in their power to complete the unity of Italy? Should monarchy, on the other side of the Alps, be left to die—to die an ignominious death? There was but one means of warding off the danger: Victor Emmanuel should be permitted to go to Rome without delay.

Napoleon was then at Biarritz. On hearing of this, he said, according to a report which I have every reason to believe is accurate: "That is a serious matter. The Italian government is bound to fulfill its engagements, both to the Pope and to France. As for me, I remain at Biarritz." These oracular words were, it seems, construed by Ratazzi into leave given to go ahead. He fancied the game was at last in his hand. Unhappily, Victor Emmanuel did not feel sure that Napoleon would wink at the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops. Moreover, being one of those catholic sinners whose sins render them all the more anxious about their eternal salvation, he was in no hurry to strike at the Pope. He hesitated. Twenty-four hours elapsed. In the mean time, a

council had been held at St. Cloud, and it had been resolved to send an army to Rome. On receiving the fatal news, Ratazzi was not a little disconcerted: still, he strove to stand firm at his quarters, and, probably relying on Bismarck's assistance, advised the King to take up the glove. The King proved incapable of holding stoutly, telegraphed his submission to Paris, and summoned Cialdini to his councils. There was an end of the schemes of Ratazzi and of his administration.

It must be admitted that his policy had been that of a trimmer. But is he the only one to be blamed for it? Had not the Convention of September placed the Italian government between two precipices? Ratazzi had attempted a middle course: true; but had he not to grapple with two difficulties almost equally formidable? Could he, without setting Italy at defiance, treat with unsparing and uncompromising harshness men whose only crime was a passionate love of their country, and who went forward with a whole nation behind them?

That it was so is proved beyond doubt by the fact, that Garibaldi, after his escape from Caprera, visited Florence on the 22d of October, was enthusiastically welcomed by the people, concluded a public speech by the stirring cry, "Rome or death," and left the capital by special train to go to Rome or die.

Every one knows the sequel of the lamentable drama.

Cialdini did not succeed in forming a ministry.

General Menabrea was called to the helm, and, on the 27th of October, countersigned a royal proclamation ordering the Italian volunteers to retire beyond the line of the royal troops.

On the 29th, the flag of France was flying over the port of Civita Vecchia.

On the 30th, Menabrea, who had announced that, in the event of the French troops landing at Civita Vecchia, he would consider the Convention of September at an end and march an Italian army across the frontier, kept his word, expressing the hope that a joint occupation would be allowed.

On the 2d of November the answer of Napoleon was, that he had ordered a hundred thousand men to enter the Papal States.

On the 3d, Garibaldi, who, a few days before, had overthrown the Papal Zouaves at Monte Rotondo, was attacked by them and a regular French brigade: a fierce contest ensued; the raw and undisciplined insurrectionary bands fought splendidly, but, forsaken by the regular forces of their own country, they were mowed down by the Chassepot rifle—a newly-invented weapon which, to use General De Faily's language, "did wonders!"

On the 5th, Garibaldi, whom, when the day was lost, some of his soldiers had enclosed, borne off his feet and carried by force to Terni, was arrested by command of the King and sent to Spezia.

On the 6th, Victor Emmanuel, obeying a foreign behest and drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs, ordered his troops to repass the frontier. He had only the unhappy choice either of dying or being unworthy to live: he made the choice to be expected of a King.

Thus has Italy been trampled under foot by the very man who boasted to have called her into existence!

What were his motives? He was anxious to please the priests, whom he little respects, but fears; to uphold the Pope, in whom he does not believe, but whose temporal power he considers, as his uncle did, to be the corner-stone of the monarchical fabric; to crush Garibaldi, his deadly foe; to get rid of the republican party, his great danger; to regain his prestige by an apparently bold stroke.

Has he compassed his ends? No. Priestly ambition is insatiable. Priests will not take him to be their friend before he consents to be their slave. Papacy is doomed as a temporal power. Is the situation of the Holy See changed, as regards the historical and permanent causes by which that situation has been engendered? Has the Chassepot rifle, by "doing wonders," reconciled Popedom with liberty? Has Italy ceased to covet Rome? Are the interests of the

Pope no longer at variance with those of the nation which surrounds him? Does not the necessity of sending from abroad so many soldiers to save him show that he has no vitality of his own? A representative man, Garibaldi had no other power than that which was imparted to him by the idea he represents; and that idea being proof against the Chassepot rifle, his power remains unimpaired. The way in which his devotion has been rewarded and his services have been requited by the monarch to whom he gave two kingdoms has made him more than ever the idol of the people. He is henceforth the real King of Italy—a king whose throne is in a prison. Far from having been put down, the republicans in Italy have got the upper hand, because it is now evident that they were right when they said, "Friends, beware of princes and diplomats: do not imagine that your king is your country; remember that dynastic interests and national interests are seldom the same thing; your honor is, indeed, yours: do not let any one but yourselves take care of it." As for the Imperial prestige, it is all over with it, not only in spite of the last expedition, but on account of it. Was it necessary that Victor Emmanuel should kneel down to Napoleon, to make it known that, in her present state, Italy was no match for France? Napoleon has succeeded in intimidating France; but has he as much as tried to intimidate the United States? Has he intimidated Prussia? The despatches of Mr. Seward, insisting on the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, have not, so far as I know, been dealt with as contemptuously as those of Victor Emmanuel's ministers, crying for mercy! The strict observance of the Convention of September has been enforced; but has the strict observance of the treaty of Prague been enforced too?

The undying hatred of a nation whose alliance would have made him stronger against Prussia, and will now make Prussia stronger against him,—this is all he has got for his trouble. The winner is Bismarck.

I cannot, from want of space, touch upon each of the topics of the month. Two of them only—the proposed conference of the European powers for the settlement of the Roman difficulty, and the Abyssinian expedition—are of no ordinary importance; but these being questions still in the clouds, there is no need of dealing with them *hic et nunc*. I will therefore content myself with briefly alluding to a fact which, as I conceive, is not unlikely to leave in every heart a deep and lasting impression.

On Saturday, the 23d November, at Manchester, early in the morning, three men, Allen, Larkin and Gould, were hanged.

What crime had they committed? They were Irish, and they had loved Ireland "not wisely, but too well." On the 18th of September, be it remembered, at Manchester, outside the town, forty armed Fenians assailed the police for the purpose of rescuing from them two Fenian leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. The prison-van was stopped and broken open; the horses were killed and the policemen overpowered, after a hard fight; Sergeant Brett was shot in the head; the prisoners were set at liberty.

Of the murder of Sergeant Brett, Allen was guilty. Larkin and Gould had murdered nobody; but they had been foremost among the assailants, and they were provided with weapons. The three men were equally hanged, although their sympathizers had left nothing undone to save them. A few days before the execution, a deputation had repaired to the Home Secretary, in the hope of obtaining a commutation of the sentence; and, being refused admittance, had launched out into abuse. Two days after, a numerous meeting was held in Clerkenwell, and a second deputation sent, not this time to the minister, but to the Queen herself, for an appeal to mercy. The answer was, that the petition could not be received unless presented through the responsible minister. It was then resolved that, in order to express the sorrowful feeling which the intended execution was sure to awake, a funeral pro-



cession should take place. Even in the House of Commons the voice of mercy was heard. Moreover, the Marchioness of Queensberry wrote to the convicts a touching letter, in which she called them "My dear friends," sending them at the same time a cheque for three hundred pounds, to be distributed among their relatives, "with the assurance that as long as I live they shall be cared for to the utmost of my power."

Ineffectual were the exertions, fruitless the marks of sympathy. The gallows was groaning for its prey. The government, trembling to appear to tremble, had come to the conclusion that they must be implacable. Well, they have had their own way. Three unknown men have been transformed by the executioner into historical personages—into martyrs whose memory Ireland will hereafter revere as much as she reveres the memory of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmett. "My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. Let no man write my epitaph. When my country takes her place among the nations of earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." These were the last words which Robert Emmett spoke. Who can tell the number of those who have been made Fenians by the sole remembrance of that young man, whose character was so noble, whose life was so pure, and who died for Ireland as a devoted child would for his mother?

And now mark how human justice is liable to error, and what it is to invest a judge *who is not infallible* with the tremendous power of inflicting a punishment *which is irreversible!* Two men, Maguire and Shore, had been sentenced to death together with Allen, Larkin and Gould: they also had been found guilty; they also had vainly struggled against what was considered overwhelming evidence; they also were doomed to perish on the scaffold. Yet it so happened that Shore was reprieved and that Maguire was *pardoned*, a more searching scrutiny having brought to light the innocence of the latter. It makes one shudder to

think that Allen, Larkin and Gould have been hanged on the same evidence deemed insufficient to hang Maguire and Shore.

But let that pass. The public force had been assailed, society disturbed, the law violated, and an attempt of this kind could not remain unpunished. But why apply to the executioner? Does not the duty of pondering the motives form part of justice? Let the advocates of capital punishment say what they will; let them call scoundrels and malefactors those Irishmen whom England "has not yet taught to find a common country in an United Kingdom:" mankind will never admit that those are crimes deserving the most ignominious and cruel of all punishments which originate in frantic patriotism and misguided devotion.

I know that for these last forty years England has endeavored to be just to Ireland. But what has been the result? Are not the Irish the most unfortunate people on the surface of the earth? Is not their creed outraged by the iniquitous privileges and the wealth of a Church which represents a foreign and rival creed? Is not the Irish land held by men whose opulence tells the half-famished cultivators the mournful tale of how and by whom their ancestors were dispossessed? Even supposing Ireland could overlook the present, can she forget the past? Is such an effort to be expected of an ardent race, exceptionally sensitive, and much less ruled by reasoning than by imagination? The crime of Allen, Larkin and Gould had not a political character, according to some organs of the English press. Just so: it was not a political but a national crime, not so heinous on that account.

The day before the execution I read an *Appeal to England*, by A. C. Swinburne, a young poet of great genius. I remember the following lines:

"Lo, how fair from afar,  
Taintless of tyranny, stands  
Thy mighty daughter, for years,  
Who trode the wine-press of war;  
Shines with immaculate hands;  
Slays not a foe, neither fears;  
Stains not peace with a scar."

## RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

WROTE Mercier, during the French Revolution: "They say that a Russian poet is manufacturing tragedies out of all the royalty that ever was dethroned: it requires three thousand years or leagues of distance to exalt and render affecting that which, passing before our eyes, inspires but light and transitory emotions." Mercier was right. While the Russian poet saw in Marie Antoinette a heroine worthy of immortality, France proclaimed her "a scourge" and "a leech," a "new Agrippina," an "arch-tigresse," "a profligate dripping with French blood." "She is an Austrian wolf," cried one; "*Une chienne d'Autriche*," cried another. Marat dipped his pen in gall and branded "Madame Veto," alias "Madame Deficit," with every vice known to criminal records; while that just republican, Prud'homme, made haste to write, "All the crimes committed before and after the Revolution are the work of Marie Antoinette. Her impure blood will not suffice to wash out all her wickedness. But the French people have at least taught a great lesson. They have given a great example of justice, that sooner or later must find imitators in neighboring nations. There must come the fine day when all despots of both sexes, like unto Capet and his widow, will leave their heads upon the scaffold." Verily was the French Revolution "a truth clad in hell-fire," and the father of all lies was at the bottom of it. Mercier was twice right. The sublime dignity that the Russian poet discerned hundreds of leagues away now bursts upon the world at the end, not of three thousand, but of seventy-four years, and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette stand side by side with the purest of earth's martyrs. Their cause was not the best, but royalty could not have had a nobler death.

And now, while the Empress Eugenie performs a loving and a pious duty by

collecting the relics of Marie Antoinette at *Le Petit Trianon*; while Louisa Mühlbach repeats the sad story in a slipshod historical romance, the only virtue of which lies in an occasional glimpse of truth; while Sainte-Beuve and Von Arneth devote their best talents to a vindication of the Martyr Queen; while Feuillet de Conches and Von Sybel argue over the authenticity of certain letters attributed to her; and Monsieur Geoffroy revives her memory in his writings of revolutionary France, Ristori comes to America and wears the crown of thorns that once glorified the brows of "the King Maria Theresa's" daughter. She is worthy of it. Marie Antoinette lives and dies again.

Strange that France and England should be indebted to an Italian dramatist for the only portraits of Marie Antoinette and Elizabeth now exhibited on the stage! In fact, France has never dared to touch the epoch of 1789, and England has made but one attempt in this direction. In 1794, George M. Hunter essayed a tragedy baptized "Louis and Antoinette," which was, however, never acted, nor is anything good about it known. Queen Elizabeth has been more popular with playwrights, there being recorded no less than five plays founded on the life or times of the Virgin Queen. First comes the anonymous tragedy of "Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; or, The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," never dated and never acted.

The year 1606 sees the birth of Thomas Heywood's marvelous play, in two parts, of "If you Know not Me, you Know Nobody; or, The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," the second part containing the building of the Royal Exchange and the famous victory of 1588. Then follows Banks' "puling tragedy" of "The Unhappy Favorite; or, The Earl of Essex," wherein Mrs. Barry is said to have represented Elizabeth so truthfully that the people of her time learned more of

their former sovereign from her personation than from history. Banks is also responsible for the tragedy of "The Island Queens; or, The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots," written in 1684, and finally produced upon the stage by gracious permission of Queen Anne. This tragedy was reprinted in 1704, under the name of "The Albion Queens," with Wilks, Booth, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Porter in the cast. It is related of Mrs. Porter, who, although lame, assumed the rôle of Elizabeth, that, after signing Mary Stuart's death-warrant, she expressed such characteristic vehemence in the manner in which she struck the stage with her cane, that the audience became wild with delight.

Still later, Henry Brooke acknowledges the paternity of "The Earl of Essex," a tragedy acted at Drury Lane between the years 1761 and 1778. We are told that it is characterized by spirited and energetic language, and succeeded in banishing its rivals from the stage. Nothing daunted, however, Edmund John Eyre, in 1799, brings forth a three-act historical play, entitled "The Discarded Secretary; or, The Mysterious Chorus," the scene of which is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In revenge for being deprived of office, Secretary Davison is supposed to connect himself with a party of Catholic priests and to attempt the murder of Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort. The Mysterious Chorus proceeds from a subterranean apartment, wherein Mass is being celebrated contrary to law. The dénouement is purely fanciful, Davison reforming after being pardoned. "Altogether, a poor performance," declares Baker in his *Biographia Dramatica*.

Therefore, although we can reckon up one tragedy touching upon Marie Antoinette, that died before it was born, and five plays inspired by the Elizabethan age, not one of which had sufficient vitality to attain its majority, we can honestly turn to Giacommetti and honor him for being the first to successfully develop the "rich possibilities" of wonderfully fine dramatic material. To deny his exceeding cleverness as a playwright

is unfair, for any writer who can make history live again, while surrounding it with such possible, if not probable, incidents as to produce the amount of dramatic effect necessary for theatrical representation, is entitled to very great respect. Dramatists are of many kinds. There is the poet *sang pur*, like Robert Browning, who can be read in the closet with delight, but who would be seen on the stage with dismay. There are the half poets and half dramatists, like Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Alfieri and Schiller, who depend upon the genius of their interpreters for suzerainty within the theatre. There is the whole poet and whole dramatist—Shakespeare—who is master of the human heart, whether it beat in solitude or in unison with a multitude. There is the dramatist, like Boucicault, who deals almost entirely in sensation. Finally, there is the dramatist who seeks to place thrilling facts upon the stage, and instruct while he entertains. Of this last class there are very few; among these few Giacommetti's name should be enrolled. To assert, because the Italian's dramas are nothing to literature, that they are not good plays, is palpably untrue. The first requisite of a play is to be playable. If, in addition, it be a fine poem, so much the better; but as there is nothing in the world more difficult to write than a truly *great* play, we no more expect a second Shakespeare than we expect a second Michael Angelo or Beethoven. Compared with his contemporaries, Giacommetti is a dramatist of unusual ability. Possessing an excellent idea of stage effect, he commands attentive interest from the first act to the last. Aiming more at the delineation of character than at plot, he conscientiously works out the former in a series of pictures so true to nature that the disregard of the unities is not felt to be a fault. His dialogue is clever and to the point, and his climaxes are artistic. To have succeeded in drawing such vivid likenesses of Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. as to make history a present reality, and to give thought an impetus in the direction of these

characters, is no small task. The power to do this thing is even rare; else why are there not other Giacommettis? To award all glory to Ristori for her creation of these two queens, and to accord nothing to the dramatist, is an injustice of which we do not care to be guilty. He fashions the clay into human form: she endows it with a soul. A soul without a body avails little in this world. Surely, then, the latter is not to be despised.

Of the two dramas, Elizabeth and Marie Antoinette, the former is undoubtedly the better work of art, notwithstanding that it takes greater liberties with facts and makes a dandy of Lord Bacon. The material gives Giacommetti a better opportunity for light and shade, and admits of a gradual *crescendo*, culminating in a death-scene, in which the artist takes infinite delight, for the reason that Elizabeth appeals in no way to sympathy. Consequently the head can enjoy without laceration of the heart. Pure admiration is the feeling excited by the agonies of the Virgin Queen. No one sheds tears over her death. Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, appeals directly to one's sensibilities; and, far from enjoying her misfortunes, the audience suffer with her, and leave the theatre oppressed with horror. Much truer to history than Elizabeth, a wonderfully faithful transcript not only of persons, but of the times, portions of the dialogue being taken verbatim from history, light and shade and gradual increase of interest become an impossibility. Marie Antoinette is a monochrome, because it cannot be anything else and remain true to its name. If the excitement of the play ebb and flow as did the Revolution itself, leaving Marie Antoinette alone in her misery in the final scene of all, surely Giacommetti is not to blame. What we desire is the story of this unfortunate Queen, and in order to that we must accept unending tragedy and saddest of tears. Correct in the essential points of his drama, Giacommetti takes certain liberties which perhaps it would have been as well to avoid. To introduce Lafayette at court in the uniform of the United States as

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late as the year 1786, while he is in command of the Royal Dragoons, is a ministering to the popular applause of America to which it was not worth while to descend. Nor is the somewhat boasting language of the Marquis throughout the play exactly in keeping with his known character; and to make him in love with Marie Antoinette, in accordance with a faint tradition to which little credence is given, takes away from the dignity of a man who is very dear to American history. Equally unnecessary was it to make Louis, and not his Queen, the advocate of Mirabeau, when it is well known that Marie Antoinette was the first to appreciate Mirabeau's intellect and to sympathize with his consolidation plans. Her interview with him, therefore, loses in interest, for her noble salutation to her former enemy finds no place in the drama. "With a foe of ordinary capacity," said the Queen—"with an everyday enemy—I should now be guilty of a very foolish, a very injudicious step; but with a Mirabeau!" By this speech we understand Mirabeau's enthusiasm for the daughter of Maria Theresa, and why Mirabeau kissed her hand as he took his departure from the garden of St. Cloud, exclaiming, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!" Marie Antoinette did not hesitate to tell Madame Campan that she was delighted with Mirabeau; yet in the drama her disgust is ill-concealed, notwithstanding which he too is supposed to be enamored of her. It is as well that this scene has not been played since the first night in New York.

Marie Antoinette's protestations of friendship for America from the beginning of our Revolution are hardly in accordance with fact, though later she did crown Franklin with flowers, and finally wrote of Lafayette, copying the lines from an old play—

"Why talk of youth,  
When all the ripe experience of the old  
Dwells with him? \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Still before my eyes  
I place his bright example, for I love  
His lofty courage and his prudent thought:  
Gifted like him, a warrior has no age."

Untrue, too, is the supposition that the Queen originated the flight to Va-

rennes, which is made to immediately succeed the signing of the constitution, when really the constitution was not signed until after the flight. The other departures from fact are such as the dramatist is fully entitled to make: for example, the introduction of Malesherbes in the King's room the night previous to his execution, causing him to be the bearer of messages from Louis to his family; bringing Robespierre face to face with Marie Antoinette, and separating the Queen from her son the morning of the King's death, instead of allowing months to pass by,—all this is justifiable; and when it is known that Giacommetti wrote this drama in the short space of three months, his fidelity to history becomes the more remarkable.

Opening with a prologue representing the state of the court in 1786, after the "unutterable business of the diamond necklace," Lafayette and brave old Malesherbes are discovered—Malesherbes, who plead for Louis when there were none to do the King reverence, and whose life paid for his loyalty. It is a sensible conversation, theirs, on the condition of France and royalty, interrupted by General-Comptroller Calonne, "Nonpareil Calonne," "truly a man of incredible facility; facile action, facile elocution, facile thought;" who had "the genius for Persuading," says Carlyle; "beyond all things for Borrowing;" who was adored by women, and who flattered instead of instructing the Queen. "If what your Majesty ask is but difficult, it is done: if it is impossible, it *shall* be done;" and thus encouraged, Her Majesty goes onward to ruin. Calonne fears to awake the lioness, and therefore humors her. But here come Madame Elizabeth, that angelic woman whose virtues did not save her from the embraces of Dame Guillotine; the Princess Lamballe, "Oh worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman!" victim of diabolic outrage for having been born a Bourbon, and, worse, for having loved the Queen; Caron de Beaumarchais, "The Giant Smuggler," watchmaker, financier, mu-

sician, author, publisher, who wrote the "Marriage of Figaro" and indulged in matrimonomania; faithful Duke de Brissac, who was assassinated at Versailles in 1792, and whose head adorned the gate of the chateau. Lords and ladies follow in goodly number, and, last named though first, there comes the Queen! Surely Ristori is the "counterfeit presentment" of Marie Antoinette. There is the proud Austrian mouth and chin, the aquiline nose, the flashing eyes, the "dark blonde hair," the coiffure "a foot and a half high"—almost; and such a toilette as the Queen ne'er rivaled in her gayest moods. It is Marie Antoinette as she sips for the last time from pleasure's cup. And how beautiful is Ristori's comedy! She is natural, wayward, expansive, careless of etiquette, and sarcastic even; yet, after tormenting Lafayette, she can give her hand to him with an enchanting smile, and a moment later prove her goodness of heart by taking two young officers under her protection. Monsignor the Count of Provence, the Bourbon Cain, enters and throws down the apple of discord. Thoughtless Marie Antoinette! we do not know whether her despair is greatest at being told that the King must popularize the monarchy, or that a suspension of her private theatricals is contemplated. But the King is announced! Unfortunate Louis XVI., who, once called "the Desired," is now "the unhappiest of human solecisms;" who loved France better than his life; "the best King in the world to accomplish an honest revolution"—the worst in the world to follow where sans-culotteism led! Even now he wavers. Marie Antoinette is stronger than he—"the only man in the court," said Mirabeau—and one by one his objections to the representation of Beaumarchais' "Marriage of Figaro" are overcome. She is impulsive, is the Queen, and tears come while she bitterly repels the report of calumnies brought to her by the King. Do what she may, Paris will condemn her; so she despises her maligners and gangs her ain gait, yet weeps when Louis calls her "Poor Marie Antoinette!" and

thanks him with a loving, womanly glance. Louis retires, promising to appear at The Trianon before the play is over; and Marie, left a moment to herself, is overcome with grief at the recollection of the diamond necklace. But quick! there is no time for reflection: the King's comedians surround her, and defiantly she promises superb toilettes and a sumptuous supper, even at the risk of having it called an orgy by the morrow. It is her last defiance, daringly said, with a spirit that makes one shudder for her future. "Ill-advised Marie Antoinette! With a woman's vehemence, not with a sovereign's foresight—so natural, yet so unwise." "To The Trianon!" she cries, and rushes on to her doom.

Three years of toil and trouble—of royal vacillation and sans-culotte frenzy—transpire ere the curtain rises upon the dawn of October 5th, 1789—that memorable day never to be forgotten by Versailles. There, in the balcony chamber where Louis XIV. died, sits Marie Antoinette, surrounded by the Dauphin, Madame Royale and Madame Campan, that faithful friend who lived to write the memoirs of her royal mistress. It is a charming picture, this, full of domestic love and beauty.

"Tell me, my little Dauphin," asks the Queen, "why do you recite your lesson on your knees?"

"Because I can see you better," replies the appreciative and chivalrous grandson of Maria Theresa.

Who would not kneel to gaze into Ristori's noble and beautiful face, made doubly attractive by the exquisite toilette of crimson silk and white satin that, with wig and crimson velvet cap, set off her head and figure to wonderful advantage? Best and handsomest in whatever she does last, we long to paint her in every costume, that the "moonlight of our memory" may never pale with time.

Very loving is this royal family, in spite of that "ugly lady, Madame Etiquette, who has no heart," Madame Royale declares. We have seen few prettier scenes than when Marie Antoi-

nette is embraced by her children, who call her "mother" for the first time. But Madame Elizabeth enters, and the little ones are sent to play upon the terrace that the Queen regards with superstitious awe; for was it not there that the people defiled before her at the birth of the first Dauphin? and amid the gay throng were there not grave-diggers bearing funeral emblems, and did not women carry a man's heart in the middle of a bouquet of white pinks? Did that heart presage the death of the Queen's first-born? or was it the dead heart of monarchy? Who knows? Three years have wrought a change in Marie Antoinette. "I am no longer frivolous and vain, but the daughter of Maria Theresa." Ristori looks the words she utters. She starts with surprise as drums announce Louis' unexpected return from the hunt: her fears are realized when, left alone with his Queen, the King upbraids her for having fraternized with the Flemish Guards at the recent supper at The Trianon. "It would be better did the Queen of France forget Vienna," he mutters bitterly. Cut to the quick, poor Marie replies, "Sire, then you too believe with the rest that I am—Austrian?" No; Louis fears the slanders of Marat on her account only, and, forgetting the King, becomes the husband in the expression of a love that brings tears to Marie's eyes.

Alas! royalty has no time to be human. Malesherbes awaits an interview, and it is granted; but brave Malesherbes, bent with the weight of seventy years, talks to little purpose. He would have Necker retained. "What, Necker!" cries the Queen, starting up as though she had been stung by an asp; "Necker, creator of the States General! he who has slaughtered monarchy?" It is useless. Faithful Malesherbes is wiser than his masters, and sadly takes his leave.

"Necker shall not remain: rather Mirabeau," says the King.

"Mirabeau?" protests Marie Antoinette, with astonishment and indignation. "He whose soul is pocked worse than his face?" That queenly ire gradually

subsides, however, as Mirabeau's latest deeds in favor of monarchy are recounted, and there is even gratified vanity and much satisfaction expressed on her countenance when Mirabeau's praise of her intellect and courage is repeated by Louis. Aye, the proud Queen forgets his former sarcasms, and with insinuating address proposes that she, rather than the King, should meet the man whose "art of daring" makes him the supreme power of the Revolution. He was a marquis, too—"pas populacière"—and could be tolerated.

No more of Mirabeau. Here comes the Count of Provence, much flustered because the "Friend of the People," that he holds in his hands, contains a vile attack upon his august sister. "Let me see it," she says; and would seize the lying journal, but Louis interposes. Provence is felt to be a traitor, perhaps the instigator of the lie. "Leave me," says the King, with right royal dignity, and then dares to show the agitation of a man and husband as he repeats Marat's scandalous report of Marie's innocent appearance at the Guards' supper. Outraged virtue, indignation, terror overcome the Queen, who gasps forth, "But you, Sire—you do not believe Marat?"

"I? no; but the *people* believe him."

Frantically, Marie asks if there be no longer protection from assassins. "The descendant of Henry IV. should know how to mount his horse and brandish the sword of his ancestors," she declares with tremendous energy.

"Look at Charles First," replies the King, seizing her hand and pointing to Vandyke's portrait of that unhappy monarch. "Do you know where he urged his horses? To the scaffold of Whitehall." Ah, this is too much. Marie Antoinette's courage is no more. "In God's name be silent!" she murmurs, and, terror-stricken, gazes at the painted warning. It is a great picture, this of the agonized king and queen. But hark! the sound of many voices is heard. Nearer and nearer it approaches. Can it be the 14th of July, 1786, over again? Malesherbes returns in consternation. They are coming! Santerre,

"the sonorous brewer from the faubourg St. Antoine," leading thousands upon thousands of sans-culottes and fish-women. The Count de Provence, Duke de Brissac, guards and courtiers flock around the royal pair. "My children! where are my children?" is the Queen's oft-repeated and frenzied cry. They come at last, and clasping them to her bosom, she falls into a chair, overcome with emotion. There are groans under the terrace-window: confusion worse confounded reigns within and without. "I will show myself to my people," shouts the King. "Impossible!" shouts the Queen, rushing toward her husband. Drums beat, subterranean noise is heard; the Dauphin faints, and in the midst of a thrilling tableau, Lafayette enters to protect the throne. "Bread!" "Death!" "The Austrian! the Austrian!" shout the mob. "Show yourself to them," says Lafayette. "I will answer for the consequences with my head." Seizing her children, Marie Antoinette goes to the terrace, and the King would follow, but is held back by main force. "Away with the children!" cry the sans-culottes. With horror the Queen hides her treasures; then, with magnificent courage, bares her breast to the bloodthirsty mob, exclaiming, "Frenchmen, kill the mother of the Dauphin!" "No, Frenchmen, do not dishonor yourselves," cries Lafayette, throwing the tri-color about the Queen's neck. "Long live the Queen!"

"Long live the Queen! long live the Dauphin!" respond the sans-culottes. The children rise. Holding the Dauphin on her knee, Marie Antoinette returns the deafening salutations of the population with an exaltation of expression that no pen can describe, and the curtain falls on one of the most exciting and most life-like tableaux ever witnessed on the stage.

Two years later, and Act 2d gives us a glimpse of the year 1791 and of life at The Tuileries; prisoners of state, with Lafayette as jailor. Louis and Lafayette hold parley in the Grand Saloon, when Ristori enters in still another exquisite toilette, the rich embroidered

overdress being a fac simile of one worn by the real Queen. Lafayette has learned of Marie's interview with Mirabeau. The Queen is paralyzed. Left alone with the King, she does not conceal her despair. She would have saved the monarchy. Orleans has played the spy and discovered the plot. She is a fated woman, stung by those she cherishes. As the King repels all Mirabeau's propositions, she suggests flight. "Impossible for a King, but possible for the Queen," replies Louis, who urges his wife to join her sister Caroline at Naples. Then the noble Marie Antoinette makes answer, "The daughter of Marie Theresa—the Austrian—will be more magnanimous than the wife of Charles First. *She* fled at the approach of misfortune. *I* shall remain." Then gazing with horror at Vandyke's portrait that pursues them like a fate, the Queen throws herself into Louis' arms. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the humanity of this royal couple goes to the heart of the most rampant republican. She will fly, but only with him, and he gives his word that they will escape together or not at all. Ah, and *à propos*, here comes the Count of Provence with his conspiracy of flight, the treachery of which, however, the King comprehends. Quickly returns Lafayette, who has discovered the plot of Peronne, and discloses it forthwith. The villainy of De Provence is unveiled in all its enormity. Louis brands him with all the indignation of his honest nature, and, horror-stricken at thought of being implicated in so deep a conspiracy, leaves the room. Provence, forsooth! would demand Lafayette's sword. "My sword!" exclaims the commander of the National Guard, who draws it for defence. "What! in the presence of the Queen?" says Marie Antoinette, with majestic indignation, and Lafayette and Provence retire to settle their separate accounts as best they can.

Poor Marie Antoinette! there is no place for her on earth. Fear succeeds fear, and now Madame Royale enters, followed by Madame Elizabeth and the Dauphin, asking for the King, who has

been torn away from his family and gone, Heaven knows where. Another drop in the abyss of grief: suspense is not long, however, for, lo! Louis appears, pale and agitated. He has been to the Assembly, and, sadly taking the Queen's hands, murmurs, "All is lost!" Why lost? Because to disprove the accusation of high treason he has accepted the constitution. 'Tis the death-knell of the Bourbons, and the Queen's wail shows it; but there is still hope. Rather than perjure himself at Nôtre Dame, where the oath of allegiance will be administered, they will all fly! How Marie Antoinette clutches at this frail straw! Her joy knows no bounds: "The King will save us all!" she cries, with her arm upon his neck and her radiant face upturned to heaven, while sister and children kneel at Louis' feet, and he, poor tempest-tossed man, firm only in his religious faith and in his belief in monarchy, implores Heaven to hear their prayer. It is a touching picture, worthy of canvas; but whither leads that prayer? To Varennes and back again to Paris, amid the jeers and insults of sans-culottes. Who can think of this unfortunate family and not believe in predestination? The sins of the fathers were visited upon the third and fourth generations.

Act 3d, and we are again in the Tuileries; but a year has gone by, and it is now the tenth of August, 1792. Robespierre "the incorruptible" is plotting—he who two years before proposed the abolition of the death-penalty, and who now thirsts for blood. Little does the faithful Princess Marie de Lamballe dream of the dreadful fate in store for her when she returns to a court gloomy with its own sorrows and in mourning for the death of Leopold, Emperor of Austria. How glad the royal family are to greet their once-more "angel!" and Marie Antoinette, so changed within a year, would have her sit near, very near, and yet would, if possible, have her far distant, away from France; for "I am doomed," says the Queen; "I poison with kisses. All who love me die. I



have seen the heads of Deshuttés and Varicourt carried before me on pikes ;” and wretched Marie Antoinette hides her worn face in Lamballe’s bosom. But Lamballe brings good news. She has Francis Second’s word of honor that he and Prussia will re-establish the monarchy of Henry IV., the legitimate heritage of the Dauphin. The Queen starts up, a ray of hope illuminating her countenance, but quickly yields to despondency. It is too late. Would have her smile as of old, Lamballe? “I know not how to smile,” replies Marie Antoinette, her tired head falling upon Lamballe’s shoulder. Do not be surprised at these gray hairs ; they are souvenirs of Varennes. “I have lived through many outrages,” says the Queen, with superstitious awe, “because I am destined to a longer and more horrible death.”

What ! General Lafayette in Paris ? Yes ; he comes to call the Assembly to account for the horrors of June 20th, and rushes to the palace to warn its inmates of the despatch just received announcing the Austro-Prussian alliance against revolutionary France. Ah ! Marie Antoinette breathes freely for one moment. Her joy is frenzied. “The justice of God begins !” she exclaims, with exultation. “Come, ye exterminating angels ! A little air, liberty and revenge !” she cries, with vehement gesticulation, thanking Lamballe, and not Lafayette, for the intelligence. Lay not this comfort to your soul, short-sighted Queen ; the sans-culottes are marching ; Barbaroux and his five hundred men, drunk with the passion of Roger de Lisle’s hymn, are advancing, and there is no help near ; for even Lafayette’s head is no longer safe, and he leaves in haste for the frontier army. The tocsin sounds ; the court gather around their Queen, who, clutching her children, calls for the King. The sounds grow more and more distinct. Duke de Brissac and his guards enter ; the doors are barricaded, and, with pikes pointed, the faithful few await the coming of the populace. Louder and louder is the swell of voices, until the shouts become distinct. “We want Madame

Veto ! the Austrian ! the Messalina !” “They are coming !” cries their victim, with the strength of desperation. “Let them batter the door down. Surround me, I command you, and sheathe your swords !” The unwilling guards obey. There, seated with her family about her, the guards behind her, Marie Antoinette awaits her doom. It comes. Hurly-burly, oaths and blows, and the door is burst open by the dear lovers of freedom. “Where is she ?” shouts Santerre. “Where is she ?” echo the sans-culottes, and Lamballe rushes forward to receive the death-blow. “No ! I am the Queen,” replies Marie Antoinette, so magnificent in her fearless beauty that those blood-thirsty sans-culottes unconsciously retreat. You may take your fill of insults, Santerre ; you may laugh and grimace to your hearts’ content, brave populace ; but you will not wring a tear or a complaint from that helpless woman so long as you wreak your vengeance on her alone. It is not until a sans-culotte seizes the Dauphin that Marie Antoinette, the mother, loses her self-control. Even Santerre cannot steel himself against the anguish of that face, and restores the Dauphin ; for he too has a son ! Then follows the most touching appeal ever made to a mob. Such intonation never came but from a broken heart ; and well may those sans-culottes weep repentantly, for there is not a dry eye within sound of that magic voice. They silently steal away, these brave *popolani*, yet are scarce gone when more knocking is heard, and the Legislative Assembly enter, followed by the King. He never was very joyous, this poor King, but now, alas ! he is bent with grief. There is no hope for the son of St. Louis. A sop must be thrown to the devouring hydra, and that sop is the King’s abdication. “Great God ! dare you propose this before the mother of the Dauphin ?” shrieks Marie Antoinette. Yes, Vergniaud dares ; and e’en declares that if the royal family do not seek refuge in the Assembly, their heads will pay the forfeit. All is lost. The tocsin peals forth warningly ; a funeral march is heard ; for are not the Bour-

bons digging their own grave? Louis looks his last on that fateful picture of Charles First; the scaffold of Whitehall rises before him, and he gives the signal for departure. Slowly they wend their way; the King, the court, the Assembly, Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Royale, Lamballe—Santerre bearing the Dauphin. There never was more beautiful and pathetic pantomime than that of the Queen. "God help us!" she murmurs; and God will help them—in another world. Sad, sad, yet not saddest of all, is this moving tableau.

Another year elapses, and Act 4th ushers in the evening of January 20th, 1793. There are no more palaces and fine clothes. We are in the tower of the Temple, and this is the King's room. Very clever and characteristic of those times is the dialogue between Santerre and Simon, the latter of whom is an epitome of all the barbarity inspired by the Revolution. "*C'était la rancune du coin de rue contre le palais,*" says Beauchesne, referring to this monster, who yet was not vile enough to escape Dame Guillotine. His turn came, but not until he had killed the Dauphin, body and almost soul.

"Louis Capet" enters, leaning on faithful Malesherbes' arm. On with your caps, guards; sit down, insolent Simon, and puff your bad tobacco under Capet's nose, for it is brave and truly republican to kick a man after he is down; and such a man! Louis XVI. prosperous was a man like many another; Louis Capet in the Temple is great and noble almost without precedent. He would eat, he would share his last meal with Malesherbes and his devoted servant, Cléry, but it must be without knives and forks, for the republic fears that royalty will deprive Dame Guillotine of a head. What cares Simon for Capet? Does he not sing "The Carmagnole," and would he not dance that "whirl-blast of rags" if he felt so inclined? "Long live the nation!" he shouts, thinking to stab Capet to the heart; but the King loves France, for-

gives his murderers, and drinks to the salvation of his country.

Here comes Minister Garat. Three days' delay in the execution? Of course not. Has not Marat voted death in twenty-four hours? To-morrow morning at eight it must be; but Capet may see his family before he dies, and alone, too, with guards to watch him through glass doors. And he may have a confessor. Behold him! the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont!

Now comes the terrible moment for Louis XVI. His family are approaching. How his broken heart beats! Courage, man! your last hold on life is to be presently torn away. Ah, he has need of courage, for what a terrible picture is this! Three wretched women and a beautiful boy clinging to him with sobs that would rend all hearts but the republic's. Terribly real is this family group—Marie Antoinette still lovely, but her blonde hair streaming about her face in *gray curls*. How that unhappy King endeavors to console the loved ones, to conceal the horrible truth. It is useless. The children discover the Abbé in the oratory and know the worst, and Marie Antoinette falls rigidly upon the sofa. It is a dream, she thinks, upon returning to her senses. No, there is the Abbé, and in perfect desperation she flings her arms around her husband's neck and bids God first strike the regicides! "Your words should be those of pardon," says the Abbé, gently, and Marie Antoinette forgets her thirst for vengeance, humbly bowing her head.

The last interview between the King and Queen is unequaled for pathos. The love, the regret for past delinquencies, are indeed *too* real; and that one moment when Marie Antoinette lays her head upon Louis' breast, murmuring, "It does me so much good to weep upon your breast," is the most exquisite expression of wifely feeling we ever witnessed.

Time flies. The children must also receive parting counsel, and the family group is again complete. Nobler, more Christian words than those of Louis could not come from human lips. "Re-

member that your father has forgiven, as Christ once forgave," and he rises to bless them all. "Ah! human nature can endure no more," exclaims poor Louis. "To-morrow I will see you again; adieu, adieu," and, tearing himself from those eight arms that clasp him with frenzy, the King escapes to the oratory and bolts the door behind him. "Pity!" "Open!" "Papa!" Marie Antoinette rushes to the door; she would tear it asunder with her hands. It does not yield, and there she stands in agony, her children and Madame Elizabeth at her feet, while, without, Simon dares to sing "The Carmagnole." "This is not the theatre," we say, as the curtain falls. "It is France in 1793."

Act 5th.—It is the morning of January 21st, 1793, and we are again in the Temple, but the scene is different, for the Queen's apartment is now before us. They have passed a woeful night, these unfortunates, and now all but the Queen await the King's coming. She feels that she has gazed her last upon him. Fever burns her up, and Madame Royale starts terrified in her sleep, thinking to have seen her father dead, and awakes in tears. A noise! The King? Oh no. It is only Simon come to torture them, to prove that there be devils in this world if there be none in the next. And while he tells of the King's last moments in prison, drums are heard. "Long live the nation!" he shouts, twirling his cap in the face of death, and rushing out to enjoy the murder. Drums and a dirge! their hearts' blood freezes. Down, down on their knees before God, their only stay. "God of goodness!" murmurs Marie Antoinette, but her torn heart can find no other words. Sobs are her only prayer, and while the dirge is heard, while Louis advances to the guillotine, Madame Royale implores the mercy of Heaven.

In the midst of this fearful agony—fearful for spectator as well as for actor—Malesherbes brings the last words and testament of the martyr king, and Santerre enters, first to seize Malesherbes,

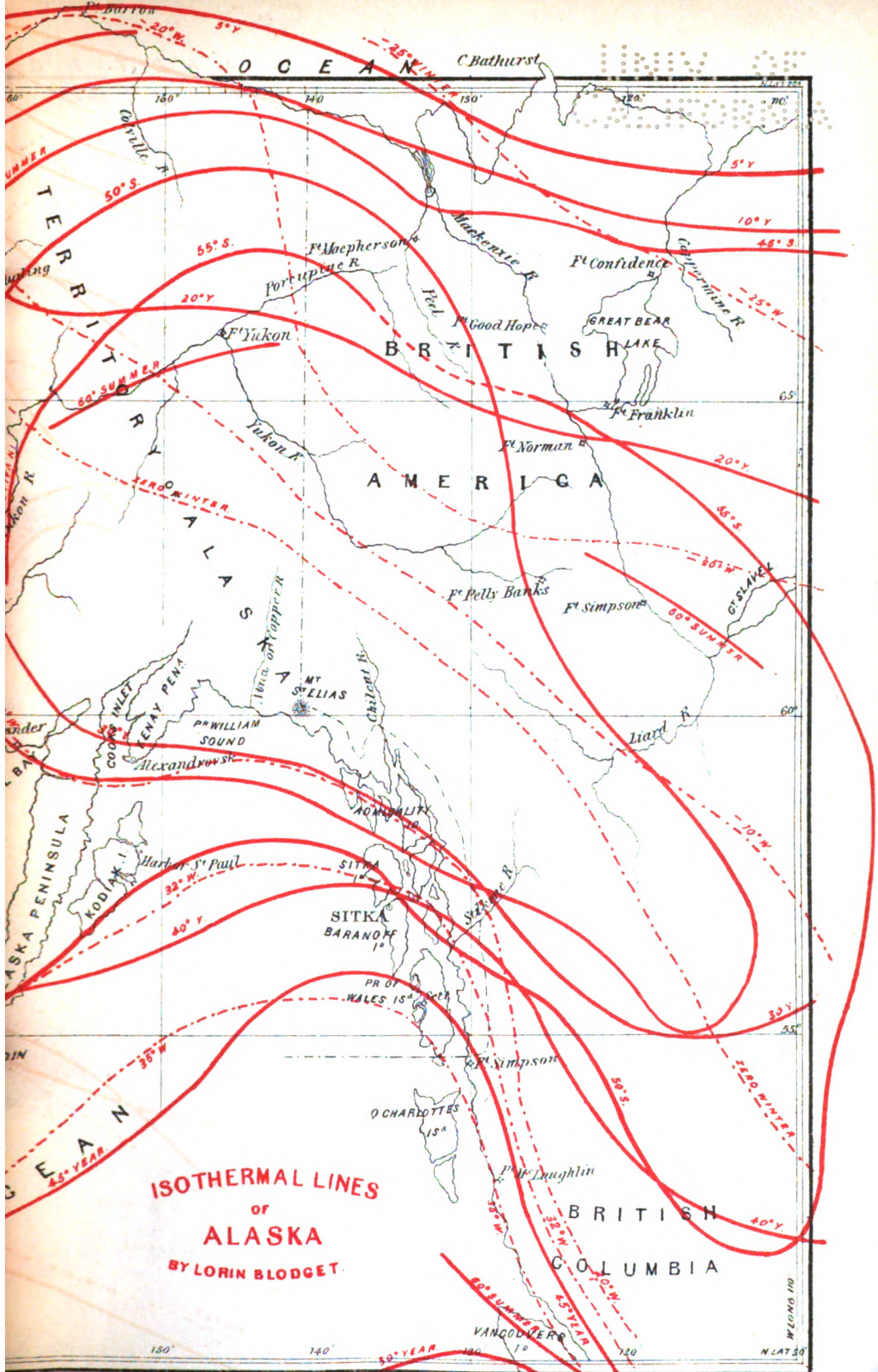
and then to obtain the Queen's signature to a paper approving of all the past actions of the republic. The expression of Marie Antoinette's face as she listens to the reading of this document surpasses language. Her denunciation of her husband's murderers is the passion of majesty itself; and when Simon appears as the Dauphin's future guardian, her one indignant "Thou!" is a whirlwind of contempt. Yes, Simon will make an excellent guardian. He will teach little Capet all manner of fine things, "The Carmagnole," for example. "Come," he says, and goes to the bed where the Dauphin lies. Oh! was there ever anything grander than the terrible rage of Marie Antoinette at this moment? "Infamous reptile, away! My muscles are steel. . . . My mouth is bathed with the bloody foam of the wounded tiger. Before your hands, before your impure breath shall profane this angel, I will rend you limb from limb—vile! vile! vile!" It is a tiger defending its young. Wonderful power! wonderful art!

Can Simon be defied? Alas! no. Is he not the republic? Pleading even will do no good. "The child," demands Simon. "Death first!" replies Marie Antoinette. "Death be it," threatens the jailor, and raises his sword to strike the Dauphin. Too much. Marie Antoinette must yield as she has ever done, only let her have time. "An hour,—a half hour,—quarter of an hour,—five minutes," she gasps, pressing the child to her heart. "We have waited long enough," answers the brute. On her knees the wretched Queen pleads that her angel may be treated tenderly. One kiss more! one more! No; the Dauphin is snatched from her—has disappeared. "My son!" shrieks Marie Antoinette; she rises, falls, rises again,—the door is closed upon her. Gone for ever; and, seized with catalepsy, the Queen stands motionless with her hands in her hair, a living statue of such horrible despair as Michael Angelo alone could convey to marble.

Last scene of all—the Epilogue. The

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Temple would be a luxury on this morning of October 16, 1793, when even the Conciergerie is thought too good for Marie Antoinette. Well may Rosalie Lamorlière and good Lebeau lament over the fate of their royal charge, for here she comes, dressed in common white cloth, haggard, feeble, an old woman at thirty-eight! Insults still are heaped upon her: she may not even disrobe without knowing that men's eyes are upon her; and see! an officer dares doubt her virtue while death stares her in the face! All humanity even in 1793 is not brutal, thank Heaven! Marie Antoinette can turn to Rosalie and Lebeau for sympathy—aye, for aid even. They promise to fulfill her last requests and find her paper on which to write that historic letter to Madame Elizabeth. The Queen is glad to die, for she knows that Simon has corrupted the Dauphin's heart; she knows that her angel has signed that terrible accusation against herself; she does *not* know that the poor boy was stupefied with liquor at the time. "I appeal to the secret cry of nature, to every living mother—let them say if it be possible!" exclaims the royal mother, with a pose ever to be remembered. What? Lebeau undeceives her with regard to the Dauphin, and on her knees, almost frantic with joy, Marie Antoinette kisses the good man's hands in very gratitude. The Dauphin loves her. It is enough; and with a lighter heart she sits down to write. In almost breathless

fear and agitation the letter is finished, and, with the cherished medal, is handed hurriedly to Lebeau. But is not Marie Antoinette doomed? "Give them to me," cries an official spy. What good to start, to complain, daughter of the Cæsars? You thank Santerre when he enters bearing your death-warrant: you refuse the proffer of one of Robespierre's priests; you almost faint at sight of the red-hooded executioner, Samson, and recoil with horror when your hands are bound. Louis XVI. was spared this insult. Submit; 'tis God's will. One more agony and you will be worthy of immortality. Your beautiful hair, white as the driven snow, lies at your feet. Gaze at it sadly, O Queen! Then on your knees in prayer, defiant of man, trusting in God, go to your grave as the bravest, most unfortunate, most beautiful woman that ever ascended a throne.

It is over; all are dead save one. A repentant nation seeks to ease its guilty conscience by granting Madame Royale freedom and *two trunks of clothes!* "O Liberty! what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

We have written of this drama as if it were real. It *is* real. We have hardly mentioned Ristori, because Ristori is Marie Antoinette. Never have we seen a drama so splendidly acted from beginning to end, and with heart and head we thank Italy for such a picture of the French Revolution as we ne'er shall look upon again.

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#### ALASKA—WHAT IS IT WORTH?

**T**HIS is now the foremost question of its kind "before the House and the country," as the Member from Blank has said, or will say, and it is proper to aid in elucidating it if we can furnish or suggest material for this purpose. It is popularly supposed that a train of purchases, of which St. Thomas, the Bay of Samana and the Sandwich Islands are but the beginning, will follow the pur-

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chase of Alaska, and many persons will doubtless form their conclusions as to the propriety of paying for this continental tract by their fears that the precedent may lead to bargains in volcanic islands, the very existence of which may not be depended upon. We propose to look at this case on its merits, however, and to give the reader some facts that we believe are new.



From letters just received from the enterprising Captain Long, of the American whaleship Nile, it appears that he sailed through Behring Strait northward in a summer unusually favorable; and, going farther north-westward than usual, came upon a new coast, along which he sailed many days, and which he found sloping gently to the sea in tracts covered with abundant vegetation. Its lowest point he places in latitude  $78^{\circ} 40'$  North, and longitude  $178^{\circ} 30'$  East; while he sailed north-eastward for some hundreds of miles, to latitude  $73^{\circ} 30'$ , before parting with his new-found continent. In grateful remembrance of the Russian navigator and scholar who gave many years to the development of the knowledge of the North Pacific, Captain Hall called his discovery WRANGELL'S LAND; but we cannot believe that, when Captain Long's narrative appears in full, we shall fail to find in it that he landed, raised the flag of his country, and took possession in the great name of the United States of America. Assuming this, as we have a right to do, we call this a new continent of our own. We claim its seal-fisheries and its whaling-grounds, its broad tracts of breeding-grounds for water-fowl, its white foxes and sea otters, its Kutchin and Eskimo, whether few or many. And it lends additional interest to the attainment of title to Russian America, that the gateway to the new continent, where none yet dispute our rights, lies through narrow seas and straits where the range of modern cannon could sink our heaviest iron-clads in going to and from Wrangell's Land.

But Alaska deserves comparison with something more tangible than this new mirage of the Arctic seas. The true character of the North Pacific is only slowly being revealed to us. It has been known to the enterprise of enlightened nations only for a few years; and until California was occupied by us, the whole coast, from San Francisco northward, was but a line of hunting and trading posts, neither England nor Russia seeking to put it to other uses. And for the last twenty years British occupancy, beyond the immediate surroundings of the

few gold mines of Frazer's River, has carefully been restricted to the cultivation of the fur trade, and to encouraging the growth of fur-bearing wild animals and their savage hunters. It has been the interest of all these parties to prevent colonization, and we might, for half a century longer, remain without knowledge of the capacity of this coast to sustain the occupancy of enlightened nations but for the invitation of Russia to examine the country, and buy it, if we like.

In the first place, the North Pacific is an ocean in which the waters circulate from tropical to polar latitudes and back again, as they do in the Atlantic Ocean. Along the coast of China and Japan a strong current, the equivalent of the Gulf Stream off our own coast, bears north-eastward, past the great peninsula of Kamtchatka, and is lost in the direction of Behring Strait. On the coast of California, particularly, the return of this great current gives a peculiar chill to the air near the sea, causing a strong, cold draught through the mid-hours of every summer day, and making overcoats acceptable at San Francisco in July and August. This cold current could only flow down in consequence of the flow of at least as much—really much more—warm water northward; and to this warm northward current Captain Long was indebted for power to spend the summer just passed in coasting along the new Wrangell's Land.

In short, the warm waters of the Pacific bathe the north-western shores of America as the Gulf Stream does the north-western shores of Europe; and the consequence is that this long line of coast and its great islands are all habitable, as the British Islands and Norway are. A warm and humid atmosphere constantly sweeps over them from a sea in which no ice drifts southward to wreck vessels in dense Newfoundland fogs. The harbors of the coast are always open, and at Sitka, latitude  $57^{\circ}$  North, ice never forms in its landlocked anchorage, and the snows dissolve in water almost as they fall. Even the island of Sitka, better named Baranoff, after its most honored Russian governor,

does not afford ice-ponds from which the San Francisco market can be supplied. An attempt to erect such ponds, ten or twelve years ago, was a failure, the ice sometimes forming, but being always "brash," soft and rotten, and they were speedily abandoned, the company going to Kodiak Island, two or three hundred miles north-westward, and there obtaining the ice sent to San Francisco since that time.

There is no ice along the coast, therefore, from latitude  $54^{\circ} 40'$  to a point beyond Sitka, at least—probably to the fifty-eighth parallel. To express this fact in terms or measures of the Atlantic coast, would be to say that no ice would be found on the coast from Maine to the northern extremity of Labrador—an Atlantic impossibility. But on the west of Europe we find the same conditions: the west of the British Islands has no harbors covered with ice in winter, and the west of Norway is free quite up to the limit of settlement, and almost to Hammerfest and Havøe. These two points on the extreme north of Norway, and looking toward Spitzbergen there, as Kotzebue Sound looks out toward Wrangell's Land, have the winter temperature of Eastport, Maine. Again, Port Providence, just south-west of the entrance of Behring Strait, latitude  $64^{\circ} 14'$  North, has the mean winter temperature of Fredericton, New Brunswick, of Halifax, and nearly of Montreal. It cannot, therefore, be so cold at Behring Strait as we supposed. The thermometer readings at Port Clarence, the depôt of the Telegraph Company recently operating in Russian America, nearer to the strait than Port Providence, and at latitude  $65^{\circ} 45'$  North, gave for two months of the winter of 1851-'2 an average nearly at zero, which undoubtedly closed navigation at that point for the season. This is colder than on the prairies of Northern Minnesota, where the average winter temperature is  $10^{\circ}$  above zero, as observed for a period of years at Fort Ripley. At Sitka, and on the great islands of the vicinity, the softening influence of the warm-water currents of the Pacific in winter is most striking. The great Wran-

gell observed the thermometer carefully at Sitka for ten years, from 1833 to 1842, and the average for the winter was recorded by him at  $35^{\circ}$ —a degree warmer than Washington City. But in 1842 the Russian government established an observatory at Sitka, observations of the thermometer having been recorded hourly from that time to the advent there of General Rousseau and the United States land and naval forces. From a careful summary of this remarkable series of observations, we find the winter temperature  $33^{\circ}$ , or almost exactly the same as at Philadelphia. And it is also very equable—the changes not so great as here, the snow, when it falls, always soft, and the bitter winter frosts of New York and New England wholly unknown.

At this well-appointed scientific observatory every form of observation in physical science was also maintained from 1842 forward, the observations being printed at length in many stately volumes published by the Russian government. Among these the quantities of snow and rain have been recorded, and we find a profusion of rain, with relatively very little snow. The average rain-fall is eighty-three inches, most of which falls in August and the fall and winter months, the spring and early summer not having an excess of rain. In August last nearly twenty inches fell—an immense quantity, as it was thought—at Sitka, and about two inches in excess of the quantity falling in the same month at Philadelphia. But it is only fair to state that we had a large excess above the average on this side of the continent for that month. The quantity of snow, carefully measured at each fall, averaged fifteen inches for each winter month, and ten inches each for March, April and November. None fell in May or in October. Frequently whole months of winter elapsed with no snow, and very little usually fell in November. Clearly there is little reliance on sleighing at Sitka, and we learn that some persons detest such wet winters as they there experience. But in the valleys of the mainland the climate is reported by residents there, attachés of the Telegraph

Company, to the present writer, to be delightfully free from excess of rain in summer and of snow in winter.

As a consequence of the humid atmosphere and equable temperature of this long coast, the forest growths of the North Pacific are magnificent. Pines and deciduous trees flourish equally over all these islands and peninsulas, extending to the interior until the rising peaks of the coast mountains or the high plateaux crowning the Rocky Mountain range reduce forest trees to shrubs. But of the lowlands there are 50,000 to 75,000 square miles so covered in Russian America, most of it equal to the best forests of Vancouver's Island and of Washington Territory. This resource for timber and lumber will be of incalculable value to the naked plains of California for centuries to come. Sir John Richardson speaks of the forests of Sitka as follows: "On the island of Sitka, lying in 57° to 58° N. latitude, the forest, nourished by a comparatively high mean temperature and a very moist atmosphere, is equal to the richest woodlands of the United States."\*

"Yet corn does not grow," adds the same writer, in the same paragraph. Probably it does not; yet in the interior, at Fort Simpson, and undoubtedly on Prince of Wales' Island, there are arable lands and a climate soft enough to ripen wheat. Barley will grow even in the Yukon River valley, far north, and in the interior of the broad, continental area of

\* This magnificent forest-growth is more fully described by the same author (*Arctic Searching Expedition for Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson, p. 418, Amer. ed.*) as follows: "With the physiognomy of the vegetation on the Rocky Mountains and west of that range I have no personal acquaintance, and borrow the following notice of the vegetation of Sitka from Bongard: Sitka is situated at the entrance of Norfolk Sound, on the fifty-seventh parallel, near an extinct volcano named Mount Edgcombe, which marks the entrance of the sound. The most remarkable mountain in the immediate vicinity of the settlement is Westerwolf, which is three thousand Parisian feet in height, and is clothed to its summit by a dense forest of pines and spruces, some of which acquire a diameter of seven feet, and the prodigious length of one hundred and sixty feet. The hollow trunk of one of these trees, formed into a canoe, is able to contain thirty men, with all their household effects. The climate of Sitka is very much milder than that of Europe on the same parallel."

Alaska, latitude 66° North. If England, with a summer temperature of 58°, can ripen wheat, the same warmth will ripen it on the Pacific coast. On Prince of Wales', Queen Charlotte's, and Vancouver's Islands we have the climate of England almost exactly reproduced, and the first-named, in the limits of Alaska, is a spacious, habitable tract, a hundred miles or more southward of Sitka. Lancashire, the cool, humid, yet rich, northwest of England, is reproduced in Prince of Wales' Island; and experience has proved that people can live and thrive by many employments in Lancashire.

Away to the north, however, stretch mountains and plains that geographies of even the modern sort have not described; and having bought and got possession of them, we are curious to know with what they are filled. Going north, by way of the Chilcat River, we come abruptly, and almost at the very coast, upon glaciers like those of the Alps. The mountains rise so near the sea that the ice formed on them works downward in regular glaciers—ice so clear and blue as to prove its purity and solidity beyond doubt, and to resist the moderate summer temperature, though surrounded with vegetation and animal life. A portion of this coast, here running westward for two hundred miles, is quite rough and forbidding, but beyond Prince William's Sound, on the Kenay Peninsula, and particularly south-westward a little distance, at Kodiak Island, the capacity for occupation improves, and access to the interior is facilitated. Still more strikingly further west, and where the great river Yukon enters the sea, the region of profuse animal and vegetable life for the summer begins. The valley of the Yukon stretches nearly a thousand miles east and west, the river rising near the 135th meridian, in the Rocky Mountains, and emptying its waters in Behring's Sea, at the 166th meridian—thirty-one degrees of longitude being traversed by it. Writers describe this valley as the meeting-ground of the nations of the North for trade every summer; and that it is mild enough in climate for summer travel is proved by the thermometric

record at Fort Yukon, latitude  $66^{\circ}$  North, where the mean summer heat is  $60^{\circ}$ , or equal very nearly to that of London,  $60^{\circ} 3'$ ; Stockholm,  $60^{\circ} 4'$ ; and St. Petersburg,  $60^{\circ} 6'$ . Still, we do not yet infer that an abrupt transfer of the seats of Eastern empire will be made to the valley of the Yukon, whatever the Kutchin, the Eskimo and the Dog-Rib Indians may for centuries past have done on that memorable tract. Again, Sir John Richardson is our authority for the report of summer heat at Fort Yukon; and for the month of July the mean was  $65\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ , or equal to the summer heat of the north shore of Lake Ontario.

We have spoken of the nations who meet and trade on the Great River Yukon: there are four of these, of whom we have some partial description. First, the *Kutchin*, the central resident nation of the Yukon Valley, numbering a thousand warriors at least, according to Mr. Murray, a gentleman long residing at Fort Yukon as the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Murray describes them as "of the average height of Europeans, well formed, with regular features, high foreheads and light complexions. The wife of one of the chiefs was so handsome that she would be considered a fine woman in any country. . . . The principal men of the Kutchin possess two or three wives each," and Mr. Murray "knew one old leader who had five. Poor men, whose abilities as hunters were small, remained bachelors." Enough of the Kutchin, personally, most persons will exclaim, yet Mr. Murray goes on to describe them as "a lively, cheerful people, excelling in dancing, singing, and athletic exercises." Their currency, or medium of exchange is well maintained, being exclusively of a variety of beads brought from Italy. Neither expansion nor contraction is complained of, and the only infringement they submit to is to reckon their accounts at the trading posts in "beavers." Allied to the Kutchin proper are many smaller nations of the southern coast: the *Kenaiyer*, of Cook's Inlet; the *Kolushes*, who build wooden houses about Prince

William's Sound; the *Atnaer*, who work in iron and copper, and several other tribes—in all numbering many thousands of active and energetic people.

The next great nation is the *Kuskutchewak*, living on the Lower Yukon, and on the Kouskokvim river, southward of the Yukon. They dwell in winter in regular villages, and in summer travel inland to obtain provisions, and to trade at the great markets of the Yukon Valley. They are very generous and public-spirited: they erect a spacious building for public purposes in every village, and "they are passionately fond of the vapor bath, and often use it three or four times a day." "They indicate time with accuracy, and can distinguish stars and planets." Baron Wrangell writes much in praise of the *Kuskutchewak*; but no man has numbered or estimated them: there are certainly many thousands.

Next are the *Inuit*—"ceux qui miaux,"\* or Esquimaux, as they are generally called. They are the well-known occupants of nearly all the northern and eastern coasts, and they find their western limit where the nations meet on the Yukon. The fourth nation is the *Tinnè*, or Chepewyans, coming from the interior on the south to the same great rendezvous. Of these Tinnè many bad traits are related; but one singular merit is universally accorded to them—"the singular characteristic of strict honesty: no precautions for the safety of property are necessary when among them." They are not, we regret to say, residents of Alaska: they only visit certain portions of its borders annually to trade.

We should also name the great nation *Tchuktsche*, of Behring Strait, the islands of Behring's Sea, and Asia on the west. They are numerous and powerful: they occupy the Aleutian Islands, and constitute an intelligent body of traders from the Asiatic to the American coast. In Siberia they are nomads, maintaining herds of reindeer, and trav-

\* "Ceux qui miaux," those who mew or shout in a peculiar tone, from the habit of these people to surround a ship with their boats, and to shout or call in a peculiar tone to trade with them.

eling great distances to the interior fairs of the remote East.

All the first-named nations, as we have said, resort annually to the valley of the Yukon to trade; the western nations, accompanied by a few Russians, sweeping slowly up that broad valley, and meeting the *Inuit* and *Tinnè* of the east at about the 140th meridian, or some distance east of Fort Yukon. In the mild summer climate of this valley the festivals and fairs of this long unknown North are held, and the handsome resident merchants of the *Kutchin* race are the arbiters and hold the balance between the east and the west. Mr. Isbistus' eulogy of these people is so rose-colored that we cannot refrain from quoting it, notwithstanding the praises previously recorded of them: "An athletic, fine-looking race, considerably above the average stature, most of them being above six feet in height, and remarkably well-proportioned; . . . with black hair, fine sparkling eyes, regular and well-set teeth and a fair complexion, . . . with countenances handsome and pleasing, and capable of great expression." We wait impatiently for a nearer acquaintance with this people, and for admission to their society. And all this, bear in mind, transpires on our own territory, the far-rolling Yukon, at the 67th parallel of North latitude, in a country not so much as known to us to exist until very recently.

But it is possible that the *Kutchin*, the *Tchuktche*, the *Inuit* and the *Tinnè* have not yet ratified this transfer. The discussion in the public halls of the *Kuskutchewak* may be pending as we write. Stipulations may be required quite beyond our power to comply with. Shall we send an embassy and a suitable escort? Can we not persuade them to assimilate their institutions to ours? and, as there are certainly fifty thousand of them, can they not go into an election at once, and apply through one member of the House and the proper number of Senators for Congressional mileage, and other proofs of identity with our fortunes to all future time? The contingency that some court might

pronounce them "Indians not taxed," could be removed by taxing them forthwith.

Altogether, this new country of the North-west increases in interest as we examine it. Its value is much beyond our expectations. It has a climate singularly favorable for its latitude, and it has a productive capacity of very ample proportions, although peculiar to itself. Bongard pronounces it warmer than the same latitudes of the west of Europe, but we find it almost exactly the same. If New York City is habitable in winter, we can live at *Sitka*; for the last-named place is the warmer of the two at that season. It is magnificently timbered, and deep landlocked harbors remain free from ice through the year, affording opportunities for ship-building superior to those of the rivers and bays of Maine. It is inhabited by native tribes more numerous, intelligent and capable than most of those we have known in lower latitudes. It swarms with animal life: the water-fowl of the whole continent crowd to their breeding grounds there in summer; herds of deer of every variety; fur-bearing animals without number; and a profusion of animal life strikingly greater than equal areas of any part of the continent at the south afford. Such is the universal testimony of intelligent explorers, at the head of whom we reckon Sir John Richardson. It is singular that nearly all the migratory singing and woodland birds of the United States go to this far northland and breed there in the short summer.

Clearly we can occupy the coast first, and, building towns there, can trade peacefully with the nations of the interior, if it is found too costly to attempt at once to exterminate them. Many alternatives will doubtless open with the mere lapse of time; and now, with our debt on our hands and on our heads, it will be better to make friends with such nations as the *Kutchin* than to enter on possession of their country against their will, and at the risk of prolonged war.

The Pacific coast of this continent is a vast field for the occupancy of enlight-

ened nations, the precise value of which it would be preposterous to attempt now to calculate. Let us enter with courage and confidence on the possessions that fall to us ; and if for the present we look doubtfully on the vista of Wrangell's Land, just opened to us through Behring Strait, hesitating at the suggestion to establish ourselves there, let us stop at nothing short of that strait. We can, at least, go where the winters are not colder than those of New York Harbor ;

and the ship-builders of Maine would not hesitate at fastening upon a coast where ice even closes the harbors for two or three months of winter. There will be uses in the near future, if there are not uses now, for the abundant and cheap natural supplies of Sitka and the adjacent islands in the maintenance of the great commerce of the Pacific, which the rapid succession of events is developing in our hands, and in our hands almost alone.

## THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.\*

### II.

**I**N 1697, William Penn had held an interesting interview with the young Czar of Russia, then working as a carpenter in the ship-yards in England.

Two years later, Penn made his second voyage to America, arriving at Philadelphia in December, 1699, where we found him residing in the Slate-roof

House, surrounded with all the comforts, and many of the rarest luxuries, to be found anywhere in the world at that period.

Thus five years, at least, before the foundations of the imperial city of St. Petersburg were laid by his friend Peter the Great, the Quaker proprietor had re-

\* Besides the authorities cited in Part I. of this paper, I am indebted for information to the following sources, among a number of others too numerous to mention :

Original letter of William Penn, a copy from the document discovered in the Carte Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin.

Original letters of Wm. Penn, in possession of the author of this paper.

Extracts from the Norris manuscripts, furnished by Dr. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia.

The Van Rensselaer manuscripts.

The Rensselaerwyck documents.

The Read manuscripts.

The State of the Palatines For Fifty Years Past to this Present Time (illustrated with rough wood-cuts). London: Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster Row, 1710.

The Peerage of Ireland. London, 1768.

Sermon Preached at the Funeral of the Right Honorable Lady Cornbury, August 13, 1706, by John Sharp, A. M., Chaplain to the Queen's Forces in the Province of New York. London, 1706.

Voyage of Geo. Clarke, Esq., to America, with Introduction and Notes by E. B. O'Callaghan. Albany: J. Munsell, 1867. Edition only 100 copies.

Biographical Sketch of Isaac Norris, Speaker of Pennsylvania Assembly, which accompanies his *Journal of a Trip to Albany in 1745*, edited and printed on a private press by his descendant, J. P.

Norris. Of this exquisite specimen of typography only 80 copies were printed, as gifts.

Analytical Index to Col. Docs. of New Jersey. By Henry Stevens; edited, with valuable notes and references, by William A. Whitehead. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Trenton Gazette, February, 1849.

History of Presbyterian Church of Trenton, New Jersey. By John Hall, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Trenton Newspapers, 1840.

Dr. O'Callaghan's History of New Netherland.

Dr. John Romeyn Brodhead's History of New York.

Discourse by Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.

New York Historical Society's Collections.

Moulton's History of New York.

Smith's History of New York.

Pennsylvania Historical Society's Collections.

Unpublished MSS. of Mr. Watson, in possession of Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Holgate's American Genealogy.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. Burke's Dormant and Extinct Peerages. Burke's Commoners.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following gentlemen:

Marshall Woods, Providence, R. I.; John Carter Brown, Providence, R. I.; John Brown Francis, Spring Green, R. I.; Philemon Dickinson and S. Meredith Dickinson, Trenton, New Jersey, and John Stockton Littell.

turned to his province, and found its capital a fair city of twenty years' growth and standing—a growth, too, which did not represent the slow access of population in European countries, but was an early and favorable type of that rapid increase and development which have since made "American Progress" the wonder of older civilizations.

Governor Penn often had opportunities for comparing the prosperity of his own settlement with the material resources of the other colonies. He was fond of horses, having carried with him on his first visit to his new home three blood mares, a white horse of good quality, and several inferior animals for labor; and on his second arrival he brought with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree.

He made his excursions from town to his manor of Pennsbury in his barge, but he journeyed to New York and to Maryland on horseback.

On one of these occasions he writes from New York, whither he had gone to attend a conference of colonial governors: "My dear love to Friends in general, and particularly tell Hannah Delaval that to be one of her witnesses [at her approaching nuptials with Captain Richard Hill] is not the least motive to hasten me."

John Richardson, in his journal, gives an account of a yearly meeting at Treddhaven, in Maryland, upon the Eastern Shore, to which meeting for worship came William Penn and Lord and Lady Baltimore.

But it was late when they arrived, "and the strength and glory of the heavenly power of the Lord was going off from the meeting; so the lady was much disappointed." For she told Penn, "she did not want to hear him, and such as he, for he was a scholar and a wise man; and she did not question but he could preach; but she wanted to hear some of our mechanics preach; as husbandmen, shoemakers, and such like rustics; for she thought they could not preach to any purpose."

William Penn, however, replied, good-humoredly, "That some of these were rather the best preachers we had among us."

In the spring of the year 1701, Penn traveled into the interior of his province, as appears from a letter of Isaac Norris, himself a man of distinction and wealth in the colony: "I am just come home from Susquehannah, where I have been to meet the Governor. We had a roundabout journey, having pretty well traversed the wilderness. We lived nobly at the King's palace at Conostoga, from thence crossed it to the Schoolkil."

New light is cast upon the goodness and purity of Penn through a letter written by him to his friend the Duke of Ormond, dated "Philadelphia, 9th 11mo., 1683." This document was found at Oxford during the last summer, and a copy forwarded to me by my friend, John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin, the distinguished author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," who, jointly with the Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, has been commissioned by the English Government to select from the Carte Collection, at the Bodleian Library, state papers for transcription and publication.

It will be remembered that the Duke of Ormond, to whom this paper is addressed, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Penn had formed his acquaintance by being sent over to his court in 1665—some say to escape the plague, then prevalent in London; others, more correctly, because his father, the admiral, desired to separate him from his Quaker associates.

His conduct was of a most exemplary kind in the midst of a society both gay and dissipated. One instance, mentioned in Carte's *Life of Ormond*, affords a glimpse of the character of the times.

It appears that it was the custom, during the sitting of Parliament in Dublin, to keep the viceroy's wine-cellars always open of an evening for the members; and some young bloods sending up in their gayer to the duke for chairs, he returned answer that he did not think it became the gravity of his place to en-

courage gentlemen to drink longer than they could stand!

It seems that Penn never lost the religious impression made on his mind by a sudden illumination he received in youth; so there is the less wonder that the pleasures of the vice-regal court failed to undermine his regular habits and consistent morals.

Nearly twenty years after he had passed unscathed through these glittering temptations, he wrote to the Duke of Ormond: "I wish Thee length of days, health and true felicity, begging by ye old freedom and friendship that I have had with Thee, that thy moderation may be known to all men, in all things, because God our Judge is at the door; who will have the first Inspection of all our actions, at that great and general Assize of the world where nothing can be dissembled or escape that we have done."

Having shown his constant sense of the pervading presence of the Almighty, Penn then proceeds to plead on behalf of those in Great Britain who are dissenters; and his argument, though couched in forms of speech now somewhat unfamiliar, does credit to his head and heart: "This is a lesson y<sup>t</sup> affects all, but of all, Magistrates, and of thos, Supream, who have not only their own, but the peoples sins to answer for, if by example and punishment they labour not teaching, and deter the people from impiety; and the reason is plaine, for justice and sobriety are the end of Govern<sup>t</sup> and the reason of y<sup>t</sup> extraordinary powr not to vex men for their beliefe and modest practise of y<sup>t</sup> faith with respect to y<sup>e</sup> other world, into which Promise and Sovereignty, temporall Powr reaches not, from its very nature and end—*honestè vivere, alteram non cadere, et jus suum cuique tribuere* (pardon my extent) are the Magistrates mark."

"To take care of the worship of God, was a peculiar commission to y<sup>e</sup> Jewish Potentates, whos entire modell, in every ceremonious part thereof, came from God, and w<sup>th</sup> stood in externall Rites, for the most part. But the religion and Kingdome of X<sup>t</sup> [Christ] are not of this

world, more mentall, inward, and spirituell; neither at the mountane, nor at Jerusalem, the Rites of neither place, but saies our blessed Saviour, in spirit and in truth, with as little shew and pomp as may be, this is y<sup>e</sup> worship christian, not calculated to our senses, but our souls. This comes from heaven, overcomes and prevales by conviction; no fire from heaven to make conforme, much less from the earth. Christ Jesus, to whom all power is given, is sufficient for y<sup>t</sup> part. As to him only it is appointed of the father. But let vice be punish<sup>t</sup>—corporall ills have corporall sufferings, and corrections, y<sup>t</sup> the Magistrate may be a terror to evil doers, not mistaken believers about tother world—much less peaceable livers and worshipers."

Having thus grandly stated his propositions, Penn appeals directly to the Duke himself: "Of all that falls under thy administration, in the love of God and the sincere affection of a Friend, lett me prevale with thee to avoide troubling conscientious and quiet liveing dissenters; they are best for the country and not y<sup>e</sup> worst for y<sup>e</sup> church, since if religion be at heart in our great churchmen, they will love the example of such vertue, and make it a spurr to mend the pace of thos y<sup>t</sup> they conceive of sounder principles in their own communion."

"For my part, I franckly declare y<sup>t</sup> I cannot think y<sup>t</sup> God will damn any man for the errors of his judgment, and God forbid that we should think y<sup>t</sup> all or y<sup>e</sup> most part of y<sup>e</sup> world err willingly in understanding; and if both be allow'd, y<sup>e</sup> conclusion is short, that there are but two churches in the world and they contain all y<sup>e</sup> good and bad people in it; of which Christ and Satan are the Heads. Soe that damnation and salvation goe not by names, but natures and qualifications, according to y<sup>e</sup> unquestionable doctrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, y<sup>t</sup> God is no respecter of persons, but those y<sup>t</sup> in all nations feare him and work righteousness shall be accepted."

"Men must reap w<sup>t</sup> they sow, and his servants people are, whom they obey. Thus X<sup>t</sup> overthrew y<sup>e</sup> Jews' great pretentions to Abraham, Moses, y<sup>e</sup> prophets,



the Law, Temple and Rites—if you committ sinn, you are y<sup>e</sup> servants of sin—slighting their conceitts of heirship and sonship by succession and peculiar tradition, a snare too powerful upon a great part of the world.”

“Lett then the tares grow with y<sup>e</sup> wheat, errors of judgm<sup>t</sup> remain till removed by y<sup>e</sup> powr of light and conviction. A Religion without it is inhuman, since reason only makes humanity. Should men supercede that, to be conformists, which makes them essentially better than beasts, to witt, understanding? To conclude men by authority is coercive, to conclude by conviction is manly and Christian.”

“Lett it not, Noble Sir, be uneasy to thee that I am thus long and perticular. Tis a troublesome time in those parts of the world [England and Ireland], and good and peaceable men may suffer by y<sup>e</sup> folls of other pretenders. We hear of a Presbyterian Plott, and the severity y<sup>t</sup> is exercised against our Friends in divers parts on y<sup>t</sup> occasion, tho to the astonishment of our prosecutors there be none of y<sup>m</sup> found in y<sup>e</sup> list. Tis what I ever told both the King and Duke and that at parting; if God should suffer men to be so farr infatuated as to raise commotion in y<sup>e</sup> kingdom, he would never find any of y<sup>t</sup> party among y<sup>m</sup>, at least of note or credit. The Lord Hyde was by, now Earl of Rochester, [when I spoke]; their designe being no more but to enjoy their conscience and follow their vocations peaceably, y<sup>t</sup> the labour of y<sup>e</sup> week may not be y<sup>e</sup> price of their Sabbath—I mean worship—and y<sup>t</sup> I believed he would live to be convinced y<sup>t</sup> we never carried y<sup>e</sup> matter higher; lett others answear for themselves.”

“This makes me press the more upon thee in favour of our \_\_\_\_\_ in Ireland, because upon their address to the King (in which they pleaded their innocency and declared their abhorrence of plotts, and prayed) to be relieved in their sufferings, the King gave them thanks, and said he believed them, and promised to take care to redress them.”

We are reminded by these passages that William Penn elsewhere records

King James as having told him, soon after the accession, that now he meant “to go to mass above board;” upon which Penn quaintly and promptly remarked, “that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased.” But listen to these remaining words of sincerity and truth, which deserve to be written in letters of gold:

*“I plead against my interests, for y<sup>e</sup> severitys of those parts encrease the plantation and improvement of these. But I am for y<sup>e</sup> just and mercifull thing, whoever gets or looses by it—as ought all men of truth, honour and conscience to be.”\**

I have given extracts at length from this wonderful letter, for they furnish striking and, hitherto, unpublished examples of Penn’s true nobility of soul. It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the collection in which the original document was discovered, consists principally of the State Papers and Correspondence of James, Duke of Ormond, who was concerned in the government of Ireland, from the breaking out of the great Irish Rebellion, in 1641, to his death in 1688. These papers were taken by Thomas Carte from Kilkenny Castle, the Duke’s chief mansion, in 1734, when he was employed by the Earl of Arran, the Duke’s grandson, to write his grandfather’s life. In his preface to the first volume, published in 1736, Carte says: “I found in the evidence-room, at Kilkenny, about fourteen wicker bins—each large enough to hold an hogshead of wine in bottles—covered with unwieldy books of stewards’ accounts; but which upon examination appeared to be full of papers. . . .

There being no book-binder in Kilkenny, I was forced to transport these on three Irish cars to Dublin, where I was continually employed for several months in digesting them, in order to have them bound up like the others,” viz.: twenty-seven large books containing a series of letters and papers, the greater part extending only to the end of 1651, and some to the beginning of the following

\* The italics are my own.

year, which had been previously given to Carte by Lord Arran. The whole collection was subsequently deposited in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford; "and consists," says Mr. Prendergast, "of more than 200 folio volumes."

I have thus particularized, inasmuch as the *Carte Collection* has another association of interest, at least to Philadelphians. For Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, has officially declared, that the *Manuscript Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde, 1641-1643*, recently restored by the Library Company of Philadelphia to her Britannic Majesty's Government, have in reality filled the gap in this series of documents which Mr. Hardy, in his able report on the *Carte Papers*, had previously deeply deplored.

But it is time to return to William Penn, concerning whose experiences in the Slate-roof House, I have still a few words to say.

It was his custom while residing there, as Governor, to receive formal deputations of Indians; and after the solemn conference, and the more exhilarating feast which followed, he used to adjourn with them to the grounds in the rear of the mansion to witness and enjoy their "cantico," or dance.

A story which a traveler picked up some years afterwards in Philadelphia may have had its origin at one of these festivals.

An old Indian, in whom liquor had apparently got the better of his head, was boasting to a Friend of the extent and variety of his knowledge. Whereupon the Friend desired leave to ask him whether he knew who was first circumcised? The old savage at once replied: "Father Abraham!" Then, immediately begging leave in an equally polite manner, he put the question: "Who was the first Quaker?" The Friend said it was uncertain, that some took one person for it, and some another.

"You are mistaken, sir," rejoined the cunning old fellow. "*Mordecai* was the first Quaker, for he would not take off his hat to Haman!"

Notwithstanding Governor Penn's evi-

dently strong personal inclinations for the pleasures of town and country life in his own Province, public interests of vital importance soon demanded his presence in England. His friends there began to continually urge his return, and in order that he might appear before Parliament in behalf of his government.

In a letter written at this time to James Logan, he says: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, still less Tishe: I know not what to do; Samuel Carpenter seems to excuse her in it."

From the whole tenor of this letter, which I have carefully read, it seems evident that he contemplated making but a short stay in England.

It is well known, however, to all, that William Penn sailed out of the Delaware on the 3d of November, 1701, and never again set foot on the soil of Pennsylvania.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the summer of 1702, the Slate-roof House was once more the scene of great activity. Governor Penn on his departure had left James Logan in charge of his affairs, as Agent and Secretary of the Province; and Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey, having announced his intention to visit Philadelphia, Logan had given orders to prepare a grand entertainment in his honor at the Slate House, then used as a government building.

In the court-yard, in the rear of the mansion, servants were busily engaged in preparing various kinds of meat and game. And soon, two or three little crooked-legged dogs, which were running about the premises, were caught up and placed in the wheels on the kitchen-wall, and the spits began to turn merrily before the fires, as the little creatures got fairly at work in their tread-mills.

The folding-doors communicating with the two principal rooms, on either side

\* A very curious copy of Admiral Penn's Monument, with the inscription, in St. Mary's Radcliff, Bristol, done by the process of photo-lithography, will be found at p lx. of the Camden Society's very elegant publication for 1866, entitled "History from Marble, compiled in reign of Charles II., by Thomas Dingley, gent., edited by John Gough Nichols, F. S. A.;" which work is worthy of a better index.

of the hall, were also thrown back, thus forming a very large apartment, running the entire width of the mansion, and here the tables were spread for the banquet, and were elaborately decorated with a choice variety of flowers, arranged under the direction of some of the principal young ladies of the city.

These details were scarcely completed when the sound of the approaching cavalcade was heard, and all the inhabitants in that part of the town gathered in the street to catch a glimpse of so rare a sight.

At the head of the procession rode Lord Cornbury and Colonel Andrew Hamilton, Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania, with Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Judge Guest, Captain Samuel Finney, Thomas Story, William Clark, Caleb Pusey, Phineas Pemberton, members of the Council; and Isaac Norris, Griffith Jones, Judge Thomas Masters, Captain Richard Hill, David Lloyd, Joseph Growdon, Anthony Morris, John Swift, Nicholas Wain, Joseph Fisher, Daniel Pastorius, John Bewly, Collector of the Port, and Edward Pennington, brother-in-law of William Penn and Surveyor-General of the Province—and many other gentlemen of this and neighboring colonies.

Lord Cornbury and his retinue having dismounted, were received and appropriately welcomed to the Slate-roof House by James Logan; and, after some preliminary conversation, the assembled company sat down, "and were dined," says Lord Cornbury, "equal to anything I have seen in America."

At night the Governor of New York and his suite adjourned, by invitation, to Edward Shippen's mansion, where they lodged, and dined the next day.

Mr. Shippen was the first Mayor of the city, and the ancestor of the Shippen family, whose fortunes are so agreeably traced by Mr. Thomas Balch in the "Letters and Papers Relating to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania." His house was at this time delightfully situated, on a small eminence toward the south, overlooking the rising city, and having in front a beautiful green lawn

gently sloping to the then pleasant Dock creek, commanding, in fact, an unobstructed view of the Delaware river and the Jersey shore. As early as 1698, Gabriel Thomas had mentioned its "very famous and pleasant summer-house," erected in the midst of "extraordinary fine and large gardens, abounding with tulips, pinks, carnations, roses and lilies."

Lord Cornbury, it is easy to imagine, was greatly gratified with his experiences; for after enjoying the hospitalities of the capital, he was despatched to Pennsbury in the Governor's barge, with an escort of fifty persons in four large boats, and was again banqueted by James Logan, at the Proprietor's Manor House.

Oldmixon says: "The Lord Cornbury was extremely well pleased with the house, gardens, and orchards; the latter produced excellent Pearmains and Golden Pippins."

Of this interesting historical "progress" very little remains to be told. It is indeed all contained in the incident of the old woman, who had learned that Cornbury was a lord and a queen's cousin, and accordingly eyed him with great attention; but, to her utter astonishment, she could discover no difference between him and other men, save that he wore leather stockings!

It must always remain a subject of regret that this worthy old dame, who turns up on several occasions in the early history of Philadelphia, was not present at some time in New York, when the "loose lord" was disporting himself about the Fort, where he lived, clad in female apparel. The scene would have afforded an opportunity for refreshing remarks upon the despicable conduct of one who was to become the third Earl of Clarendon—a worthy successor, forsooth! to his grandfather, the Lord Chancellor.

Lady Cornbury, it appears, did not accompany her husband on this tour, although she visited Philadelphia with him in the following year.

She was the daughter of Lord O'Brien, eldest son of the Earl of Thomond; and at the death of her mother, Katharine

Stuart, sole sister and heir of Charles, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, she became Baroness Clifton. She seems to have been a woman superior in all respects to her husband. She died at New York in 1706, greatly lamented, and was buried in a vault in Trinity Church, in which were deposited, some years afterward, the remains of a relative of Lord Cornbury, Mrs. George Clarke, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of New York.

Owing to the somewhat prominent, although not always creditable, part which Viscount Cornbury assumed to play, as an adviser, in the public affairs of Pennsylvania, but especially because he was a guest of the Slate-roof House, and was associated, through several members of his family, with a former occupant of that old mansion—William Penn—it may not be uninteresting to glance for an instant at his character and connections.

His grandfather, Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, the "great Chancellor," had several sons and daughters. The eldest, Henry Hyde, succeeded his father as second Earl of Clarendon, and marrying a daughter of the first Lord Capel, had an only son, Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey—of whom we have been writing;—whose uncle, Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Chancellor, was created Earl of Rochester, November 29, 1682. It was this Lord Rochester, widely celebrated as a wise and incorruptible statesman—and not the profligate, though witty, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who died in 1680, and was of an entirely different family—who became at an early day the friend and correspondent of Penn. His sister, the aunt of Lord Cornbury, married the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and had two daughters: Mary, who married Prince William of Orange and became Queen of England, and Anne, who ascended the throne on the 24th April, 1702. Thus Cornbury and Queen Anne were first cousins; and it was to his relationship to the royal family that he owed his appointment as Governor of New York. Singularly enough, Cornbury's

cousin, Anne Hyde, daughter of William Penn's friend, Lawrence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester, married James, second Duke of Ormond, the grandson of another of Penn's friends, the first Duke of Ormond, to whom was addressed the letter which we have recently noticed. History, indeed, offers many such interesting coincidences to one well versed in her lore. The discovery of the sometimes almost invisible threads which connect apparently unrelated facts or personages is one of the pleasurable rewards which are sure to wait upon the enthusiastic and diligent inquirer.

Lord Cornbury succeeded the Earl of Bellomont as Governor of New York a few weeks prior to his visit to the Slate-roof House—Smith says, May 2, 1702—William Smith, Abraham De Peyster, President of the Council, and Lieutenant Governor John Nanfan, having administered the government *ad interim*. He was superseded by Lord Lovelace in December, 1708, and was immediately placed in prison in New York by his creditors, where he remained until the fall of the following year, when, by the death of his father, he became third Earl of Clarendon, and, returning to England, died there in 1723, leaving no male issue; and his honors devolved upon his cousin, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Rochester and fourth Earl of Clarendon. This nobleman had no sons, and both titles were consequently extinguished: he left, however, two daughters. The youngest of these ladies became the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of the poet Gray, who very naturally made Stoke Park, the seat of the Penn family, the scene of his "Long Story." The church and graveyard which inspired his "Elegy" were likewise in the neighborhood of the Penn mansion.

The eldest daughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Rochester and Clarendon, married Lord Essex; and her daughter, having married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, the title of Earl of Clarendon was revived in his favor, and from them the present peer descends.

Lord Cornbury himself left one daughter, Theodosia Hyde, who espoused John

Bligh, Esq., M. P., afterwards Earl of Darnley; and from this marriage the present Earl of Darnley descends; who enjoys also the English barony of Clifton, through his ancestress, Lady Cornbury, and her daughter, Lady Darnley.

A single fact will suffice to show the public character of Lord Cornbury.

Though war was declared by England on the 4th May, 1702, against France and Spain, the treaty of neutrality between the "Five Nations" and the French in Canada prevented New York from being harassed on her borders. Cornbury, however, continued his solicitations for money; and finally, after many urgent appeals from the Governor, the Legislature, which had already expended £22,000 during the late peace, made an appropriation of £1500 for fortifying the approaches to the city of New York. Whereupon Cornbury coolly put the whole amount in his own pocket! The Legislature, finding that they had been deceived, and that the money had been thus misapplied, eventually took the precaution of appointing a Treasurer, Colonel Abraham De Peyster, late President of the Council, who, by the way, was an ancestor of James De Peyster, recently President of the New York Historical Society. From this time down to the Revolution, New York had two financial officers: one being the Receiver General of the Crown, who collected the quit-rents and duties levied in virtue of British trade acts; whilst the other, the Colonial Treasurer, became the custodian of moneys raised and paid out by virtue of the Provincial laws.

The vote on the ways and means to raise the above £1500, which Cornbury at once so gracefully appropriated to his own uses, is amusing, and becomes of interest in these days of taxes. Fortunately for us, several of the items taxed have disappeared with the progress of events; and there can be no great danger, except for single men, in the publication of the remainder, as the other cases are fairly reached already, at least by our worthy national lawgivers:

"Every member of the Council to pay

a poll-tax of 40 shillings; an Assemblyman, 20 shillings; a lawyer in practice, 20 shillings; every man wearing a periwig, 5 shillings and 6 pence; a *batchelor of 25 years and upwards*, 2 shillings and 3 pence; every freeman between 16 and 60, 9 pence; the owners of slaves, for each, 1 shilling."

James Logan continued to reside in the Slate-roof House until 1704, when he removed to William Clark's mansion on Chestnut street. Here he kept "bachelor's hall" with William Penn, Jr., who had recently arrived from England without his wife, and Governor Evans, and Judge Mompesson.

His own propriety of conduct is well known, but he could not control the disorderly behavior of young Penn and his dissolute companion, Evans, the youthful Governor, who was only twenty-six years of age.

The proprietor's son kept a kennel of hounds, was lavish of expense, and fond of display and good living. Many scandalous stories are told of him; and it was so generally known that he was too marked in his attentions, among others, to a young lady in Bucks county, that the moderate Logan did not hesitate to write to his father: "'Tis a pity his wife came not with him, for her presence would have confined him within bounds he was not too regular in observing."

In his letter to his secretary, Penn had said, when his son was about embarking for America: "Be discreet. He has wit, kept the top company, and must be handled with much love and wisdom; and urging the weakness and folly of some behaviours, and the necessity of another conduct from interest and reputation, will go far. And get Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, Phineas Pemberton, Thomas Masters, and such persons to be soft, and kind, and teaching; it will do wonders with him, and he is conquered that way."

Alas! all these means were tried by the father's friends, but utterly failed; for young Penn and Governor Evans, being late one night at a public house, became involved in a disgraceful affray

with the watch. In the midst of the affair young Penn called for pistols; but, the lights being extinguished, one of his antagonists gave him a sound beating; and Alderman Wilcox availed himself of the darkness to feign ignorance of the presence of the chief magistrate, to whom he gave a severe drubbing, redoubling his blows upon him as a slanderer when he disclosed his quality.\*

The allowance of money received from Logan not being sufficient to support this prodigal son, he sold, in order to raise funds to get out of the country, his manor called Williamstadt, to Isaac Norris and William Trent for £850. It consisted of 7000 acres, and is now Norristown, or Norriton township, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1703, Trent had also purchased the Slate-roof House from Samuel Carpenter, for £850, and it became his residence the year following.

From Judge Field's interesting book, the "Provincial Courts of New Jersey," we learn that William Trent was a native of Inverness, Scotland. He emigrated at an early day to Philadelphia, where he became an extensive and successful merchant, and also Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Speaker of the Assembly of that Province.

In 1714 he purchased Mahlon Stacey's plantation of eight hundred acres, lying upon both sides of the Assanpink, in New Jersey. To this place he removed some years later, and in the year 1721 represented the county of Burlington in the Assembly. In 1723 he was elected Speaker of the House, and shortly after was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He, did not, however, long survive the latter honor, but died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his mansion called Bloomsbury Court, on Christmas Day, 1724, universally beloved and lamented.

Several years before his death a town was laid out on his estate, which in his honor was called Trent's Town—now Trenton, capital of the State of New Jersey.

\* Janney's Penn. Watson. The Friend, xviii., No. 46.

Judge Field is, however, in error in thinking that none of the descendants remain. Chief Justice Trent married Mary Burge, daughter of Samuel Eckley, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia. From them, in the female line, descend the Rossell family, of Trenton. Nathan Beakes, Esquire, of Trenton, having married Mary Trent—the daughter of Major William Trent, son of the Chief Justice—their daughter, Lydia Beakes, married Gen. Zachariah Rossell, whose three children, now living—Mrs. Higbee, widow of the late William P. Higbee, Esquire; Miss Anna Rossell, and Mr. Wm. H. Rossell—are great-great-grandchildren of Chief Justice Trent. Their brother, Major Nathan Beakes Rossell, U. S. A., who was breveted and honored by a vote of the Legislature of New Jersey for his gallant conduct in Mexico, was finally killed at the battle of "Gaines' Mills," on the 27th of June, 1863.

Dr. John Trent, the youngest child of Major Trent, was for many years a distinguished physician at Camden, South Carolina, where he died in 1809, leaving five children. One of the sons, Dr. William Trent, was living in Tennessee a few years ago.

The only daughter of Chief Justice Trent married a Mr. French, resident in one of the West India Islands. It is not known whether any of her descendants survive.

These few lines may be the means of restoring the lost links in the scattered chain of the descendants of this former owner of the Slate-roof House.

Logan, in a letter to Penn in 1709, says: "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter), which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden. I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a governor. His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would give £20 to £30 out of my own pocket that it were thine—nobody's but thine."

The Slate House was, however, bought shortly after by Isaac Norris, the elder,

for the above-mentioned sum, £900. His family resided there till he removed to his country-seat, called Fair Hill, in 1717.

In the mean time the original owner and builder of the mansion, Samuel Carpenter, died and was buried, with universal expressions of sorrow and regret on the part of all classes of people.

In a letter written after his death to his daughter Hannah Fishbourne, he is thus noticed by Thomas Story, a distinguished preacher of that day: "The Lord hath gathered my dear friend to himself. . . . I am fully satisfied he has attained the state of the just, and is praising his God and our God in the heavens, in joy unspeakable, which never changeth."

James Logan, in a letter to William Penn, writes: "That worthy and valuable man, Samuel Carpenter, is to be interred to-morrow, after about two weeks' illness. A fever and cough, with rheumatic pains, carried him off. As I always loved him, and his generous and benevolent disposition, so I find at his exit few men could have left a greater degree of concern on my thoughts. I need say nothing to thee on the loss of such a man, but a sense of it was seen in the faces of hundreds. I am satisfied his humble and just soul is at rest."

The following is extracted from the Friends' Memorial, written shortly after his decease: "He was a pattern of humility, patience and self-denial; a man fearing God and hating covetousness; much given to hospitality and good works. He was a loving, affectionate husband, tender father and a faithful friend and brother. . . . He was ever ready to help the poor and such as were in distress. . . . His memory is precious to the living and renowned among the just. And though he is dead, yet he speaketh, and his name shall be recorded among the faithful for generations to come."

The historian Proud thus characterizes him: "He held for many years some of the greatest offices of the government, and through a great variety of business preserved the love and esteem of a large and extensive acquaintance. His great

abilities, activity and benevolent disposition of mind, in divers capacities, but more particularly among his friends, the Quakers, are said to have rendered and distinguished him as a very useful and valuable member not only of that religious society, but also of the community in general."

Samuel Carpenter, on the 12th December, 1684, married Hannah Hardiman, a native of Haverford West, in South Wales, a distinguished minister of the gospel among Friends.

From this marriage are descended the Carpenter family of New Jersey; and, in the female line, the Whartons, Fishbournes, Merediths, Clymers, and Reads of Philadelphia.

Mr. Carpenter died on the 10th of April, 1714, in the 64th year of his age, at his original mansion in King, now Water, street, then the *Court end* of the town, afterwards occupied by his son Samuel, who married the daughter of the eminent Samuel Preston; and not at his Sepviva plantation, as erroneously stated by Watson.

As appears by his will, dated April 6th, 1714, he left a large amount of property, although he had before met with serious reverses. He had been, indeed, with exception of the Founder, the wealthiest man in the Province. In 1705 he had written to Jonathan Dickinson, offering for sale a portion of his estate: "I would sell my house and granary on the wharf, where I lived last, and the wharves and warehouses; also the Globe and long vault adjacent. I have three-sixteenths of 5000 acres of land, and a mine, called Pickering's mine. I have sold my house [the Slate-roof], over against David Lloyd's [the site of the Bank of Pennsylvania], to William Trent, and the Scales to Henry Babcock, and the Coffee-House [at or near Walnut and Front streets] to Captain Finney; also my half of Darby mills to John Bethell; and a half of Chester mills to Caleb Pusey." Besides, he was known to own the estate called Bristol mills, worth £5000; the country-seat and mulberry orchard, and islands of 350 acres opposite Burlington; 380

acres at Fair Hill; and 5000 acres at Poquessing Creek, fifteen miles from Philadelphia.

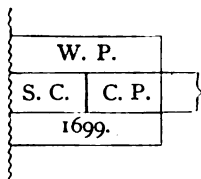
He also had property in Market street. The three-story building at the S. E. corner of Front and Market was erected by him. He gave to the Society of Friends the ground near Second street—which they have since sold—on which the old Market Street Meeting-House formerly stood. To the school corporation of Friends—of which he was one of the Trustees by original appointment from William Penn—he gave the ground on which the Fourth Street Academy lately stood, with lots extending from Walnut street to Market street. His lands upon Timber Creek, in New Jersey, lay on the south branch of that stream, and extended to the Delaware River, and were purchased by him in 1684, from Samuel Jennings. His Elsinborough tract, consisting of 1100 acres, was purchased in 1684 and 1686. It lies upon the Delaware river, in Salem county, New Jersey, near the site of the fort which was erected by the Swedes in 1631.

About a mile and a half north-west from Chester, Pennsylvania, on the left bank of Chester Creek, there stood, several years since—and I believe it still exists—an humble cottage built of stone. This is the original dwelling erected by Richard Townsend for the accommodation of his family while he was tending the first mill erected in the Province. The mill itself, which stood about forty rods above the cottage, has entirely disappeared, but the rocks in the vicinity bear traces of its former existence; and, I am told, the log platform still remains under water, at the spot where the ford used to be on the road to Philadelphia. The partners in this mill were William Penn, Samuel Carpenter and Caleb Pusey, and in that lowly cottage those good men often, doubtless, met to count their honest gains and to devise plans for the future development of the resources of Pennsylvania.

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Within the last half century some slight additions have been made to the dwelling.

Mr. John F. Watson, while visiting these interesting remains a number of years ago, found the original vane on the mill, which he presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in whose hall it is still to be seen. It is of iron, curiously wrought, and so formed as to exhibit the initial letters of the owners' names, thus :



Before turning from the original owner and builder of the Slate-roof House to pursue the history of the subsequent occupants, we must be allowed to quote the language of Mr. Watson, to whom Philadelphians are indebted for two very interesting volumes :

“The name of Samuel Carpenter is connected with everything of a public nature in the early annals of Philadelphia. I have seen his name at every turn in searching the old records. He was the Stephen Girard of his day in wealth, and the William Sansom in the improvements he suggested and the edifices which he built.”

An original portrait of Samuel Carpenter was for a long time in the possession of his great-grand-daughter, the late Mrs. Isaac C. Jones. An admirable copy, by Sully, still exists in the hands of one of his descendants, Samuel Carpenter, Esq., of Salem, New Jersey.

Duplicates of this should be possessed by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, whose new and magnificent building will soon stand upon the site of the historical mansion of this “great improver of the city of Philadelphia.”



## THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

THE people of the United States have now arrived at that point at which it is quite indispensable that a sound financial policy should be determined upon and permanently established. The war, with its terrible necessities, has been closed successfully, the delirious excitement incident to the return of peace has passed by, and the nation is now to enter upon the natural development of its trade and industry in a state of peace. What that development shall be must depend entirely upon the wisdom of the people, for their wishes will determine the action of their representatives. The misfortune in the case is, that owing to the happy exemption from a public debt and burdensome imposts which the country enjoyed until within the last few years, the people have had little occasion to interest themselves at all in financial affairs. So light has been the national taxation, and so indirectly has it been assessed, that the masses have been quite unconscious of being taxed at all. Hence it is no matter of surprise that they should have hitherto been quite indifferent to all questions appertaining to taxation and finance; and that, notwithstanding their great intelligence, as compared with other communities, in regard to matters of general interest, upon economical questions they should be profoundly ignorant.

There is another reason. Political Economy has rarely been a study in any of our lower seminaries of learning, and even in our colleges little attention has been given to it. Practically, it has been ignored, as a *science*, as anything essential to the student. It might be superficially studied, or omitted altogether; and yet, if it be a science (and that is no longer disputed), it is *the* science which of all others should receive the most careful and critical attention of an American student, because he is to hold the ballot, and his opinions will influence the legislation of the country.

When the late contest burst upon the country, and the million of men who nobly came forward to defend the government were to be armed, clothed, equipped and supplied with all the material of war, where was the needful intelligence the exigency required? Was it to be found in Congress? Was it in the Cabinet? The condition of the country to-day furnishes the best answer to these questions. Every measure adopted was experimental, every thing done was tentative; hence mistakes, losses, immense sacrifices, disordered finances, and the present enormous debt. Loans, currency, taxation—in short, a system of finance was to be inaugurated upon the most gigantic scale the world ever saw, by a government and people to whom the science of finance was comparatively unknown. The immense productive power of the country and the devoted loyalty of its citizens were equal to the occasion, and, despite all official blundering, the war was triumphantly concluded.

The present state of things in regard to financial matters confirms the truth of what we have said. Within the last few weeks we have had letters, speeches and public documents from different gentlemen high in official position in relation to our national finances; and what do we learn from all these? Do we find them in general harmony with each other, and only differing in unessential details? Do we find them all acknowledging certain fundamental principles as underlying their theories of financial reconstruction? Quite the reverse of all this. No two, we believe, agree upon the measures which should be adopted, and, with one marked exception, none of them base their propositions upon any well-defined and generally acknowledged principles. The exception referred to is the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury—a State Paper of importance, as well from its timely application of the immutable laws

of finance, as from the long experience and acknowledged ability of its writer.

After referring to the operations of the Department for the past year, Mr. McCulloch proceeds directly to the great questions before the country, and meets them calmly and fearlessly, planting himself upon certain great principles which underlie the whole economy of finance.

To the popular demand for "More money," so loudly raised in different parts of the country at the present moment, especially at the West, the Secretary replies :

Money by no means becomes abundant by an increase, or scarce by a diminution, of its volume. The reverse is more likely to be true, especially when, as is generally the case, high prices are speculative prices, and prevent activity in exchanges. Money is in demand at the present time, not so much to move crops as to hold them—not to bring them at reasonable prices within the reach of consumers, but to withhold them from market until a large advance of prices can be established. Let the great staples of the country come forward and be sold at market prices, at such prices as, while the producer is fairly remunerated, will increase consumption and exports—let capitalists be assured that progress towards a stable basis is to be uninterrupted—and money, now considered scarce, will be found to be abundant. The actual legitimate business of the country is not larger than it was in 1860, when three hundred millions of coin and bank notes were an ample circulating medium, and when an addition of fifty millions would have made it excessive. Throughout a considerable portion of the best grain-growing sections of the United States there has been, during the past year, great complaint of a scarcity of money, and yet no single article of agricultural product, except wool, was to be sold there for which there was not a purchaser at more than remunerating, if not exorbitant, prices. There was no lack of money in these sections, but a lack of products to exchange for it. The hard times complained of were the consequence of short crops, and not of deficient circulation. To the farmer, who had little to sell and much to buy, an increase of the circulation would have been an injury ; a curtailment of it a benefit. And yet, by men in such circumstances, the policy of contraction has met with a condemnation second only to that which it has received at the hands of speculators in stocks.

It is needless to quote further from a report which is presumed to be familiar to the reader ; but in the clear light which it throws upon the whole subject we see with distinctness the terrible absurdity of many of the propositions which others have presented to the public. With the laws of currency so plainly laid down, the inevitable effects of an inconvertible one, and the insane folly of expanding it so fully described, how does the proposed issue of a thousand millions more in greenbacks strike the mind of any reflecting person ? How the proposition to have three hundred millions of *rotary* bonds convertible into greenbacks, and reconvertible into bonds at the option of the holder ?

What can we think of the project of selling \$250,000,000 of bonds in a foreign market, and importing that amount of gold to redeem greenbacks ? How would the latter measure, even if it were possible to be carried out, secure the desired object, the resumption of specie payments, when the whole currency, greenbacks, bank circulation and deposits, all due on demand, will amount to \$1,200,000,000 ?

But this proposition for importing gold is so fascinating, and, at a superficial glance, so feasible, that we must give it a brief examination.

In the first place, such a quantity of gold is not to be had for any consideration whatever. The Bank of England holds of coin and bullion on an average, usually, ten or twelve millions sterling : the amount has sometimes been reduced as low as one and a half millions ; at others, has stood as high as twenty-two millions. Although the amount now held is large, the withdrawal of ten millions (fifty million dollars) would derange the whole commerce of the empire. How with the Bank of France ? Could it furnish fifty million dollars—two hundred and fifty million francs ? Certainly not. It has as much as it can well do to sustain itself under the failure of the Credit Mobilier and the threatening condition of European affairs. Can Germany furnish a large part of the sum required ? She could not spare a fifth part of it, for

she has no more specie than the necessities of her six hundred banks require ; and as to Russia and Austria, they are, like ourselves, cursed with irredeemable paper, and nearly destitute of gold. We think, if the honorable gentleman who proposes the measure were entrusted with the negotiation of the loan, he would find it a hopeless undertaking. But, waiving all this for the moment, what would the gold cost, provided it could be had? At the present value of our bonds abroad, it would require \$350,000,000 to purchase \$250,000,000 in gold. Here would be a loss of \$100,000,000 to commence with, upon the whole of which the interest must be paid in gold, and eventually the principal itself. Rather a severe operation ; for the Government will have exchanged its notes that pay no interest into bonds that have a specie interest, and this at a loss of \$100,000,000.

Lastly, if the gold could be had even on these disadvantageous terms, what would be the result? It is brought here, and with it, together with what gold there is in the Treasury, the ex-Secretary proposes that the greenbacks and the fractional currency shall be paid off. The National banks are to resume specie payments at the same time ; but we must recollect they have no specie of any importance of their own (in all but about ten millions), yet have immediate cash liabilities amounting to \$900,000,000.

They nevertheless resume, and there will then be a currency of \$1,200,000,000, all equal to gold!

The financial millennium will have arrived, trade will surely revive, and every department of industry be found in a flourishing condition! Before we come to this agreeable conclusion, let us examine the effects of this convertible currency, now nearly or quite three times greater than its natural volume ; that is, so much greater than it was before the war. As soon as this consummation has been reached, the foreign manufacturer will be ready to take advantage of the new state of things. Hitherto he has been obliged, after selling his wares in

the United States, to pay 40 per cent. exchange, more or less, for gold, in order to get his returns ; but that heavy drawback is now removed. He can sell his commodities at as high prices as ever, since the currency will be as much expanded as before the resumption, and take his pay in notes which he can exchange for gold without discount. Of course he will not be slow to avail himself of this favorable state of things, and foreign merchandise—not only manufactures, but every other article, some kinds of agricultural products even—will be thrown into the country in the greatest profusion. The tariff will not stop them : no tariff but one equivalent to entire prohibition would do it. How, then, will it fare with the home manufacturer of cottons, woollens, iron, or any other article in the production of which there is a competition from abroad? The restored currency will be worth no more to him than the previous inconvertible one, while to the foreigner it is worth 40 per cent. more—that is, the difference of the former gold premium—all of which he will gain, and of course be just so much more able to compete with the American producer, who, under such disadvantages, must be driven out of the market, and the gold be driven out of the country as fast as it can be carried off in payment for foreign goods.

But in the mean time, how will this state of trade affect the currency? Very evidently, as soon as the drain of specie commences, the banks will see the imperative necessity of commencing contraction ; because, as they owe many times more on demand than they have of immediate resources, they must call in their circulation or in the end stop payment. They will therefore, as fast as their notes are paid in by their customers, lay them by, and not reissue them until the danger is passed. In this way the circulation will be diminished, until it gets down to its normal amount of \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000. With this contraction of course will come a fall of prices to the specie standard, and the country be finally brought to a healthy condition. All this must take

place, because it is impossible to keep within the country any greater amount of *real money* than the share that naturally belongs to it as its proportion of the whole specie and bullion of the world. This great law of value cannot be evaded, and should not be ignored.

If this be so—and no one will attempt to show the contrary—then we shall not have avoided contraction by borrowing \$250,000,000 of foreign gold, but shall have lost the gold, together with the high premium we paid for it; and besides, have done irreparable injury to our own industrial interests. We shall have brought about a contraction indeed, but in the worst and most expensive manner possible.

But it may be asked, Why notice such impracticable projects? We answer because the men who bring them forward are representative men: they give utterance to crude and visionary ideas already existing in the public mind. No speech on financial matters ever produced a greater impression, perhaps, than that of General Butler. His proposals were so agreeable, his arguments so plausible, his manner so confident, that the popular mind has been carried away with it. Everywhere we meet men who ask, "What do you think of Gen. Butler's speech?" and they do this in such a tone and manner as shows most plainly that the inquirer has been greatly captivated by it, and hopes you will reply, "I am delighted with it." So of all the different schemes presented: each has its advocates and admirers. We cannot, therefore, regard the refutation of them a waste of labor: on the other hand, we think it should be the earnest purpose of every one to do his utmost to disabuse the public mind in regard to all such wild and senseless schemes.

When Congress enacted that the notes of the Government should be a legal tender, it suspended the operation of the laws of value, and the effects of that measure are seen in the present expanded condition of the currency. There can be but one remedy, viz.: the repeal of that law. But this cannot be done until the currency has been contracted

to that point at which it will be on a par with gold. Every attempt to evade this is as idle as it is pernicious. The thing is impossible. It may be accomplished gradually and slowly, but it must be done. Nothing can be substituted for it. Delay will never bring it about. The country will never "grow to it," as some persons are foolish enough to assume, though we shall grow *from it*, and at a rapid rate, until we change our policy.

Contraction of course will cause pain to those who hold property that must decline in price, but that cannot be avoided. Expansion made many fortunes by the rise of prices—contraction will diminish them; but expansion created no values, and contraction will destroy none. Commodities will maintain the same relation to each other after contraction as before. A bushel of wheat will exchange for as many pounds of tea, sugar, or coffee, though the prices of each may be greatly altered.

The idea so often insisted upon, that the wealth of the country is to be diminished by the withdrawal of the surplus currency, or that the labor of the country will be oppressed thereby, is entirely false. In fact, so far as the interests of labor are concerned, wages will be increased about 25 per cent.; not in nominal rates, but in the quantity of commodities for which they may be exchanged. Every interest will be promoted—none will be injured, always saving and except that of the monopolist or speculator. Mr. McCulloch well says that the surplus currency is used, not "to *move* the crops, but to prevent their being moved"—to hold them from the consumer until raised to the highest possible price. The business of forestalling and speculation, therefore, will doubtless be greatly interfered with by contraction, but as that is not an occupation that produces wealth, that makes a country rich, it would not be a matter of general regret.

How long resumption shall be delayed, and how slow the process by which it is attained, are questions to be

determined by the wisdom of Congress. There can be no doubt, in the minds of those who appreciate the condition of the country, that the work should be commenced without delay, and, though carried on gradually, should be completed as soon as practicable. It certainly ought not to be extended beyond two or three years at most, because there will be no wholesome business until it is fully accomplished. Trade will not be sound, manufactures will not flourish, laborers will not be well paid, until the great object has been fully attained.

The cry is raised at the present time that money is scarce, and business greatly depressed in consequence; and, under the influence of this insane clamor, Congress has initiated measures to prevent any further contraction by the Secretary of the Treasury. But money is not absolutely scarce, since we have triple the quantity we ever had in our most prosperous days anterior to the rebellion. It is the *quality* of the currency that is deficient—not the *quantity*. Few, unfortunately, see this, yet here lies the chief difficulty. It takes two dollars of our present circulation to transfer as much value—as many commodities—as one dollar would formerly do. To issue more currency of the same kind will make the quality of the whole still worse, and money still more inefficient, and, of course, more scarce. This is true not only as a philosophical conclusion, but has hitherto always proved true as a practical fact.

Money will be *scarce* if we retain our present circulation; if we increase it, the demand for it will increase faster than the supply, and it will be still *more scarce*. Money can be made more plenty only by restoring its quality to the proper standard. Then it will be abundant, and every department of industry will return to a healthy and prosperous condition, because it will then be on a par with the currency of the world, the currency of commerce. We may struggle ever so much to ward off the consequences of contraction, but come they must, sooner or later.

To justify the call for more greenbacks, it is often asserted that we need more currency now than we did six or seven years ago—that we have a much larger production than then, and, of course, need more money. Now, this, to a great extent, must be erroneous. We cannot, of course, speak from actual statistics obtained by any census taken at the present time, but every well-informed man knows that real production has increased but very little, if at all. Prices have advanced, and therefore we estimate every article at enhanced rates; but commodities—actual values—have increased but slightly. As an illustration of this fact, we refer to the statistics of Massachusetts. By her census of 1865, we find that the total value of all the grain—that is, Indian corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats—together with the hay and potatoes raised in that year, amounted to \$19,995,171, while in 1855 they amounted to but \$15,593,951, making an apparent gain to the State of \$4,401,220. By looking at the *quantities* of these articles, we find the result as follows:

Of grain in 1855 there were,	
bushels, . . . . .	4,048,002
Of grain in 1865 there were,	
bushels, . . . . .	3,129,102
Less in 1865 than in 1855,	
bushels, . . . . .	918,900

The grain crop thus fell off 23 per cent. The potato crop also fell off 2½ per cent., while the hay crop increased only 1 per cent.; yet the *value* of the whole was increased 25 per cent.!

Mr. Wells, Special Commissioner of the Revenue, in his report for 1866, concludes that there has been “no material increase in the aggregate value of products in Massachusetts since 1860.”

Could we have correct invoices of all the productions of all the States for the year 1867, so that we could compare them with the census of 1860, we should find, unquestionably, that there had been “no material increase” in the quantities. In regard to the most important of all our products—cotton—we know that in 1860 we had a crop of over 4,600,000 bales, while the crop for 1867 is esti-

mated at about 2,500,000 bales. Besides, the production of other articles in the Southern States is greatly diminished. This being so, why do we need more money now than seven years ago?

To those who have never had occasion to examine the subject, it would be a matter of great surprise to be shown how little money is actually needed to do the business of the country—how large a part is accomplished by bills of exchange and other evidences of debt. In a normal condition of things, when the currency consists of real money, a very limited amount is necessary to *move* the crops and make the transfers required by trade and commerce. It would be equally a matter of surprise to know how much is necessary to *hold* the crops and interpose between the consumer and producer, so as to leave the largest possible amount in the hands of middlemen; yet these two lessons the people must learn before they will understand the true nature and uses of money. Did they understand this, they would never ask for an expansion, which can only be made at their expense and increase their sufferings; nor would they wish, even, that Mr. McCulloch should be prevented from effecting, as soon as practicable, that gradual contraction which he knows the best interests of the country demand.

We will add one more consideration. Contraction, when accomplished, will settle all other difficulties. We will have no need of schemes for evading the payment of the bonds, principal and interest, in coin. Mr. McCulloch's plan for consolidation will then be perfectly feasible, and we shall have disposed of the vexed question of taxing the national bonds.

It is well known that the Secretary desired authority to contract the currency at the rate of eight millions per month, but Congress cut him down to four, and grudged him even that. Had his views been heartily sustained, we should by this time have got half-way back to resumption. The resources of the nation are abundant, and, although the taxation of the country will be necessarily heavy, it need not be so great as to oppress the people, injure production,

or retard a most rapid progress in opulence and power.

No honorable and honest mind will contemplate for a moment any form or degree of repudiation; but, if it were to be attempted at all, the more unequivocally it were done the better. Let Congress resolve that not a bond of the United States, principal or interest, shall ever be paid. In that case, there will be loss to no one, except to those directly or indirectly interested in the national securities. No other class will suffer; on the other hand, the entire public (bond-holders included, so far as they are tax-payers) will gain a release from all the obligations the bonds impose upon them. The National banks would lose their entire capital, because they hold an amount of these bonds equal to the whole of it; and, as their notes of \$300,000,000 in circulation are guaranteed by the government, the National Treasury must pay them, if the banks fail to do so, as they would be very likely to do under such circumstances.

The Savings banks, also would lose a large part of their property, since they have heavy investments in U. S. bonds; and as they also own largely of National bank stocks, they would suffer in that way likewise.

Thus repudiation would strike every class, high and low, rich or poor; but then it would be only to the extent of their interest in the national stocks.

But it would be far worse if it were attempted to pay these bonds in greenbacks, for the latter would at once decline to such an extent as to be nearly worthless.

Until all indebtedness was paid off, they would have some value, because, being lawful tender, all obligations to pay money, all notes, bonds and mortgages could be discharged with them, but nobody would take them for any kind of property at a fair value. Merchants would not part with their goods in exchange for them; holders of real estate would not sell it for greenbacks. The doctor and the lawyer, the mechanic and the common laborer, would alike refuse to receive them in exchange for their services.

The injury thus inflicted upon the trade and industry of the country in the mean time, the robbery and wrong done to individuals, would far exceed that which would be suffered from direct repudiation, while the national credit would be as fully annihilated in the one case as the other. Such a measure, fully carried out, would amount to little less than expunging or wiping out all indebtedness, public and private.

There is, and can be, but one honest way to the resumption of specie payment and the restoration of the finances. All attempts and contrivances to evade the contraction of the currency will be utterly futile; and it is a great misfortune that the public mind is distracted with so many schemes, which, though presented in good faith and with the best intentions, can only postpone relief, and involve the country in still greater embarrassments. The Secretary of the Treasury presents to the nation in his last Report the policy by which alone the desired end can be achieved in a manner advantageous to the business interests of the country and consistent with national honor. We cannot afford to impair the national credit, even if we

were so lost to all sense of self-respect as to be willing to do so. Claiming, as we do, to be one of the first nations of the earth, to have greater natural resources than any other, and a population which for intelligence and capacity is unsurpassed, can we for a moment indulge a thought of repudiation in any form or degree whatever? Can we be so regardless of the future exigencies of the nation as to be willing to forfeit all claim to the confidence of capitalists, at home and abroad? If we cannot and will not do all this, then we must restore our currency, and maintain such a system of taxation as shall enable us to meet the necessary expenditures of the government, and at least pay the interest upon our debt.

Whenever we establish such a policy upon a firm foundation, we shall not only be able to meet all our engagements, but shall at the same time secure an economical administration of our finances. While nothing is paid, but all is done upon credit, no attention will be given to economy. This is true in individual life—it is equally true in national affairs. When we begin to pay we shall begin to save, not before.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

WHEN a Harp ceases to vibrate, it is the chosen melody, and not the reiterated strain, that lingers in the heart; when a Life closes, it is its character, and not its pervasion, that hallows its remembrance; when a Poet dies, it is the quality, and not the quantity, of his Song that endears his name. Even the most prolific bards live rather in their few popular than their many creditable effusions. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley are thus chiefly vital to-day; Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Scott and Helen Maria Williams are familiar to the devotional multitude through a single sacred lyric; Mrs. Hemans and Proctor

are not so much read as repeated by virtue of those favorite heart-songs that have survived a less winsome group; Goldsmith's two brief heroic poems are more freshly impressive than Pope's voluminous rhymes; a verbal felicity of Poe's and a tender appeal of Hood's float around us, while the rest of their clever productions often repose on the library shelf; Wolfe, Gray, Spencer, and our own Pinckney and Wilde, are remembered by a single short poem. Emotional verse, in its very nature, is limited. The mosaic-worker, by patient application, can create many pictures; but few and far between are the gems

which the art of the lapidary renders worthy of the monarch's crown.

Fitz Greene Halleck gave to the world but few poems, but each is a household word: better thus than to have marred his reputation and profaned his muse by willful and uninspired expression; thirty recognized and real poems are preferable to three hundred unregarded and semitrue. Those who knew and loved Halleck find his integrity certified by the reticence of his minstrelsy—his nature adequately represented in his verse:—what Friendship was to him, in his lament for Drake; how the Romance of England's Past and the utilitarianism of her Present impressed him, in "Alnwick Castle;" what a Poet's nature, life and fame were to his consciousness, in "Burns;" Martyrdom for Country, in "Marco Bozzaris;" the pensiveness of nightfall, in "Twilight;" the associations of his birthplace, in "Connecticut," and the comedy of metropolitan life, in "Fanny." The heroic aspirations, the humane sympathies, the love of nature, the tenderness and the comic relish of the man, are herein embodied and embalmed; the alternate humor and pathos of his mood and talk are herein written in music; the glow of passion, the grace of sentiment, the sparkle of wit, the essential and characteristic elements of his being, are herein harmoniously vitalized; he thus bequeaths himself in enduring personality and with melodious emphasis; the story of his life is told in no evanescent shape, but through the intense lyrical overflow of brain and heart, whereby immortal song records a fleeting existence, and wafts from the dark portals of the tomb an undying requiem; for the great test of time has been applied to Halleck: during a quarter of a century he lived withdrawn from active and social life, dwelling in the most frugal isolation in a quiet village; but thither the echoes of his youthful fame ever followed him. Though his contemporaries, for the most part, have left the scene of their mutual activity, a new generation responded to the award of the old; the most spontaneous recognition sought him in retirement, and his

verse is gratefully enshrined in his "land's language:" it is too familiar to require description or analysis. Halleck the Poet is known and lamented; but to Halleck the Man—now he is taken from us—a tribute is due: let us attempt to revive his image and honor his memory.

Full as seems the record to friendly musing, Halleck's life was remarkably uneventful: born in Guildford, Connecticut, in August, 1796, and dying there Nov. 19th, 1867—his mother a descendant of the revered Elliot, who translated the Bible for the aborigines—he came to New York in 1813 as book-keeper in the counting-house of Jacob Barker; subsequently became a clerk to John Jacob Astor; and twenty years ago retired to his native town to live in seclusion with his maiden sister, visiting the city, from time to time, to collect his little dividends, greet his old friends, recall the past, survey the present, and then return to his books and rural walks. His first effusion appeared in 1809, when he was fourteen; his next in Holt's "Columbian," in 1813, and was signed "A Connecticut Farmer's Boy;" in 1823 he visited Europe. Such are the only external incidents that serve as landmarks of his career; but in lyrical fame and social estimation the interest, influence and memory of Halleck are widely endeared and permanently cherished.

Sentiment was obvious in his eyes. Satire informed the lines of his mouth—the square, firmly-set jaw giving a look of decision to the face, which, however, was so animated as to be constantly in a transition state of expressive earnestness or glee, with which alternate moods the tones of the voice strictly sympathized. In outline and color his physiognomy was easy to delineate, but those who best knew him are hard to please as to expression. Four generations of artists have painted Halleck, and all have preserved some characteristic trait: Jarvis, Inman, Hicks and Elliot, among others, have given us his "counterfeit presentment,"—the latter's is the best as he appeared of late years: there is a fine outline drawing of him by Greenough. "Make me look like a gentleman,"



he used laughingly to say to the limners—“that’s all I ask.”

A curious memorial of New York society half a century ago has lately drifted into notice, like a waif from the oblivious sea of the past, in the shape of an Interior View of the Old Park Theatre, with one of those audiences that Matthews, in his palmy days, so readily convened. It is a water-colored picture on a somewhat diminutive scale, and its authenticity is manifest from the crowd of “familiar faces” in pit and boxes—familiar, that is, to our elder citizens, and, through portraits and social traditions, to a later generation. There, in the ample cravats and high coat-collars, and short waists, ringlets and turbans of the time, are to be seen the hospitable merchant, the agreeable physician, the gallant officer, the political hero, the gentleman, the admired matron and the young *belles* of that day. This unique social diagram has been photographed, and, to construct a “key” thereto, the now venerable survivors of that era have been consulted to identify faces and figures; and if the favorite poet of the time could but hear the zestful reminiscences his name and presence in the charmed circle of the “Old Park” has awakened in every *spirituelle* woman and kindly old gentleman, he would feel an honest glow of pride and affection. Halleck, in those days, realized the idea of a poet in the best modern acceptation of the title—the social nucleus and inspiration, by whose side fair enthusiasts loved to walk, and whose vicinity at the social board was dear to clever men; whose wit circulated to enliven the monotony of fashion, and whose verse celebrated the victories, loves and picturesqueness of the times, satirized its follies, and, with melodious irony, laid bare pretension. Like Præd, a poet of society, airy and casual if occasion served, yet capable of as chivalric strains as those of Campbell and a tenderness like that of Burns; mingling sympathetically in the life of the town; wandering, with no less delight, by river and seashore; apt and faithful, meanwhile, as a clerk in the heart of traffic and rentals,—Halleck touched the whole

circle of experience, was practically versed in the world and poetically allied to the ideal—not a professed *littérateur*, but a native wit and a spontaneous bard. His example, as well as his taste, revived the association of Queen Anne’s day and subsequent epochs of social literature in England: Steele would have fraternized with Halleck at once; Dryden would have quoted heroics with him by the hour, and Charles Lamb been conscious of no “imperfect sympathy” with his humor and pathos; while he would have cheered saturnine Hazlitt, and reveled over old English poets with Leigh Hunt.

With all this breadth of intellectual sympathy, Halleck’s social creed and sentiment were singularly chivalric: that is the best word I can summon to express that rare “heart of courtesy” he possessed—manliness coalesced with good fellowship therein. I recall the severe judgment he passed on the complaints of some gifted but perverse child of song, who had become a social outcast: “If a man,” he said, “chooses to violate the canons of social life—if he sets at defiance the laws and customs that prevail—let him take the consequences like a man, accept patiently the situation, retire from the sphere to which he voluntarily refused to conform, and do it without whining: society is right to respect itself and guard its privileges and prestige: one can be independent of both, but it is weak to complain when they are justly forfeited.” A venerable and life-long friend of the poet told me, with much feeling, that, at the time of the Croaker effusions, one hit him rather hard: thirty years after, Halleck called on him to disclaim the authorship. “I knew you gave me the credit of the satire,” he said; “and it pained me that you should think me capable of wounding the feelings of an old friend; but I bore the imputation silently till to-day, when, for the first time, I felt at liberty to right myself with you: the author of that squib is just dead!”

When John Jacob Astor died, he left his old poet-clerk five thousand dollars. Some editorial wiseacre descanted on the

smallness of the sum, and took upon himself to indicate the scale of generosity appropriate on the part of a Croesus towards a Bard. Halleck was indignant at this impertinence. "Mr. Astor," said he, "treated me like a gentleman: for years he remunerated me handsomely for my services, and now he pays me the compliment of remembering me as a friend in his will by a trusteeship and a bequest, I have only feelings of gratitude."

It was the fear of annoying his friends by the deafness which afflicted him in his later years that induced retirement; but he exaggerated this possibility in his consideration for others. As a correspondent, his courtesy and tact were extreme: his most casual notes are models of neatness and epigrammatic English, not seldom elaborated into charming epistles. His skill in compliment belonged to a past age; it had an old-world flavor and a graceful kindness, which few have the time—to say nothing of the heart—to fashion now into agreeable phrases.

Twenty years ago there was a French *café* in Warren street, the appointments and aspect of which closely resembled similar places of rendezvous and refreshment in the provincial old towns, where retired officers, village notaries and political quidnuncs, year in and year out, hold impromptu *soirées* over snuff, dominoes and their *demi-tasse*. The old marble tables, and antique cordial-bottles behind the counter, the garrulous and courteous host in a faded velvet jacket, and his buxom wife with cap and pen in alternate motion, with the somewhat anomalous fact that nothing garish or gaudy was resorted to to attract custom, and that the *café* had its regular *habitues* and was rarely the least crowded or noisy, increased the European provincial air to which we have alluded. In the more or less fashionable boarding-houses of the vicinity, smoking was deemed objectionable, and, therefore, many gentlemen visited the *café* with diurnal regularity, to puff, prose or prophesy, according to the mood. Among them was a Canadian who had been a great traveler; a lawyer whose ambition was to illus-

trate jurisprudence by belles-lettres; an old native of Holland who wrote Dutch verses and had been decorated by his king; Fenno Hoffman, the staunchest of literary Knickerbockers, fond of descending, by the hour, upon the scenery, the old society, the bivalves, beauties and legendary lore of his native State; Henry Inman, fresh from his easel, and the most genial of speculative *raconteurs*. More unconventional, vivacious and suggestive colloquies than found vent among these and other comrades of the *café* it would be difficult to imagine; there was an *abandon* on the one hand and a self-respect on the other, a divergence of opinion and a hearty personal appreciation, great contrasts of taste and temperament, with genuine sympathy of tone and sentiment, which combined to create and maintain the essential conditions of *conversation* in the best sense of the word. Hither it was Halleck's "custom of an afternoon" to adjourn, when his daily clerical duties were over, and here I first knew and often met him: it was exactly the kind of neutral ground whereon most favorably to encounter his special wit and worth; for he had then, in a great measure, cut loose from general society, and, though scrupulous in his *devoirs* to fashionable friends, there was a certain formality in his fulfillment thereof which precluded much of the old familiar zest; partly, indeed, from want of opportunity, but in a measure, also, because as the area of New York society had widened, and new and strange elements mingled therewith, like many others whose hair had begun to silver, the "favored guest" of the mothers was too much in relation with the past, and too little in personal sympathy with the present, to find satisfaction in the sphere of their daughters, where his own presence and prestige had become a tradition. Not, however, that there was a lack of interest or recognition. At "the bridal and the bier," and not infrequently at the baptismal font, the poet-friend was often seen; summoned, for "auld lang syne," to the family fête or funeral, a most welcome presence there; and coming thence with

a fresh vein of cordial or pensive reminiscence, awakened by such crises of domestic life; yet invariably declining any intimate renewal of an intercourse which changed circumstances and associations rendered no longer practicable, though none the less "honored in the breach" and dear in the retrospect. Accordingly it was in such casual and cosy social nooks as our *café*, and among general companions, that Halleck then sought and gave social entertainment. There, when the mood was on him, he would give free vent to his enthusiasm and his satire, discuss the English poets with rare acumen and infinite relish, quote them with melodious emphasis and a voice tremulous with sympathetic admiration, so that many a couplet and stanza was thus set to music in my memory for ever. At other times character was the theme of delineation and criticism, and here came forth, with marvelous force and freshness, his store of literary and historical anecdote, applied, with singular tact and original interpretation, to whatever tendency or trait happened to be under consideration. From a very wide and desultory range of reading, and a social experience rendered vivid by quickness of sensibility and alacrity of insight—fused, as it were, in the alembic of a mind of active intuitions—these gleanings from life and lore had with him a certain vitality and significance which made them impressive. There was no display or pedantry in the process; the effect was exactly the reverse of that we so often experience at a so-called literary dinner, when "cut-and-dried" quotations and illustrations are produced like patterns from a shelf—suggestive of college cramming. Halleck's mind, at such times, was like a bubbling spring, when the crystal water played forth spontaneously, bringing now grains of gold and now a flower's leaf to the surface. It was this natural richness and spontaneity that made his talk so charming: he did not play the oracle; he had no "Orphic sayings;" his words were not measured and meted by aphoristic limitations: he did not give you the idea of

a man who desired to impress you or assert himself, whose consciousness never slept, who, entrenched in self-esteem, sent forth bullets to stun or rockets to dazzle you; but the prevailing feeling you had was a fellow-feeling, a sense of human as well as intellectual communion—of a *man* first, a *poet* afterwards, a *brother* always: not discourse, disputation or dictation, but *conversation* was his function and delight—the mutual coalescing of ideas and feeling until they gushed in refreshing inspiration or exultant reciprocity.

And yet, when it came to questions, not of taste and personalities, but of principles and opinions, you found yourself suddenly far away from this congenial comrade—that is, your creed, whether political or religious, may have received such an absolute defiance as to seemingly preclude all chance of assimilation; while the human magnetism of the man, the laughter in his eye, the sympathetic ring of his voice, made you, to your own subsequent astonishment, not only tolerant of, but half acquiescent in, dogmas and doctrines wholly antagonistic to your normal professions and practice; and you realized the fact that total conformity in a prig is not so tolerable as entire opposition in a poet; that is, that the pedantic dictum of a selfish thinker, however logical, seems barren, compared to the paradoxical overflow of a candid and soulful nature. Halleck would not allow himself to be "dragged along" in the procession of modern progress, like Lamb; he left it, and stood, in silent protest, a spectator thereof; not without recognition of the good sought and achieved, or sympathy with the humane aspirations and scientific triumphs thereof, but planted firmly on the original instinctive and essential needs and traits of humanity, which he deemed too often overlaid, ignored and profaned in the rush and presumption bred of material success and arrogant intellectual pretension. He pleaded for the sanctions and the safety of Authority as an element indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the world; of Reverence as a sentiment without which the beauty of human life was des-

ecrated; of Individuality—as to rights, development and self-respect—constantly invaded by encroachments of what are called popular principles, but which are too often social despotisms. In his isolation, as the champion of such conservative convictions, he would, with a kind of grim jest, overshoot the mark, and startle by extreme statement. “I believe,” he once said to me, in the heat of such discussions, “in what is called Providence in History; but twice, since the world began, that benign vigilance has slept on its post—once when Printing was invented, and again at the Reformation.” He was wont to declare himself a Romanist, though not, we believe, a member of that communion; for he worshiped and was buried according to the rites of the Episcopal Church; it was not any ritualistic prejudice that induced this declaration of faith, but a way of embodying his conviction of the need and the auspicious influence of a Church in the old sense of the term—a *Spiritual Power* organized and established on fixed canons for the conversion, the solace, discipline, guidance and repose of erring, afflicted, wayward and weary Humanity. And so of the Press: one who was so largely indebted for the most innocent delights of his youth and the most reliable consolations of his age, to books, would naturally be the last person in the world to underrate the benefactions of the great civilizer; but his own high sense of honor and humanity made him recoil, with disgust and dismay, at the license of the Press. “Tell me not,” he would indignantly exclaim, “of the blessings of a free country, where any unprincipled blackguard, with money enough to buy types and paper, can blacken my reputation and ruin my fortune, and I have no redress or adequate remedy!” In like manner Halleck has been called a monarchist; and naturally so, as he used eloquently to descant on the solecisms in manners, the vulgar assumptions, the official ignorance and social incongruities born of, or identified with, democratic rule: hundreds of blatant republicans feel and think the same. Halleck uttered, without reserve, his keen

perception of, and protest against, the disgusting and degrading aspects of our American civilization; but, withal, a more fervent lover of his country never breathed; and a better specimen of a Democrat—in the sense of a citizen who honors our common nature, respects the rights of others, and cordially fraternizes with his fellow-creatures on human grounds and without reference to conventional distinctions—it is impossible to find.

Facile in address, and heartily recognizing the claims of others, gentle and simple, wise and ignorant, the right kind of pride lent its dignity to one whose genial frankness, in convivial or intellectual association, was balanced by a kind of noble individuality, not inappropriate to his political creed. No man could be more keenly satirical as to all pseudo aristocracy; *apropos* to which I remember a piquant illustration. There was a select club, many years ago, in New York, the members of which dined together at stated intervals at the old City Hotel on Broadway: the utmost freedom of intercourse and good faith marked their prandial converse; and, one day, when a sudden silence followed the entrance of the host, it was proposed to elect him to the fraternity, that they might talk freely in his presence, which was frequent and indispensable. He “kept a hotel” after the old *régime*, was a gentleman in his feelings, an honest and intelligent fellow, who prided himself upon his method of serving up roast pig—in which viand his superiority was such that the gentle Elia, had he ever dined with the club, would have mentioned him with honor in the essay on that crispy and succulent dish. The proposition was opposed by only one individual—a clever man, who had made a fortune by buying up all the hogs’ bristles at Odessa, thus securing a monopoly which enabled him to vend the article to the brush-makers at an enormous profit. His objection to Boniface was that he was famous for nothing but roasting a pig, and no fit associate for gentlemen. “Your aristocratic standard is untenable,” said Halleck, “for what

essential difference is there between spurs won from roasting a porker or by selling his bristles?" and amid the laugh of his *confrères* "mine host" was elected. There were two anecdotes Halleck was fond of citing—the one to show the contrast between popular renown and conventional patronage, and the other to claim that genius should be honored by its peers and not abandoned to the tender mercies of the unappreciative: Kean's answer to his wife's query after his memorable *début*<sup>8</sup> at Drury Lane—"What did Lord Essex say?" "D—n Lord Essex! *the pit rose to me*;" and the last request of poor dying Burns to his brother-in-arms, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me." The gusto and aptness with which these and similar anecdotes were recited can only be imagined by those who have heard them.

Halleck had the genuine martial instinct in his blood: heroism was honored by him as in the old knightly days; he thoroughly believed in the glory of self-sacrifice; his Marco Bozzaris sprang warm from his heart. I shall never forget his earnestness and thrilling tones when, after reading a lyrical hymn of Peace, he turned to me and said, "This is well expressed; it is a pretty poem; but how as to the truth of its prediction and plea? If the time ever comes when a large number of men, in any community, will not cheerfully stand up to be shot at for 'an idea dearer than self,' civilization will then be on the wane, manhood dying out, national life sapped, and individual, self-forgetting courage extinguished: given, a righteous cause, a just and needful object, to repel invasion, to maintain truth and justice—

"Give that! and welcome War to brace  
Her drums and rend heaven's reeking space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though Death's pale horse led on the chase,  
Shall still be dear."

One of his earliest lyrics was devoted to the "Iron Grays," of which he was a member. "Scots' Wha ha" and Byron's "Waterloo," and especially Campbell's stirring odes of battle, were familiar to his lips and breathed forth with em-

phatic zest. It is a curious fact that he composed the poem by which he is most widely known—the favorite elocutionary exercise of the school-boy and the intuitive watchword of patriotic appeal—with that unconsciousness of its superior merit that seems characteristic of real poetic genius. Among his fellow-clerks in Jacob Barker's counting-house was a young man of literary culture and disciplined taste,\* to whom he used to confide his effusions, to be read over night and reported on at the first interval of leisure the next day. One evening, having missed the usual opportunity of quietly slipping into his friend's hand the latest "copy of verses," he left them at his lodgings, with "*Will this do?*" written on the margin: the poem was Marco Bozzaris, and the fortunate owner of the unique and precious autograph related the incident as he showed me the original manuscript.

The traits we have mentioned explain much that was characteristic in Halleck: as a conversationalist he loved to espouse the unpopular side of a question, partly from the chivalric disposition that impels to the defence of weakness, and partly as a shrewd device to elicit the strongest argument and the most animated discussion. That kind of conservatism which is born of sentiment, that form of belief that appeals to the sense of awe, are natural to the poetic organization; old-school manners and the ancient Catholic ceremonial were nearer to the sympathies of one whose ardor of temperament and imaginative tendencies made the flippancy and conventionalism of modern society and the baldness of Puritanic worship repulsive. In social affinities also, if as a poet he was alive to the traditional, and too independent to bow to mere artificial pretensions, the same instinct made him honor the nobility of Nature with unwonted emphasis, whether peasant-bard, aboriginal brave, or rustic beauty: it was his joy "to speak the best we may of human kind;" he loved the music to which "the common pulse of man keeps time"—"the language of the heart." It was his respect for the

\*The late Daniel Elnbury, of Brooklyn, L. I.

art which made him chary of his utterance as a bard; true feeling is apt to be fastidious: he was more soulful than subtle: that exquisite elaboration of the sentiment and the philosophy of Bereavement in which Tennyson has so daintily sculptured, in the Cathedral of Memory, his friend's Elegy, does not express simple, natural and absolute sorrow more emphatically than the few verses wherein, with, as it were, repressed sobs, Halleck mourns his friend. The pleasant and prolonged refrain of *Hiawatha*, with all its metrical ingenuity and legendary charm, does not more distinctly define an aboriginal portrait than Halleck's "Red Jacket." "My own green land for ever!" was a heartfelt greeting, despite the irony of his verse, aimed at patent national defects; and I remember the inexpressible sadness of his expressive features when he spoke of the war for the Union as one too sternly sad to inspire a native minstrel. "A necessary war, waged," he said, "to put down a base mutiny."

Scrupulous to a fault in speaking of others, his reminiscent talk had a vivid charm, from the freshness of his memory and the keenness of his observation. Those who have heard him descant on his acquaintance with members of the Bonaparte family, on Tom Moore's brief sojourn in this country, on England at the height of Byron's fame, on the stars of the old theatrical world, and the wits, worthies and belles of New York when Bond street was the fashionable limit of the metropolis, can well imagine what a delectable book of "Recollections" he had it in his power to write. The peculiar features of such a work would have been, aside from its incidents and characters, a rare contrast between the Romance and Reality of life in this age: no one felt this more keenly than Halleck, or illustrated it with such amusing zest. That "ours are the days of fact, not fable," was a text that awakened his wit and pensiveness to the last; few have loved the poetry of the Past more truly, or perceived the disenchantments of the Present more keenly.

His love of Nature was not less than

his love of Society: during his long clerkship, his favorite recreation was to cross the river and wander about Weehawken or Fort Lee; and, in the summer, he used to roam the shores of the Sound near his Connecticut home, and take daily strolls in the fields and woods. His discriminating enjoyment of the stage was equal to that of Leslie; in dramatic and histrionic anecdote he was rich, and in reminiscences of Kean, Kemble, and the clever actresses of their day, copious and enthusiastic. Identified, in youth, with our earliest literary development—the companion of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Hillhouse, Dana, Verplanck, Sands and Bryant, in their first triumphs—the poetical taste and literary affinities of Halleck were unmodified by later exemplars. He was utterly opposed to the mystical in verse: he had no sympathy with vague sentimentalism or transcendental obscurity. He believed that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue is essentially direct, simple, clear and emphatic; not merely rhetorical, like French, or vaguely suggestive, like much of German verse, but emphatic through feeling, passion, tenderness and truth. He thought much of current verse was the offspring of ingenuity rather than inspiration—that sentiment often lost its wholesome fervor in diluted or perverse utterance. He was impatient at the involved, affected, merely clever and imitative, in the so-called poetry of the day, and loved the naïve sincerity and native music of Burns, and the glowing and brave melody of Campbell: in his view, there is in these and other old-school bards a manly truth, a crystal brightness and a genuine feeling, expressed with and inspired by natural passion or tenderness, compared to which the more labored and subtle compositions in vogue are unreal and ineffective. His most elaborate local satire, "Fanny," though originally popular because of personal allusions no longer significant, obtained a permanent hold upon lovers of clever rhymes because of its melodious versification and felicitous use of the Don Juan stanza, and also because the main theme is as

suggestive now as it was fifty years ago—“the emergence of a belle from low birth and fortune to an elysium of fashionable prosperity, when the bubble broke in bankruptcy.” Entirely local as are the hits in the “Croakers,” and originally intended as nothing more than newspaper rhymed satires, aimed at municipal and other social anomalies, the Knickerbocker instinct still holds them dear as pleasant tokens of “good old times;” and, within a few years, they have been carefully gathered, revised, annotated and privately printed, in beautiful style, by the Bradford Club. In these sprightly rhymes, Cobbett and Manager Simpson, Dr. Mitchell and the Tammany politicians, the editors, aldermen, and “small theatrical characters” of that day, are neatly impaled, like so many curious insects; and the handsome book which is now their casket is like the prized little entomological cabinet of a veteran social collector. It was by these “occasional verses,” never directly acknowledged, but always ascribed to Halleck, Drake, or some other choice spirit of “that ilk,” that the poet won the heart of the town, and the spell was confirmed and extended by his magnetic companionship; for his vivacity was perennial: one scarcely ever had a passing greeting with Halleck without some jest or repartee. Finding me absent one day when he called, and being without the indispensable conventional pasteboard, he wrote his name on a scrap of paper, adding, “*in bridal phrase, ‘no cards.’*” Catching sight of him from the car window at the Guildford Station one summer morning, when he was buying a New York paper, I hailed him, and with his cordial greeting came a couplet of Pope’s precisely adapted to the occasion, but not likely to have occurred to another; and, pointing to his newly-grown white beard, he exclaimed, as the cars dashed off, “*To avoid the draft,*” and his eye twinkled with fun at the joke of a man past seventy resorting to so superfluous an expedient. Halleck’s eyes, indeed, like his temperament, were characteristic of a poet: they would sparkle with mirth and grow humid with sympathy on the slight-

est provocation. Often, in talking with him, I was reminded of the expressive lines of Leigh Hunt:

“And so much easy dignity there lies  
In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes.”

It is the benign prerogative of poetical genius to associate itself with our best experience. When the delights of foreign travel first kindle the musings of the young American as he looks upon a picturesque baronial abode, venerable with time and embosomed in the fertile nooks of his fatherland, he follows the muse of Halleck as he recalls, under ancient trees,

“Tales of the peasant and the peer,  
Tales of the bridal and the bier,  
The welcome and farewell,  
Since on their boughs the startled bird  
First in twilight’s slumber heard  
The Norman’s curfew bell.”

And descending both from the castle and his imaginative height to the bustling “station” or smoky manufacturing town, the reaction of the bard’s mood follows him, as he instinctively repeats—

“But noble name and cultured land,  
Palace and park and vassal band  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.”

And if, perchance, he returns to his inn somewhat discomfited, it may be that, like the same genial poet, he may recognize the law of compensation in

“A chambermaid whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Speak *Nature’s aristocracy.*”

It is but yesterday, as it were, though in the retrospect it seems a *decade*, that thousands of American hearts echoed the patriotic appeal—

“Strike till the last armed foe expires!  
Strike for your altars and your fires!  
Strike for the green graves of your sires!  
God and your native land!”

And, with heads bowed in reverent sadness, and eyes gleaming through tears, with proud resignation, bereaved souls breathed to each other, over the maimed clay of their loved ones, his apostrophe to Death—

“But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle of the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
*The thanks of millions yet to be.*”

Amid the discouragements of that bloody struggle, and the political chicanery and disloyalty that still refuses to harvest the precious fruits of national triumph and trust, what hope for the true American was or is there but the domestic faith and personal virtue of the people? Here, again, we look with Halleck,

"At home where all their wealth and pride is placed,  
And there their hospitable fires burn clear;  
And there the lowliest farmhouse hearth is graced  
With many hearts in piety sincere.  
Faithful in love, in honor, stern and chaste,  
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,  
Beloved in life and sainted in the grave."

Gazing on an aboriginal chief, at his games or in council, in our summer excursion to distant prairies or border mountain, we think of the same vivid minstrel's description—

"With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil,  
With motions graceful as a bird in air,  
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil  
*That ere clenched fingers in a captive's hair.*"

Nor can we wander along the woods in June, or look up to the hills at eventide, and not respond to his praise of

and for the natural beauty of our native land—

"Her clear, warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds  
Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eyes,  
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,  
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves."

Or, turning from speculative controversy to instructive fact, from the Reformer to the Poet, how refreshing to revert to the normal idea, the genuine sentiment of Woman—

"With that word  
Life's dearest hopes and memories come,  
Truth, Beauty, Love in her adored,  
*And earth's lost Paradise restored,  
In the green bower of home.*"

Even at his burial-place we cannot more truly or melodiously utter the thought it inspires, and the fond recollection it awakens, than in his own household strains—

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—  
Shrines to no code or creed confined:  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days:  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

### THE ORANGE TREE.

The man lies darkling in the boy,  
The Future dimly marks its morn;  
Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,  
Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,  
Frolics, at times, as years before,  
Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,  
Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in manlike thought,  
Happy the man in boylike play;  
Heart unto heart for ever wrought,  
Our earliest and our latest day!

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods  
Mingle the coming with the old;  
The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds—  
The bud lies white amid the gold.



## ECHOES OF MELANCHOLY.

## I.

The loves and joys of earth are brief;  
 The fairest flowers the first decay;  
 In Pleasure's footsteps follows Grief;  
 Too soon we mourn the fallen leaf  
 And life's departed May.  
 We yearn, perplexed, and stung with pain,  
 Our long-lost Aidenn to regain:  
 Oh, is it far away?  
 Hark! from the caverns of the heart,  
 Faint echoes, phantom-voices, start:  
 "Far, far away!"  
 And, sounding from beyond the sky,  
 Melodious, solemn strains reply:  
 "Far, far away!"

## II.

The soul is pained with vain regret;  
 We pine for what no years restore;  
 And sorrows we would fain forget,  
 With clasped hands and eyelids wet,  
 Haunt us for evermore.  
 Grows there no balm in grove or field,  
 No plant that may nepenthe yield?  
 Ah, is there no reprieve?  
 List! from the grove low murmurs flow,  
 As though sad sprites bewailed their woe:  
 "No, no reprieve!"  
 And, from the field, with mournful sigh,  
 The withering flowers and grass reply:  
 "No, no reprieve!"

## III.

A 'wildering maze is life, in sooth;  
 And flickering hopes, as false as bright,  
 Illusive, lure our trusting youth,  
 And with their glamour hide the truth  
 Until our hairs are white.  
 O World! O Time! can ye not give  
 Somewhat to make it sweet to live?  
 Must joys, loves, all depart?  
 The World responds with scornful laugh,  
 Pointing to many an epitaph,  
 "All, all depart!"  
 And, as he sweeps, remorseless, by,  
 The knell-like tones of Time reply,  
 "All, all depart!"

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE University of Pennsylvania has made a radical change in the course of study pursued in its Collegiate Department. Following the example set by many of the best-known colleges in the country, it has adopted what is called the "elective system" of studies, by which is meant a system offering to a student the choice between the time-honored classical course, and one in which instruction is given on many subjects supposed to be more in harmony with the practical needs of American life than those included in the old *curriculum*. Whatever may be the abstract merits of the two systems, there can be no doubt that, at the present day, a college which strives to fulfill one of the main purposes of its existence—namely, the harmonizing of its own life with the popular life which surrounds it—must, at least, afford an opportunity for study and instruction to those who may prefer what is modern and practical to what is ancient and classical. The authorities of the University, the Trustees and the Faculty of Arts, have entered upon the experiment with entire faith in the soundness of the plan, and so far the most gratifying success has attended their efforts. A wise conservatism is never so wise as when it hastens to accommodate itself to the real life around it. The University, with a spirit which has not, perhaps, been common in Philadelphia, but which, we rejoice to say, seems just now likely to pervade every department of public enterprise, has not hesitated to adopt new methods to meet new needs. It has felt that it should do its part in aiding in the general plans now urged with so much zeal by the best minds in this community, which seek to secure for Philadelphia a more decidedly metropolitan character than she has hitherto held. These plans embrace a great variety of public improvements, from great parks to suitable edifices for the accommodation of those institutions

among us devoted to the interests of Science and Art. But it is well to remember, perhaps, that the most pressing want of a community like our own is a great university, amply endowed and widely comprehensive in its system of instruction; for upon the educated class, nurtured and trained by such an institution, must dependence be had, at last, for the taste to conceive, the zeal to execute, and the liberality to maintain everything which tends to dignify and adorn our modern life.

. . . In an interesting history, by Mr. Edward Shippen, of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, the fact is pointed out that Americans often evince less interest in the progress of education than foreigners. "Appeals come over the great waters, from all lands and peoples, for American experience, for American plans and systems, for American statistics and practical results: even the oldest and most enlightened nations of the world are sending their commissioned agents, from time to time, to watch the progress of our institutions, and to glean and gather." Almost the first thing which an intelligent foreigner inquires about, on his arrival in the United States, is our public school system—an appreciation of its merits which, while highly gratifying, ought to stimulate us to make it far more thorough than it is at present.

. . . The *Revue de Quinzaine*, of October last, has a paper on Harvard University and Yale College, which shows a considerable knowledge of the subject. The writer says, that while the system and the division of the studies are, in the main, the same as those of the English universities, yet important improvements have been introduced from time to time; and he truly remarks, that, while Harvard has a certain aristocratic tone, in Yale the forms and the prevailing ideas are democratic.

The proposition recently made in

Congress to tax the use of armorial bearings on carriages and household furniture is an eminently proper one, though it may perhaps cause some amusement at our expense in monarchical countries. If enacted into a law, the impost ought to yield a handsome return from New England, if one may judge from the fact that the *Heraldic Journal*, published by Wiggin & Lunt, Boston, has completed its third volume. A similar periodical in England, *The Herald and Genealogist*, edited by John Gough Nichols, has also just completed its third volume, in the course of which there are five articles on "Anglo-American genealogy and coat-armor." The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* has just issued its twenty-first volume, having started in 1847; and it is a curious fact that the New England Historic-Genealogical Society is the first one, particularly devoted to the pedigrees of families, ever formed. The interest which Americans take in this subject is also evinced by the increasing number of family histories which are issuing from the press. Heretofore these works were mainly confined to New England and New York, which were settled before Pennsylvania and the Western States; but they are now appearing in other parts of the Union. Histories of the Sharpless, Darlington, Levering, Du Bois, Cope, Montgomery, Shippen, Wolfe, Coleman and Hill families have been printed in this State, and those of the Buchanan and Sill families in Ohio. We hear that the pedigree of the Wentworth family is about to be published in Chicago; and that Mr. D. Williams Patterson, of Pittston, Pa., has in preparation the genealogy of the Grant family, which will include the pedigree of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. It appears that his ancestor was Matthew Grant, whose name first occurs on the town records of Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 3, 1633. Noah, the grandfather of the General, born in Connecticut, June 20, 1748, and the sixth generation in descent from the Dorchester emigrant, came from Coventry, Conn., to Pennsylvania after the

Revolutionary War, and settled here. The Rev. Mr. Headley's statement, that the ancestor of Grant settled in Pennsylvania on his arrival in this country, is therefore erroneous. Although very frequently indeed these pedigrees are fit subjects of ridicule, some link in a chain being assumed without proof, or some sign of vanity being exhibited by the degenerate offspring of worthy sires; yet at the bottom of all there is, on the whole, a healthy family pride which benefits society, and to which no one who comes of virtuous and honorable parentage is insensible. Besides, almost all genealogical works furnish materials more or less important for the history of the United States. In regard to the use of coats-of-arms and crests by Americans, it is to be noted that those who have the best right to them generally care the least to parade them before the world.

In a recent official communication, the French Academy speaks as follows concerning General John Meredith Read, Jr., of Albany:

"The Academy, which was not a stranger to the literary works of the distinguished author, has welcomed with lively interest his historical researches concerning 'Henry Hudson;' and it has recommended to the attention of its members the study of the precious volume."

. . . Edwin P. Whipple, the distinguished New England essayist, whose recent articles on the "Early English Dramatists" have attracted so much attention, is now engaged upon a Life of the late Governor Andrew. Some idea of the labor it involves may be derived from the fact that the late Governor's private correspondence, during the five last years of his life, fills twenty volumes, and his public papers make in addition one hundred large quarto volumes.

. . . Frederic Kidder, an eminent historical scholar of Boston, is writing the "*History of the First New Hampshire Regiment* during the Revolution, from its Organization in April, 1775, to its Dissolution in January, 1784." This regiment was commanded, at different times,

by John Stark, Joseph Cilley, A. Scammel, and Henry Dearborn.

. . . Mr. George Catlin is preparing a work, to be entitled *The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America*, based on his personal examination of the geology of North and South America, and especially of the Lesser Antilles, as well as upon the traditions of the Indian tribes. The latter everywhere point distinctly to at least one deluge, and, among the central and southern tribes, to two such catastrophes, in which their race was nearly destroyed. Mr. Catlin takes the view that the second cataclysm caused a subsidence of a large tract of country, extending to the coast of Venezuela, and including the whole range of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, the promontory of Yucatan, the eastern and lower parts of Mexico, and Honduras. He is of opinion that "what is now the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico were, in the days of Uxmal and Palenque, vast and fertile plains, through which the Rio Grande del Norte and the Mississippi wended their long and serpentine ways, and, uniting their waters near the base of the mountains, debouched into the ocean between Cuba and the Bahama Islands." Mr. Catlin is satisfied that the ruins of Palenque, etc. were once under water (as he doubts not other ruins still are), and have been revealed by the general upheaval which exposed the summits of the Lesser Antilles. There is no doubt that volcanic action displayed itself on an immense scale, in Central America and the West Indies during historic periods and the recent earthquakes in that quarter show that it has not yet spent its force.

. . . The Historical Society of Pennsylvania have in preparation two volumes of the Correspondence of William Penn and Family with James Logan, between 1700 and 1750, which will throw a good deal of light on the early history of Pennsylvania. They will be edited by Mr. Edward Armstrong, an antiquarian in every way suited to the task, and will be accompanied by a history of the Penn family by another hand. The Penn family papers in England have

never been properly examined, though it is understood that the late Mr. Granville John Penn found therein new and absolute proofs that Macaulay's main charges against the founder of Pennsylvania were based upon a misapprehension. The Penne who was implicated in the Taunton affair was not William, but another person entirely. Mr. G. J. Penn had a work in preparation upon this subject when he was overtaken by death.

. . . Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. have in press a unique little work, to be entitled *Rhymes of the Poets*, by Felix Ago, in which will be pointed out the indications which appear in the earlier English poetry of a difference between the former and the present pronunciation of words. From the rhymes which the author quotes, he infers that the word *seat*, for example, was formerly pronounced (as now, by the Irish) *sate*, and *home*, as now in New England, *hum*. *Foin* was *jine*; *spoil*, *spile*; and *soil*, *sile*; *joy* is made, by Tighe, to rhyme with *sigh*, and *Rome*, by Butler and others, with *doom*. The author might have added that this latter pronunciation still survives in the name Roumelia, the country around Constantinople or the New Rome, as well as in Roumania, which was settled by the ancient Romans. We have ourselves heard the Eternal City called *Room* by the late Granville John Penn; and *Notes and Queries* says that such was the pronunciation of Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne. Felix Ago has rather an eccentric turn, for, in the midst of his more serious studies, he takes occasion to bring in, *apropos* of nothing, the following passage:

"According to another Sunday-school specimen—

It is a sin  
To steal a pin;  
Much more to steal  
A greater thing—

(as a nutmeg grater), the rhyme of which did not satisfy the uncorrupted ear of the pupils, who accordingly improved it somewhat thus—

It is a sin	It is a sin
To steal a pin;	To steal a pin;
A nutmeg grate 'r	It is a greater
Sweet potater—	To steal a 'tater—

or,

It is a venial sin  
To steal a menial pin;  
It is a sin more mortal  
To steal a snappin'-tortle."

This frivolity is very reprehensible, and the author will please everybody except the Philistines by indulging in it freely.

. . . The sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's collection of books, in the last century, might be made almost the starting-point in the history of English bibliography, as the Hegira is used in the annals of Mohammedanism. It has given a name to a peculiar style of binding—that preferred by the fastidious collector of "ancient copies," in which only the top edge is trimmed and gilt, while the front and bottom sides of the leaves are left in their rough state. It was also the date and the occasion of the formation of the Roxburgh Club, whose publications are among the choicest possessions of the "privately-printed" or "small-number" collector. This club was the parent and example of all similar enterprises. It is fitting, therefore, that Mr. W. C. Hazlitt should have given the name of the "Roxburgh Library" to the collection of volumes which he proposes to print in small number for those who see fit to subscribe for them. Mr. Hazlitt's competence as an editor of English literature he has already shown in several volumes of Russell Smith's *Collection of Old English Authors*. Among the works enumerated in the prospectus he has issued, the following will be specially interesting to American collectors: A reprint of the life of Charlemagne, by Caxton, from the only copy known, in an edition of two hundred copies, one hundred and seventy in small quarto, and thirty in quarto; A collection of popular ballads, not later than 1600; A collection of early jest-books, of dates between 1607 and 1638. The increasing demand for the republication of these specimens of a bygone popular taste, which were despised in an age of pretentious learning, is a sign of the democratic tendencies of the times, and indicates a conviction that

only from a study of the people's life and modes of thought can the knowledge of a nation's development and progress be acquired. We need not wonder, then, that this demand should be even more general here than in England.

. . . Mr. Hepworth Dixon, whose descriptions of the Bible Communists, Tunkers, Female Seers and other fanatics were nearly as much a revelation to American as to European readers, is now engaged upon a somewhat similar subject. He has been visiting Königsberg, Eastern Prussia, to study there a remarkable religious phenomenon which is beginning to attract attention. The new work on which he is engaged, and which will be based on these investigations, is expected to be of extraordinary interest.

. . . A new grand opera is in preparation in Paris, founded on Shakespeare's play of Hamlet. Of all his dramas, this one would seem to be the least adapted to the musician's purpose. The first scene, it is said, will be a gorgeous representation of the guilty bridal of the hero's mother, and, later, the scene with the players is to be carefully wrought out.

An event in the literary world is the recent death, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, of Jacques Charles Brunet, a writer who was emphatically "A man of one book." More fortunate than Macaulay, Prescott, and Buckle, he lived to see his great work, the *Manuel du Libraire*, safely through its fifth and greatly improved edition in six large volumes. For fifty-seven years it has been the leading bibliographical work of the world, containing accurate descriptions of the most important European books published since the invention of printing. In the preface to the last edition, issued in 1865, he says: "I had hardly attained the age of fifteen years when I began the bibliographical studies necessary to prepare me for the profession of a bookseller, for which my father, himself a bookseller, had destined me. Despite the insufficiency of existing aids, I was soon familiarized with the elements of a science for which I felt a strong taste

from the start—a science which became the principal occupation of my entire life." It is well that somebody feels an interest in the dry work of making catalogues; and the benefits which have been conferred on the lovers of books by such men as Brunet, De Bure, Barbier, Peignot and Quérard in France; Dibdin and Watt in England; and Allibone and Sabin in America, can hardly be overestimated.

. . . It is not fitting that the death of an excellent Philadelphia printer and of a worthy man like the late Mr. Conger Sherman should go unchronicled in a literary magazine printed in this city. Mr. Sherman was born at New Scotland, near Albany, New York, August 7, 1793. He learned his trade in the office of Barber & Southwick, Albany, and in 1811 moved to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a printer. A thorough master of his art, by strict attention to business, economy, and integrity, he acquired a large fortune. He continued at his post until his death, which took place Nov. 25, 1867. Mr. Sherman is believed to have been the first man in America who printed books on vellum, copies of Prof. Allen's *Life of Philidor*, and Turnbull's *Birds of East Lothian*, having, within a few years, been struck off on that material at the "Caxton Press."

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., London, have had a fount of hieroglyphical type cast, the first use made of which was to print Birch's Egyptian Dictionary, contained in the recently-published fifth volume of Bunsen's *Egypt*. The Dictionary occupies two hundred and fifty octavo pages, double column, and is the only hieroglyphical dictionary ever printed, except that of Champollion, published in 1841, which contained only a few of the principal words. It is followed by a grammar of the ancient Egyptian language, and selected Egyptian texts, with an interlinear translation. The final result of the patient linguistic studies of the last half century seems to be that the Egyptian language is the earliest deposit of the common speech of

Central Asia, and that it forms a kind of connecting link between the Indo-European and the Semitic tongues.

. . . Another novelty in the art of printing—and one which might be introduced to advantage in America, in cases where drawings are to be copied—is the process of photo-lithography, by which the Camden Society has lately reproduced, in fac-simile, a curious manuscript volume of the seventeenth century, entitled *History from Marble*. The book contains copies of monumental inscriptions, together with drawings of brasses, mural tablets, and other antiquities. By this method, however, the original is not so clearly reproduced, as Domesday Book and other Historical Documents have recently been by the elegant process of photo-zincography.

An interesting indication of the extreme antiquity of man is to be found in some discoveries recently made on our own shores. We are indebted to Prof. Saml. H. Dickson for permission to copy the following statement, which accompanied a photograph received from the Smithsonian Institution. The photograph represents a fragment of matting, and was sent to Professor John C. Draper of New York, together with a specimen of salt taken from the bed in which the matting was found. The memorandum reads as follows:

"From Petit Anse Island, near Vermilion Bay, coast of Louisiana.

"Petit Anse Island is the locality of the remarkable mine of rock salt, discovered during the late rebellion, and from which, for a considerable period of time, the Southern States derived a great part of their supply of this article. The salt is almost chemically pure, and apparently in inexhaustible quantity, occurring in every part of the island (which is about five thousand acres in extent) at a depth below the surface of the soil of fifteen or twenty feet.

"The fragment of matting was found near the surface of the salt, and about two feet above it were remains of tusks and bones of a fossil elephant. The peculiar interest in regard to the specimen is in its occurrence, *in situ*, two feet below the elephant remains, and fourteen feet below the surface of the

soil, thus showing the existence of man on the island prior to the deposit, in the soil, of the fossil elephant. The material consists of the outer bark of the common Southern cane, and has been preserved for so long a period, both by its silicious character and the strongly saline condition of the soil."

. . . Mr. J. P. Lesley has in preparation the first American work treating of the subject of pre-historic man. It will be entitled *Man's Origin and Destiny, Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences*, and will contain the subject of the author's lectures before the Lowell Institute in 1865-'6. The study of Anthropology, or the Science of Man, is one peculiarly proper for Americans, whose instinctive belief in Progress is in harmony with the results attained in this branch of knowledge. Then, too, we see for ourselves the lower varieties of the human family disappearing before the advance of the higher; and we can foresee the time when, as our breed of men has already crossed the Atlantic, so will it cross the Pacific, carrying with it augmented energies and higher conceptions; for, as the people of the United States are on the whole more intelligent and energetic than Europeans, so it is a significant fact that those who live on the Pacific side seem to acquire new elasticity of mind and muscle—a greater rapidity of progression, as it were—by transference to their new locality. Anthropology teaches that this change of type, which amounts to the development of a new and better variety of the human species, is but the latest stride in a career whose first steps were painfully slow and uncertain.

. . . In a lecture delivered lately, at Dusseldorf, by Hermann Schaffhausen, on *The Struggle of Man with Nature*, occurs a passage which is at once so eloquent and so true that we cannot refrain from quoting it. "It must be acknowledged," says the lecturer, "that the growing knowledge of nature is a growing knowledge of God, and that, in this sense, the kingdom of God is constantly expanding, whilst that of the devil is contracting. As man, in a higher state of civilization, recognizes a

prevailing Providence which, in order to preserve the whole, destroys a part, so must he admire that divine wisdom which has so ordained it that nature should never cease calling forth man's force, which, in this struggle and practice, acquires new strength. This labor does not merely steel the body: the mind also is developed in this struggle with resisting nature, and the mind is the greatest force of man: it is only to his spirit that nature bends." Certain it is, that while the fear of God is the first awakening of natural religion, a knowledge of the goodness of God, the perception of the beneficent effects of nature, is a matured fruit of human thought.

A gentleman lately returned from Europe relates that he had by a residence of several months in Florence acquired, as he thought, a tolerable acquaintance with the Italian language. He undertook afterwards to air his accomplishment in a restaurant at Venice. With a majestic wave of the hand, he cried out, in Italian:

"Waiter!"

"Si, Signor."

And still in the same tongue,

"Bring me some roast beef!"

"Si, Signor."

"And some vegetables!"

"Si, Signor."

"And a bottle of red wine!"

"Si, Signor."

"That is all."

"Si, Signor."

"Well, why don't you get them?" still in choice Italian.

"*Sir, I no speak English!*"

Our friend insists that his pure Tuscan pronunciation was alone in fault.

The plan of embodying Notes and Queries in Our Monthly Gossip seems to meet with general approval, if we may judge from the tone of numerous letters which the publication of the first number has brought to the Editor's Table. The following paper is one among several received in reply to the remarks of "Cor-

tez" in our January number on the word *Parquet* :

The American who should ask at the office of a Parisian theatre for a place in the *Parquet* would find himself in the condition of the Prioress—

"And French sche spak ful faire and fetyely,  
After the scole of Strauford-atte-Bowe,  
For French of Parys was to hire unknowe ;"

but it does not follow, as might be implied from the communication of your correspondent, F. C., that the word *Parquet* is a homeless vagabond, disowned by etymology, and a mere waif in our theatrical nomenclature.

Here is Worcester's definition, which he copies from Landais: "An enclosure in a theatre between the orchestra and the pit: a name now commonly applied to the whole lower floor of a theatre behind the orchestra."

Your correspondent's sixth definition is "an inlaid floor;" but from this restricted sense the word has acquired the general meaning of *floor*, or *flooring*, and so crept into our theatres as designating places on the *floor* of the house. In Spier's French Dictionary the eighth definition of *Parquet* stands as follows: "(theat.) † *orchestra* (place)." The cross indicates that this usage of the word is an antiquated one; and here is probably the reason F. C. finds it so difficult to trace its origin. The word has gone out of fashion in Paris, and given place to *stalles d'orchestre*; but in the French Provinces one might probably still hear of *Stalles de Parquet*. The term was used in the Royal Theatre at Dresden, precisely as we use it, before the New York Academy of Music was built.

In the Chestnut Street Theatre, built since our Academy of Music, the word *Parquet* is not in use; nor is it known in the Arch Street and Walnut Street Theatres, both of which have been rebuilt within a few years. For *Parquet* in these houses has been substituted the term *Orchestra Stalls*, or *Orchestra*, and this is the proper substitute, because the term is English, readily understood, and its pronunciation determined. To *Parterre* there are two objections: 1st, That, equally with *Parquet*, it is foreign to our language. 2d, That it is not synonymous with *Parquet*.

In the French Provincial Theatres, where *Stalles de Parquet* may still exist, there is also, as in all French theatres, a *Parterre*. The *Parquet* is a place for reserved seats. The *Parterre* is a division in the rear of the *Parquet*, or *Orchestra*, where no seats are reserved, and the tickets of admission to which

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are put at a low price; it is, in fact, the English "pit," which formerly existed in our theatres at a time when we were more governed by English standards than at present.

The fact is, that in America the best things are for the man who has money; and as the opportunities of gaining wealth are open to all, we have no populace, to keep whom in good humor it is expedient to give up at low prices some of the best places in our theatres.

For *Parquette* there is no authority. It is probably the fancy of some ignorant innovator, led by incorrect pronunciation to endeavor to assimilate *Parquet* in orthography to "etiquette," "coquette," and other similar words of foreign origin, overlooking the more obvious analogy of "bouquet" and the recent "croquet." G.

Here this discussion must close.

The following explanation of the motto on the gold and silver coins of this country is, we believe, entirely new :

MR. EDITOR: Whence is our national motto, *È pluribus unum*, taken? Perhaps in the minds of those who first chose it to express the peculiar character of our government it had no definite origin. It may have been a tag floating vaguely in the recollection, or it may have been manufactured for the occasion. Certain it is, that when it was first used in the report of the Committee of Congress of August 7, 1776 (cited by Hamilton, *History of the Flag*, p. 95), as the epigraph of the public seal, it was a phrase too familiar or too plain to need explanation or authority.

But whether remembered or reinvented on that occasion, almost the exact words occur in a Latin poem called *Moretum*, ascribed to Virgil, but which is not usually included in the collected editions of his works, such as the Delphin. It will be found, however, in the Tauchnitz series. It is a vivid and clear description of an ancient Italian peasant's morning meal, with incidental suggestions of his mode of life generally. The *moretum* is a species of pottage made of herbs and cheese, which, with the help of his servant, he concocts before dawn. He grinds up the various materials in a pestle. Then, says the poet :

It manus in gyrum : paullatim singula vires  
Deperdunt proprias ; color est è pluribus unus.

This little poem has been seldom noticed; but it is as good a *genre* picture as a Dutch "interior." Take, for instance, this description of the negro "wench," who is the peasant's only servant :



Interdum clamat Cybalen ; erat unica custos  
 Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura  
 Torta comam, labroque tumens, et fusca colorem ;  
 Pectore lata, jacens mammis, compressor alvo  
 Cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta  
 Continuis rimis calcanea scissa rigebant.

The Ethiopian characteristics are as sharply marked here as if an anatomical definition were intended, and testify that the race has not changed since the days of Augustus. The woolly hair, swelling lips, dark color, wide, flat chest, pendant bosom, narrow waist, slender legs, huge feet, and heels stiff with cracks, together make up an unmistakable picture. Note, too, this touch, that the writer, being of a dark race himself, merely uses the phrase "*fusca colorem*," a relative expression, he being more struck with the structural differences of the negro, while we of white skins notice always first his blackness, and seldom much beyond. W.

A tourist writes :

"One of the most interesting works of art in England is a Memorial of the Quaker philanthropist, the late Joseph Sturge, which has lately been erected in Birmingham. The monument consists of a central statue of Mr. Sturge, his right hand resting on a Bible, and the left extended towards a figure symbolical of Peace. A figure on the other side, holding two children, is typical of Charity. At the base of the statue, in front and back, are large basins for ornamental fountains, and at either side are drinking fountains. As I stood admiring the group, a bricklayer passed by, and, seeing I was a stranger, volunteered to explain what the female figures meant. 'Why, you see, sir,' he said, with the air of a man who desired to show off his local knowledge, 'the old gentleman had two wives. That one,' pointing to Charity, 'was his first wife, and he had two children by her. You see she is holding them by the hand. His second wife,' pointing to Peace, 'had no children, but he liked her the best. You see he is holding out his hand to her!' I found afterwards that the man was perfectly correct about Mr. Sturge's family history, and that his explanation of the symbolical group was actually the one accepted by the English of the lower classes."

"Improvisatore" sends the following :

About twenty years ago, more or less, there appeared in some English magazine—or possibly book—a literary *tour de force*, purporting to grow out of a conversation in which one of the speakers offered to wager that he

could make a poem on any given subject, and moreover in any metre and style. The wager was accepted; the subject proposed was the *Dodo Solitaire*, and the poet was called upon to write on the spot a bacchanalian song upon that difficult theme. He instantly sat down to the piano and sung :

"The Dodo once lived, but he doesn't live now ;  
 Yet why should dull care overshadow our brow ?  
 The Dodo was wise, and no doubt, in his day,  
 He delighted, as we do, to moisten his clay.  
 Sing Dodo, Dodo, jolly Do—do !  
 Hurrah ! in his praise let our cups overflow."

There are several other stanzas, and, if I mistake not, a lyrical ode on the Dodo and some other poetical effusions of an amusing kind. Who can point out where the above song can be found ?

Also, who wrote the following lines ?—

"Mittitur mihi in disco  
 Piscis ab archiepiscopo—  
 —po non apponatur,  
 Quia po—tus non mihi datur."

That is,

"I had sent me a fish  
 On a great dish,  
 From the Archbishop—  
 —hop is not here,  
 For he sent me no beer."

Since our January issue we have had the pleasure of seeing and reading the first number of *Putnam's Magazine*, now happily revived after a trance of thirteen years. In its original form it was a credit to American literature, and the vigorous vitality it now shows gives promise of equal ability in the future. Knowing full well the difficulties of the navigation, we exchange friendly signals with "the man at the wheel," and wish *Putnam* a long and prosperous voyage.

Owing to the acquisition of new and interesting matter relating to the "Old Slate-roof House and its occupants," the author has extended his paper, so that instead of two Parts, as announced in the Contents of No. 1 of this Magazine, it will make three: the conclusion will appear in the March number.

The reader will observe attached to the paper on ALASKA, in the present number, an Isothermal Chart, the accepted and significant modern mode of illustrating climate. The isothermal lines, or lines of equal heat, are here first drawn for a new region, embracing

the opposite coasts of the two continents, and the enclosed seas. The result is striking. On the chart will be found lines for the year, from the average temperature of  $50^{\circ}$ , as at Vancouver's Island, to  $5^{\circ}$ , as at Kolyma Bay. The gradation northward is regular, except that the climate of the central part of the chart is much warmer than at its sides, the area of Alaska being greatly favored. Next, the averages for the summer fall from  $60^{\circ}$  at Vancouver's Island to  $45^{\circ}$  at the northern limit of the chart, the change being much less. And there are also peculiar exceptions, giving as high averages to the valley of the Yukon and the valley of the Mackenzie as are observed at the southern limit. The summer, immediately on the sea, is cool over the whole area of the North Pacific. The summer isothermals are quite involved and irregular, but they can easily be traced. Finally, the winter isothermals present very important features, an interrupted line being adopted to distin-

guish them. They rise to  $35^{\circ}$  in the south and centre; next, the line of  $32^{\circ}$  goes to Harbor St. Paul, and a little north of Sitka, but recedes from the continent on each side. The line of  $20^{\circ}$  goes nearly to the limit of the surface of the sea up to St. Lawrence Island and the mouth of the Yukon, but on the continent is repelled from going far inland. The line of zero, for the winter, rises to Behring Strait, and gets some distance inland on each side, going to Okhotsk on the west, and falling to the 53d parallel in British Columbia, on the high plains of the Rocky Mountains. Beyond this line, to the north, the distinctions are all below zero; first  $10^{\circ}$  below ( $-10^{\circ}$  on the chart); then  $20^{\circ}$  below zero, and  $25^{\circ}$  below zero ( $-20^{\circ}$  and  $-25^{\circ}$ ). These are Arctic temperatures truly, but less than the degree of cold experienced at distances of  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$  of longitude to the right and left of the limits of the chart, in the central areas of each continent at the latitude of  $70^{\circ}$  North.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Hymns. Selected from Frederick William Faber, D.D. Northampton: Bridgman & Childs. 12mo. pp. 196.

The Heavenly Land. From the *De contemptu Mundi* of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny (Twelfth Century), rendered into corresponding English verse by Samuel W. Duffield. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 12mo. pp. xv. 19.

The Rev. Dr. Beman, in the preface to his *Book of Psalms and Hymns*, has thus excellently designated the requisites of sacred lyric poetry: "A hymn, whether it respects God, our fellow-beings, or ourselves, should be the effusion of the heart; and that heart, under proper influences, melted and dissolved by just such emotions as suit the conditions described or the occasion for which the song is intended. The language should be simple; the images striking, but not gaudy; the figures unencumbered; the sentences uninvolved; the structure free from all ambigui-

ty; the whole style and manner chaste, and not loaded with ornament or epithet; and the stanzas, and even lines, expressing, as far as practicable, a complete idea. In one word, it must be poetry—and lyric poetry—or it will chill the native aspirations of song, and defeat the great end of this part of worship."

In compiling a work illustrative of this high conception of his subject, the Doctor must have experienced many difficulties. Although the devotional poetry of the last hundred years might offer rich stores for selection, yet as he drew upward towards the fathers of English hymn-writing, he would find the field growing rapidly more narrow. At a period when the lyric poetry of our language had reached almost its highest development, this important province was occupied mainly, if not entirely, by the crudities of Rouse, the insipidity of Tate and Brady, and the intolerable barbarisms of Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms. The

reader of this kind of literature occasionally meets with stanzas as fearfully and wonderfully constructed as this :

"The tree of life adorns the board  
With rich, immortal fruit,  
And ne'er an angry, flaming sword  
To guard the passage to 't." (1)

But he would seek in vain for the slightest impress of the inspiration of the Hebrew bards, or for any trace of that magnificent psalmody which ennobled the rites of the Latin Church.

Indeed, a cursory glance at the history of this portion of devotional literature is alone needed to show how wide a gulf lay between the Latin hymnology and the hymns of two or three centuries ago in England. The former had soul and soaring fervor; the latter somehow lacked both. It seemed, apparently, for many years, to be doubted whether lyric poetry could bear the weight of Christian sentiment. The religious longings of Herbert and Vaughan and Milton found utterance in didactic verse of unequalled depth and beauty, but too stately and inflexible to be adapted to general worship. The grand outbursts of sacred song which rose from almost every land in Christendom at the era of the Reformation found no response, no imitation even, in the British Islands; and while Cowley and Waller and Herrick were demonstrating the capacity of the English lyric to express with grace and delicacy every phase of human emotion, the praise of God was sung in strains hardly worthy of Skelton or Taylor.

That this disparity no longer exists we owe more to Dr. Watts than probably to any other hand. It has become the fashion of the time to ridicule Dr. Watts—to smile at the simplicity and occasional awkwardness of his muse. But let us not forget that he was a pioneer in the labor he selected. He had, we may say, no precursor, no pattern. Lighted solely by the lamp of his own genius, he produced works which have outlived every mutation of the general taste, and which are fully equal to the finest religious poems of Addison. Nor would we willingly forget, when thinking of the man himself, that Dr. Samuel Johnson, the highest critical authority of his age, has borne this honorable testimony to his fame: "Few persons have left behind such purity of character, or monuments of more laborious piety."

Devotional fervor, having once found its appropriate expression, did not grow fainter with lapse of years. Upon the path thus opened others followed, whose names are familiar to every Christian tongue—the Wes-

leys, Doddridge, Beddome, Steele, Toplady, Cowper, and Cowper's friend, John Newton. Wherever the Church raises the voice of praise these names enjoy an ever-present immortality. And she adds to them Heber and Keble and Bonar and Neale and Palmer, and many others whose aspirations swept upward on wings of celestial melody.

The Church outgrew Dr. Beman's book, though that was scarcely thirty years in the service; and this advance has led to the formation of the Plymouth Collection—to the revision of the Baptist Psalmody and that of other denominations—to the Episcopalian additions to the songs for sacred service—no less than to various other works specifically sanctioned by no sect, but, as breathing the spirit of Christian brotherhood, used by all alike. Such a collection is the "Songs for the Sanctuary," a rearrangement of a previous volume published by Rev. Chas. Robinson, a Presbyterian clergyman, within a year or so past. In it, better than in any other collection, are seen the extensive additions to the songs of Zion made in the last few years.

The interest which this subject still excites is forcibly shown by the number of works in this department of literature recently issued from the press. The two which we have selected for special notice, differing widely in their aim and character, will serve to indicate the refined and catholic tone of the public taste. The first of these volumes is Faber's hymns, or rather selections from them.

Dr. Faber is a Roman Catholic, and, upon the testimony of his writings, a liberal one. His editor, in this instance, has been fortunate in securing a publisher of taste and judgment, and the whole book is beautiful; nor are the poems within it less so. They have a simple pathos, a fervor, a pure aspiration rarely found even in writings of this character. But Faber can hardly be called a great poet. He does not handle rhythm with ease or originality. He deals, for the most part, in Dr. Watts' "common" and "long" metres, though his ability to employ other arrangements of the stanza is shown in the "Shadow of the Rock," from which we would quote were it not already so well known.

He delights in the paradoxes of Christianity—perpetually dwelling on the mysterious existence of God and his more mysterious expressions of himself. To these his heart goes out with longing and love, and every hymn is more nearly a prayer than a praise. Occasionally he is very striking in

his use of an old idea, as where he says of God :

"Eternity is but a thought  
By which we think of Thee."

Or when he writes :

"My Lord, I live always in pain,  
My life's sad under-song—  
Pain in itself not hard to bear,  
But hard to bear so long."

He is also deeply and spiritually thoughtful—thoughtful in the best catholic spirit of Christianity ; as when we read :

"The Church, the sacraments, the faith,  
Their up-hill journey take,  
Lose here what there they gain, and if  
We lean upon them, break."

There is in this certainly the amplest evidence of a gentle and honest toleration. Indeed, the author's life will serve as proof of the same spirit. He is still young in comparison with what he might appear, having been born in England, June 28, 1815. His reception into the Roman Church took place Nov. 17, 1845. After that he joined Dr. Newman in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and has, if we mistake not, remained ever since in the same vocation. Our knowledge, however, is more of his hymns than of himself. The best illustration of his devotional nature is the hymn entitled "Jesus, my God, my All," which we commend to the perusal of the reader. The closing lines to the hymn entitled "Conversion,"

"Oh give me grace to keep Thy grace,  
And grace to merit more,"

form the key-note to the whole collection.

The remaining volume on our table is an exceedingly handsome little work upon the famous hymn of Bernard of Cluny. In the Introduction, which occupies nearly one-half the book, and which is valuable as condensing our entire stock of information regarding Bernard and his poem, we find that the translation has been no easy task. We are told that "from this close imitation" (of the original metre) "both Neale and Coles have recoiled;" and the compiler of the Seven Great Hymns is also quoted to show the almost insurmountable difficulty of clothing the work in an English dress.

The first, indeed, has said that "the English language is incapable of expressing" the versification. This, Mr. Duffield, who appears to have great faith in our own tongue as a vehicle for the expression of thought, has sought to disprove, and with some success. But the verse is unquestionably difficult to

render. It is a pure dactylic hexameter. The rhymes are very frequent, the first occurring at the second and fourth dactyl—the stress being on the first syllable, and the other two common. Then there is a trochaic rhyme at the end of each line, and the lines are in couplets. We quote two lines, as translated, to show what we mean more explicitly :

"Battle's malignities gain for us dignities—'What are they?' say you.  
Full, full replenishment, freedom from banishment,  
none there to fray you."

Such translation may be a pleasant exercise in verse which is to extend over ten or twenty lines, but when it reaches a hundred or more, it requires some courage to contemplate the labor. Yet, as we said before, we think it has been accomplished. The book is not likely to be a largely popular one, yet it has examples of the capabilities of good English which are praiseworthy in a line-for-line translation, and obsolete or clumsy words very rarely occur. We prefer, however, to let the work speak for itself, giving the following lines as among the most poetical and accurate which the volume contains. They are addressed to the Heavenly Land :

"Lilies like driven snow, gems set in even row, wait  
for thy wearing ;  
That Lamb is still with thee, that Spouse is still with  
thee, clear light declaring.  
No occupation there, no aspiration there, save but  
sweet singing,  
Telling of life preserved, granted for grief deserved,  
gratitude bringing.  
City of lustre rare, none but the just are there, thou  
shalt not crumble,  
Proud hearts are stupefied, and, from the Crucified,  
learn to be humble.  
Naught I know, naught I know, what joys then  
ought to grow, what rays shine o'er thee,  
How deep thy pleasures are, how rare thy treasures  
are, in years before thee !

The book closes with a neat translation of "Just as I am" into Latin of the same metre and rhyme : a pretty thought carefully executed.

We welcome these two works as showing a desire, on the part of the Church, to get back to a pure, primitive basis. The one writer is a Roman Catholic—the other a Presbyterian ; but the first has caught the inspiration of the earlier ages of the Church, while the other has found, in the writings of an ancient monk, brought down by Episcopalian hands, the same dear song which has echoed through the Church of Christ—whether kirk or cathedral—almost since the days of John in Patmos. This is one in-

stance of that true liberality which should be cultivated by Christian men.

**Horse Portraiture: embracing Breeding, Rearing and Training Trotters, with their management in the stable and on the track, and preparation for races; including histories of the Horse and Horsemen.** With an appendix containing the performances of Dexter, and a portrait [of him] by Scott. By Joseph Cairn Simpson. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams. 12mo. pp. 458.

In England, racers are running horses; in America, they are trotters. One reason for this difference is that field sports, which involve running and galloping over ploughed fields and the jumping of fences, are the fashionable amusement in England; while in this country horses are used mainly on the road. Hence a book, by a practical trainer, pointing out how a horse may acquire condition and learn to trot fast, is particularly adapted to this country. The author claims that his is the pioneer work of his class. He has the prime requisite of all good writing—something to say: he is full of his subject, and, unlike Talleyrand, who said he never talked about what he understood, he is desirous of communicating to others the experience of a lifetime.

There is something charming in the enthusiasm with which the author, like General Grant, talks horse. He is *fanatico per il cavallo*. A love of the beautiful, he considers, is just as compatible with handling horses as with the professions absorbing the greater part of the talent of the country. "I sincerely hope," he adds, "the day is not far distant when a liberal education will be thought essential in the training of a good horseman." Amen!

In criticising such a writer, and one hailing from Iowa, too, a merely literary man feels like sitting, if not at the feet of Gamaliel, yet on the left-hand seat of a light wagon, behind a pair of fast trotters, and listening to the remarks of the driver, rather than undertaking to point out where he is right and where wrong. Mr. Simpson says that in driving the reins should be handled gently, as if they were a part of the animal endowed with sensitiveness, which would be destroyed by a continuous pull. "How angry I become when I see a big brute tugging away for dear life at these leathern straps, his body braced as if a yoke of oxen were hitched to him to pull him from his seat, yelling at the top of his voice, self-satisfied that he is an expert! The horse has ten times more sense than he, and has learned that he must pull against the

bit still harder, to stop the circulation of the blood in the sensitive bars, numbing them till the torture is unheeded. After a while the delicacy of feeling is gone, large calluses are formed, and the horse becomes perfectly useless."

The author is opposed to the employment of the curry-comb, which, he says, in the hands of an artist, is used only to keep the brush clean. "A bungler rakes away with it against and across the hair, torturing the horse without effecting any good. The brush, if properly used, will effectually remove the scurf, while the wisp gives the polish to the hair and removes the dust from the surface." In the stable the author advises placing the hay on the floor, instead of in a rack; and using a feeding-box, which ought to be removed when the horse has eaten the feed, instead of a manger.

A noteworthy and suggestive fact mentioned by the author is, that thoroughbred horses live longer than the ordinary varieties, the average age in England being twenty-two years. Eclipse lived to the age of nearly forty. A majority of the successful race-horses of this country have attained to old age. A parallel fact in the annals of the human race is found in the longevity of the upper classes in England. No one can turn over the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* without being struck with the number of Vice Admirals who die at eighty years of age or thereabouts. Doubtless, one reason for the exceptional longevity of Flora Temple, for example, on the one hand, and of General Scott on the other, is to be found in the good food, good shelter and sufficient but not excessive exercise which they both enjoyed. It would not be difficult, however, to point out cases which tend to controvert the author's doctrine. In the museum of the Manchester National History Society, for example, are preserved the skull and the stuffed skin of the head of Old Billy, a horse who worked all his life on the towing-path of one of the canals adjoining Manchester, England, and died on November 27, 1822, at an age testified, beyond all doubt, to have been sixty-two years. The head is represented as well shaped, bearing the Norman character; and the hair of the mane and foretop particularly fine, but bushy. If we turn to mankind, it must be acknowledged that neither Old Parr nor Jenkins were what one would call thorough-breeds.

In the horse the test of blood, and also of condition, is the eye, into whose clear depths you look down, says the author, "till you

cannot but resolve that such an organ must belong to more than an animal, and that it is a token of a being endowed with that reason which we haughtily arrogate as only belonging to man. When the horse is led up to start in a race, this placid look is changed to one as determined as ever flashed from beneath the brow of ancient knight attempting deeds that would either heighten his renown to that of the great Arthur himself, or consign him to an honorable grave."

The only fault we are able to point out in this book is that there is no index.

**The Friendships of Women.** By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 374.

Mr. Alger was daring when he endeavored to embody in words the subtle and mysterious force of woman's friendship. He attempted a task that any man, be he even so talented as this author, might have been forgiven for refusing to undertake.

Even in view of the large portion of success with which he has treated the topic, the thought arises that a book of this class should never have been written by any but a woman, and she one who, like Mrs. Browning, had she chosen to do so, could not only have evoked from history the names of the famous pairs, but could have portrayed, like an illumination, the divine and passionate essence which attracted and held them. Certainly only a woman—and not many women—could know; therefore only she could tell.

In the beautiful diction of Mr. Alger, in the sincerity with which every word is written, it is evident that he brought the utmost reverence and respect for the work which he had set himself to do. If there are those who have disbelieved in the fact of feminine friendships, they cannot but be convinced by this book. The author has classed woman's friendships under various titles, rightly, assuming that maternal, sisterly or wifely affection is made most perfect by something beyond the ties of blood or of the marriage vows—by a sincere friendship which is capable of heroism.

Concerning the attachments of women to women, it seems he understands less—and very naturally—and that his words lack the strength the facts he instances appear to warrant. We speak, of course, of the sincere and profound affection, not of the ephemeral though earnest "school-girl friendships" by which we have been prone to judge all women. In the relation of the lives of the "Ladies of Llangollen," who does not feel the coldness of the style, when these lives of

purest devotion and happiness, of real self-abandonment, demand a warmth of description which it is probable Mr. Alger would have employed had the persons been a man and a woman. Is it not an error to reserve for the description of love between the sexes the graphic and powerful words that a love as intense and enduring deserves as well? But he has quoted these expressive lines from one whose poet rank might make him an authority:

"Two women faster welded in one love  
Than pairs of wedlock."

And in the few words he quotes from Bettine, when she speaks of Gunderode, one sees how one sentence from the lips of the enthusiastic child reveals more than pages of any man's writing could do, beautiful though those pages might be:

"I have seen Gunderode to-day. It was a gift of God," she says.

There are many things in this book which we are tempted to quote, but we must refrain, leaving the reminiscences of Madame de Staël, of Madame Recamier, and, dearer to us, of Margaret Fuller, to the many readers such a work will deservedly have.

If some of all the women who read this book are conscious of something undefinable which is lacking in it, they will be sure it is the want neither of earnestness, of nobleness of purpose, nor of a beautiful and attractive style.

**Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time;** being a collection of memoirs, anecdotes, and incidents of the City and its inhabitants. By John F. Watson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo pp. 608, 638.

Watson's Annals was originally published in 1830, since when it has passed through numerous editions. The author was born in 1779, and, in one sense, was "in arms in the Revolution." When the Flag of Peace was hoisted to the breeze on Market street hill, on the 19th April, 1783, his mother held him up in her arms and made him see and notice that Flag; she herself, as he relates, shedding tears of joy at the glad spectacle. From that day until the day of his death, Dec. 23, 1860, Mr. Watson seems to have devoted himself to collecting facts about the early history of the United States, and especially of his native city; and his Annals will ever remain a monument of his industry and zeal. As it has long been quite out of print, this new edition will be welcome to a large class of readers. It would have been improved by a more methodical arrangement of the matter.

Opportunity: a novel. By Anne Moncure Crane, author of *Emily Chester*. Ticknor & Fields: Boston, 1867. 12mo. pp. 336.

The talent manifested in "*Emily Chester*" gave promise that a later production of the same author, with the maturing influence of three years' experience, would show great improvement; and accordingly we took up this book with much anticipated pleasure. But "*Opportunity*" is in every way unworthy of its predecessor; indeed, it is difficult to believe that the same person wrote both of them. A less natural set of men and women is not often to be met with in works of fiction; and, neither in Baltimore nor at Cape May (in which places portions of the story are located), have we ever encountered such specimens of society of the present day, and especially such wonderful female members of it, as are here portrayed.

*The Voice in Singing*. Translated from the German of Emma Seiler. By a member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 178.

Madame Seiler made for herself an honorable name in Germany, not only as a practical teacher of singing, but also by her valuable investigations in regard to the culture of the musical voice. By her own anatomical studies she has acquired a thorough knowledge of the vocal organs, and by means of the laryngoscope has advanced, in the way first trodden by Garcia, to the establishment of the conditions of vocal culture. The author has taken up her abode in this country, where her rare scientific attainments, already appreciated by a select circle of friends, will now be more generally recognized.

Opinion of Hon. John M. Read, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in favor of the Passenger Railway Cars running on every day in the week, *including Sunday*. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Court having decided that the running of passenger cars on Sunday in the streets of Philadelphia cannot be stopped by injunction, Judge Read, in his opinion, takes the broad ground that such running is entirely within the exceptions of works of necessity and charity, and is consequently lawful. The Sunday question is ably discussed from a legal, moral and theological point of view.

Memoir of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D. By Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D. D. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 446.

We purpose to notice this book at length in our next number.

### Books Received.

*Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople*. By Emmeline Lott, late governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of His Highness Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 357.

*The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs before, since and independent of the Lutheran Reformation*. By William Hodgson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 465.

*Mitchell's School Geographies: Elements of Physical Geography*, with 150 engravings and 13 copper-plate maps. By John Brocklesby. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 4to. pp. 164.

*Fighting the Flames: a Tale of the Fire Brigade*. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "*The Coral Islands*." With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 420.

*Nathan the Wise: a dramatic poem*. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 258.

*People's Edition of Dickens' Works*, with Illustrations by H. K. Browne. 4 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 720, &c.

*The Widow's Son*. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 649.

*The Philosophy of Eating*. By Albert J. Bellows, M. D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 342.

*The Hermitage and other poems*. By Edward Rowland Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 152.

*The Turk and the Greek*. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 268.

*Lucia Dare: a novel*. By Filia, author of "*Agnes Graham*." New York: M. Doolady. 8vo. pp. 138.

*Salome: a dramatic poem*. By J. C. Heywood. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 222.

*Petersons' Cheap Edition of Dickens' Works*. 5 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 8vo.

*Tiger-Lilies: a novel*. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 253.

*Poems*. By Elizabeth C. Kinney. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 226.

*The Family Save-All*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 675.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

MARCH, 1868.

DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER VII.

"DONG-DONG!" The slaked house-fires thrust out angry jets of flame to explore the darkness; cattle stamped in the stables; cocks crowed back their indignation through the unbroken night at being wakened too early. "Dong-dong!" Floors began to creak under unwilling footsteps; dull candles to sputter and wink; sleepy maids to creep stumbling down from their garret roosts; the Rattlin brood chirped under their quilts; the little preacher turned uneasily on his pillow; but still the sullen clamor went on. It was only the great house-bell of the Stone-post Farm which usually stood on the hall table. It was a weight for a man, and had a clank like a blacksmith's anvil; but a young woman, who thrust her colorless face out into one of the dark upper entries to listen, fancied it had a human voice. "To work! to work!" it said. "Give thanks. Begin anew. Amend your mistakes. Your life is in your own hands." The woman closed her door behind her, and came out into the darkness fully dressed.

Perhaps that was what it said. Madam Galbraith rang the bell herself, striding up and down the chilly, pitch-black hall, clearing her throat like a man. At

every anniversary she refreshed her soul by penitence and a new code of good resolutions, and dragged the household out of bed a half hour earlier the next morning.

Her night had been sleepless: that thought of her dead scape-grace son dwindled her life down before her into a paltry failure. Well, there was a fragment left: in that there should be no mistakes. If she had been a man, she would have worked off the rank, nervous vitality of her brawny body and brain in some struggle for freedom—Cretan or Fenian: as it was, she haled the petty world under her from beneath the blankets to face their work in the middle of the night. Nobody paid such wages in all the country-side; but when in these moods the woman was a terrible slave-driver: the stolid Dutch hands who worked for her might as well stem her will as a log run counter to the sea under-tow. She called herself a catholic, liberal thinker; but her real creed in her own world was, God is God; and Hannah Galbraith is his Prophet.

Still, it hurt her that the crowd of house and farm hands were sullen as they gathered into one of the outer kitchens and waited for her. Why could they not see what was best for them?



Was not work and thanksgiving better than sloth? She went up the stairs and struck with her stick two or three times on a door.

"Honora!" she cried. "Don't delay, Honora!" She was sure of the little girl's good temper if she drove her all night. Then she went down to the kitchen and took her position behind a table, the oil lamp lighting up her hawk-eyes and the shaggy white hair above them. She had her farm-book and bag of specie before her, and began counting out their wages.

"I pay you now because a man can give thanks better with a full stomach and pocket. I want but a quarter day's work done. I'll see that all of you have something extra to thank God for. Except you, John Hawley and James Lane. You'll spend the day in bringing up your husking. You were drunk yesterday. The Lord wants no prayers or hymns from a man who shirks his daily work."

She marshaled them as a general his men; some to the pantry, the field, the mill, the kitchen: omitting no minutæ; her voice grew loud and unctuous. The petty authority gave her, evidently, a great pleasure. God had put power in her hands, she thought: there were hundreds to whom her will gave comfort or poverty: she did her duty well. Suddenly she hesitated, glanced uneasily about her; the glance always passing with marked indifference over a quiet woman in clothes of a dull chocolate color, who stood in the shadow. There was nothing peculiar in her appearance beyond the unusual want of color in the solid features, but Madam Galbraith faltered before the steady eyes, as though she and her power had been but a sham—a house of sand built on sand. She shut her book and got up.

"I did not look to find you here," with a manner of forced politeness. "My people are used to the hardships of early rising."

"It is no hardship to me," said the woman, quietly.

"Open the shutters, women," in a loud voice, turning away, "and go to work; go to work!"

But they hesitated—a sudden brightening on their faces: it might have been from the clear dawn that filled the room through the open windows, or from Honora, coming in with and seeming a part of it. She said good-morning as she passed among them: there were none of them whom her childish smile and nod did not reach. They were all fond of Honora. People always thought the little girl's voice was different from any they had heard before, and, when they had been with her a little while, felt as if they had a share in her, and were in some sort related to her. Madam Galbraith nodded to her to follow, and, when they were out in the hall, led her by the hand. Honora never would be other to her than the little two-year-old whom she had taken from her dead mother's side. They went to her own especial room, where a fire was burning: piles of clothes of all sizes and materials lay around. Madam Galbraith loaded herself and Honora, chuckling and talking over them like a great boy on a frolic: then she covered all over with shawls, and out they went into the hall again, walking stealthily. She had no mind that even her husband should know that the poor Rattlins owed their clothes to her. Only Honora: secrets like that suited her.

They softly laid a great bundle inside of Mrs. Rattlin's door, and then hurried up a dark passage toward a room where Rosy and Gerty and some of the little ones were chattering by candlelight like a nest of pigeons. But Madam Galbraith stopped short with an angry scowl: there was a swinging lamp over the door, and beneath it stood the little woman in the dull-colored dress, her cool eyes curiously fixed on them. Madam Galbraith thrust all her parcels on Honora, feeling into her very marrow like an overgrown school-girl playing at Santa Claus with his pack; but she lingered, trimming the lamp, to hear the outburst of girlish cries and rejoicing inside. She could see, though the door was shut, how Honora was already on her knees, hard at work in the midst of the floor, helping to dress the little ones in their bright little dresses, kissing the chubby

white arms and feet, and how the Rattlin girls, as usual, shied off, half afraid of her, because she was delicately dressed, and knew no more of their talk or of beaux than a baby. She wanted to play out her own part of Santa Claus. She would have relished every bit of Honora's fun, to the tying of the last baby's shoe. While she stood gravely screwing on the lamp chimney, the comely, quiet little woman beside her, in her stuff dress, became an intolerable weight and irritation. Only the day before she had spoken to her husband of it:

"I am under the surveillance of my housekeeper as thoroughly as though we both were Jesuits, and she had all the secret power of her Order to back her," she said, with a nervous laugh. "She looks as though she had some mean nastiness of my life in reserve in her hands, ready to lash me with it some day. Laugh as you like," annoyed, "but I have something more to tell you. The other day she heard Honora named as my heir, and since then she has regarded the child with a positive malevolence. Credit me, James, that woman has power to injure us. My instincts never deceived me yet."

"She seems to me an altogether harmless and commonplace person, Hannah." But his quiet eyes followed the housekeeper whenever she came in that day. He was jealous of anything that concerned his niece, Honora.

Madam Galbraith, having hung the lamp carefully, turned its full light on the staid figure before it, inspecting her with her air of cool domination. She had a habit of meeting with absolute silence enemies with whom it was not worth while to wrestle: it insured their defeat. Even women whom she caressed were dwarfed by her coarse strength, recognized themselves as pretty, dollish, incapable, liked to get away from under her eyes. But the little housekeeper met her with her usual undisturbed, practical air.

"Do you want me?" knocking her ash-stick on the floor. "Why do you follow me about?"

"Only for orders, madam," prompt-

ly. "Do you expect other guests to-day?"

"I expect my—my late son's wife."

"I know that. I have kept a fire in the west chamber for her for two days."

Madam Galbraith waited for a moment, and then would have passed her, nodding slightly, but the woman put out her steady hand, detaining her. There was a moment's pause before she spoke:

"I heard—a rumor perhaps—that her son was alive and coming with her. Your grandson. Shall I prepare for him?"

She looked up and quailed momentarily before the stern regard fixed on her.

"It may have been gossip. It came from some words you dropped, madam. You believed him to be alive."

"There is doubtless much gossip and cackling among my people over words which I let fall," calmly. "But few of them would venture to carry them back to me again. Why do you do it?"

The woman's face was bent thoughtfully on the floor, but there was no reply.

"What is your motive? You have a motive."

"Yes. I have one," boldly.

"Come, that's better! Be candid, child. What do you want from me?" good-humored with the first hint of a chance to give.

"I? Nothing."

"Do you play the spy from sheer love of the part, then?" with a sneer.

"I—a spy!" the pale, thick nostrils dilating suddenly. "And yet," slowly, and considering, "I deserve it, perhaps. But I am a poor dissembler. Better I had faced you at the first and told you my errand. I did my work badly."

"You did it badly," with her seldom-used manner of a great lady towards her serf. "Never burrow or mole with me, woman. I cannot be hurt by it. I've crushed many a snake in the road yonder under my sole," glancing down at the large, coarsely-shod foot.

"I never meant to hurt you," absently.

"You meddled from curiosity, then? Like your sex." Madam Galbraith had risen into her favorite strident, lecturing

voice, and rolled the words like sweet morsels under her tongue. "I boasted of you as the first woman I knew who did your work for your work's sake. Like a man. 'When women learn to work like men, they'll be paid like men,' I said. And I paid you, while you were thrusting your hands from sheer idleness into the lives of other people. From a silly hankering after romance."

The solid, brown little figure had remained immovable during this harangue; but at the last words she looked up, anxiety and pain, that would not be controlled, breaking through her apathetic face. Madam Galbraith fancied that they had been so controlled beneath it for years. But her voice was, as usual, quiet and moderate. "Did I thrust my hands into anybody's life?" looking at them as she raised them. "I think sometimes there is a stain on them heavier than murder. But it was not my fault. Could I have kept them out? One cannot live alone. People are so tangled and knitted together—together," touching her breast lightly. "You are at ease, thinking only of yourself, and you waken some morning to find a great wrong piled up against your soul in which you had no part. But then you give up your whole life to undo it. That is no romance. It is a common, practical matter."

Madam Galbraith scanned her keenly a moment. "American women delight in giving up their lives," she began to dogmatize, "for one whimsey or another. They throw themselves, with half-grown bodies and brains, at the feet of the first fellow who makes them a pretty speech, and make a god of him; and then they nurse and drudge with their children until at middle age they are but hysteric, sickly pests of society. And single, middle-aged women, like you, undertake a reform, to amend some wrong, as I judge you mean to do by your incoherent talk. That is the maddest of all," raising her voice when the other would have spoken. "Let criminals alone. When the taint's in the blood, it will break out. I never knew a vicious man cured. I know—I know—The Lord's

grace. Well, that will ensure them safe passage over the river yonder. But He never really cleans them till they come to the other side. That's my experience. What do you see in my face?" stopping short before the searching eyes bent on her.

The woman turned away with a long breath. "No matter. I have undertaken no reform." She continued, after a slight pause, "It matters much to me that you should not think my work romantic or foolish. It is practical—a mere act of justice. But I have given up something for it. I am a middle-aged woman now, as you said."

"What had I to do with it? Why did you spy upon me?"

"You had much to do with it," with energy, looking her straight in the eyes, without blenching. "I traced you out and came here to find what manner of woman you were—genuine and sound at the core, or a monstrous sham, a thing of straw. I came to see what your noted generosity was worth. I find it a ready charity when the stomachs of men are ailing, but—"

"Go on," quietly. "What do I lack?"

"There are worse pangs than those of hunger. To-day will test you. But I believe this of you, Madam Galbraith: that, in a case more pitiful than that which Christ wept over, you will be as merciless and cruel as the grave, ignorant and faulty as you are. I am rude. But I have worked for so many years to this end, and my disappointment is bitter."

"To-day will test me, eh? Then we will wait until to-day is over to pass judgment," gravely. "I think you wrong me, good woman;" and, turning from her without farther question, she went with her heavy steps down the hall.

The other looked after her earnestly. "There is something greater in the woman than I thought," she said, seeing how calm her temper was.

Then she went into her own housekeeper's room, full of her prim, comfortable belongings. It was not likely that she would be suffered to occupy it after

what had passed, and it was, after all, her only home. For two years she had been here, first coming as seamstress, then growing into a necessity in the household as Madam Galbraith's almoner, Honora's teacher in embroidery, and the like. Working constantly towards some end which to-day would foil. One would have looked for some womanish tears of disappointment, now that she was alone; but she only sat down, with her hands folded over her black silk apron, and looked steadily in the fire, presently pouring herself out a cup of tea from a kettle on the hob, and sipping it slowly. Then she went to the mirror and carefully brushed her shining black hair, winding it in smooth folds about her round head; pinning on a clean collar; knotting the bow at the throat above the chocolate dress. Not a twinkle of vanity in the steady eyes; yet these little pinnings and brushings and tea-drinkings had given her constant comfort during the years just gone—years whose strain of anxiety and loss had not worn a wrinkle in the smooth, pleasant face, but only blanched it slowly, slowly, leaving it every day more chalky and bloodless.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, no wood-fire can equal this, in my notion. All it needs is its poet," said Mr. Rattlin.

Paul Dour looked down compassionately both at the fire and the little man, who, in his shining black suit, new from crown to toe, looked more than ever like a cricket. They were on the rug before the great parlor-fire, waiting for breakfast. The fire lacked the poetic element belonging to the wood, Paul thought, but it at least was warm. The jetty, glossy masses of coal were built up on a glowing crimson bed, and out of their hearts burst scarlet, yellow, violet heats, little Ariel flashes of emerald and blue, lightening and vanishing before one could wish them to stay; sturdier flames of a lusty saffron hue climbing tipsily up to

the great background which walled in the mass of color—a mysterious cavern heavily hung with black, plummy wreaths of long-ago dead smoke. Caliban-like faces were looking at him out of the depths of white heat, and fairy leaves and grottoes rose in endless fretting of gray moss over the fieriest spaces.

"There's the poetry and welcome of a hundred forests gone down into that fire," persisted Mr. Rattlin, blushing at his bit of fancy. "What's your green log, sputtering lonely and black, and sending up sometimes a shower of hasty sparks, to that?"

Dour smiled superciliously. The fire—the whole ménage—was Western: comfortable and wasteful. He weighed the country and its people in his palm, as it were, as though he had been here for a month. He could give the essence of the whole in a two-page magazine article: he would like to sketch in his Hogarthian lines; for the usually good-tempered youth was nettled. Madam Galbraith had given him a tremendous grip of her broad, warm hand, in sign of welcome, the evening before, and was altogether cordial and gracious. But when he spoke of his name, she stood on guard.

"Dour? No, lad, you're none of our kin. The letters spell the name, maybe, but not a bone in your body or blink of your eyes," tapping his narrow chest, and her probing eyes scanning him as though he had been a head of cattle that she meant to buy. "Eat, boy. Eat heartily for a fortnight, and I can tell better what you're worth. That slop-diet down East takes the healthy stamina out of men's brains. Your creeds and theories are as airy and bloodless as ghosts, for every-day use, till they have Western strength put into them."

"If the old Western women were such coarse beasts, what were the young ones?"

Pleasanter to look at, certainly: there was quite a crowd of them between him and the window which framed the frost-touched autumnal landscape without. Mrs. Rattlin smiled, delighted, over to him from where she sat, regarding with wonder her own crossed, idle hands:

there were half-a-dozen thinly-built matrons, in dyed second-best silks and fly-away caps on their black "fronts," who never had heard of transcendental philosophy, and knew New England only as a great factory of teachers and clocks, yet whose faces wore that late, wise, patient beauty which comes to the ugliest good woman in middle age. There were Rosy and Gerty, brimming over with smiles and blushes and dimples, in a group of girls. The poor little souls had said their thankful prayers that morning with energy. The soft, warm-colored merino dresses fitted so perfectly, and were just short enough to show the dainty boots beneath; and the dear children were so snug and well fed; and there was the charming young man of the coach to meet; and after whispering half the night about him, they were sure he was not engaged. O love! love! And to be married, and to have a house of one's own!

Dour, however, looked loftily down on them as on playful kittens. His wife must be an intellectual helpmeet. All the girls were gathered about one who attracted him curiously. She wore a delicate, lavender-colored dress, which might, he thought, have been born into the world ready made, to suit a fresh, innocent young girl in the morning. This one looked singularly fresh and unhackneyed, even beside those rosebuds, Rosy and Gertrude. But she was painfully ill at ease, had lost her color, glanced about in an evident appalled perplexity to know what next to say to them. With them, conversation was brisk enough: it turned incessantly upon "he," "he"—went, came and ended there. The "he" meant half the young clerks and farmers in the county. The talk sounded very sweet and maidenly to the men in the room, Paul included, and pleasant as the chirping of young birds in spring.

Madam Galbraith nodded good-humoredly as she came in and heard them. "Come to me, Honora. Chatter away, girls. Only don't let the hare chase the hounds. Come to me at once, Honora," sweeping on towards the open breakfast-

room. But the young lady slid away from both her and the girls, Paul saw, and in the confusion of placing the guests contrived to ensconce herself snugly by her uncle; and they two made a long, comfortable meal, and were merry and sharp-witted together at their leisure. The little girl had no style at all, but Dour determined to test what sort of metal was in her for an intellectual helpmeet, hearing that she was Miss Dundas, the declared heir of the Galbraiths.

Eat? How they ate! Smoking venison, juicy beef, game, corn and wheat biscuit in yellow and snowy flakes, coffee, whose very vapor was invigorating, rising in a thin smoke from the old-fashioned, ball-like cups. But the damask was white and satiny, the silver heavy and glistening, the air fresh, the circling faces happy. Dour found the new atmosphere, after all, fill his lungs satisfactorily, and ate until every one else had finished. Madam Galbraith, too, formed a fitting head to the great table. If her guests had been marshaled by the thousands, the genial hospitality in her face would have met all their needs. Now, as hostess, she was her real self: her acrimony, her anger against her housekeeper, her fierce, nervous watch for Tom's wife, were gone, and one could compare her to nothing but a generous, great fire, to which all her world was free to come and be warmed. Her dress transformed her, too: the glistening white hair was rolled into a sort of natural crown, and the royal purple color which she wore draped her broad, athletic frame as aptly as long ago the brawny limbs of bluff King Hal.

After breakfast was over, Paul dexterously made his way through the talking groups to the window where Honora stood by her uncle, cutting the leaves of a new book for him. Mrs. Rattlin had confided to him that the young lady had been given the education of a man. "Latin and Greek, sir—Greek!" Besides, it was a pleasant picture in the morning sunshine—the slender, bending figure, in its clear lavender drapery, and the gray-headed old man leaning back in his arm-chair, watching her through

his half-shut, kindly blue eyes. Miss Dundas, too, had an unusual air that attracted him, as though she were something that had been kept clean and set apart—the bell of a wild columbine with the dew yet upon it. But a stupid woman was a flower without fragrance. She stiffened awkwardly erect, and blushed unbecomingly as he came up. Her lucid eyes grew vacant.

“The very sunlight gives thanks to-day, Miss Dundas.”

“The sunshine? It is good for the late wheat.”

Paul picked up her book.

“A Review? What a comfortable age it is that we live in, when all philosophy and science comes served to us in such dainty *plats!*”

“The book was for her uncle. It was too heavy reading for her.”

“Oh, of course, of course. Her shelves now,” patiently, “were no doubt filled with poetry? It was the highest utterance of truth, after all, and most native to a woman.”

“No. She read no poetry. There were a few old verses she learned long ago, all that she cared for—”

“In modern poetry, yes. He understood that. Because her mind had been attuned to the grand Greek measures—Sophocles, Æschylus—”

“Greek prose or poetry had been but so many wearisome verbs and nouns to her,” with a contraction of her forehead as if the very memory of them ached there. “She cared for no books.”

“What! Honora here?” cried Madam Galbraith, coming between Paul and her niece. “My little girl will entertain you poorly, Mr. Dour,” tapping on the girl’s head critically, as though she were a puppet which she was rather proud of having made. “She has had no companions but her uncle and myself, and never has learned to make talk. Go, Honora, bring me a nosegay—chrysanthemums, anything. The ground’s tabooed, young sir. I’m always frank with young men,” with a shrewd smile after Honora as she went out. “I’ve had the whim of rearing one woman who will go to her husband, when I find him, ignorant

of flirtation or Platonic friendship. The French know how to bring up girls. Young people strike out nothing but ill by friction together.”

Paul colored and laughed. “It is a fair warning,” he said. But the forbidden apples became suddenly very tempting to him.

“But is my little Nora altogether an idiot?” demanded Mr. Galbraith when she came back, and, throwing down the flowers, took up the paper-knife again. “No books at all?”

“None, unless when I can do no better,” with a decisive little nod, speaking quick and quietly, now that she was alone with him, and with a clear, fine intonation. “They’re so dead—to me. But then *I* can do no better. Yet it is something to read travels: you put a window in the house and Egypt or the Alps outside. But I think books are but a poor sort of life.”

“What is better, Nora? You love nature, eh? your flowers, the old river here?”

“Not much. I like to see the crops come up well. But the sunsets you watch, uncle, and the storms and moonlight—now, they’re all very much alike to me.”

“What do you care for, then, child?” leaning forward and watching her attentively.

“People,” laying down her book and knife and looking at him gravely. “They’re the only things worth anything in the world to me. I’d rather,” a curious intentness coming into her brown eyes, “hear Rosy and Gerty tell of their lovers, or their father talk of his chance of a better salary, than read any poem that ever was written.”

“How is that, Nora?”

“I don’t know,” slowly, as one who was totally unused to put her secret thoughts into words. “Books tire me as much to-day as when you used to call me dumb Nonny. But to hear people talk brings all the good and bad in me up, uncle. I think, sometimes, I can see God and the devil through them, and Christ walking the earth. I can see in that way how all of us need

Him. I think, sometimes, it is in me to give some great help. I seem to come so near to everybody," growing slightly paler, her face more intent. "But no one knows I am near to them. Nobody but you, uncle. If there's any words here," touching her breast with a fine smile, "they'll never be spoken. I'm afraid I will be a very dumb woman. Stupid Nonny to the end."

"I'm afraid you will, Honora. Of all women or children I ever knew, you are the most reticent. Why, in all your life, dear, this is the first time you have spoken in this way to me. And the words now come almost against your will."

She did not reply, the awkward dumb spell being on her again, apparently, but brought a chair and sat down beside him, as usual. They were such constant and gay companions that people saw in Honora's face, when talking to him, a most winning and potent charm, and found her motions free and graceful—a noiseless music. But apart from him the poor girl stiffened again.

The old gentleman, with his new clue to his darling's heart, found a fresh zest in her old habit of incessant questionings about the outdoor world, her keen, silly interest in even the children about her, her awestruck faith in the learning of Mr. Dour and the beauty of Rose and Gerty.

"I think he is *épris* with one of them," in an eager whisper. "They have so many lovers! And their manners are so finished, uncle! Pray notice."

"Quite finished, my dear. They never will alter."

"I suppose not," wistfully. "But that sort of thing comes by nature. One need not try to gain it?" anxiously.

"No. It's too late, poor Nora," laughing quizzically. "You've moulded yourself on your old uncle too long. It's a hopeless case, Pet."

There was a sound just then of wheels crushing over the pebbly drive, and within a hush and stir and significant glance from one to the other as Bob Penly's coach bore in sight, approaching the hall-door.

The four horses drew up with a

flourish, and Bob, jumping down, opened the door and rattled down the steps for a small woman, in a gray traveling dress, to descend.

"Mary Jennings." But the words were spoken aloud by no one.

"Tom's wife," to Madam Galbraith. The woman who had stolen her son from her, hidden his child, and forgotten them both in the arms of another man. The watching crowd about her hardened her heart. Seneca should have said, "One is never less a woman than when with women." Had she been alone, she might have put her arms about the stranger's neck and given her a kiss in which her dead son had part. As it was, she remained standing, surrounded, as it were, by her court, to awe and abash the poor wretch.

"Where is my husband?" she asked. "He should be here to receive Mrs. — Duffield. And Honora?" She had a mind that Mary Jennings should see her accredited heir at once, and realize her own lost chances. Honora stooped behind the curtain, and opened the low window, nodding significantly.

Mr. Galbraith got up. "Yes, my dear, yes. I'll go. Let the women settle it. Thank you. You are always considerate, Honora," his voice shaken a great deal. When he was outside, he went slowly down the garden-path, forgetting to put on his hat, muttering, under his breath, "Well! well. To bring their quarrel over his grave!" He went out into the open fields on one of his long tramps, and did not return until near nightfall.

Honora, behind the curtain, looked after him, hesitating how to follow him unseen, when her aunt summoned her:

"Miss Dundas, you will come to me." At the moment the door opened and Dallas Galbraith's mother stood in the entrance. She cast a startled glance up the wide room, which seemed to be lined with strange faces, paused, and then advanced directly to the farther end, where the stately, lion-faced old woman waited for her. But the way was long, and Madam Galbraith's inflexible eyes, on which her own were fixed, took the strength from her.

She stopped, made a step or two, and faltered again. There was an instant's pause—too short to bring in Madam Galbraith guilty of rudeness, but long enough for a woman's petty cruelty—when Honora Dundas went quickly forward to her in the face of them all, very pale, but composed,

"You are welcome home," she said, gently, putting her arm around her. "My eyes are quicker than yours, Madam Galbraith," playfully, but looking in the old lady's eyes steadily. "It is your daughter Mary."

It was not the first time the old lady had found this pure little lump of clay, which she was moulding into a proper woman, turn into a bit of iron in her hand. Tableau and punishment were brought to the shabbiest of conclusions; but she put a good face on it, strode up with her hand out, blotting the little Dundas girl quite out of the matter, talking inwardly to herself with more vehemence than even her energetic greeting expressed:

"You are very welcome." (So! so! Tom *had* some excuse!) "I did not send for you unless I chose you to come" (fresh as a rose, after all that she has lived through!)—"unless I wished you to feel at home here. Take off your wrappings, child, and veil." (There's a deal of outcome in that face. Tom never had the upper-hand here.) The quick, intelligent glance with which Mrs. Duffield took in her new surroundings piqued her; also, that lady's society-bred lack of emotion. "Now we can see your face, my dear," with a courteous smile. "We've all heard it was well worth the seeing, eh? And it is rather late in the day for me to make acquaintance with it—which is hardly my fault." (I stung her there, I hope!)

Mrs. Duffield untied the inside rose-colored strings of her gray bonnet, and lifted it off with an obliging smile, as one would uncover a picture. "My beauty was never of the brilliant type. 'Winning,' rather, both my husbands thought. But it is altogether gone, as you see," pausing, as if for inspection. "Only my mouth and chin remain un-

impaired, I believe. May I go to my own room?" after a moment's pleasant waiting. "I've reached that age when one needs a little repairing before meeting criticism," touching, with her light, fluttering fingers, the flossy puffs of brown hair that framed her sweet, oval face. "This dear young lady will lead me there, I'm sure," patting Honora on the cheek. "And a cup of tea and morsel of bread, if you please? I'm quite famished in your mountain air," with a pretty imploring motion. Then, laying her hand on Honora's arm, the little lady swept out of the room as naturally as if it had been always her home, with a half smile in her eyes for everybody they fell upon, that prophesied friendship as soon as they should know each other. Madam Galbraith stood in the middle of the room looking after her, with her gray eyes nearly closed, drawing a long breath, that sounded like a whistle.

"*Our* mountain air!" gasped one of the matrons to whom Mary Jennings had brought milk for many a day.

"My daughter-in-law no doubt assumed a new face and new manners to suit the world in which she lived," tartly, scowling on the speaker. "But '*Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color*,'" she added in a lower tone. She had been a bit of a Latin scholar, and kept some odd fragments yet with which to appall weaker woman.

But inwardly she only said, over and over, to herself, "Tom's wife? Tom's wife?" Her big bones and her homeliness never had oppressed her as now, in the presence of the daintiness of the woman for whom Tom had left her; but the heart beneath them never was so sore, or willing to be tender.

Honora followed up the stairs in a new flutter of admiration. Mrs. Duffield tripped before her into the room, threw her cloak on the bed, spread out her fingers before the fire: as usual, her every pose and motion was confident, complete: she took possession of the scene, as it were, by each, and made herself first actress in it. If she had been in the Sahara desert, she would have done the same thing. Nora



brought her her satchel, uncorked the perfume-bottles for her, forgetting to be shy and awkward in her eager, dumb attention; standing by her as she loosened the waves of chestnut hair, and pushed it back from her peachy cheeks. This was a higher type of beauty than even Rose and Gerty's; and this manner! Honora secretly determined to copy it diligently.

There had been a great deal of work upon the details of that chamber. Even the servants had caught the idea of old Madam Galbraith when she superintended its arrangement. The lowest among them knew that Tom's wife was coming back forgiven to long-offended authority, and did their best to express that forgiveness in every pleasant little detail of comfort, and to give her the idea of a home. But incurious, winning little Mrs. Duffield was apparently blind to offence, forgiveness, or offered welcome. Her gray eyes swept over the room, and speedily the easiest chair was drawn to the warmest corner. She changed her dress for a flowing wrapper, and then ensconced herself in it.

"Now, my dear girl, a footstool. Ah-h! this is comfort. I wonder, madam, are they bringing my tea? Pray, do not ring! I was just born to be a trouble!" with a blush and laugh of deprecation to the person she addressed, a small woman, in a dress of dull chocolate-color, with a pale, sensible-looking face, who had been standing by the fire when they entered. She rang for the tea, as it was her place to do, being the housekeeper, but she forgot her place afterward, standing in the background, watching every movement of the stranger with a curious, breathless interest.

The scrutiny did not at all disturb Mrs. Duffield. Mentally, perhaps, she shrugged her shoulders, comparing the Western servants with those of the East, but she said nothing. When an overloaded tray was brought in, too, although she merely pecked bits of the various dishes, like a bird, she passed none by untasted nor unpraised. While she was eating—

"Now, my dear," to Honora, "could

you not ask that delightful, curious old lady down stairs—your aunt, I believe—to come up and take a cup of this delicious tea? I should so enjoy a cozy chat with her! She would find it much easier to become acquainted with me thus, *en déshabillé*. What are you laughing at, child?"

Honora checked her laugh, but stopped, with a puzzled face, to stir the fire and lower the curtains before she went to execute her venturesome errand. She found Madam Galbraith surrounded by a group of men, discussing the chances of coal in a new mine she had just opened. Her opinion was counted as heavier than that of most men in the county, usually, being weighted both by money and a broad, far-seeing business insight. She had made herself, too, what none of them were—a practical geologist. She was talking vehemently when Honora came in:

"Our young men go scampering off to raise cattle in Texas, or lay out agueland along the Wabash, and turn their backs on our own soil without once looking into it. It's the richest land in the Union, sir! I know it. Why, even the water of my creek yonder burns with fatness. Well, Honora, what is it?" as she pulled her sleeve. "Wants to see me, eh? In her own room?" a pleased softening coming over her whole face. "I see, poor child! She wants to make sure of my forgiveness," under her breath. "Pray, excuse me, gentlemen."

Honora ran quickly before her. She met the housekeeper coming out of Mrs. Duffield's room, and found that lady sipping her tea in an agitated manner, her cheek a trifle less deep in its peach-bloom.

"That is a most extraordinary woman, Miss Dundas. I think she is a little deranged. She watched me in so peculiar a manner that I asked her if she had business with me, and she replied that she had hoped for my help, but that she feared she had trusted to a broken reed. She is a lunatic, evidently. I will speak to Madam Galbraith about her immediately."

"I hope you will not, Mrs. Duffield,"

eagerly. "She's entirely sane. Why, she's one of the few people I know who, I think, have something to do in the world. I'm very fond of her."

"Oh!" looking at Nora with an amused, palliating smile. "But you are so young, my dear! I assure you that she is de-ranked. People who think they have a mission, that way, get one idea in their brains and go butting their heads against everybody with it. You meet plenty of such people in the East. You may safely set down anybody who is very much in earnest as being unsound in their intellect. But here is your aunt," rising and putting out her white hand with a winning smile.

"Yes, I'm here. You may go down, Honora. Just ring for this tray to be taken away. So you wanted to see the old mother, child?" putting her big arm over the other woman's shoulder and looking gently in her face.

"Yes; I thought it would be nice to have you here. Do take a cup of tea. I'm very fond of tea," chirruped Mrs. Duffield.

"Are you, my dear? It always seemed a faddling kind of drink to me. I drink water. Sometimes home-brewed ale. Sit down, sit down." She placed Tom's wife back among the dainty frills of the blue chintz chair and looked down at her a minute, as she might at a pretty picture; then sat down herself in front of the fire, a hand on each knee, waiting for the servant to leave the room, her eyes bent thoughtfully on the floor, her face growing corrugated and stern.

The door closed at last. She gave herself a mastiff-like shake, turning to the sweet-looking little woman, who lay back stirring the tea in the cup which she had retained, admiring its amber tint in the firelight.

"You had something to tell me, my dear?"

"No," nodding brightly. "Nothing in especial. I thought we would talk of old times or friends in the neighborhood, perhaps. I have been a long time away."

Mary Jennings? The old lady gave one haughty sniff, then checked

herself. "You have suffered a great deal since then, they tell me," with great gentleness in her masculine tones—"a great deal of poverty and want which never should have been the lot of my son's wife. I'm glad that you chose to talk to me about it. I was afraid you might have some fear of the old dragon, even now."

The fresh-tinted face looked at her steadily over the cup until she had quite finished. "My dear Madam Galbraith," Mrs. Duffield then said, calmly, "you have never suffered poverty or want, or you would know how silly it is to go back to rake up their ashes. I never do it," and she lifted the spoon to her lips again with a firm hand.

"You are very wise," after a moment's pause. "You'll think me a brute to drag it up again. I was unkind and unfeeling."

"No, no!"

"Yes, I was," dogmatically. "You wished to talk to me of Tom?"

Mrs. Duffield was silent a moment: then she drank all there was in the cup hastily, as if to check some words that would have risen to her lips. "No. I did not wish to speak of Tom," slowly. "He was a dear, good fellow, and I was very fond of him. But we'll not talk of him, if you please."

His mother looked at her long and shrewdly. "I believe you. I believe, whatever were your faults, that you were fond of him and tried to do your duty to him. I heard that you supported him during the last years by sewing—that no wife could be more faithful or forbearing."

"By sewing, or sometimes by washing," in a matter-of-fact tone. "There was no merit about it. He was not able to work, and I was; and we had to live. What a fine view of the mountain gap there is from that window!"

"Not able to work? Whose fault was that?" in the identical bitter key with which she used to rate her drunken boy. "He gave up father and mother, and manhood itself, for liquor. And at the last to hang on to Mary Jennings' hands for his food!"

"Mary Jennings has never complained of him. I told you I would not talk of Tom, least of all malign him when he is dead. He was a good, generous fellow. He would have clothed me in velvets if he could."

"He left it for another husband to do that," savagely.

"Yes. Captain Duffield always dressed me well. He had ample means, you know. But it was a matter of pride with him. I do not think, indeed, that my second husband was what you would call a generous man."

"Will you answer me some questions, freely and fully?"

"With pleasure," smiling pleasantly.

"About your past life. It was partly for that reason I sent for you here."

The white forehead knit itself impatiently for a moment, but only for a moment. She rose and placed her empty cup on the mantel-shelf, and then settled herself comfortably back. "I will tell you anything you wish to know. But let us be brief, please. I never go back to find trouble, and it is so wonderfully pleasant here!" with a little shrug of enjoyment through her graceful little body.

"Is it, my dear? I hope you'll find it like home to you. I wish you to be happy here. I think you were fond of Tom."

"Oh, I am at home anywhere!" cheerily.

"It was of your second marriage that I wished to speak," for she had not courage to utter the real question aloud: now that the time had come, her heart seemed to choke and halt in the ponderous, steady beat which it had kept up for sixty years. She began far off from it.

"My second marriage? You have heard some unkind stories of Captain Duffield, I suppose?" flushing a little. "There has been a great deal of gossip carried back here about him, and his abuse of me, but I will not discuss it. He is dead now, and these very clothes that I wear are paid for with his money. I don't spare it in that way. I know he would be better satisfied to have it so. He had very good taste in dress."

"Yes. The gossip says that that will account for your marrying him."

"That is unjust," after a pause.

"There is another cause given, which, perhaps, is nearer the truth: that you and your boy were starving, and you did it for his sake."

There was no answer. Mrs. Duffield had her face turned from her.

"I do not ask you this to pain you, God knows! But I have a right to know something of my grandson."

"Dallas is dead." The voice sounded like that of another woman.

"I do not believe that he is dead. I never believed it. I am a strong woman. I have great property. I can give to him more love and power in the world than a hundred weak women do to their sons. I never believed God would leave me an old, dry, barren stock. I wish to know from you what manner of boy my grandson is, and how you lost him, as plainly and directly as you can tell me."

But Mrs. Duffield, instead of replying, got up and walked to the window from whence the mountain view opened, and stood there, her face resting on her hand, regardless of the heavy steps of Madam Galbraith walking impatiently to and fro. After a while she turned. The old woman could see no change in her face, and broke out again:

"I believe you cannot understand the craving I have for that boy. He is the last chance for me that my flesh and blood shall live in the world. I'm a lonesome old woman at times. What you can understand is, that I need an heir. Honora is but a chit of a girl. I grudge the place to her. If my boy had lived, I could have given him a position stronger than any man in the West."

Mrs. Duffield seated herself again, stretching out both her hands over the fire, as if she were chilly. When she spoke, it was with her ordinary courteous quiet. Something was lost from the quality of her voice, but Madam Galbraith's ear was too coarse or careless to discern it.

"The place you could give him does not import anything now," she said. "That was but a small matter."

"You have not answered my question," sternly. "I have a right to know something of the boy."

His mother hesitated before answering. "Yes, you are Tom's mother," she said, at last, in a low tone. "Well, there is not much to tell. When I married Captain Duffield, he promised that Dallas should be reared as his own son."

"Out with the whole truth! You married him to keep the boy from want. Why did you not apply to me?"

"No, I would not do that. I was determined that Mary Jennings' child never should come to you for alms. I had some spirit, some pride then, before my little boy died. Now—well, I think the world owes me some comfort and a living," with a laugh which was not pleasant.

"Go on. Dallas—?"

"Captain Duffield did not keep his promise," hurriedly. "He petted and fondled me at first, but he always hated the boy. He was a devil! Then, when the abuse began to extend to me, Dallas fancied that it was on his account—that if we were gone, his mother would be taken into favor again. And then—"

"What? Why do you stop?"

"He left me. He ran away," standing up and turning her face to her. Madam Galbraith drew back, startled, when she looked at it, and then put out her hand soothingly.

"Is that all you want to know? I never have named my boy since he died until this day."

"One moment. He died?"

"I traced him to the coal-mines at Scranton. I thought I saw him the morning I came there, among the diggers, but that very night there was an explosion in the pits, and he was in them."

Madam Galbraith did not renew her offered sympathy. She went stalking up and down, her arms folded, muttering at intervals in answer to her own thoughts. Mrs. Duffield looked up at her at last. "I must ask you to let me have rest, Madam Galbraith. I must be alone."

"Certainly. I will leave you alone,

my dear. But tell me first, did you ever find that boy's body?"

"No."

"Well, then—but no matter what I think. It's all clear to *me*, however."

Mrs. Duffield waited until the door was closed behind her: then she locked and bolted it, and, throwing herself on the bed, cried long and bitterly. But silently, without either moan or sob: it dully seemed to her as if, with her dead boy, something in herself had died, for which she ought to make moan as much as for Dallas. She fell asleep after a while, tired out; but when, some hours afterwards, the great bell sounded for dinner, she arose refreshed, and began to dress carefully. It was a favorite dress that she wore that evening—a pale brown silk, with lace on the bosom and at the wrists, and at her throat a pearl clasp, to match a ring on her hand.

## CHAPTER IX.

THERE was a foot-bridge which crossed a mountain-stream within sight of the house; and that evening, when the innumerable lights began to twinkle from the windows just before dusk, a man was pacing to and fro on it, with slow, grave and somewhat uncertain steps. The athletic build of the man—his features, cut in a few bold and fine lines, as if by a master's hand, who intended the face to express a great thought, should, to be in keeping, have carried with them a certain elasticity, vim, buoyancy. But his voice, when he bade "Good-day" to some passers-by, was marked by the same slow gravity and uncertainty as his motions, and his look had a curious, hesitating quality in it, as of a man set down in an unknown world, who held his own force in reserve, and tested the worth of the place or people who came beneath his eye. Now and then, however, he stretched his arms and drew vigorous breaths of the nipping air, suddenly looking up to the mountain as if air and mountains were new to him: keen pleasure flashing into his face; but it

was observable that he neither sang nor whistled at these times, as a young man would be apt to do, gayly; that he kept the fur cap which he wore closely drawn over his forehead, not removing it to the passers-by, in the country fashion; even clasping his bare hands behind him, when they came up, nervously, as if his flesh were in some sort disgraced, and he concealed it even from himself. As the dusk came on, he stopped from time to time, shading his eyes and looking intently up the road that led to the long, lighted front of the Galbraith homestead; but it was not until the moon began to whiten the edges of the distant mountains, and throw their melancholy shadows over the sloping farms and glistening creeks below, that he saw a small, cloaked figure crossing a stubble-field toward him, the only moving object in the lonely twilight.

He was in the shadow when he first saw her, and came hurriedly out into the moonlight to meet her. It had become a fault of the man, perhaps, to dislike concealment—to drag everything into too open a light. The woman was short and solidly built, dressed in some dull brown color, as he perceived when she pulled off her cloak, which she did when she saw him, hastily, as if stifled and feverish from repressed excitement. When she came up to him, however, she put out her hands without any show of haste.

“Lizzy?”

“Yes, Dallas.” But in spite of her quiet, her eyes passed over his face with the hunger with which they might look at one given back to her from the grave.

After that first greeting, they walked, side by side, silently down the road to the pier of the little bridge. He stopped there.

“Take off your hood, Lizzy.”

She obeyed him, going out where the white light fell full on her prim figure and face. Something like his old quizical smile came up on his face as he looked over the smooth hair, the black silk apron, the knitting stuck in its sheath. For five years Elizabeth Byrne had been planning and looking forward,

in her sensible, practical way, to this night, when the boy should be free again: now it had come she could have cried and sobbed over him like any other hysterical woman. But she only took his hand up suddenly.

“It’s just the old Lizzy, Dallas,” and then let it fall again.

He nodded gravely. Presently he put out his hand, unseen by her, and felt with his finger and thumb the little shawl which she wore, one of Manasquan weaving, with the same slow, amused smile.

“I knew I would find you as you are,” he said. “After the first letter you sent to me, in the worst days I thought of you as the one thing unaltered in the world to me.”

She listened eagerly, her head bent down, noting every slowly-pronounced word or inflection of tone, as if by it she sought to read something that was hid beneath.

“I meant to tell you, Lizzy, to-night, all that I owed to you.”

“No, Dallas, no.”

“No. Only this: that twice, when all my own courage and strength were gone, and I had the means in my hand to rid myself of the hell I was in, I lived on, only that I might not disappoint you.”

“That is over. You will make the best of your life now, for my sake?”

“For my own—for my own, Lizzy,” with a manly heartiness in his voice that warmed the blood in her heart. “I’m but a young man. It came to me suddenly one day, when I had been there but a year, how young I was, the strength and health that was in me, the long life that was before me to fight down whatever it was that had dragged me back.”

“The devil, Dallas,” nodding sententiously. “It is Satan who brings fortune as unjust as yours was on any man.”

“Whatever it is, is strongest in the world, Lizzy—call it God, or devil, as you will. If a man succeeds, it is by virtue of his own skill or honesty or virtue; though, in spite of these, he can’t keep out disease or death at the last. I’ve had some time to think it over. But I did not come here to argue theology

with you. I determined that day to make the best of my life, and I've not lost an hour since in whining or in idleness."

Whenever he spoke, she fell into the same observant, watchful attitude. He noted it anxiously. "Why do you listen to me?" hastily. "Have I caught the prison-accent? I used some foul or vulgar word without knowing it?"

"It was not your accent I thought of. But there is a great change in it. You speak English: correctly, as far as I know. But with effort—as a foreigner would."

He gave a pleased, boyish laugh. "I tell you, Lizzy, I've had myself in training since that day. Night and day, in the vilest ward of the Albany prison. There has not been a look or a word or a thought with which I have not tried to work up out of that slough, to make a man of myself. What to avoid was plain enough: it was the very air I breathed. The chaplain was very kind. He got me off hours from work, gave me books besides those which you sent to me—books on my old drudgery, chemistry, and the like. Drudgery, but somehow I could not live without it."

"The five years have not been altogether a gap in your life, then?"

"No. But after to-night we'll speak of them no more." He was silent. Presently, a hickory bough, on which he had been leaning, snapped, as if it were a straw in his hand. He threw it down, turning to her again: "So much of my life was given up to—let us say justice. I will not begrudge any sacrifice I made. But it is done with now. To-morrow I will begin again, a new man. I am not so far behind my fellows."

Still the same eager watchfulness when he spoke, a silent scrutiny of something apart from and below the meaning of what he said. He was conscious of it, uneasily.

"You find me altered, Lizzy?"

"I have scarcely yet seen your face," evasively.

He put up his hand to remove the cap, but let it fall again. "Some other time," he said, hurriedly—"some other time."

"Why did you never admit me to see you, Galbraith? I came with a permit three times, and was turned away by your wish, they said?"

"Did you think I would be seen by you—there? You do not understand men, Lizzy," with a bitter laugh, and then was silent.

He fell into this grave silence at the end of every sentence, as though a difficult, useless task was over, of which he was glad to be free. The poor Manasquan girl began to think she did not understand men. Five years ago, a wrong, which seemed to her more cruel than death, had been done to this boy, of whom she was fond; and because she was fond of him, or for some deeper reason, it had been plain to her that the wrong must be atoned for. What she had done to this end, what given up, she only knew. She had looked, to-day, to receive the boy, the wreck of what he was, in body and mind; diseased, revengeful, vicious, perhaps. She was prepared for that. It was in her to care for him during the rest of her life with a mother's tenderness. It seemed to her but just that she, of all other people living, should do this thing.

But it was a man that was before her; strong, heady, reticent; swayed, she saw, by some dominant purpose, which she could not discern; with all his old outward frankness, yet holding his own and her secret thoughts in check. He, "passing through the valley of misery," had found in it a well from which he drank stronger waters than any she had known; whether good or ill, she had no means to know. His tone, his manner, his look were unanswering to her.

"Women like me can hardly understand a man," she broke out impetuously; "but I have instinct, like a dog, Dallas; and though you should not say a word of it to me, I know that I have made a mistake. I can serve you but little. You're no longer the same clay that I am: you've grown beyond and outside of me. My plans may do you harm, if they touch you at all."

"Is it so, Lizzy? Then it is I who am in fault," with a good-tempered,

soothing smile. "What plans have you made? Had I a share in them? How is it that you are here?" his tone abruptly changing. "I thought of you always as at—the old place. Married, perhaps," with studied composure.

"No; I am not married. Nothing has happened to me of which I could make a story for you. You know why I wrote for you to come here? You will trust me that I did the best I knew, however it may end?"

"I trusted you, or I would not have come. All the money I have made there barely sufficed to buy these cheap clothes and bring me here. I've learned to count the cents, yonder, you see."

She hesitated. "You did not receive a package from me, then?"

"Yes," gravely. "But I can take nothing from you but advice, Lizzy. I am a man, now."

"I hope you will not let your pride hinder my plans, Dallas," timidly. "Do you know where you are?"

"Yes," quietly. "I learned it to-day. This is the Galbraith land, that should have been my father's, and, some day, mine. That is his mother's house yonder?"

"Yes."

"You wrote that there was an opening here for me. Did you bring me to ask alms of her?"

"Not alms. Hear reason, Dallas," catching his arm. "You brought your pictures with you? You believe still in the talent you have?"

"I've had nothing to shake my faith in it," his voice growing pleased and confident. "Genius or not, no prison was able to bar it out from me. The pictures were called wonders in their way. I," hesitating, "had difficulty in their making."

"Madam Galbraith is a lavish patron, Dallas. She is no mean judge of art, they tell me. Her money rusts in her hands; and she uses it at times to educate poor young men. Since I have known her she has sent a painter and musician both to study in Rome."

He listened silently as she stammered

through. "And, as I supposed, you wish me to share in her bounty?"

"I wish you to share in what is your own," energetically. "You are the heir. You have a right to the very sums which she is squandering."

"In a word, I am the last of the Galbraiths. I heard to-day that she has chosen as her heir an innocent young girl. Look at this." He drew off his cap and let the light fall on the close shaven head and on a brass ticket which he wore inside of his coat, on which was engraven a number. "I am a convict. Number seventy-nine. For five years I have had no name nor place in the world other than that label and the crime attached to it. Am I in a fit case to claim my inheritance?" The grave reasonableness in his voice alarmed and dismayed her, being beyond her comprehension. She made a woman's answer by pulling at the ticket with tears in her eyes, as though the years of which it was the sign could be destroyed with it. It made his prison-life real to her for the first time.

He put her back gently. "No; I wish to wear it still. I have a reason."

Lizzy sat down on a heap of stones and said nothing. It did not matter whether she ever spoke again, she thought. Her plan had been that she would bring Madam Galbraith and her heir together by means of his skill as an artist, and that, when occasion came, the discovery would be made and he would be lifted at once into the purple and sunshine; marry Honora, perhaps, and end all like a fortunate fairy-tale. The plan had seemed to her commonplace and practical: now it stood in its true light—a womanish, weak, fanciful vagary. She looked up when he began to speak again slow and deliberately:

"I have a reason for keeping that prison-life before me, and for making what hasty strides I can towards fortune. I can push my way in the drug business. I know what the books can teach me, and there's a place where I can get a foothold. But that will be slow, and hard work. Now these—" he touched a small roll which he carried with a sud-

den lightening in his face. "If I have any power, it is as an artist. If she were to buy them at a liberal price, it would enable me to follow my art for life. It would help me sooner to my other purpose."

"You will conquer both fortune and fame, Dallas. Some day you will marry—" But she had put the fancy about Honora aside. The man moved and talked laboriously, painfully moulding himself into some fancied likeness of a gentleman.

"I have not thought of marriage since I was a boy. There is a woman, if she be not dead, whom I would like to see before I die—when I make myself a man of whom she would not be ashamed."

Lizzy's heart suffered a sudden qualm as she thought of his mother yonder at the house, and of what she was. What if she had searched out these kinsfolk of his, and dragged him here to face them, only to work ill?

But she would risk it. "Are those the pictures? Come with them, then, to Madam Galbraith;" and drawing her cloak about her, she went on before, hastily, without giving him time to answer. Dallas followed, in his usual slow, hesitating gait, covering his pictures with his coat to protect them from the dampness as tenderly as a mother would her baby.

She saw him several times, as they went, stoop and dig out some root with his fingers, as if the old habit were too strong for him; tasting them, and smelling the mould on his fingers with a long breath: once, when he saw that she detected him, he got up hastily with a nervous laugh, saying, "I beg your pardon. I begin to understand that I am a free man."

#### CHAPTER X.

THEY entered the house by a side-door. The long Thanksgiving dinner was over: through the basement-windows they caught glimpses of loaded tables spread for the farm and house

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servants, for it was the old lady's whim that all her friends and laborers on these high holidays should eat under her roof, and of the same food: the best she could give them.

Coming in from the solitude and darkness without, they plunged at once into an excess of light and warmth almost offensive. Lizzy hurried through the narrow, darkest halls to her own room, Dallas following her slowly. Each open door he passed framed a glowing picture: the deserted dining-room, gaudy with china, broken fruit and dripping wax-lights; the dim, quiet library; some young girls dancing in the great hall; sad pictures, strange and unfamiliar to him. How strange, or burdened with what significance of his loss, Lizzy, in her haste, did not consider, until, with her hand on the lock of her own door, she turned and looked at the pale face of the tall man who waited behind her with his bundle under his arm. She drew him in, and tried in her tactless way to show how awful was the pity in her heart for him.

"I should not have brought you here. I did not think how you had lost all these things."

"No matter. It will come right."

But she persisted: "I did not think what it would cost you to find your father's house what it is, and you a convict. You have had hard luck, Dallas."

"There is no such thing as luck. It is something that fights against us. Let me sell my pictures now and go."

She looked at the homely, powerful face, at the coarse, ill-fitting clothes, the brass ticket on his coat, and her heart failed her. How could she take this man down to them, and say, "Here is your son." Let him first have the chance to make the man of himself he purposed.

"Give me the pictures," she said. "Wait for me here."

In a few moments she opened the door again. "You must go down, Dallas. Madam Galbraith will see you herself." He went before her now, grave and silent. It seemed to her, as she followed him with trembling, cowardly



steps, that the factitious, gentlemanly air which he had sought to acquire disappeared from him. She caught a glimpse of the wide, firm mouth, the sane, dark-blue eyes: this was more like the old Dallas she knew, who used to go slinging through the woods, his basket strapped upon his back.

"Where am I to go?" pausing in the great hall. She pointed to the open door of the library, where Madam Galbraith stood in front of a low, clear fire, and then followed him, far behind.

Dallas went in alone. He stopped where the shadows of the great book-cases fell heavily. She was leaning forward, her knuckles resting on the gaudily-colored canvas that was spread out on the table before her, while she inspected it contemptuously. So this was the test to which her charity was to be brought before night—a case of unappreciated genius! Some needy kinsman of her housekeeper's, doubtless: she had not forgotten her insolence of the morning.

She looked up at the tall figure in the shadow, contracting her eyes to see him better. But it did not matter what he was: she had nothing for him.

"You are the person who was mentioned to me as in need of assistance?"

There was no answer for a moment.

"No. I asked for no alms."

A thin, quiet-looking gentleman, reading by a lamp in the corner, laid down his paper suddenly as Dallas spoke, looking nervously toward him; but, after a moment's doubtful pause, adjusted his spectacles again and went back to his Times.

"No alms, eh?" with a satirical smile, passing her forefinger over the picture. "Your wings are stronger than those of most young geniuses. I find them usually quite willing to accept a gratuity—for the sake of art."

"I brought you my pictures to sell. I wish to take nothing from you unless I give you your money's worth."

Her manner instantly changed. She took up the canvas, scanning it for a few minutes attentively and not unkindly. "Then our business is speedily closed. I will not buy the pictures. That is all?"

"That is all." Dallas did not move to reclaim them, but stood absently looking at his father's mother, forgetting almost to breathe in his intentness. A curious instinct of kinship took possession of him, looking at her: in his large-boned, muscular body, which he inherited from her; in the bluntness, the fierce temper, the quick, generous blood. All shame was gone from him for the moment, and out of his old Manasquan life simple-hearted Galbraith, struggling to be a man, felt himself her son, and altogether worthy of her.

"You hope to maintain yourself by your art?"

"Yes," as if waking from a stupor, "I mean to do it."

"Then I will be plain with you, young man. Your fate may depend on it, and some day you will thank me for my candor." She paused abruptly, as the sound of some one singing came from an adjoining room. The voice was a singularly clear and natural one, the song mere snatches of some old ditty, chanted carelessly, but there was a strange flavor of heat and pathos in it. Madam Galbraith held up her hand attentively. When it ceased, she said to her husband:

"It is a wonderful gift, James. It startles me, sometimes, coming from so dull a child. Though Honora is affectionate—affectionate," waiting with a pleased smile for the approaching footsteps. Dallas and his fate, which she meant to control, had dropped altogether out of her mind. They heeded him no more than if he had been a stock standing there.

The trifling neglect woke him with a shock to his real self. His place for life was fixed. What was he, with the prison-brand on him and through him, the meagre education which he had acquired out of odd books in the hulks, to these people? He would turn his back on them and go down where he belonged. The struggle was hopeless: one-third of his life was gone in it already.

The door opposite to him opened and the singer came in, and, with a surprised look at finding the library occupied, went over and stood by her uncle. Only a simple, embarrassed young girl; but it

seemed fitting to Dallas that she should have sent music before her to announce her coming.

Remember, he was just clear from the gangs of the Albany penitentiary, made up from the vilest slums of New York: for five years he had not looked on a young, pure woman. She came to him, too, at a moment when his brain was quickened unnaturally with repressed thoughts and passions. The effect was strange and lasting. Whatever famished, vague longing had been in him for that part of God's world which was pure and tender and holy, woke at the sight of her into an instant, inexorable pain; cried out within him, as the spirit which possessed the man whose dwelling was among the tombs, with a hunger for which he had no words. It was not woman or love which she alone suggested to him. She seemed to be the very type of that life from which he felt himself this moment to be shut out by his wrong for ever. There was no trifle which he did not note, the dim-lighted, scholastic room that framed her, the delicate, fleecy dress, the face, wonderful in its truth and childlike content with life. By some subtle instinct he understood at a glance the full relation between her and the old man on whose shoulder she rested. He too was fit to be their friend—one of a company from which all the world might be shut out.

With that thought he turned his back on them suddenly. Madam Galbraith resumed her interrupted lecture, clearing her throat:

"I think it but right to warn you of your defeat, young man. There is not a single evidence of power in these pictures. They are weak and turgid in design, and faulty in execution. You have not the first idea of the art. Give up the palette and go to breaking stones on the turnpike, and it will serve you better in the end."

"Hannah!" remonstrated a mild voice behind her.

She placed the picture before him by way of reply. Mr. Galbraith held it to the light a moment, and then shook his head gravely.

"I fear that there is but little promise here," gently. "Stay. What coloring is this which you have used, sir?"

Dallas hesitated. "I worked under difficulties. The colors were extracted from bits of woolen cloth, earths and vegetables which fell in my way."

Honora stooped over her uncle's shoulder eagerly. Madam Galbraith took one canvas again with a muttered "Tut! tut!" of surprise, inspected it for a moment, and then turned towards him, rapping on the table. "That pleases me!" vigorously. "There's no genius there, but there's wonderful persistence. I think well of you, sir! There is something better than genius in a man who tries to work out his worldly salvation through slow patience like that. How long were you in making those poor daubs?"

He was so long silent that they all looked at him curiously. Madam Galbraith repeated the question more gently than before.

"How long?" dully, bringing his thoughts back a long way. "I think it was but five years that I worked at them. But I was a boy when I began them in Manasquan—I had many friends there. Now— I think much of my life has gone down into those poor daubs, madam; and I fear it never will come to me again."

"And you worked, thinking that they were well done—that you had genius—all the time?"

"Hannah!"

"I mean to do something for the boy, James. But this interests me. What plans had you, if you succeeded? What did you aim at, eh?"

Now, Dallas, standing among them, ill-clothed, the jail-bird consciousness heavy on every limb and thought, afraid to speak lest some vulgar word should mark him, was conscious that his secret aim had been good and high. It was weak and worldly to assert it—to force himself up by it for a moment to their level. But it was natural; and he did it, watching eagerly Madam Galbraith's eyes for approval:

"I have had great difficulties, in making my pictures—in making myself any-

thing I would be. I have had difficulties all my life. When I painted those pictures there were people about me whose chances had been worse than mine. I could not get away from the sight of them. They were before me night and day. I could not speak to them nor help them."

As his voice grew steadier and changed in tone, Mr. Galbraith laid down his paper and watched him keenly; but Dallas still stood in the shadow. He went on slowly, choosing his words:

"One thinks many thoughts in five years of silence. It is like going down into the grave and looking back on one's life. I hoped to succeed in painting. My pictures were called wonderful. I still think there is something in them."

"Humph! Go on."

"I never expect to marry or to love, as other men do. There are reasons. But one must have a plan; and mine was, when I had succeeded, to save as many as I could from the difficulties which I had known. I thought of taking little children out of the slough where I was, and doing what I could for them."

But he was rewarded by no kindling in the old woman's eye. She was intolerant of anybody's charity but her own.

"Little children, eh? And you a hearty young fellow! Whining about the sores on society! Go to work; marry a healthy girl in your own class, and make your own children what they should be. There's no better work for any man or woman. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You must have some knowledge of chemistry to have worked out this trumpery," pointing to the pictures. "Go to my woolen mills. They are ten miles down the river. I'll give you a line to the overseer. They can make use of you in the dyeing department. A low place at first, probably. But the point is here: Mr. Galbraith and I employ a great many people, directly, and in concerns in which we are stockholders—mechanics, sheep and cattle-raisers in the West, and professional men. My rule is—for he leaves the business to me—that capacity only shall command place. I will keep my eye on you, and I am much mistaken in you if

you do not rise rapidly. You can go now. Honora, have you done studying those pictures? Elizabeth!"

Lizzy came from the door.

"You can take the letter to the young man. I will write to Mr. Vogt to-morrow."

"It does not need," said Dallas, quietly, yet speaking directly to the woman whom he knew to be his father's mother, and stopping now to choose no words. "It would be better for me and for you if you touched my fate no farther. I will be made and unmade no more as a puppet. I have been thrown to and fro like a football in the world by one chance and another since I was born. Surely it is time that what strength and purpose I have should count for something in my life."

Madam Galbraith made no reply. Something in the low, passionate tones seemed to stun her with a sudden remembrance. She put out her hand to silence him, looked at her husband as for protection, not against Dallas, but some ghost which his words had raised. He went on in the same repressed voice:

"For you, some day, knowing what I am, you may wish you had dealt with me differently. It does not matter now. You were unjust to me—unjust to my talent. You jeered at the one good purpose I had. You think you know men. Yet you would have given a place of trust and security to a felon."

Mr. Galbraith rose, and, putting his wife quietly aside, went into the shadow where Dallas stood, looking at him steadily before he spoke. He did a strange thing, too—took the man's hand in his delicate fingers, and held it a moment, as though he tested something by that means.

"You were a convict?"

"Yes."

"For what crime?"

"Forgery."

Mr. Galbraith was silent a moment before the next question: "Were you guilty?"

"No."

"Why do you suffer the man to palter with you, James?" demanded Madam

Galbraith, sternly. "A criminal never before has crossed my threshold with my consent. There is no hope for a man who has once sinned, in my judgment. Go to your room, Honora. This is no place for you."

Dallas did not glance at the girl. "I was not guilty," he reiterated, looking directly into the eyes of the old man.

At that, Honora stopped, near to the door, with a dreadful pity in her face, close to the indistinct figure in the corner, that was to her, so far, little more than a voice and great trouble, such as she never had met with in the world before.

"You are blind!" cried Lizzy, passionately, going up to Madam Galbraith. "You are blind and cruel. You play with the soul of this boy, and think it is sport. But it is your own heart that will suffer in the end."

Galbraith laid his steady hand on her arm to quiet her.

"Blind I assuredly was," said Madam Galbraith, calmly looking down at the pale little woman before her, "not to guess at the character of the man from his whining philanthropy. Why, too, would an honest man stand back in the dark and hide his face in that manner? We have had enough of this. What does the man matter to us?" But still she hesitated; for when once her hands had meddled in the control of any man's life, for good or ill, it chagrined her to let it go. Mr. Galbraith walked slowly to and fro, near to his grandson, his hands clasped behind him, his head sunk on his breast. He halted when Dallas spoke to him, silent and watchful.

"You are right in your judgment," he said, still looking steadfastly in the old man's face, which seemed strangely worn and gray. "Luck, as the world has it, has gone against me, so far as to bring me in guilty as a thief. So that I matter nothing to you." For the first time his eyes went wistfully about the room, and rested on Honora. "I matter nothing to you or yours?"

Something in the man's voice held them all silent: it was as if he plead for his life with a Judge invisible to them—beyond and above them.

He turned to the door at last. "Let it be so. The prison was not death, as I thought it would be when I went into it. There are other lives, thank God, than this which you live. But I wish that one among you had believed in me and thought me an honest man."

Honora, standing near the door, came up to him with the picture in her hand. "I believe in you," she said.

"Honora!"

But Mr. Galbraith put out his arm before his wife. "Let the girl alone," he said, sternly.

She did not hear them: she trembled very much, though not with fear, and stood silent before Dallas, who drew back from her.

"I never knew there was anything like—like this in the world before," stretching out her hands toward him. "I can do nothing. I cannot help you. Only, I believe that every word you have said is true, if you care to know that."

Dallas stood erect. He thought he had answered her, but, instead, his eyes only devoured her face with a meaning which neither he nor she understood. She laid down the picture, and then, as she was turning away, offered him her hand—a rare sign of equality for Honora to make to man or woman. He hesitated a moment. "I think I am fit to take your hand," he said, gravely, holding the pure, warm little palm firmly in his own.

The door closed behind her. "It is time this matter was ended," said Madam Galbraith, savagely. "There is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing more." He took up the pictures which lay rolled on a chair, and was turning away, when a curtain at the opposite end of the room was pushed aside, and a clear voice cried: "The Colonel tells me you have been enacting a bit of a tragedy. You talk loudly. Had you really a dreadful convict here?" A lady, in a soft brown silk, with lace edging it, and a pearl ring on her hand, came in smiling, and, still hidden by the sombre shadows of the fire-lighted room, Dallas Galbraith faced his mother.

## THE CRYSTAL WEDDING.

## I.

## THE WIFE SPEAKS.

Husband, to-day, could you and I behold  
 The sun that brought us to our bridal morn,  
 Rising so splendid in the winter sky  
 (We thought fair spring returned), when we were wed ;  
 Could the shades vanish from these fifteen years,  
 Which stand like columns guarding the approach  
 To that great temple of the double soul  
 That is as one—would you turn back, my dear,  
 And, for the sake of Love's mysterious dream,  
 As old as Adam and as sweet as Eve,  
 Take me, as I took you, and once more go  
 Towards that goal which none of us have reached ?  
 Contesting battles which but prove a loss,  
 The victor vanquished by the wounded one ;  
 Teaching each other sacrifice of self,  
 True immolation to the marriage bond :  
 Learning the joys of birth, the woe of death,  
 Leaving in chaos all the hopes of life—  
 Heart-broken ! yet with courage pressing on  
 For fame and fortune, artists needing both ?  
 Or, would you rather—I will acquiesce—  
 Since we must choose what is, and are grown gray,  
 Stay in life's desert, watch our setting sun,  
 Calm as those statues in Egyptian sands,  
 Hand clasping hand, with patience and with peace,  
 Wait for a future which contains no past ?

## II.

## THE HUSBAND SPEAKS.

Dearest, though I have sung a many songs,  
 Yet have I never sung one from my heart,  
 Save to thee only—and such private songs  
 Are as the silent, secret kiss of Love !  
 My heart, I say, so sacred was, and is,  
 I kept, I keep it, from all eyes but thine,  
 Because it is no longer mine, but thine,  
 Given thee for ever, when I gave myself  
 That winter morning—was it years ago ?  
 To me it seems the dream of yesterday !  
 You have not lost the face I married then,  
 Albeit a trifle paler—not to-night—  
 Nor I the eyes that saw then, and see still,  
 What every man should see in her he weds !

I wander . . . wisely, let me ; since my words  
 Conceal what none but you and I should know—  
 The love I bear you, who have been, and are—  
 Strong in the strength and weakness of your sex—  
 Queen of my household, mistress of my heart,  
 My children's mother, and my always friend ;  
 In one word, sweet—sweetest of all words—Wife !

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON—FENIANISM.

LONDON, January, 1868.

THE Emperor of the French is no longer the master in France. M. Dupanloup, the well-known Bishop of Orleans, took him by the throat and holds him tightly in his iron grasp. An *imperium in imperio*, or, as the *Spectator* expresses it, a territory within which the king's writ does not run, this is the claim which the Clericals have, in the "Corps Législatif" of France, triumphantly asserted. The Second Empire has met with its Furcæ Caudinæ.

So strange, at first sight, is the character of the sacerdotal victory, so portentous are the consequences it involves, that nothing can be more interesting than a searching inquiry into the causes that led to it and a clear statement of the way in which it was won.

On the morrow of the "coup d'état" of December, Napoleon had found the French nation divided into two opposite forces—the Clericals on one side, and the Liberals, with the Republicans in the vanguard, on the other. The question was to which of these two parties he should apply for support. Socialism had been made with great success the bugbear of the middle classes: numbers of ignorant people had been terrified into voting away their liberties. But the phantasmagoria was not likely to last. It was also with great success that fraud and military violence had been resorted to. But he must govern for the army who governs by the army—a hard bond-

age. The self-appointed chief of soldiers bribed into butchery was not himself a soldier. What the modern Prætorians had done, they could, as the Prætorians of old, at any moment undo. It was therefore necessary that, out of the military pale, a fulcrum should be provided.

Now, of the two parties above-mentioned—Clericals and Liberals—the latter was, in many respects, the stronger. It comprised the better-educated portion of the middle classes; it had a firm hold on the working men; its influence in every large town was unmatched; in Paris it reigned supreme; it enlisted the sympathies of the young, of the courageous, of all those whose aspirations were lofty, and the convictions, acquired by study, of all those who looked forward to the never-stopping development of mankind: in fact, it constituted the very marrow of the nation. Unfortunately, from the very nature of its component parts, it lacked organization, discipline and unity of purpose; its leaders differed in opinion on one another on matters of political economy and social science; nor was every one able to keep pace with his companion-in-arms.

With the Clerical party it was just the reverse. Although led by the priests and backed by the peasantry, it could not have for a moment stood its ground—chiefly composed, as it was, of the old ladies and the *petits-mâtres* of the faubourg St. Germain in Paris, and of such

descendants of an effete nobility as still remained in the provinces—had it not derived a real strength from the crafty organization of the Catholic Church, and from that principle of unreflecting, blind obedience which enabled its members to feel, to think and to act like one man.

But Napoleon had no choice. After having struck a deadly blow at parliamentary government, after having hastened to the throne by a path red with the blood of freemen, he could not dream of throwing himself upon the Liberal party. His tenure of power had to be in keeping with his seizure of it. He was doomed to use tyrannically the force of which he had violently taken possession; for, in the words of Tacitus: "Imperium flagitio acquisitum nemo unquam bonis artibus exercuit." *No man ever well administered an empire won by crime.*

And so Napoleon gave himself up to the clergy; restoring the Pantheon to them, glorying in the name of the Eldest Son of the Church, committing education to the Jesuits, and allowing chairs of philosophy to be suppressed, the primary teachers to be beggared, the University to be degraded. How differently he was dealing, at the same time, with the most determined adversaries of the priesthood, I need not recall to mind. One might almost say that the history of the earliest days of his reign is the martyrology of the Republicans.

Still, there are those who praise him for having kept the scales hung evenly between the two contending parties. They mistake the appearance for the reality. It is true, Napoleon took care to adopt such language as might soothe the feelings of the most credulous portion of the revolutionary party, and wheedle them into supposing that he had not altogether repudiated his origin—not altogether forgotten how closely the fortunes of his own family were connected with the French Revolution; that he was not, after all, inimical to modern ideas; and that, once free from the pressure of circumstances, he would fulfill his promise to "crown the edifice," by giving freedom its due. Thus, whilst

trampling upon the very last spark of the liberties of France, he was loud in proclaiming the principles of 1789. Again, whilst styling himself emperor "through God's grace," and so managing universal suffrage as to make it a mockery, he never missed the opportunity of asserting that he held his power of the people. Who does not remember that at the time he married a Spanish lady—not a princess—he publicly boasted of being himself an upstart (*un parvenu*), and nothing more? Yet, it is by the same man that the etiquette of the Court of Louis XV. has been revived at Compiègne in all its puerility and insolence. If, therefore, *words* be taken into account, without any regard to the *deeds* which contradict them, it may be conceded that there has been, on the part of Napoleon, something like an attempt at a see-saw policy. But the fact remains that the support of the Church was never, not even in the reign of Charles X., so anxiously courted by the State—that ecclesiastical and civil functions were never so confusedly intermixed. Cardinals have a seat in the Senate; bishops are installed as teachers; creeds form a branch of public administration; the encyclical epistles of the Pope are officially discussed in the Council of State; pastoral letters have been converted into political manifestoes; the pulpit echoes the voice of the tribune; there is no favor the Empire is not always ready to bestow on the priests—no act of the Empire the priests are not always ready to celebrate by chanting the *Te Deum*.

Little, indeed, must Napoleon have been acquainted with the nature of the sacerdotal tendencies if he ever thought he might be the closest ally of the Church without becoming its slave. Ultramontanism is an all-devouring force, when allowed to be anything at all. To answer the expectations of the Roman Catholic priests, submission to their influence must be boundless. Even when in need of earthly protection, the Pope will require that the emperors or kings who dare protect his power should atone for their audacity by kneeling down to him. What it is to be a true

Roman Catholic was glaringly exemplified, but a few days ago, in this Protestant country, by the declaration which Lord Denbigh, at St. James Hall, did not hesitate to make: "I am nothing but a Catholic—an Englishman if you please, but a Catholic first." The confession is characteristic: it shows that maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope and absolute subjection of the civil power are now, as in the days of Luther, convertible terms. And this is what has been brought out into strong relief by the result of the debates which have just taken place in France on the Roman question, and which, all over Europe, tower above any other subject in public interest.

The paramount importance of these debates does not lie either in the speech, eloquent as it was, of M. Jules Favre, or in those, also very clever, of MM. Jules Simon and Gueroult; still less, of course, in the slanderous charge of bribery by Prussia, which M. Kerveguen, a rabid Ultramontane, was not ashamed to bring forward against the editors of the *Siccle*, the *Opinion Nationale* and the *Débats*, on the unsupported authority of a nameless Belgian pamphlet. M. Jules Favre showed, no doubt with great force, that the armed protection granted to the Holy See had been marked by all sorts of blunders, false steps, contradictory schemes, chimerical hopes, and was found to be fraught with all sorts of evils; that the attempt to reconcile an everlasting possession of Rome by the Pope with the claims of the Italian nation and the unity of Italy was, if sincere, preposterous; that the imperial government ought to have foreseen the Papal *non possumus*, it being the traditional policy of the Vatican never to flinch, never to yield, never to admit of a compromise; that the September Convention had been violated by the creation of the Antibes Legion, partly consisting of French soldiers, subject to the French articles of war; but that touchiness about treaties ill became, at any rate, a government which had allowed the eagle of Prussia to confront at Kehl the tricolor of

France, despite the Danish integrity treaty of 1852, and Maximilian to die a cruel death in Mexico, despite the treaty of Miramar; that the Encyclicals amounting to a war declared against France, her principles, her institutions, her intellectual independence, it was absurd to squander away the money and the blood of the French nation for no other purpose than that of maintaining, come what may, the temporal power of the author of the *Syllabus*, and with no other possible result than to change the gratitude of the Italians towards France into deadly enmity. Yes, all this was well put; and the separation of the temporal and the spiritual power, from a philosophical point of view, was equally well advocated by M. Jules Simon. But the opposition orators did not say, and could scarcely say, anything new on the subject. The real point to be considered is the success with which the exorbitant pretensions of the Clerical party were brought to light by the parliamentary struggle, in the Senate first, and afterward in the "Corps Législatif."

Who could have ever imagined that the slaughter of the volunteers at Mentana, the imprisonment of Garibaldi, the degradation of Victor Emmanuel, the unspeakable humiliation of Italy, would not be enough to satisfy the Clericals? Had not the Chassepot rifles exhibited sufficiently the will of the God of mercy—sufficiently testified the inviolability of the Holy Father? Had not the Emperor of the French showed himself ready to dare, for the sake of Ultramontanism, all the extremities of violence? But no: nothing was done, since the odious name of Solferino had yet to be blotted out of the pages of history; since Napoleon had not yet atoned for his sins of 1859; since Italy was not yet dismembered! I do not say that such was the actual wording of the speeches delivered in the Senate by the French Cardinals; but while disclaiming, from a feeling of common decency, the pretension of pressing upon the Emperor the immediate destruction, *by himself*, of a kingdom of his own making, Cardinal Bonnechose, supported by Cardinal Dounet, expressed



a hope that Europe would wage a crusade in favor of the Vicar of Christ ; and in reference to Italian unity spoke as follows the mind of the Clericals : "As this new power declares itself incompatible with that which constitutes the life of the moral world in the universe, let us allow that to crumble to pieces which is destined to perish." That these were the sentiments of the Senate was made obvious by the marks of warm approbation their expression elicited. In vain did the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Moustier, strive to explain why and how the independence of the Holy See might be secured without Italy "crumbling to pieces:" all the assembly could bring itself to do was to give a patient hearing to the orator's utterances.

However, the decisive blow was struck in the "Corps Législatif," not in the Senate—by a layman, not by a Cardinal.

M. Thiers is a Roman Catholic but in name: he admires Voltaire, dislikes priestly arrogance, abhors religious fanaticism, will not shun a free-thinker, and may safely be supposed to care little, *in petto*, about the temporal power of the Pope. But he is a patriot of the old school: his patriotism is restless, jealous, almost juvenile, and absolutely uncontrollable; he cannot bear the idea of France ceasing for a single day to take the lead of Europe: no living Frenchman more thoroughly represents that military heroship which is called in his country *chauvinisme*; he holds in detestation the system of great agglomerations and the modern notions of nationality, as tending to create nations powerful enough to dispossess France of her supremacy: the formation on her southern frontier of a state of twenty-five millions of inhabitants distressed him to the utmost, and his grief turned sour when he saw the Italians fighting the battles of Prussia together with their own, and the unity of Italy giving birth to German unity. From that moment he was, heart and soul, for the temporal power of the Pope, thinking its maintenance admirably calculated to thwart the growth of a nation which the imperial policy had most foolishly, in his opinion, called into ex-

istence. Had he been quite sincere, M. Thiers would have said so much, and nothing more. But he was fully aware of the disposition of the majority in the "Corps Législatif:" he knew that, in order to drag them along with him and carry the day, he must stir up the clerical passions; and he spoke accordingly, inveighing, of course, against the encroachments of Prussia and the unscrupulous ambition of Victor Emmanuel, "who hunted with Garibaldi, as a falcon," but at the same time paying homage with filial reverence to the virtues of the sovereign Pontiff, lamenting his poverty, insisting upon the maintenance of his temporal power, on the ground that the "liberty of the Catholic conscience" required it, and alluding to the grandeur of France when made to shield the faith of two hundred millions of Catholics spread all over the world.

Great was the emotion of the assembly. Almost unprecedented was the success of the orator. Is part of it to be ascribed to a feeling of national pride and collective selfishness, gratified as well as roused by the patriotic effusions of M. Thiers? Possibly so; but the nature of the passages which, in his speech of the 4th of December, were most enthusiastically applauded, points to the clerical string as the one which was most effectually touched. A member of the minority had, all of a sudden, become the idol of the majority: a foe of the Second Empire was the leader of the House.

What could M. Rouher, the mouth-piece of the Emperor, do? For the first time, the majority in the "Corps Législatif" was frowning on the government; an influential member, M. Chesnelong, had the day before threatened a hostile vote, should the ministerial explanations prove unsatisfactory: M. Rouher felt he would lose his hold on the House, unless he succeeded in taking the wind out of the sails of M. Thiers. This, with the authorization of the Emperor, he attempted to do by his henceforth famous declaration of the 5th of December: "We declare that Italy shall not seize upon Rome." [Sensation.] . . .

"Never" [prolonged applause]—"never will France submit to such a violence committed on her honor and on Catholicity in general." [Renewed approbation.] "She demands from Italy the rigorous and energetic execution of the Convention of September, and, if this be not conceded, she will supply the deficiency herself. Is that clear enough?"

The majority thought it was not clear enough. No sooner had the minister left the tribune than the sitting remained suspended, and a great number of members, amongst whom M. Thiers and M. Berryer stood conspicuous, crowded around M. Rouher in a state of frantic excitement. A strange drama this was! Picture to yourself the whole House in a ferment, the left struck with amazement and dismayed, the majority bent on having at last their own way, after the fashion of slaves turned suddenly into masters; M. Thiers surprised at the hasty endorsement of his views by the government he opposed; M. Berryer jubilant and imperious; and, finally, M. Rouher compelled to reascend the tribune and to say: "Gentlemen, during the short suspension of the sitting some members have expressed to me a fear that my words were not sufficiently clear. I will add, therefore, that when I spoke of Rome, I meant to speak of the present Pontifical territory in all its integrity." [Prolonged approbation.] The reversal of the imperial policy was obvious, the pledge irrevocable, the surrender complete.

That it was so, has ever since been denied, on the ground that the Emperor had always objected to the transformation of Rome into the capital of Italy. The argument is unsound. The declaration of the 5th of December means, if anything, the adoption of a decisively pro-Papal policy, whereas, up to the 5th of December, the imperial policy, as stated and explained, the very day before, by M. de Moustier, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, aimed only at a reconciliation between the Pope and Italy, and professed to be neutral. If the Convention of September had been intended to protect the Pope against any violent aggression, it was on the

express understanding that the Pope, in his turn, would do everything towards rendering his rule more acceptable to the Romans by wise reforms, and gaining the good-will of Italy by equitable concessions. Even as far back as May, 1862, the French ambassador at Rome, M. de Lavalette, had been instructed to bring under Cardinal Antonelli's consideration a scheme in which the engagement, on the part of the King of Piedmont, to allow the Pope a quiet, undisturbed enjoyment of the temporal power, was made to depend upon a corresponding engagement, on the part of the Pope, to confine his ambition within the limits of what he then possessed. The answer of Cardinal Antonelli to these overtures was a flat refusal, which the French ambassador, in his despatch of the 24th of June, 1862, described as *final*. Whereupon, the Emperor, greatly vexed, ordered the following official declaration to be published: "Should the Emperor unhappily become convinced that all his efforts to incline his Holiness to accept an alteration are without avail, then it will become necessary for him, even while saving as much as possible the interests he has hitherto guarded, to depart from a position which, if occupied beyond a certain time, would disturb his policy, and could serve no purpose except to farther confuse the public mind." Did this imply the determination to fight the battles of the Pope at any price, under any circumstances? Was this the programme of a decidedly pro-Papal policy? No: it was the *non possumus* of the Papacy met by the *non possumus* of the imperial government. Now, everyone knows with what indomitable perseverance the Pope has clung, up to the present hour, to his resolve, and to what extent M. de Lavalette was right in describing the refusal of Cardinal Antonelli as *final*.

It has also been contended that M. Rouher's declaration meant only this: We do not say that Rome shall never enter the Italian unity in one way or another, but simply that a wanton, unprovoked, brutal attack of Italy upon Rome shall never be tolerated. The

interpretation is ridiculous. How could it be for a moment admitted, when one remembers that the word NEVER was understood by the whole assembly to refer to the perpetuity of the temporal power—that this is the very fact which accounts for the extraordinary scene which ensued? And, indeed, the House was thrown into a state of excitement never witnessed before. So peremptory was the pledge deemed to be, so alive were all parties to the totally new and startling character of the policy forced upon the government, that the consternation of the Liberal members was only equaled by the boundless exultation of their adversaries. M. Chesnelong immediately withdrew his threatened interpellations; M. Berryer confessed he felt actually choked with emotion; one not easily satisfied, the fanatical chief of the Clericals, the overbearing Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, was to such a degree transported with joy that, in the tribune reserved for the Senators, he was seen breaking into vehement applause, regardless of the rules of the chamber concerning strangers. Nor was the public at large differently impressed. All the newspapers, whether Ultramontanist or Clerical, concurred in the opinion that the imperial policy had entered on a new phase, and commented upon the fact as testifying the preponderance of the Clerical party in the Legislative Body.

Has, then, a total change come over the French nation? Is France prepared to be hurried back to the days of Charles X., and so disposed as to have no objection to the sacerdotal heel being once more pressed on her neck? By no means. The assertion of Macaulay, that the Catholicism of the great majority of the French people was but nominal, has not ceased to be true. Few Frenchmen believe in what it teaches—fewer practise what it prescribes. The weaker sex submit to the influence of the priests, no doubt; and some of the sterner sex will, on certain occasions, yield to it, for fear of wounding the feelings of a mother, a wife or a sister; but that is all. How are we, then, to account for the triumph

of the Clericals on the 5th of December? The explanation is, that, since the establishment of the Empire, Ultramontanism has been adopted as a political mask and used as a political weapon by the various adherents to fallen dynasties. Knowing that the clergy was admirably organized; that there could be nothing genuine in its alliance with a despot who was an upstart; that its real sympathies, despite the efforts of Napoleon to bring it over, would never be enlisted in favor of a regime not founded on the principle of the "Right Divine" (*droit divin*), and bearing, after all, the impress of a revolutionary origin—the reactionists of every shade agreed to rally around the Clerical standard as the safest means of undermining both the Revolution and the Empire. So, Napoleon, in favoring the clergy to the utmost of his power, happens to have followed a course certainly as blind as it was selfish. It was giving strength to his enemies. This is the solemn lesson conveyed by the sitting of December 5. Those in the "Corps Législatif," whom the Emperor had hitherto considered his servants, turned out his masters, their leaders being the chief of the Orleanist party, M. Thiers, and the chief of the Legitimist party, M. Berryer!

Consequently, the situation of Napoleon may be thus described: between the Revolution, whom he has mortally offended, and its opponents, who feel strong enough against him to pull off the mask, he has no longer any firm ground left on which to stand.

As regards the foreign policy of the Empire, I need not say that it has got entangled in difficulties which seem insurmountable.

First of all, there is an end of the proposed conference. Even before the 5th of December, it was little probable that the European powers—many of them Protestant—would be ready to rush headlong into unknown complications, for the sake of saving the temporal power of the Pope against wind and tide, in tame compliance with the wish expressed by the French ruler, and in order to relieve him from the responsibility of his own blunders; but, after

the 5th of December, what was next to impossible has become impossible. To demand any longer that the European powers should discuss a question which M. Rouher has declared to be settled would be something more than ludicrous; it would be insulting.

The imperial government, in reference to the Roman difficulty, must henceforth shift for itself—a very arduous task, most assuredly, for there is no hope of either the Pope or Italy ever giving way. Is it not a significant coincidence that at the very moment M. Rouher was emphatically saying, in the French “Corps Législatif,” “Italy shall never seize upon Rome,” General Menabrea, in the Italian Parliament, was saying with equal emphasis, “Italy will never renounce her right to Rome”? A few days after—that is, with full knowledge of what had occurred in France—M. Mari, one of General Menabrea’s colleagues, is found addressing the lower House as follows, amidst prolonged and renewed cheers: “Who does not pant for the downfall of the temporal power? Who is not convinced that, in our opponents, religion is a mere pretence? It is a saying of Dante, that the Roman Church, by confounding the temporal and the spiritual powers, had sunk in the mire.” That all parties in Italy are of one mind on the subject is superabundantly shown by the debates which are now taking place in the Italian Parliament. Italy bides her time. It is all she can do at present. But she remembers Sadowa, and thinks that her military assistance, which proved so useful to Prussia against the Austrians, might be made available against some other nation! Just conceive what must have been the wisdom of a policy which led to such dreadful and unnatural results! Eight years ago France was respected and loved all over the Peninsula: now-a-days she is hated and cursed. Solferino is forgotten—Magenta is remembered. French workmen are turned out of every workshop in a country whose independence was secured by French soldiers. Those insultingly refrain from buying French goods who formerly

would not smoke Austrian cigars. Two members of the Italian Parliament are just now busy forming a commercial association, the object of which is to supply the state with 500,000 new rifles and 600 great guns. M. de Bismarck is thus enabled to bring to completion his ominous work of the unification of Germany, regardless of the displeasure of his imperial neighbor. Should a war break out, Prussia is sure that Italy will rush to her side. Such is the situation for which the French people are indebted to their ruler.

But enough of this.

As the Roman question is a thorn in the flesh of France, so is the Irish question a thorn in the flesh of England. Never was the state of the public mind here more deeply disturbed than it is at present. It is a downright panic. Need I tell you the cause? Before this letter reaches you it will be known to all in America that, on a recent evening, a barrel of gunpowder was placed against the wall of the Clerkenwell House of Detention and exploded; that fifty feet of the wall were blown down, and eight houses on the opposite side of the street more or less completely destroyed; that several persons were killed, some buried in the ruins, and others, to the number of forty and more, seriously injured; that this horrible outrage was perpetrated by three men and a woman, supposed to be Fenians, for the purpose of rescuing two Fenian prisoners, Casey and Burke. Ever since, the sense of personal security throughout the kingdom seems to have vanished. The dread of renewed outrages, still more terrible perhaps, mingles with the pity felt for the victims and their families. The air is thick with rumors of attempts to murder individuals, to set houses on fire, to attack the militia armories. The audacity of the desperadoes who tried to blow up the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and the fanatical disregard they showed both for the lives of innocent people and for their own, are commented upon as pointing to a kind of danger all the more formidable because it baffles calculation, and, being seen nowhere, is supposed to

be everywhere. Anger and fear, indignation and suspicion, are rampant.

Thus far, the field fertilized by the blood of Allen, O'Brien and Larkin has yielded its horrible harvest of race-hatred and vengeance. Once more, the curative process of hanging has been a failure—worse than a failure. Shortly after the Manchester execution a young girl, Adelaide Macdonald, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for attempting to shoot a policeman. On hearing the sentence, she exclaimed: "Thank you, my lord, I prefer hanging; let me hang where the rest hung;" and she was removed from the docket, crying, "Ireland! Ireland!" So much for the deterrent power of the penalty of death!

Nor can England derive much comfort from the idea that all Irishmen are not Fenians. Sympathizers with Fenianism most of them must be, or else the funeral processions which, successively held in Cork, Limerick and Dublin, were attended by so many thousands, would have been an effect without cause. The cause was but too patent: its momentous and widespread character accounts for the numerous demonstrations in honor of the "Manchester martyrs" which were in preparation, and which the government, aware of their magnitude, was at last compelled to prohibit.

But to suppress the manifestation of a hostile feeling is not to suppress the feeling itself. And how is Irish disaffection to be dealt with? Will the Established Church be abolished? Since the commutation of tithes into a rent-charge, the Church grievance sits very lightly on the Irish peasantry; and, as far as the Fenians are concerned, they dismiss the Church question altogether. Will the law of distress be put aside, and compulsory compensation for beneficial improvements be provided in favor of the tenant? A palliative is not a remedy. Even a valuation and a perpetuity, even the conversion of the tithes into a rent-charge, would fail to satisfy the Irish peasant. And why? Simply because he knows that all titles of property in Ireland originate in foreign invasion and spoliation, and will have it

that the Irish land ought to belong to the Irish cultivator. Ireland, with respect to the land question, was made what it is by the Elizabethan, Cromwellian and Williamite conquests, confiscations, resettlements; and the history is written in blood on the memory of Ireland. There, every laborer is able to give you the name of the ancient native family from whose property was snatched the estate on which he is toiling and half starving. There, the descendants of the native proprietors, violently dispossessed, are elbowed by the representatives of the conquering race. This is the reason why the land question in Ireland is so closely connected with a hankering after national independence.

Supposing—a supposition hardly admissible, indeed—that this much coveted national independence could be attained, could it be maintained for any length of time? I am afraid not. Ulster, where the peasants are the descendants, not of a conquered race, but of colonists who were introduced after the conquest, would not be easily subdued; and it would require more than the ordinary convulsions of an internal war to secure the predominance of Cork over Belfast. But is it surprising that a brave, impulsive and imaginative race should not be inclined to take this view of the case and to despair of the future?

It would be unjust to deny that England, for the last forty years, has done much, and is disposed to do more, towards reconciling Ireland to her rule. The Irish enjoy undoubtedly all the liberties which the English themselves possess—liberty of conscience, liberty of meeting, liberty of speech: to them as well as to the English all the channels of public life are freely open. Unhappily, these are political advantages which, in the eyes of the Irish masses, do not make up for present misery and past wrongs. They will not "let bygones be bygones." For Nemesis does exist. But why she is lame and seldom comes at the right time remains an awful mystery. It is so very hard that the misdeeds of the dead should be visited upon the living!

## THE STORY OF CHASTELARD.

"Oh madness ! thus to love in recklessness  
 Of shame and danger ; greater madness still,  
 Loving not hoping, with the same distress,  
 The heart we love with love we may not fill.  
 Such love must madden always—better kill !  
 And its sad memories down the stream of time  
 Shall rush, a warning terror to the will  
 By reason unsubdued ; by dreams sublime  
 Still ever more kept mad, till madness ends in  
 crime."

## I.

THE errantries of love, in the case of warm, fond, passionate natures—its desperate devotion, in spite of reason and against hope—have been a frequent subject with the poets in all ages. It receives its strongest illustration in the case of the French poet, Chastelard, whose passion amounted to insanity, and who fastened his eyes upon the most dangerous of all mortal beauties in modern times. His madness led him to the feet of that most winning, most treacherous of women, and least sovereign among queens and people, however she might sway over chivalrous hearts—Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

A recent publication of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, a dramatic poem—tragedy, indeed—has recalled the history to our minds ; and, passingly regarding his poem, which is one of singular though peculiar and capricious merit, we propose, in our own way, to embody the account which history gives us of this most daring, yet most unhappy, among the desperate adventurers for love. This history possesses quite as much interest as that of David Rizzio, who may be said to have perished because of the same passion and in homage at the same fatal altar, while it is more sadly romantic. With far more merit, far less pretension, more genius and talent, but with a more genuine madness, Chastelard suffered a like judgment and doom for a like error of passion. That there was passion in the case of Chastelard, none can doubt : that of Rizzio seemed to be of meaner character, and

possibly amounted to nothing higher or braver than the natural Italian habit of intrigue. The virtues of a really generous passion hardly inhabited his bosom. One other difference existed in the two cases, making the fate of Rizzio far less intolerable than that of Chastelard. The hand of Mary, the beloved one, *did* seek to arrest the weapon of the assassin when aimed at the bosom of the Italian. But she showed no such degree of sympathy in behalf of the gallant Frenchman. She witnessed his fate, when, perhaps, she might have averted it ; and suffered him not once to see that she endured pain from the sacrifice. She yielded him coldly to the deliberate hands of the executioner ; and the knightly troubadour—for he was both knight and poet, and distinguished both as cavalier and bard—was not suffered to know by any process that, in her heart, she would willingly have saved him, had her power seconded her desire.

## II.

THE first notice which we have of Pierre de Boscosel de Chastelard—a knight whose veins inherited the blood of the famous Pierre de Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche,*" and whose heart inherited all his capacity for chivalrous self-sacrifice—finds him on board the little vessel which bore Mary of Scotland from *La belle France* to the unstable and turbulent realm in which she was destined, for a time, to reign over hearts, but not long over a kingdom. The events of that voyage do not need, in this place, any special consideration. They were not of a sort to awaken much interest, unless we could unveil those scenes, on board ship, of courtly and artificial society in which Mary Stuart was trained—perhaps to her final ruin. That society, at once sensual and frivolous, had most effectually framed her character in a mould which was not

likely to satisfy her future subjects. But of this hereafter.

On the voyage, accompanied by her "four Marys"—whose names are given to us by Mr. Swinburne as Mary Beaton, Mary Seyton, Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton—and by an escort of nobles, of whom the Lord Chastelard was the most distinguished, the historians tell us that the grief of the queen was great, and seemed strangely so in the case of one about to possess herself of a kingdom. Without looking forward to the realm which her vessel sought, her eyes were turned ever backward on the beautiful country she was leaving, towards which she still looked long after its shores had been for ever lost to sight. It may have been with some presentiment of the future before her that "*La Reine Blanche*"—as, from her white mourning, she was then called—gave way to her excess of grief; but it was quite as natural that a young and beautiful lady, who had been the "glass of fashion and the mould of form" in the most gay and seductive of all the courts of Europe, should feel distrust, misgiving and sadness at exchanging a region so winning upon the senses and affections for one so rude, repulsive, stern and sterile as that which was to be her future home. Nor was this sadness, no matter what its origin, at all abated by the circumstances which attended her departure. Various and full of seeming import were the omens of ill which marked her sailing, contributing to fill her melancholy spirit with miserable bodings of the event; and when advised of an English fleet, sent to arrest her by the English queen—to whom she was destined to become a very thorn in the side, and by whose will she was finally to perish—not even the pledges of fidelity from her small but gallant retinue could lift her spirits out of that bed of depressing apprehension in which she tossed with a feeling of despondency, if not despair. Looking at the land she was leaving, she uttered a thousand passionate ejaculations of farewell, and refused all consolation. Her poetical farewell to France has been translated into all living lan-

guages, and yet survives as a melancholy protest against her fate, finding its echoes still in a thousand tender hearts. The strains of the youthful troubadour, Chastelard, alone could spell her senses, as the instincts of his muse sufficed to make his songs responsive to her own. They soothed the gloom of her sorrows and mitigated the wilder passions of her bosom. In nature's exhaustion at last came the exhaustion of her most violent grief, and she sank down, weeping herself to sleep, upon the couch prepared for her on the deck of the vessel—the "four Marys" ministering watchfully about her, and the young knight Chastelard, at her feet, subduing his music to such tender and softened notes as would best contribute to her slumbers.

He watched her sleep at the cost of his own; and he too dreamed while she was dreaming. He was one of the many in France, England and Scotland who sank under the fatal fascinations of her more than basilisk beauty. His dreams were, perhaps, as bright and seductive as hers were cheerless and lacking hope; for had she not smiled upon him even when his adoring glances were fastened upon her face with all the devouring eagerness of love? Did she not requite him with her own smiles? Did she not summon him perpetually to her side for song or conversation? and was not his one of those bold, brave hearts, who, in pursuit of love, could encounter dragons?

### III.

THE dawn of the morning found her little vessel in a most perilous situation. It was surrounded by the English fleet, and there seemed, to the eyes of all on board, no possible chances for escape. Then it was, in that hour of danger, that the devotion of those about the beleaguered princess was finely tested, showing all parties superior to fear, and ready to die in defence of their beautiful mistress. None of all these was more prompt or more conspicuous in the proofs of fidelity and valor than the noble troubadour. He appeared before her in full armor, his eyes flashing with all the fer-

vor of a feeling in which the tenderest love was blended with the most chivalrous heroism. It was no longer the minstrel, but the knight-errant. The cithara gave place to the sword; and while his lips were compressed rigidly with the resolution of a brave soul, his eyes flashed defiance as the tall masts of the English squadron continued to loom up upon the horizon.

Escape was deemed to be impossible; defence was hopeless; but his glance showed that he would never behold the capture of the sovereign over his affections. He could die! For this he had prepared himself. As the enemy continued to approach, he bent his knee to the queen, and in gallant language he told her that he had only his sword to offer. His heart had been hers long before.

Mary smiled through all her tears upon the youth, and claimed him as her knight. She too had a heroic nature, which, while it loved Life for its pleasures, did not fear Death because of its pains. She made him happy by consenting that he should die in her defence.

But the danger, which was at one moment imminent, suddenly disappeared in another. A watchful Providence seemed to have the queen in charge. The Fates had future and many uses for the basilisk beauty in their keeping. Scarcely had the English squadron discovered the vessel of which they were in search, when it was hidden from their eyes. The winds shifted suddenly, and immediately a dense fog overspread the sea. A strong, bold hand was upon the helm, and they escaped the peril by passing unseen between the scattered prows of the English.

#### IV.

IN the play of Mr. Swinburne, referring to this voyage, we have a passage which will illustrate the mode of passing the time on board the vessel. Mary Seyton, after listening to a French song, says:

"I know the song: a song of Chastelard's,  
He made in coming over with the queen.  
*How hard it rained!* He played that over twice  
Sitting before her: singing each word soft,  
As if he loved the least she listened to."

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The rain followed the fog, and the parties were closeted in the cabin. Mary was stronger and prouder for the peril she had escaped. She was, at the same time, fonder and softer; and while eyes seemed to take in mutual love at every glance, sweet sighs were the echoes to sweeter songs, the burden of all being only love. And the dreams of Chastelard made him proud also, and strengthened the dangerous hope which was growing in his bosom.

#### V.

MARY STUART reached the shores of Scotland in safety, and ascended her precarious throne within a ring of the most turbulent subjects that ever vexed the pride or threatened the securities of sovereignty. The rejoicings which welcomed her appearance, however, concealed the dangers from her eye and mind. She received the incense of knightly and popular adulation as a thing familiar, and responded to it with that grace, that inexpressible charm of look and manner, which was as a fine weapon in her hands. If she became at any time intoxicated with her triumphs and the external devotion of her subjects, nobles and people—which does not seem to have been the case—she at least did not forget, in the new, the devotion of her old friends, the companions of her voyage, whose fidelity had been shown in the hour of her peril.

Chastelard continued to be a favorite, as how else could he be, so nobly beautiful, so knightly bold and strong, of such fine graces of manner and of thought, so superior, in his courtliness and noble carriage, to almost all around her? Few men ever possessed more happily or completely the power of keeping the ground which he had won. And still the estimation of the queen continued to feed his passion with hope, and to stimulate it even to audacity. Here Mr. Swinburne's drama gives us an illustration of this. Mary Seyton, in reply to Mary Beaton, who has just spoken of the queen as the most fair among women, replies:



"And the most loving: did you note last night  
How long she held him with her hands and eyes,  
Looking a little sadly, and at last  
Kissed him below the chin, and parted so  
As the dance ended?"

Enough that he lost no grace with Mary. Amid a thousand competitors for favor, he seemed to suffer nothing from any rivalry; and, while other courtiers were exposed to the discomfort of cloudy days, he was always sure, almost to the last, of a sweet sky and smiling weather. All for him was sunshine. And good reason enough: Mary, herself a poet, delighted in one who was acknowledged, at the time, to be one of the masters of "*le gaié science*," and, though we have few remains of the muse of Chastelard by which to judge of his claim to rank among that higher class to whom we give the name of Poet and ascribe the quality of Genius, yet that he was recognized because of the peculiar merits in his gift should be enough for us. He is said to have written in all living languages. He read with such fine effects of voice and manner as to confer new beauties upon what he read. He was fluent in composition—an improvisatore; and in the *presence of his muse* the flow of his song was spontaneous and akin to inspiration.

If he was daring in his love, she was encouraging. It may be that all this was done unconsciously, but it wrought upon his blood like madness. She answered his audacious ditties in amatory strains not less warm than his own. His passion had not offended her pride. She had seen his admiration in his eyes, and she had answered him with condescension in her own. She gave him smile for smile, sigh for sigh, song for song, and, as *he* felt, love for love. Her condescensions were so many snares. "Her smiles tempted him to aspire," says Brantome, "like Phæton, at ascending the chariot of the sun!" The madness grew hourly stronger in his brain—the passion in his heart. The basilisk beauty, with her terrible fascination, had cast the glamour over his eyes for ever.

Mr. Swinburne appears to think that Chastelard, loving desperately, as he ad-

mits him to have done, was not so much deceived as to the nature of Mary Stuart's passion. When Mary Beaton tells Chastelard that the queen "*loves him back*," he answers:

"I know her ways of loving, all of them:  
A sweet, soft way the first is; afterward  
It burns and bites like fire; the end of that,  
Charred dust, and eyelids' bitten thro' with smoke."

At the end of a dance Mary Stuart kisses Chastelard, saying, as she has danced him down, she gives the kiss for *courtesy*. She tells him not to bow his head—she is quite tall enough to reach his face and kiss him, which she does in the presence of Darnley, her future husband, and several of the Scotch lords, to their great anger and astonishment. This is an instance given by Mr. Swinburne, whose drama is tainted by the voluptuous sentiment so full in his other writings. We have no doubt that such were the frequent processes by which the *courtesies* of Mary stimulated to madness the passions of her knight.

## VI.

It was at the close of one of those evenings—which Mary, having freed herself from council and councilors alike, usually reserved to herself, her "four Marys," and a few others of her especial favorites—that Chastelard, performing for her amusement, had drunk in himself his most intoxicating draughts of enjoyment. Never was mistress more tender, seemingly more susceptible, more alive to the claims of his passion, and less reserved in the exhibition of her own. Always indulgent, if not compliant, she was, on this occasion, more than ever so; and compliance only seemed to wait upon solicitation. The beatings of his heart could not be controlled; and hers seemed ready—speaking from eye, lip, gesture—to respond eagerly to its wildest pulsations. He had just sung for her a new and passionate lay, the last production of his muse, and its exulting sentiment appeared to take full possession of her fancy. The "Marys" in attendance, not won by the charms of the song in the same degree with their

mistress, had, one by one, left the chamber, or had fallen into those polite slumbers which shut up the porches of the ear and leave no sense an avowed watcher. The two were virtually alone together, and the hand of Mary Stuart was closed upon that of the minstrel. It might have been simply the sympathy of poet with poet: it might have been only an expression of that courtly courtesy which sits so gracefully upon a superior, when that superior is free from all apprehension lest the recipient of favor shall presume upon it: it might be that dalliance of the court of France which suffered to Love a license which Power in that court was, at certain periods—at that very period, indeed—but too apt to indulge, not having the fear of God in its eyes, and as little regardful of public opinion.

Chastelard knew that court too well, and his own passion readily persuaded him to a conviction of hers. His hands clasped hers in return. What he said he himself knew not. The wild passion which he had kept caged so long had broken its bounds at last; and in the avowal of his audacious flame he dared also to avow his *hope*, and to implore its encouragement.

## VII.

SHE arose. She released herself from his hold. She stood before him, looking down upon him, still kneeling at her feet. For a while she seemed fixed by the powerful fascination of his apostrophe. There was a sweet confusion in her face, which seemed to give the encouragement which he implored. She did not speak. She could not. It is not, indeed, impossible that, youthful and ardent, highly intellectual, exquisitely susceptible to the influences of music, grace and courtly accomplishment—all of which were so conspicuously blended in Chastelard—the queen, for a brief space, forgot herself in the woman. It is just possible that his presumption did not then seem so heinous in her eyes as, possibly, it afterwards appeared.

But she recovered herself, looked

around for the attendant "Marys," and, as they were absent, or still seemed to sleep, she addressed a glance full of equal sadness and softness to the offending minstrel. He still knelt and still entreated, though now in broken murmurs. His noble figure; his graceful attitude, his wild, penetrating and impassioned eye; the free, bold gesture; the eloquent speech; the wild earnestness, intensity, almost *rage*, of his passion, were still telling upon all her senses—were all so many powerful advocates, not merely for forgiveness, but for a corresponding love.

That, in a less elevated station, the woman might have cherished a passion which the queen of Scotland did not dare to allow, is far from improbable; for, as mere man, irrespective of rank, who, of all her court, could surpass the pleader before her?

But could Mary of Scotland love at all? She had been reared under the eyes of Catharine de Medicis, one of the most cunning and subtle of all those serpent-women who have so often deluded and defrauded all the nobleness in man. We have no reason to doubt that she shared in all the subtlety, knew and practised all the arts, of the queen-mother, and had stifled all the natural passions of her sex in the one passion for power. She was, ordinarily, cool and calculating; had great shrewdness; was circumspect, though capricious; voluptuous, but unloving; the basilisk of beauty, combining, with the fascinations of a Cleopatra, all the spells of a Circe.

At the very moment when Mary had been grasping Chastelard's fingers, and while her kiss was pressed upon his cheeks, she was the betrothed wife of Darnley! She knew that she could no longer palter with a wild passion such as that of Chastelard's, however much it pleased her vanity to enjoy his adoration, and contributed to the sort of enjoyment which had become her habit. It was necessary to rebuke the passion in him which she herself had provoked, and silence that pleading which was yet always grateful to her ears. Yet she could not bring herself to do it harshly,

or utterly to disabuse him of the faith which had built so confidently upon her sympathies. She played a game which, whether in politics or love, had become habitual.

"This must not be, Lord Chastelard. You forget yourself—you forget me! You presume too much upon that favor—already a subject of complaint in my court—which I have been fain, and, it seems, foolish, to bestow upon you. What take you me for, young man? Think you that I am a child, to be imposed upon by professions?"

"Madame, my queen—" he interposed, as if about to asseverate. She silenced him with uplifted voice and finger:

"Would you teach me, too, to forget the vast difference and distance between us, as you seem to have forgotten it? Be wise in time—be more modest with Fortune. She will favor those who *wait*, but punishes *impatience*. Go to; and beware lest the lesson come too harshly, and from other tutors, who shall hardly prove so indulgent and forgiving as you have found me."

"There can be no harsher tutor to my heart, most sweet sovereign," was the unflinching and unhesitating answer of the enamored poet, "than your own brow, thus frowning upon me; and the only death which I dare not encounter is that which is accompanied by your anger. Say, then, that you forgive me the offence, which is that only of a too unmeasured love. Disperse the cloud which hangs above your brow, speak the words of forgiveness to my soul, or I rise from this spot no more! Here will I grovel at your feet—here receive the stroke of the executioner. Better to perish here, prostrate, with all the devotion of my heart, assured that you must then pity me, even though you suffer me to perish."

There was no cloudy anger about the brow of Mary Stuart. The rebuke was in her language only, which her looks, in the eyes of the pleader, may seem to have belied. She answered him still mildly, gently, even tenderly, as if unwilling to forego the homage which a stern policy may have required her to

rebuke. Love (so called), in whatever excess or of whatever quality, was never, at any time, held to be an unpardonable offence in the eyes of Mary Stuart.

"The vain flattery of your speech does not deceive me, my Lord Chastelard, as to the presumption of your heart; but I forgive and pity the delusion which persuades you of your high place in mine. I believe that you do not feign in respect to your passion. It were perhaps better for you if you did. I will not think that you seek dishonestly to practise upon me with a simulated passion. But, real or simulated, the language of this passion must no longer assail mine ears. You must curb your speech, if you may not restrain your fancies, and indulge no more in hopes above your condition which are so disparaging to mine. I am your sovereign, to whom you owe allegiance—not the fellow-subject upon whose sympathies and affections you may make claim, as if the terms were equal between us."

"And are you less my sovereign, sweet princess, because I love as well as serve and obey? Does the passion which now speaks in my spirit, and warms it into a deathless devotion to thine, make me forgetful of that homage of the subject which it thus doubly secures to thee? I know thee for my queen—one too indulgent to my merits—one graciously forgiving to my faults. But not merely as my sovereign do I know thee. It is not the authority of state alone, though shrined in thy person, whom the rights of inheritance or the voice of a people have enthroned in power, that the soul of Chastelard regards in the person of Mary of Scotland. It is not the bauble of sovereignty, the symbolical wand and the splendors of a regal crown which dazzle the senses of Chastelard and woo his fancies to desire. These claim from me submission, but not that fealty which makes my allegiance a devotion—my loyalty a love, such as belongs only to the high natures, purified by courtesy, who can rise through noble passions above the shows of state or the attractions of power. I know Mary Stuart as the

woman, not less than as the queen. It is as the woman, beautiful and graceful above all her sex, that she commands my homage, even as she spells my heart. My head may acknowledge her sway—it is my heart which *feels* it; and, beholding you, my princess, as far above the sex to which you by nature belong, I feel sure that you possess that supreme virtue of the sex, in superior degree, which recognizes in love the sweetest and noblest of all sovereignties. It is the royalty of rule over hearts which is the best pride of your own—a pride grown into a passion, and strengthened there hourly by the natural craving of such a heart for a devotion such as mine. You do not esteem royalty as the blatant herd, who behold the power in its pageant, and its key to human sympathies in the gaudy symbols of authority. I have not watched and worshiped, O my queen—lingering to watch and worship when all were gone, and when I well knew that most were insincere and hollow—to doubt that your soul was as much superior to the vain trappings of your state as it is to the sex of which you are yourself the soul and cynosure. Can you wonder that I, who worship the woman, should sometimes forget the authority which, with the lowly worshiper, still hedges in the queen. Alas for Love, O most sweet lady, if this be not his divine privilege! For how shall brave and generous souls regard those toys of a mere human arrangement which seek to make of the free spirit a reined and fettered thing, and would subdue and bind fond affections and honest passions according to cold, chartered limits of the vulgar law? Alas, for me! that I have not willed free submission to such bonds! Alas, if I have deceived myself in the fancy that you too cherished the soul to soar above them! If it be *not* so—if it be that your graciousness hath deceived my hope, and that you permit the queen to make chill the virtues in the woman—then is my offence mortal. But I prefer rather to die than to think this. I dare not, my princess, so deny you as to believe that a spirit

so finely wrought as yours in all that makes the blessing, the beauty and the charm in woman, can suffer the usurpations of state and society to abridge her proper province in the affections—her sway over hearts—her fond compliance with the calls of her own, in response to the earnest supplications of another heart.”

Unstudied or premeditated, the address of Chastelard caused the queen to muse in silence, while she took three slow strides from him away, returning to where she stood a moment after. She was still not unwilling to *play* with the affections which she did not care to satisfy. She spoke, however, with an increased air of severity, having seemingly deliberated what to say:

“And granting all this, my Lord Chastelard—suppose it as you say, that I am still too much the woman to be utterly the queen—that I *do* nurse human affections—that I have a heart to feel and to suffer—and that, superior to the requisitions of state, I may be supposed willing to share my state with the very meanest of my subjects, even at my will—by what divination is it that you persuade yourself that *you* are the one, over all, to be preferred by Mary of Scotland?”

#### VIII.

A GREAT white pallor suddenly overspread the face of the minstrel. He rose from the prostrate attitude which he had so long maintained—rose slowly, with great apparent calm—rose in silence, and stood before her for a moment, with folded arms and head bending forward with the keen humiliation which he felt. Then he spoke:

“Sharply, my sovereign, have you spoken. Sternly have you rebuked that madness of my spirit which, perhaps unconsciously, you yourself have stimulated. It was necessary, perhaps, that the same power which occasioned the madness should find the remedy. It is one of which my heart never once conceived—one from which the pain goes rather into the heart direct than through

the brain. Verily, I have been the victim of a great delusion. It had been my thought—and one most fondly cherished, as it had made appeal to humanity against state and to affections as against mortal pride—that there were spirits in the world made as sovereign by nature as by any human creation of society; and my further fancy, queen of Scotland, was, that even such a spirit was thine. It is like one awakening from the dead under the summons of the last trump. Such words from thy lips, as reprove all this fond fancy of my brain, I dare not yet believe that I hear aright. I might believe, my princess, that thou couldst deny the prayer and reject the plea; but that thou shouldst mock the pleader, whom thou hast brought on—”

“Beware, my Lord of Chastelard, of further trespass,” was her interruption.

“Oh, madame! I am guarded by my wound! The poison rankles where the thorn hath gone, and offers check to the vain speech which would babble in idle complaining of its hurt. So long, madame, as the love was denied because of its offence against the forms and interests of state, the victim might fold hands and sink forehead in sad submission; but that the woe should follow so close upon the wile —”

“Beware, my lord!”

“Aye, madame, I will beware! I will tame my speech to the color of my fortunes; but I cannot deny to my own heart the last free, full expression of its passion, even though I behold the sharp sword which is to rebuke it emerging from the cloud. Aye, though I perish in the speech, I tell thee, Mary Stuart—not the less, even now, however hopeless thou hast declared my passion to be—however much thou mayst scorn the lowly worshiper that has presumed to lay the heart of a subject upon the shrine of a sovereign—that I still dare to look on thee with eyes of love. Humbled, as thou hast sought to make me feel this hour—that pride which was never humbled before man—I dare to repeat the offence which is my glory, even though it be made my shame. Yes, Mary of Scotland, I, Pierre de Boscose de Chas-

telard, have loved you as no man hath ever loved; do love you still as no man can ever love again, and dare to tell it you; and tell you more, madame—that the heart thus loving is worthy of the love of any woman, even though that woman be Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. I cannot silence the speech of that passion which knows its own honesty. I can no longer school the nature which I have from heaven to its own violation, because of any earthly law or earthly danger. If it be a crime to love thee, Mary Stuart, then am I the greatest of all criminals in thy kingdom; and I dare affirm that, whatever may be the event, there shall not be an added hour of my life when my crime shall not grow upon me, defying even the terrors of *thy* doomsmen.”

This burst of passion found the queen unprepared. So sudden had been the transition from a mortified humility to the loftiest attitude of dignity; so brave was speech and manner; so graceful, yet with such overflow of emotion, that Mary Stuart's eyes followed each change of feature or of action with an expression of involuntary admiration; and, for a moment, the heart, permitted to speak out, asked of itself—

“Oh why am I not permitted to love this man?”

But her lips soon spoke another language. She had a game to play; and Mary Stuart was a great gamester, playing with hearts or heads. She could be cool even in her heat; could kiss while she motioned for the axe. She answered, after a pause, not honestly as she felt at that moment, but according to the rôle, self-prescribed, which she deemed necessary to her own career. She must rebuke, and yet how very sweet was the homage which she must punish—which, even then, she meditated to punish! She must rebuke sweetly too, as was her habit, even though she was toying in secret with the axe.

“You are bold, Chastelard—over bold to your queen. Yet, where there is honesty in love, surely something must be forgiven. Very faithful has your knighthood been to me. And I—I can

forgive the love, though it offends, and only entreat of it to beware that it do not trespass beyond forgiveness. If love be a great virtue, it must make allies with wisdom. It must take prudence with it as private counselor. It must be content to serve and not to say—must take as a favor the smile or the kiss which is bestowed by courtesy—shall make no demands as of right. You, Chastelard, have long been one of the fairest gentlemen of my court. Have I not shown myself sensible of all those beautiful gifts of nature and of art in thee which lift thee above all the nobles who surround me? Do I not delight in thy matchless skill of voice in song, in thy sweet makings in poesy, and in that delicious minstrelsy which hath soothed so many of my saddest hours, and which thy skill so cunningly awakens?"

He shook his head, and strode to and fro impatiently, saying:

"Speak not of toys—song and poetry—O queen of Scotland, when thy heel is trampling the very life out of my heart!"

She continued, however, as if he had not spoken:

"Why wilt thou deny me—deprive me of these delights? Why compel me, with this imprudent rage of thine, to shut mine ears and eyes against thee, if *I may not shut my heart?*"

"Ha!" and he caught her hand.

"Be chary of thy speech, my lord—thy look, thy act! Thy lips and mine have of late prattled too freely. There are eyes of jealousy upon us—of hate; and these, my subjects, are, in a manner, the sovereigns over their sovereign, whom she dare not oppose or offend. Seest thou not the malignant temper which this gross zealot, Knox, shows me—not scrupling to slander, to denounce, and even to defy me? And wilt thou, in the madness of a passion which professes such devotion to its object, make sacrifice of the object to the hate of those who watch and wait only to destroy? Pursue me not, therefore; for, whatever be the feelings of my woman-nature, my reason tells me that there is death in this danger. Chastel-

ard, I were loth to lose thee; but, gentle servant, hadst thou not better return to France? Waste not time. Suffer not the grass to grow beneath the feet of thy escaping steed; and, by sails and oars, make thy way to our own best beloved and beautiful country. Fly from this, dear servant; and if thou canst not forget Mary of Scotland, or lose thy love for her, keep it warm in thine own bosom, and behold her only from a distance. Thy safety and mine both demand thy flight."

Her hand was laid tenderly on his arm as she spoke. Her eyes looked into his with a tenderness almost as intensely eager as his own; and while her words said "Fly!" her looks denied them, and to his eyes seemed only to say, "Remain! Fly not, but stay with me for ever!" So he construed their language, and he replied accordingly:

"O lady! O mistress most beloved! I cannot fly! I will not leave thee. I dread not the danger, and can look smiling on the death while I can still gaze on thee, and even though I see my doom written in the face that I adore."

Alas, for Love! His doom was already written in her brain, if not upon her face or heart.

#### IX.

IN the drama of Mr. Swinburne he has worked up these scenes with a wonderful degree of art-subtlety, which will commend his volume to all those profounder students in verse who are prepared to pass from art into close and keen psychological analyses. To that class of readers who must read poetry as they run—to whom it must be entirely and merely lucid, portable commonplaces, put up in good set rhythms and rhymes—such writings as Mr. Swinburne gives us here will be unendurable. They will fail utterly to discern the exquisite half-meanings, delicate veiled shades of meaning, significant breaks of thought, which yet convey the thought by leaving the speech imperfect—the nice underlines, undertones and undercurrents of feeling

or passion, so exquisitely articulated that the ear, mind and sensibilities of the reader are all required to cling close to the occult idea which lies low, and needs that we follow the merest wisp of fancy or of feeling to penetrate the dim abode where they lurk. Mr. Swinburne proposed to himself this very sort of labor. He undertook to solve an historical problem by the analysis of a complicated and terribly sophisticated nature. Mary Stuart was the problem three hundred years ago. How solve it? Between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Froude (the historian) the means for its solution are now, for the first time, in the hands of the student. Mr. Swinburne's work is one of art, in which every point is so studied out and so discriminated that the characteristics of Mary are made clear, with all their complications—her voluptuous nature, her habitual cunning, her hypocrisy, her wonderful arts of fascination; and all this is most beautifully done with a delicate pencil; light and shade so happily intermixed, half blending, without strong contrast, so softly, and with such side insinuation, that the drama is one which will exercise and reward protracted study in that most delicate of all studies—that, namely, in which the fancy rises into psychological development, blends with the imagination only for occult discovery, and constitutes that higher form of poetry which appeals equally to the reason, the spiritual nature and the affections. Of Mary's arts of fascination, and whence they spring, he gives us some passages of a dialogue among her attendant "Marys." Mary Hamilton says:

"She has always loved Love's fashions well. You wot  
The marshal, head-friend of this Chastelard's,  
She used to talk with ere he brought her here,  
And sow their talk with little kisses, thick  
As roses in rose-harvest? For myself,  
I cannot see which side of her that lurks,  
Which snares in such wise all the sense of men;  
What subtle beauty, subtle as man's eye,  
And tender as the inside of the eyelid is,  
There grows about her."

To which Mary Carmichael replies: she finds the fascinations of Mary to lie all in her cunning speech and in the manner of it, which she thus describes:

"The short and rapid shudder of her breath  
In talking—the rare, tender little laugh—  
The pitiful, sweet sound, like a bird's sigh,  
When her voice breaks,—her talking does it all."

Mary Seyton ascribes the charm so indescribable to

"Her eyes, with those clear, perfect brows:  
It is the playing of those eyelashes—  
The lure of amorous looks as sad as love—  
Plucks all souls toward her like a net."

Mary Beaton says:

"When she broke off the dance,  
Turning round short and soft—I never saw  
Such supple ways of walking as she hath."

The same Mary Beaton asks Chastelard in what measure, and for what, he loves the queen—the same Mary Beaton, by the way, being, in this drama, made to love Chastelard herself, and she becomes a chief agent in one of the principal incidents of the story. To her question he replies thus—and this will afford the reader a just idea of the general and more elevated style of the drama—

*Chastelard.* "I know not: it may be  
If I had set mine eyes to find it out  
I should not know it. She hath fair eyes: maybe  
I love her for sweet eyes, or brow, or hair;  
For the smooth temples, where, God touching her,  
Made blue with sweeter veins the flower-sweet white;  
Or for the tender turning of her wrist?  
Or marriage of the eyelid with the cheek;  
I cannot tell: or flush of lifting throat—  
I know not if the color get a name  
This side of heaven—no man knows; or her mouth—  
A flower's lip with a snake's lip, stinging sweet,  
And sweet to sting with: face that one would see,  
And then fall blind and die with sight of it  
Held fast between the eyelids:—oh! all these,  
And all her body and the soul to that,  
The speech and shape and hand and foot and heart,  
That I would die of!" etc.

Mr. Swinburne's method has been to treat his subject in nice details of suggestion, involving less of action than fine studies of character, manner, sentiment and minute analyses of that conventional life in which courtly love, in those days—in France, at least—had its training and education. How far this affects quality, character, temper, so that these, when deciphered, shall be possessed of a deeper interest than mere action, is the aim of the dramatist; and, *en passant*, we commend the performance of Mr. Swinburne as well calculated to please and exercise the minds of all to whom the latent and the occult in human and

in woman nature are subjects of curiosity and delight.

X.

WE need hardly say that the *manner* of Mary Stuart, in conflict with her counsels, was more persuasive than her counsels were commanding. Indeed, in the very moment when her words were most imperative and embodied most rebuke, her tones and air were well calculated to neutralize them. Her subtlety defeated her own avowed object; and, even at a time when she was deliberately considering Chastelard's death, she was tacitly persuading him not only to live, but to live in the fostering hope of her affections.

Mr. Swinburne has made much of this portion of his material. His management of the scenes between Mary Stuart and Chastelard at this stage of the action, and when she had reached these conclusions, is very fine, exquisitely touched by a most delicate pen—subtle, nice, elaborate, and beautifully studied out. Our own narrative must be simpler of design and less heedful of details.

The counsel of the queen was thrown away upon the minstrel because of the artifice of the woman. At the close of the interview he obeyed her commands to withdraw, and left her to her devotions before retiring for the night.

What were those devotions? Alas for poor human nature, which prostrates itself before the Deity, and invokes blessing at the very moment when the heart is most occupied with the desires and passions of the world! It is thus that we perpetually deceive ourselves, and deem that an ostentatious homage will delude the Deity, even as it deludes ourselves. The story approaches its crisis. Her devotions were interrupted. How, we shall see hereafter. Mr. Swinburne shapes this part of the tale to adapt itself to his drama. According to his narrative, Mary Beaton, one of the attending "Marys," is herself deeply, nay, desperately, enamored of Chastelard. Their intercourse, in which she is very loving, and he rather cold and

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indifferent, is discovered and reported to Mary Stuart by Mary Seyton. Her jealousy is aroused, and from this moment she decides that Chastelard is treacherous to herself, and determines on his destruction. Meanwhile, Mary Beaton, seeing his preference for Mary Stuart, which he freely avows to her, seeks, by a singular abnegation of self, to conciliate his affections in assisting him in his designs on the woman of his real passion. She pledges herself that, on the wedding-night of the queen with Darnley, she will secure for him entrance to the queen's chamber; and she does so. The scene that follows, in the drama of Mr. Swinburne, is well worth perusal. It is one that we have no space to analyze, seeing that it involves all the complications and contradictions in the character of Mary Stuart, and illustrates her hypocrisy, if not her coldness of heart. We confine ourselves to the condensation of the most simple facts in the affair.

Led by a private entrance to the queen's chamber, Chastelard concealed himself in a recess, the unsuspected witness of the queen's private worship, and a hearer to her most private thoughts and feelings. According to Mr. Swinburne, his purpose was a refined method of proving her to the soul. The historians have been content to present it as the simple result of a passion beyond his own control, and for which the indulgent conduct of the queen had seemed to give him full encouragement.

Mr. Swinburne gives us a long dialogue between them, and makes Mary respond to his kisses and yield him assurances of a passion like his own; but he sublimates the sensuous in the scene by the sad, stern assurance of the queen that he must nevertheless die; and he admits that he must die. She implores his departure, however, and urges him to save himself; for, if taken here—

"If you stay this foolish love's hour out,  
There is not ten days' likely life in you."

She counsels immediate flight:



"Sweet, by my life,  
You shall be saved by taking ship at once."

He admits the probability of his fate, but will not depart. She entreats him with kisses—implores, with renewal of love-assurances; and this but confirms him in the resolution to remain, satisfied with the bliss of the moment, reckless of the consequences, and indifferent to all besides. He will stay and abide the issue; and so he does, in spite of her tears and protestations, until Darnley enters the chamber, and discovers him, when the guards are called, and he is taken out of the queen's chamber to the king's prison. He offers no resistance. Though fearless in battle as he was audacious in love, he is prepared for the sacrifice. So both historian and dramatist seem to agree.

#### XI.

The trial of Chastelard by the proper legal authorities followed in due and rapid course, under the direction of the royal council. From the first, it was very well conceived that there was no loophole for the escape of the offender from judgment. The enemies of the queen, court and himself were too numerous and too powerful to suffer evasion or escape.

The trial was soon over, and the minstrel-knight was condemned to death. But the power lay in the queen's hands to reprieve or pardon him: would she exercise that power? There might be some danger to herself by her intervention. There was, at all events, much danger to her *reputation*. Already the suspicion was openly circulated that her intimacy with Chastelard was a guilty one. The stern Puritan reformers of the time, with Knox at their head, were free in their condemnation and denunciation. John Knox, a power in himself at that time, as well in England as in Scotland, and whom Mr. Froude pronounces the greatest and bravest man in Europe at this period, had been long bitterly hostile to the court and all its silken retainers. His antipathy was shared by the more powerful nobles of

the nation. We have no doubt that Mary Stuart would have saved the victim had she been prepared for any self-peril or self-sacrifice. It was a question how far her sympathies with Chastelard would serve to counterpoise her love of power, the policy which she deemed necessary to her safety, and the additional scandal which would fasten on her name should she interfere for the safety of one with whom she was already deemed to have compromised her honor. We have no reason to doubt that she would have pardoned him—saved him in some way—had it not been her apparent necessity to yield him up wholly to his and to her own enemies.

But she was not wholly silent. If she did not herself undertake his relief by the exercise of the sovereign power, she at least made earnest appeals to his judges for the commutation of his sentence. The more she pleaded, the more resolute they became in opposition; and she was silenced at last, most effectually, when told that her prayers in his behalf would be construed against her own innocence—would be charged to the worst of criminal attachment—arguing, indeed, a foregone conclusion to this effect. To this it was impossible to reply; and the queen, either scorning or fearing to answer the foul insinuation, pained and exhausted, sank back upon her cushions and covered her eyes as against the event.

Chastelard, in reply to his judges, spoke in terms of knightly sentiment, and with the grace and dignity which was habitual to him.

"I do not speak," said he, "that I may not die. I would not avert the stroke of judgment, since it is clear to me, now, that I should henceforward only live in vain. And since I may no longer *hope to live* (looking tenderly and reproachfully at Mary), why should I shrink from death? I, and I alone, am guilty. As for those malignant slanderers who shame themselves, and would shame humanity, by foul imputations upon the most pure as the most beautiful of all earthly creatures, I would only plead for the privilege of defying them, one and

all, at the point of the sword. Yield me but the privilege of knighthood—open the lists of battle-ordeal according to the laws of chivalry—and send against me each and every assailant of the honor of my queen; and, if God's justice be in such ordeal, I will pile up such a hecatomb of sacrifice with my own weapon as shall witness, to the realm, to the world and all future ages, in defence of the innocence of Mary Stuart. But this you will not do. You dare not! Enough. I do not plead for life. I am criminal—the *only* criminal—if it be crime to love warmly and unwisely, and to forget all considerations, even for the safety of the beloved one, in the wildness of my most desperate passion. Alas, the adoration which I have felt for a mortal creature has made me forgetful of what was due to Divinity! Let me," said he, now addressing the queen herself, "let me, O most beautiful and beloved princess! do this, my only atonement for the offence which I have offered to you. It is but meagre justice to your heavenly purity that I say to this people, who now sit over me in judgment, that my rash passion was no less ungracious in your eyes than it has shown itself criminal in theirs. This, indeed, is my great sorrow; since the chains with which they have loaded these once free limbs, and the insolent speech and suspicion which they have poured into these once undishonored ears, and which, with my sword free, had been the instant smiting of the slanderer, and the ignominious death which they have decreed me, would be all as nothing—would be welcome as the richest boon and blessing—if that I could dream that thou, too, hadst felt or could feel some of that wild passion in thy bosom which thy beauty hath so fatally enkindled in mine!"

## XII.

IN the drama of Mr. Swinburne, Mary Beaton visits Chastelard in prison and brings him a reprieve from the queen. According to the dramatist, she had really taken this dangerous step, the

evil consequences of which may only be conjectured. That Chastelard himself apprehended these evil consequences, on account of this action of the queen, may be inferred from the speech which is put into his mouth by Swinburne:

"For this fair-faced paper of reprieve,  
We'll have no riddling to *make death shift sides*;"

and he tears up the paper. Her visit is followed by one from the queen herself. The scene, in Mr. Swinburne's story, is one of great sweetness and delicacy. The queen declares her attachment, but trembles for her reputation. She solicits the return of the reprieve, not having yet been apprised of its destruction. "Deny me not," she entreats:

"For your sake mainly: yea, by God, you know  
How fain I were to die in your death's stead,  
For your name's sake. This were no need to swear.  
*Lest we be mocked to death with a reprieve,*  
*And so both die, being shamed.* What shall I swear?  
What, if I kiss you? . . . . . Come!  
I know you have it about you: give it me!"

He denies that he has the paper or can restore it to her. She doubts him, believes he desires to use the reprieve, and reproaches him with cowardice; and he shows her the document torn up and lying at her feet. We spare farther quotations from a scene of intense passion—passion such as chivalry had refined with all the adroit and exquisite capacity of language, as well in what is forborne to be said as in what is spoken. We must hurry to the closing scene.

With a refinement of cruelty such as attended Mary Stuart through life, and always, perhaps, as the strict result of her own imprudences—to call them by no harsher name—she was compelled to sit in a latticed chamber overlooking the scene of the knight-minstrel's execution. This torturous measure was deemed necessary, in order the more fully to exonerate her from the suspicion, urged by her enemies, that, having first tempted and sinned with the criminal, she had afterwards betrayed him to his doom. Such had been her convicted subtleties that there was little difficulty, among those who knew her rightly, in this belief; and in this belief she was held to

realize the famous ideal of the Basilisk. It was deemed essential, as in some degree to prove her innocence, that she herself should appear to have sent him to death, and should seem to exult in his just punishment.

The minstrel-knight was brought to execution on the 22d February, 1653. His conduct at the altar of sacrifice was not that of one who felt his death to be a death of degradation. It was marked by the most enthusiastic bravery. He rejected all aid from the confessor, and, having first recited aloud Ronsard's cele-

brated "Hymn on Death," he turned to the chamber where the queen was known to be sitting, and through the lattices of which her form could be imperfectly seen, and, after a moment's pause, exclaiming, "Farewell, loveliest and most cruel princess that the world contains!" knelt firmly and gracefully down before the block. A single piercing shriek from the latticed window announced the moment of execution, and the queen fell into a swooning fit as the dismembered head rolled away from the gory trunk along the scaffold.

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## CULTURE.

**T**HE mere mechanism of education is attracting a reasonable degree of public attention. Legislative bodies find time to consider laws providing and perfecting State systems of schools, the object of which is to furnish instruction for the whole people. Questions are discussed in reference to school houses, school furniture, school apparatus, school management, and school supervision. Statistics are carefully compiled giving information as to the number and cost of schools, the salaries of teachers and the attendance of pupils. The whole anatomy of school work is becoming tolerably familiar through the agency of books and periodicals devoted to the consideration of subjects appertaining to it, and through the educational meetings which have been held in all parts of the country. In other words, the age is quite skillful in constructing educational mills, and in providing them with the necessary machinery for performing the work of grinding out scholars; but it does not seem generally known that human minds are not simply grists to be ground, all in the same time, in the same manner, and with the same power.

The purpose of this paper is, if possible, to divert a share of public attention from the channel of the stream to

its fountain, from the house to its occupant, from the dead body to the living soul, from the mere externals of an education to the nature of the mind itself and the mode of its development. The problem proposed for solution is **CULTURE**—its End, its Means, its Conditions, and its Power.

### THE END OF CULTURE.

The end of all educational culture is human perfection—ripened manhood. In this end all others centre. The true educator has an ideal man or an ideal woman that he is ever laboring to realize in the children committed to his care. This ideal embraces all the perfection—physical, intellectual and moral—which he can conceive of as attributable to human beings; and all the perfection possible to human beings in this life is the end toward which he constantly directs his longing aspirations.

But while human perfection is the proximate end of all well-directed culture, its ultimate end must be sought in the purposes subserved by that perfection. The duties man is appointed to fulfill may be readily embraced in three great classes: those he owes to himself, those he owes to his fellow-men, and those he owes to God. For the per-

formance of these duties he "lives and moves and has his being"—performing them, he accomplishes his destiny.

Man must perfect himself for his own sake. He is a man. He stands at the head of the animal creation, its lord and ruler, and should make himself a type of manly beauty, strength, skill, energy and excellence. In his soul there are constantly upspringing aspirations for the true, the beautiful and the good, and he must do violence to all that is highest and holiest in his nature, or educate himself. He is called upon by the most important considerations that can influence human conduct to develop and ripen all the fruit the germs of which God has planted in his heart.

Man must perfect himself for the sake of his fellow-men. A savage can very poorly discharge his duties as a son or a brother, as a husband or a father, or as a citizen. All the social evils that have blackened the pages of history, that have filled the world with misery or reddened it with blood, have resulted from the want of intellectual and religious culture. Perfect man in the sense in which Christ says "Be ye perfect," and order and harmony will prevail in the family, in the Church and in the State, and the blessed angel of peace will spread her white wings over all the world.

Man must perfect himself for the sake of serving God. His powers are talents committed to his care, and he must so use them as to increase them both in number and value. As in the acorn lies a germ which may develop into a future oak and give ornament to the forest, so in a child there exist capabilities which, if well cultured, may assume a form truly divine and fit their possessor for the society of angels. Nothing is more plainly written upon the constitution of man than that his Maker designed him to be educated. If otherwise, why is he made capable of learning? Why does he long to know? Why has he any wish to rise higher—to be better? What mean those tendrils of his mind which stretch out from the darkness here toward the infinite, the eternal, Heaven,

God? The Bible, on every page, calls upon men to "come up higher"—to add knowledge to knowledge, virtue to virtue.

#### THE MEANS OF CULTURE.

Man and nature correlate. Mind and matter constitute but one universe, all the parts of which have their adaptations and relations. Mind is sovereign and matter is subject. Out of these relations and dependencies grows the possibility of culture. Its means are all things that can be made to bear an objective relation to mind; or, borrowing the terms made use of by metaphysicians, the *me* may receive culture from the whole of the *not-me*. We have taught in our schools Language, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy, History, all of which are narratives of the facts or abstractions of the principles of nature. The world itself is a great school house, well equipped with all the necessary appliances to make good scholars and noble men of all who choose to learn.

But, more particularly, means have been provided for the culture of the body. Nature furnishes to all who worthily seek them, food, air, light, heat, protection from the elements, and opportunity of exercise. No bodily want has been left unprovided for. Agents even have been supplied calculated to relieve pain and cure disease.

Means as abundant have been provided for the culture of the mind as of the body. The world teems with facts beneath us, around us, above us, which await the hand of the intellect to gather them, store them away and combine them into systems of science or make them the bases of arts. Each mental faculty has its special field in which to operate. There are objects for the powers of Perception, facts for the Memory, ideals for the Imagination, truths for the Understanding, and universal and necessary principles for the Reason. The susceptibilities are awakened and take their direction in view of objects. There is no one of them that is not adapted to our condition in life. We have an appetite for food, and nature furnishes it; we love society, and

we are surrounded with friends ; we are endowed with courage, and we need it ; we are gifted with a knowledge of right and wrong, with the feeling of kindness toward our fellow-men, with the sentiment of veneration toward a Supreme Being ; and surely all these native powers point to objects in the contemplation of which they may be made to grow and strengthen. So, too, the world has tasks calculated to evoke all the power of the Will. Savage nature must be tamed, knowledge must be acquired, and sin, in all its multifarious forms and with all its hideous devices, must be rooted out from the world. Man must lift himself above earthly things and rule them. His mission is to subdue nature, conquer himself, and triumph in spiritual freedom.

The means of mental culture are adapted to special tastes and talents. All men are not alike by nature. They differ in tastes, talents and temperaments. These diversities may be designed to fit them for different spheres in life or for different social duties. But whatever may be their design, they exist, and means of culture are adapted to them. If a man has a special talent for the study of some particular branch of knowledge, as Language, Natural Science, Mathematics, Metaphysics, he can find an ample field in which to exercise it. If he is fitted to become an artist, an artist he can become. No one can name a single talent with which men are endowed that of necessity they must bury in the earth. Places which pay usury can be found for all the talents of the world.

The means of mental culture are adapted to all the periods of life. The teacher of a little child can find means well suited for his discipline ; and, as the strength of his pupil increases, can at all times gather from the proffering hand of nature fresh materials adapted to the purposes of instruction, both in kind and quality. Nature is a toy-shop to the child ; a gymnasium, or a museum to the youth ; a library, a laboratory, a study to the philosopher. A child may play with soap-bubbles and be pleased with their forms and colors, while a Newton can find in them matter for an

abstruse science. The boy Linnæus learns the names of flowers as he walks in his father's garden—the man Linnæus prepares the "Systema Naturæ." On the surface of nature lie vast numbers of things which interest the young ; deeper down there are others which attract only maturer minds ; and beneath them all, and binding them all together, there are laws and principles which can be handled only by the wisest philosophers.

In addition to the means furnished for the culture of the body and the mind, means have also been provided calculated to give culture to our moral and religious nature. These are found, first, in our relations to our fellow-men. We are social beings, and as such we form the organizations of the family, the school, the church, the State ; and all these press duties upon us that call into active exercise our moral and religious faculties. In like manner these faculties are exercised in our efforts to alleviate sickness and sorrow, to do away with poverty and ignorance, to remove crime, to overcome the evils that curse the world, to elevate and ennoble the human family. Means of the same kind grow out of our relation to God. The soul can look upward toward heaven as well as downward toward the earth. In this higher world all who will may catch glimpses of great facts and truths which no study of material things can ever reveal. Here, our spirits may commune face to face with the Spirit of God, and, in thus communing, grow in grace and in the knowledge of heavenly things. Besides, to make spiritual truth clear to all sincere searchers for it, God gave us the Bible ; and to bring spiritual comfort to all who may be heavy laden with sorrow for sin, he sent into the world his Son, Christ Jesus, who suffered and died that men might be saved.

It thus appears that means are not wanting for the development and culture of the whole man—body, mind and soul.

#### THE CONDITIONS OF CULTURE.

Human culture has its conditions. Education is not creation. The horti-

culturist must conform his operations to the nature of plant-life. He knows that vegetable growth and fruitage are controlled by forces or laws that he is unable to change, and he cheerfully adapts his operations to them. The work of culture, as applied to man, too, is subject to conditions which promote, retard or neutralize it.

The most important of these conditions will be stated here under the name of laws.

*The Law of Descent.* The law of descent might be expressed thus: "Like produces like." From the beginning, all vegetables have yielded seed after their kind, and all animals have produced young after their kind, as God ordained when he created them. Culture may modify plants and animals in various ways and produce new varieties; but it has no power to change one plant or one animal into another of a different species. So man has a distinct being and a distinct destiny, and all teaching must be done in view of this fact.

The law of descent has a less general application. Horticulturists can improve vegetables and fruits and propagate their good qualities. Farmers can promote the growth of particular excellences in their stock and transmit them to succeeding generations. The little, insipid thorn-pear is said to be the parent of all our pears; and the hard, dry crab-apple has given birth to all our varieties of apples. Improvements equally striking have been made in horses, oxen, sheep and swine. Those who cultivate plants or breed stock recognize those qualities derived through the law of descent, and act in view of them. In accordance with a similar law, there can be no doubt that parents transmit to their children, subject to certain modifications, their own physical, mental and moral peculiarities. "There are," says Dr. Spurzheim, "family faces, family likenesses; and also single parts, such as bones, muscles, hair and skin, which resemble in parents and in children. The disposition to various disorders, as to gout, scrofula, dropsy, hydrocephalus, consumption, deafness, epilepsy, apoplexy, idiotism, insanity,

etc., is frequently the inheritance of birth." Common observation teaches us that peculiar tastes and special talents are transmitted from parent to child, or, what amounts to the same thing, that the qualities of brain which give rise to such tastes and talents are transmitted. It is no uncommon thing to meet with some families, embracing several generations, who possess great skill in spelling, writing, mathematics, language, or in some other art or science; and with others who are deficient in all these respects.

Children come into the hands of teachers with bodily and mental peculiarities derived from parents, and methods of culture must be modified by this fact. There is as much in family, in blood, in race among men as among animals. Some children inherit bodily and mental constitutions highly susceptible of culture, while others possess such as admit of but little improvement. Some are ambitious, aspiring, evince qualities of mind and heart truly noble, while others are content to seek mere animal ends and to live on husks. There are patricians and plebeians, princes and peasants, a real nobility and a vulgar commonalty; but the distinctions that mark true manhood come not from stars, garters, titles and insignia of rank, but from high-born qualities of soul and powers well improved, and are quite as likely to be found in the modest cottage as in the lordly castle.

*The Law of Talent.* In all culture there is something given. No human art can make something out of nothing, or of that which is inherently bad something which is inherently good. The teacher finds his pupils differ in their capabilities of culture, and in their disposition to use those capabilities. He finds some with an excess of power in one direction and a want of power in others—some with little power in any, and a few with great power in all. He cannot teach unmindful of these dissimilar endowments, and his work must therefore be modified by the law of talent.

For the highest culture there is wanted a strong and healthy body, a sound, vig-

orous and well-balanced mind, and a quick susceptibility to the action of spiritual forces that work out from the centre of our being and prompt us onward toward our destiny.

All minds are capable of culture, and no limits can be fixed to the capability of it. Progress is a universal attribute of mind.

Culture is not designed to subvert talent. Each man is designed for something, each has his place, and his individuality should be respected. It is not, or it ought not to be, the aim of education to make all men move on the same plane—to create a social dead-level. We want men whose talent enables them to rise like some tall mountain peak until it touches the clouds and breasts the storms that convulse the upper air, and we want men whose talent is as unambitious as the vale below, which, conscious of its merit, rests satisfied in its calm and quiet beauty.

*The Law of Growth.* Man is not built up: he grows. He is not a machine composed of parts artificially conjoined, but an organism composed of parts naturally connected. The forces that mould his life and character work up through his nature from within: they do not work down upon it from without. Culture is something entirely different from outward shaping, coloring, gilding: it is an inward growing toward perfection.

The end of culture is not attained by putting knowledge in the mind like goods are stored in a warehouse or clothes packed in a trunk.

The end of culture is not attained by applying any unhealthy stimulus. Educational hot-beds and forcing processes tend to weaken, not to ripen, the mind.

The end of culture is not attained by mechanical discipline. There is a kind of development, both bodily and mental, that is not true growth. It is formal, unsymmetrical, and induced from without. Trees send out the heaviest branches towards the light, and the strongest roots in the direction of the wind. In a similar way men are acted upon by circumstances, and receive a kind of

mechanical discipline. Children are so led and trammled and trained by thoughtless parents and unskillful teachers, and the artificial forms of society, that they have little chance for natural growth.

Deep down in the heart of a child lies the germ of manhood, with all its possible perfections. It will struggle to develop itself, and it is for the hand of culture to nourish, protect and aid its development. The soul can be cramped and distorted as the Flathead Indians flatten their skulls and the Chinese ladies compress their feet; but the true educator tenderly watches its natural growth and carefully regulates and promotes it.

*The Law of Appetite.* Scientific farmers use only those fertilizers which contain the elements that enter into the composition of the crop they wish to grow, and they take care to apply them at proper times and in proper quantities. Animals must have that kind of food which they can digest and assimilate, and it promotes their health and physical well-being generally to take it at proper intervals and in amounts neither too great nor too small. These facts illustrate what is here called the law of appetite. There is a similar law conditioning all culture.

The mind requires food as well as the body. There is a science of mental dietetics. Without digesting and assimilating its food, the mind can experience no healthy growth. With too little food, the mind must suffer want; with too much, satiety; with none at all, starvation; with that which is improper in kind, a loss of power in the effort to reject it, and a loss of tone from its injurious effects. Physicians hold that most of the diseases that afflict the human family have their seat in some functional derangement of the digestive organs; and perhaps it may yet appear that many of the irregularities of disposition, weaknesses of character and eccentricities of life, which sometimes amuse and sometimes annoy well-balanced men, have their source in a kind of mental dyspepsia.

Besides, mental appetites differ ac-

ording to age, sex, race, habits and psychological peculiarities. Mental food must be so prepared as to correspond to these differences. We want a chemistry that can clearly reveal the elementary powers of the human mind, and point out with some certainty the food best calculated to promote their healthy growth.

*The Law of Exercise.* The work of culture must accord with the law of exercise. It is by observing the law of exercise that all human power is evoked and all human perfection attained.

The law of exercise does not only apply to the body as a whole, but to its every organ; not only to the mind as a whole, but to its every faculty. No bone or muscle can be made stronger without using that bone or muscle. We improve our perceptive powers only by perceiving, our memory only by remembering, our imagination only by imagining, our judgment only by reasoning, our will only by willing. The amount of exercise it induces is a sure test of the value of every lesson given to a child.

Very few children have all their mental faculties in equal strength. It is not desirable they should have. But some of them may be too strong and need restraint, and some may be too weak and need special efforts to strengthen them. The law of exercise has therefore both a positive and a negative application.

The law, too, should be applied judiciously. A faculty that needs exercise may be exercised too little and its growth be checked, or too much and receive injury; and a faculty that needs restraint may be restrained too little and run riot, or too much and be crushed out entirely.

*The Law of Providence.* In cultivating plants, we know we have to deal with certain innate forces not in dead matter, like a piece of stone or a mass of earth.

In improving stock, we recognize, in addition to all that exists in the plant, other forces—mental forces—which modify our efforts.

In educating man, we have to conduct the operation in view of all that he possesses in common with plants and ani-

mals, and also in view of the spiritual nature which he has superinduced upon his vegetative and animal nature. Man's spiritual nature is the noblest part of him, and in its full breadth the educational problem consists in enabling that nature to triumph over all that opposes it—in establishing a kingdom in the human soul over which the Spirit shall reign undisputed sovereign.

God, through his Spirit, holds communion with our spirits. By our higher nature we have access to the heavenly world, angels bring answers to our prayers, and the Holy Spirit comes to prompt us in the way of well-doing.

By the law of Providence is meant God's interposition in the work of human perfection. His hand is ever stretched out to help the earnest soul in its struggle upward. Our consciousness reveals his constant presence; and instances of the conversion of a sinner, like Paul, and his subsequent growth in grace, reveal his power. Culture can do much to refine and ennoble, but there are elements ever at work in human development that it knows not how to handle, and it is sheer atheism to ignore them.

*The Law of Kindness.* The hand of a gardener must be a tender, careful hand, or his plants will not flourish. The wildest animals yield to kind treatment; and it is a well-known fact that horses are more gentle, and cattle fatten faster, if caressed and fondled by their owners. All healthy culture must take place in an atmosphere of love. If mere rough strength was the object aimed at, or a mere mechanical structure was designed to be built up in the mind, uninterested and unsympathizing hands might accomplish the work; but the more delicate duties that the ends of a true culture require can only be performed by those whose hearts are in what they do. Who has not seen little children shrink away and shudder under the cold words of an unfeeling teacher? As the smile of God's bright sunlight opens the budding petals of the rose and ripens the orange and the apple, so the trustful mind of a child opens its most hidden beauties and perfects its richest fruit only in the pres-



ence of one whose heart it confides in and whose hand is ever ready to care for it.

Large schools are apt to be cold ones. There are necessarily connected with them so much form and system that the affections have little room to play. In such schools the individual interests of the pupils are likely to be sacrificed to the general interests of the institution. A favored few may enjoy sunshine, but the neglected many must live in comparative darkness and gloom. No. 243 or No. 536 must come and go when called; but whether the blood in his veins is warm or cold, whether his soul is oppressed with doubts and fears or cheered with substantial assurances and high hopes, who can tell? In such an atmosphere somewhat that is dead may be made alive, but there must be much living death.

#### THE POWER OF CULTURE.

It is in place here to inquire, What can culture do? or, What is the power of culture?

The power of culture is shown in the plant world. All kinds of vegetable products can be improved by culture. Take, as examples among fruits, the apple, pear, peach and strawberry; among flowers, the tulip, rose and dahlia; among garden vegetables, the potato, tomato, bean and celery plant. The original stock from which all these came was very inferior to the varieties we now have; indeed, in some cases, it was hardly edible at all.

The same power may be seen in its effect upon animals. The wild horse on one of our Western prairies can be caught and tamed to patient labor. The ox, the camel and the reindeer can be taught to obey the will of man. Other and more striking, but sometimes less praiseworthy, examples can be seen by a visit to a menagerie, a circus, a racecourse or an agricultural fair.

The case of Dr. Windship, who can lift a ton or more, shows the strength which culture gives the body; the agility it gives is shown by the performances of the acrobat and the gymnast; and

the skill, by those who ply the needle, use the tools of the engraver's art, or play upon musical instruments.

But culture produces its most wonderful effects upon mind. A race of savages is only distinguished from the most highly civilized nations by a few centuries of culture. Culture is the mental mint that transforms the dull ore of the mines into bright and beautiful coin. Culture is to the mind what spring-time is to the vegetable world, causing it to live with new vigor and to bloom with new beauty. Culture is as the telescope to the astronomer, the capstan to the sailor, the reaper to the farmer, the sewing-machine to the queen of the household, the steam-engine to the traffic of the world. It multiplies power, so that one man can do the work of thousands. Culture gave Greece her excellence in art and Rome her greatness in arms; made Demosthenes a great orator and Plato a deep philosopher; endowed Chatham and Clay with power to entrance listening Senates; and bestowed a full, free, rich manhood upon men like Newton, Fenelon, Humboldt and Channing. To culture we owe our poetry, painting, music, science, philosophy; our St. Peter's churches, Mont Cenis' tunnels, American ironclads, palaces that ride upon the ocean, and telegraphs that stretch around the world. By culture man rules nature, and may lift himself up to the communion of angels.

But, with all its power, culture has its limitations. It is probably limited by the law that an excellence of one kind gained is at the expense of an excellence of another kind lost. Strength in a horse is often gained at the expense of speed. Trees seldom bear very full crops of fruit and very good ones at the same time. One member of the body is stronger if exercised by itself than if exercised in connection with the whole body; and persons possessing a remarkable development of one mental power are apt to be deficient in some other. If, therefore, we press culture too far in one direction, we may create weakness in a different direction. We seem to possess a certain amount of mental en-

ergy, and we can either use it in securing the culture of some special faculty, or expend it in the culture of all.

There are limits also to the power of culture arising out of the difficulties of communication. The literal conveyance of a thought from one mind to another is impossible. Words are but symbols, and cannot signify exactly the same thing to one who knows and to one who does not know. They are fruitful in the work of instruction when they awaken dormant thought and lead to new experience—when they *suggest*. There is something native to the mind that colors all that is communicated to it, and may either convert it to its own use or reject it entirely. Culture is the result of two factors—one acting from without, the other from within. Seeds will not grow unless their own inherent forces are started into life; so knowledge dropped into the mind lies dead unless vivified by influences emanating from the mind itself. Besides, all minds are not susceptible of high culture. It is not possible to create in a mind wholly destitute of them the nobler attributes of

manhood. "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning;" but there are minds with soils so poor that no educational tillage can render them fertile. If there is a process by which a fool can be made wise, it has not yet been discovered.

And, further, is there not something in the depths of the human spirit that no culture can reach? Can we make of ourselves just what we please? Is the destiny of the human family wholly in its own keeping? Is a child entirely at the mercy of his instructors? Can his individuality be altogether destroyed? Is there no Holy of Holies in the soul from which profane feet are excluded? It seems likely that the centre self, the heart of the soul, the "me," is open only to the enriching influences of the Spirit of God, and is much too sacred a thing to be submitted to the rough handling of mere human art. Out of this centre self, as a germ, grow our disposition, our character, our talent—all that individualizes us; and while culture can modify this growth, that which grows, being the direct gift of God and created in his image, is perfect from the first.

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### A WRECK UPON THE SHORE.

THERE is a curious fascination for me in the houses that line our regular Quaker streets. When I pass them at night, coming home belated from my down-town office, I think the feeling is strongest on me. The awful mystery of night deepens and darkens their mystery: they retire into their own shadows, holding their secrets close. But either by night or by day they turn their implacable faces toward me, dumb and unanswering as the Sphinx. Yet I know that within each of them the play is always being played—that even sleep does not bring surcease to the actors; that withinside there the curtain never falls. They may turn never such vacant faces to my questioning gaze, yet I know

that the tragedy, comedy or farce is always going on. In one I see the "extra light, flaming, flickering over the night," and I know that the innocent Sultan has gone to the city Ispahan, and that Rose-in-Bloom has prepared the feast and sits with her lover in the favorite room; or it may be Bluebeard's chamber, out of which leans Fatima, waving her silken signal to the princes rapidly approaching, but sometimes the princes do not come in time, and poor Fatima has waved in vain; or I see Clytemnestra hidden behind the purple curtain, and I know that her fingers hold the fatal knife, though it is concealed from me; or I see young lovers dreaming their beautiful dream of home; or a

grand old Joe and Joan going serenely down life's hill together; or I see a wonderful feast, at which a noble company sit, and, looking in at the pictured walls and the gilded rows of books, and hearing the wit and merriment, the poetry and wisdom, I know that there life leads on to gracious ends, full of a noble culture and adornment.

There is a house on one of these monotonous streets, directly opposite a noble mansion that is shaded in summer and guarded from the winds of winter by elms so old and venerable as to seem the growths of centuries. Only two or three years ago that house was my house; and I think that, in all the long time I lived in it, I never looked out of my window in the early dawning without silently thanking the owner of the grand old dwelling opposite for the pleasure I had in the sight of his generous garden and flowers and trees. I had only to raise my window in the fresh summer morning to inhale the sweet odors of roses, hear the songs of the birds and see the dew glistening on the delicate green of the grass. I was right in the city's brick-and-marble heart, and yet my neighbor's bounty enabled me daily to shake hands with Nature.

I was looking out at those old trees one late autumn day, when I saw a woman, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," stoop to kiss my little children, and when she had done that she put into the hands of each a gold coin, which was a surprising thing to see any lady do in those days, for even then the green-backed monster had swallowed all our golden eagles or driven them from the land. What she did made me observe very attentively this tall and beautiful lady, and the longer I looked at her great black eyes and the snaky coils of her purple black hair, and her tawny, orient skin, the more I did not like her. I remembered, just then, having somewhere read that Lady Macbeth had hair which was golden as the hair of Berenice, that her eyes had the blue of the sea in them, and that she was slight and fair. Only that I recalled this, I might have fancied that I saw the

lady of Glamis caressing my little ones, so like she was to my own dark fancy of that terrible woman. I saw that her hand was ungloved, that it shone with rare gems, and that nature had made it white as milk, and not a blood-spot stained it; yet I asked, How did Clytemnestra look? Was she of this fashion, dark, tall and beautiful as a Levantine queen? It was only a moment that the lady stood caressing the children: when she was gone I forgot her entirely until night, with its shadows, drove them in-doors, and their stream of talk began to run. They had but one subject that evening, the beautiful lady; and another, her golden coins. I listened, amused at first, then grew interested.

"Had they seen her often before?"

"Oh yes! often."

"Where?"

"By the fountain, in the Park, at Fairmount. Always just by the fountain."

"Had she ever given them money before?"

"Oh yes! often and often."

"She must be a very rich lady, my dears?"

"Oh no; she's not very rich."

"Not rich, eh? But she is very fond of you?"

"Oh, yes; very fond, and she wants us to go live with her in a beautiful house."

"Indeed! Did she mention where her beautiful house was?"

"But it isn't *her* house: it is her friend's, and he is going to give it to her, and we are to go live there with her."

"Do you know her name?"

"Yes; she told us that. It is Mrs. Margaret Dale, and she lives with Mr. Wagner, just down the avenue."

Having no more questions to ask, I kissed them good night and they went off to their beds.

Directly I called their nurse.

"Do you sleep in the children's room?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Sleep there to-night—and every night. Tell your mistress I desire it."

"Yes, sir."

She went out, turning at the door to

look back at me, her face an epitome of wonder. The beautiful lady puzzled me, and filled my mind with harassing suspicions, which were so slightly founded that I was ashamed to communicate them to even my wife. They lacked substance, and were as chimerical as the shadow of a dream. But they troubled me none the less.

The little ones were not my children absolutely, only mine in trust; yet I think my wife and I loved them dearly as if they had been of our own flesh and blood. I had had in my experience at the bar a number of trusts of various kinds imposed on me, but never another so agreeable as these little children were. We never had one of our own, and they came into our dull old house like sunshine and music: after a while they grew into our hearts, and were very precious to us, for the autumn-time of the year had fallen upon our lives, and somehow they made us young again, and brought us back to the full, free warmth and glow of the summer.

I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that their father was probably the greatest scoundrel I ever knew. These children he had treated with such diabolical inhumanity that I was not only enabled, on account of it, to rescue them from him, but I compelled him, to save himself from the exposure and contempt of a public trial, to execute a certain bond transferring to their use during all the term of their natural lives the sum of forty thousand dollars. This same bond made me their guardian and my house their home during their minority or my pleasure. I was quite certain that my pleasure would last during my lifetime.

It was a fact, suspected by a few people and well known to that man, that I was criminally careless of the custody of valuable papers—that they were generally thrust into the first drawer or box I touched after receiving them. He had seen me take that bond and toss it indifferently into my library desk when it was executed.

It was curious, but as I heard the merry voices of the children echoing

from the stairs, I thought of the bond lying carelessly in the desk, and at the same instant I thought of the beautiful lady. I cannot tell by what far-off suspicion or association they were brought together in my mind. The bond had lain there for two years unthought of, and the lady I had never seen before that day. Her name was vacant of meaning as falling water: it suggested nothing, recalled no one. Yet if I closed my eyes for an instant, as I sat there in the dim, fire-lighted room, I saw her rising up before me in her superb and dangerous beauty, saw her sinuous form, her snaky coils of hair, her deep black eyes, plainly as I had seen them only a while before; and I knew then by some mysterious teaching, well as I know to-day, after our struggle for that paper and my children is over, that she meant to rob me of them.

After a while I got up and went in to look at the bond. It was there quite safe, and lying where I had last seen it. But the next morning I carried it down to my office, and I believe I had never used the secret drawer of my safe until I closed its spring on that bond. I locked and double locked the iron doors, walked into the front room, came back again, took it from its hiding-place, placed it in a parchment envelope, sealed it with my great seal, and carried it into my next-door neighbor's, requesting that he would lock it up, and then stood by watching him as he did it.

"Will you remember," I asked, "that I will send no one for it—that you are to deliver it into no hands but mine?"

"Yes; I will remember," he said.

I went home early to my dinner that day, expecting to hear more of the beautiful lady from my children, but their golden dollars were spent, and they were silent about her. My dear, simple-hearted old wife, though, had seen her: the two ladies had met opposite my door. Mrs. Dale had stopped her to ask after the lovely children, and the gracious words of the inquirer had sent a thrill of pleasure throbbing through the pure breast of the dear wife, so that she felt as if she spoke to a friend in-

stead of a stranger; and straightway she told how they were her's only by adoption, that she had never had one of her own, that these little ones the Lord had given her to comfort and bless her old age, and that it gave her great happiness to hear their praises from a stranger's lips.

And I sat there over the walnuts and wine, rubbing my hands with intense satisfaction and a keen enjoyment of it all, just as I would have clapped them together at the theatre, seeing a favorite actor make a good hit; for I saw that the curtain had risen in my house, that the play had begun, and that my simple old darling had a part in it already, but knew nothing of it. I had my part, too, and the beautiful lady had her's. But a moment after I found less enjoyment in it, for I did not know then whether it might not be a real tragedy, instead of a comedy, on which the curtain had been raised in my quiet home; yet I knew that before it would fall again the beautiful woman and I would have a desperate struggle together for those little children, and I hoped I might win as I never had hoped for anything before.

I did not have to go back to my copy-books to know that patience was a virtue. I had learned that lesson a thousand times since leaving school, and I had learned something besides, which my copy-books had altogether ignored—that patience was its own reward, quite as much as all the cardinal virtues combined. So I bided my time after this, waiting for the stranger to give me my cue, knowing very well that sooner or later she would do it. But she was wary and patient too, and it was many days before she again appeared on the scene. When she did, it was to astonish the nurse by asking her if my wife did not require the services of a seamstress? Said the nurse, in her open-mouthed, Milesian wonder, "I thought you were a real lady: why should the likes of you want to be a seamstress?"

And the answer was, that she was not as rich as she seemed; yet it was not the money she so much wanted as a home among quiet gentlefolk, and to be

allowed to be near our children, whom she had grown to love as if they were her own; but her own were dead, and they would lie in her bosom no more. "And," said Annie, "as she spoke them words, the big drops coursed down her cheeks, and my heart was hurt for her."

I looked from the sympathetic Irish girl to the good wife, and I saw that "the big drops" were falling fast upon the bit of sewing in her hands.

"Tell her, Annie, that I have so little to do now that I could not keep a seamstress constantly engaged. It is a pity," she added, turning to me, "that we cannot offer her a home."

"But," I said, "you can. It is a little thing to do. Of course you will do it." And I meant that she should.

She was very happy in the opportunity, and the next time the lady paid a visit to my nurse she was asked to step into the library. My wife saw her there, offered her the situation, and very gently and delicately proffered the proper compensation, which was with equal delicacy declined.

"It is not money I want, but a home such as yours, where peace, religion and refinement abide; but, more than all, I wish to be near your lovely children. I am quite alone now—a widow, childless, craving a little love and sympathy;" and there she quite broke down, while great sobs shook her breast, and she sank down at the good wife's feet, clasping her knees, but in the next moment her head was lying on the pure old bosom, just as a real daughter's might have lain, had we been blessed with one.

But it was all settled at last between them, and the next day the beautiful lady was to become seamstress in ordinary and friend in distress to my wife.

In the evening the old darling told me all about their interview, and was rather hurt, I think, that she found no tears in my eyes, and heard me cruelly repeating a verse of the old legend of the Spider and the Fly.

The next day the lovely woman walked into my parlor.

Then I stepped over to the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, where I saw

a stoutish gentleman in very pronounced pantaloons and waistcoat, and who wore diamonds and had a cable chain, to which was attached a watch large enough, possibly, to anchor a ship, but unfitted for that purpose only because of its offering no projecting prongs or flukes. I said to him, "There is a lovely woman stopping at my house, and to prevent her finding it dull there, will you be good enough to give her a little of your company?"

He said he would; and although he looked far over my head and over the Philadelphia Library building; and although he never looked at any one object with both eyes at once for a single instant in all his life; and though, without turning either eye toward it, his watch-chain seemed to absorb him utterly and absolutely, until it appeared simply impossible that he ever could attend to or give his society to anything else in all the world,—I knew that he meant to be particularly attentive to the beautiful lady; for this stoutish gentleman was, and is, a famous member of the Detective Corps, and no rogue ever yet saw those two eyes looking over his head, while their owner was deeply intent on that watch-chain, without knowing that he was very near the end of his tether, and that for him St. Bartholomew's Day had already dawned.

He came to my house that very evening, carrying a well-filled carpet sack and looking altogether like a respectable country gentleman. I introduced him to my wife and to the lovely woman as my friend; and we gave him our best room, the one with the lace curtains about the windows and the bed, and he seemed to enjoy it all very much; but he early horrified my wife by filling the house with the strongest fumigations from the vilest cigars. He was not a great talker, and was the very deafest person I ever saw, but he was complimentary to the ladies, tender and frolicsome with the children, and apart from the smoke was a favorite. I said he was not a great talker, yet there was one theme on which he was always loquacious, sometimes even eloquent, viz.:

that of his late wife. "No doubt he was very tenderly attached to her," said my wife, "but he is quite ready to be equally attached to dear Mrs. Dale."

Indeed, it did seem as if my wife had guessed rightly; and if Perker had not been so very deaf and such a desperate smoker, I think the beautiful widow would have been as tenderly attached to him. But it was simply impossible that she could ever have accepted him, in the event of a proposal, without informing the whole neighborhood of the fact. The children fell from the back of his chair, cracking their crowns and rattling the china and glass in the third story with the reverberations of their screams, yet he never heard them unless his trumpet was at his ear. It was the atmosphere of my home, I suppose, which affected his hearing, for when he took long walks and dropped into my office, as he sometimes did during the day, it was curious to remark that his deafness had quite left him.

When he had settled himself comfortably in one of my easy-chairs, we would discuss dear Mrs. Dale; but that lady had devoted herself so exclusively to her duties of seamstress that after a while she almost fell out of our talk. I grew a little impatient, and, what was worse, began to think I had made a mistake.

"No, you have not," Perker said. "You wait: that lovely woman is resting, filling her lungs, before she takes the plunge. It is good to be quiet and innocent, if only for an hour, and she is enjoying that luxury for the first time in a long while, I fancy."

I was tying up some papers the following afternoon, getting ready to go home, when Perker entered the office, grim, imperturbable, with his hands deep in his pockets, his eyes wandering wider than ever from any single object. His manner told me he had something to say, even before he made the very extraordinary request that I would put him into the box.

"Into what?" I asked.

"The witness-box. The lovely woman has made that plunge. Put me

into the box. It is a curious thing to say, but I am so used to being put into the box by this fellow and that who want my evidence, that I never can tell the simplest story without being put there."

As he concluded, he took a chair on the opposite side of the table to where I sat.

"Do you feel as if you were in the box now?"

"Yes."

"Am I to examine and cross-examine my witness?"

"Exactly," he said; and it seemed to afford him the most intense satisfaction to be considered "in the box." I altogether yielded to his humor, and asked:

"What did Mrs. Dale do to-day?"

"She had the children in and their nurse out: she told them about her beautiful home."

"What did she say it was like?"

"There were woods and fields, and a river with a boat on it; there were stables filled with horses and ponies; there were no schools, no cross teachers, but plenty of little children, who did nothing all day long but ride the ponies, sail in the painted boat, gather flowers in the fields and play in the woods. In short, everybody did just as they pleased; and wouldn't they like to go there? But they must not tell any one she asked them that, and if they did she would be sure to find it out, in which case it would be very bad for them."

"What did she do then?"

"She put on her hat and went out."

"And you put on *your* hat and went out?"

"Exactly."

"Where did she go?"

"She went up one street and down another for half an hour, and then into the drug store just below your house."

"What did she do there?"

"She bought a pound of chloroform."

"With a view to deepen our sleep on occasion?"

"Doubtless."

"What then?"

"She bought a postage stamp and posted a letter: at least, she left it to be posted."

"Do I know the person to whom that letter was addressed?"

"You do. It was addressed to J. Clarendon Cook, Washington, D. C."

"Did you see the contents of it?"

"Well, *y-e-e-e-s*, I did."

"What did Mrs. Dale write to J. Clarendon Cook?"

"That she had effected an entrance into your house; that she had not yet had an opportunity to search for the bond; that the children are looking well; that she is making progress with them; and that you are a good-natured old simpleton."

"Complimentary; but the play is not played yet. What else does she say?"

"She wants more money sent to her."

"Perker," I said, "I am afraid I shall not wait to see the play out—that I shall most likely strangle that lovely woman long before the third act. When will it be time?"

And he answered me, as Morgiana answered the thieves, "Not yet."

An hour or two later that respectable country gentleman sat in my library by the side of the beautiful lady, to whom he was more than usually tender and devoted, though his eyes looked far over and beyond her, and his deafness became a matter of serious alarm and trouble to my wife, who, after a while, quite gave up the idea of making herself heard by any one, much less by him, for in her previous efforts to entertain him with the gossip of the day she first grew hoarse, and finally lost her voice altogether.

Dear Mrs. Dale was complaisant, brilliant, yet evidently a little nervous. Occasionally she threw a word into the depths of Perker's trumpet, which brought back an echo from him in the shape of a clumsy compliment or a feeble witticism. I think that on this particular evening Perker was even more generous than usual in his expressions of regret for the late Mrs. Perker, and, similarly, rather more tender toward the lovely woman.

It was about nine o'clock, I believe, when a servant came to the door with a letter for Mrs. Dale. She asked per-

mission to read it. She read it, and if I had not known at that moment that she had expected it, her look of annoyance might have seemed genuine.

"Your letter seems hardly a pleasant one, Mrs. Dale?"

"It is annoying," she replied, "for it compels me to deprive myself of the pleasure of your society, and it may detain me away from my duties here until a late hour in the morning. A sick friend asks me to sit up with her. If I might be permitted, I would like to go."

"Without a doubt," I said, "you will be permitted."

She smiled good-night to each of us, and directly afterward went off with the bearer of the note. But the door had scarcely closed upon her when Perker, greatly to my wife's relief, also went out.

Both Mrs. Dale and Perker appeared at breakfast; the lady in great spirits, faultless in toilette, never so brilliant or triumphantly charming, showing, too, an inclination to be kind to Perker, who, only a little more deaf than usual, and apparently determined to concentrate both eyes upon the coffee-urn, was heavily polite to my wife and tenderly devoted in his manner to dear Mrs. Dale.

While for a moment she turned to utter some pleasant morning fancy to my wife, who was very fond of that charming woman, I had an opportunity to look closely at her, to see her crowned with her dusky, orient beauty, endowed with all the graces and blandishments of a most gracious womanhood—intellectual, learned, possessed of a dazzling wit, fitted by Nature for noble aims; and yet I saw that in her Nature had somewhere blundered, for I knew that morning, just as I know it now, that it was part of her plan, should occasion make it necessary, to sweep my life aside in her determination to succeed. I only had so much faith in her and so much hope for her as to believe that she wished it might not be necessary.

Perker was early at the office that morning, and before I had my coat fairly off requested to be put into the box.

"You followed the lady last night, Perker?"

"I did."

"Where did she go?"

"She went to Loudon's Hotel."

"Who was with her?"

"A gentleman joined her on the steps, the servant then left them, and they went into the hotel together."

"What name did the gentleman register?"

"J. Clarendon Cook."

"Is it almost time, Perker?"

"Not yet," he said; and that gentleman went home to the bosom of his family to comfort Mrs. Perker, and I have no doubt he told her all about the little play that was being played at my house, and of the capital part he had in it; but I doubt if he told her of his devotion to the beautiful lady.

He was sitting in the library when I returned home, and had one of the children on either knee, who, as he changed his trumpet from ear to ear, alternately yelled dreadful noises into it. He seemed to enjoy it even more keenly than the children, or than even Mrs. Dale, who sat at the window laughing and playing with my ivory paper-knife, which, from having a grotesque gorgon's head carved on its handle, the little folk had christened Blunderbore, the stealer of children. Her smile of welcome was warm and bright as the sunshine when I sat down near her.

"Is it not very tiresome in those dull old courts down there?" she asked.

"A little," I said, "but home is pleasanter afterward."

"It has been a lonely day for me. Your dear wife went out early and has only just now returned. Mr. Perker has been sleeping in his room since he came in, and the children have been out all the morning for their exercise. But I finished my sewing early, and I have amused myself turning over your books."

Then, as she concluded, I knew that the lovely woman had commenced her search for the bond, and I sincerely but secretly hoped she enjoyed it. In fact, I had, on my part, found occasion to have my wife spend the morning



abroad, to have the children absent; and that respectable country gentleman, Perker, had, on *his* part, found opportunity to keep her in sight every moment of the day without giving her the faintest suspicion that she was watched. He had seen her unlock drawer after drawer, unseal package after package, pick the lock of my miniature library safe, critically examine every paper that her eyes saw or her hands touched—saw her refold and replace them, relock and refasten, without so much as leaving a solitary trace of her presence behind.

She had begun her search, and it was my fancy that it should be a long one—that she should continue it indefinitely day by day, yet meaning always to keep in reserve one room, viz.: my wife's chamber, which should be so guarded, without her suspecting the fact, that she should never enter there until Perker had said, "It is time." I intended that she should exhaust, not days, but weeks, in futile efforts to penetrate that room; and I also intended that when she did enter there, she should find the bond, and then—why then Perker should appear in the character of retributive justice, and the curtain would fall upon the actors in our little play.

Perker was accustomed to success. Indeed it spoiled him, for he had never learned the bitterness of defeat. He was ungrateful to Fortune; for, however kind she was to him, he never thanked her, not even by so much as the betrayal of a gleam of triumph. His nerves were equable as the needle: he made no man's quarrel or love or hate or interest his own: he played Lear and Bottom with different masks and changes of costume, but always with the same imperturbable feeling. If he succeeded, it was only what he expected to do—in fact, only what he had agreed to do. He had agreed to hunt this woman down, to discover and defeat all her plans and to turn her tragedy into farce, and he meant to do it.

When he next came to my office he laid a letter on the table: it was addressed to J. Clarendon Cook, and I regretted to

see, I told him, that it had been opened.

He desired that I would read it.

I declined, as it was not addressed to me.

He offered to read it to me.

I declined to hear it.

He then said he would read it to himself.

That, I told him, would be his business, not mine.

Curiously enough, he came and stood over me while he read aloud:

"DEAR CLARENDON:

*"I have begun the search. I finished the library to-day. It was the most likely place, but the bond is not there. You said that the question of one old man's life should not deter me. It shall not—but oh remember your promise to me: I am to be your wife if I succeed.*

*"Your own always,*

MARGARET.

"P. S.—There is a rich old country gentleman visiting at the house, who is so devoted to me that I am in hourly dread of a proposal from him: should he be so foolish as to venture upon this, and continue in the house after receiving my refusal, it would render my position a very annoying one. I cannot therefore secure the children and the bond too soon. M. D."

"Perker," I asked, "how did you get that letter?"

"From our beautiful lady: she gave it to me to post for her."

"And you betray her trust by opening it?"

"You state the facts lucidly and exactly; and now I *am* going to post it for our lovely woman, because I promised her I would." While he spoke he was resealing the letter, but it was noticeable that, whatever he did or said, he maintained the same immovable countenance. "I have the honor," he continued, "to be postman in ordinary to Mrs. Dale, who is a charming woman, but one who, I regret to say, holds mistaken views regarding the respective merits of mucilage and sealing-wax. Mucilage opens well, but often the sublimest art will fail

to prevent a smear in reclosing, whereas sealing-wax opens readily and reunites without a sign. Mrs. Dale uses sealing-wax, which is—closed; and now, Mr. J. Clarendon Cook, there is your letter, and I hope you will enjoy it—I did.” He slowly took off his hat, put the letter into it and went out. In a moment he was back again, standing opposite my chair, and evidently thinking he was looking at me.

“Had I called him back?” he asked.

No, I had not; indeed I had grown a little tired of Perker and of the whole business. It seemed slow work to me. I was no nearer its end than when the play began; and where and what was the end to be? It might be all very dramatic to have Perker entrap this poor, misguided woman into the commission of a crime upon which she had already determined; but, so far as she was concerned, I had long ago lost all interest. In fact, I had quite resolved, after hearing that letter read and seeing the temptation offered, that not a hair of her head should be harmed. She could not now take either the children or the bond without my consent.

“Perker,” I said, “after consideration, I have concluded to drop this affair and to let this poor wretch go. It is hardly manly in us to contend against a woman. I will tell my wife to-day to say she has no further need of her.”

“Indeed?” saying which, Perker looked over my head and over the tops of the trees in the Square beyond, trying to compel both eyes to rest for only a moment on the statue of Franklin opposite; but, having signally failed in doing it, he sat down by me and laid his hand on my arm.

“Now,” he said, “you are impatient; that is what you are—impatient. You will not give that charming woman time—you will not give me time—”

“Time for what, Perker?”

He took my wrists in his hands, and held them so close that I had an uncomfortable sensation of the pressure of steel bands about them.

“Time,” he replied, “to put my hands

on Mr. Clarendon Cook as I have them on you—time to let him spin the rope with which I will bind him hand and foot—time to let him write her letters, each one of which will be a link in a chain of evidence to convict him of this conspiracy to steal and defraud, or even to do a murder, if the success of his scheme should finally depend upon that alone. Don’t I know that he writes her such a letter every day? don’t I know where she keeps them? and couldn’t I put my hands on them within the next hour if I wanted to do it? But I don’t want to do it. I am patient; I can wait till he has written enough of them; and when he has, I will give you the cue, and you may drop the curtain. Don’t think that I wish to harm that lovely woman, any more than you do; but I tell you I never so wanted to put my hands on any one as I want to put them on Mr. Clarendon Cook; and I mean to do it.”

That was the very longest speech Perker had probably ever made, and before he had concluded it I saw an advantage in waiting which he did not see, so that it was easy for me to say to him—

“Perker, I agree to wait.”

“That is decided like a reasonable man; and now I’ll go home and see what I can do for Mrs. Perker.”

My wife was never a suspicious woman, and she believed implicitly in dear Mrs. Dale: she enjoyed fully that brilliant lady’s society, and gave to her very lavishly out of the abundance of her affection and sympathy. When it was not a grand search-day on the part of Mrs. Dale—for on such occasions my wife was absent from home—the two ladies sat together in the nursery, sewing, gossiping and making it pleasant for one another. Perker often kept them company, showing great attention to the beautiful lady, yet always too deaf to be a very interesting companion. When domestic affairs called my wife to other portions of the house, Mrs. Dale had the children in, and told them the story of the beautiful house where there were no lessons to be learned, no teachers to

scold, but only boats and ponies and unlimited play all the day long.

They grew very fond of the beautiful lady, and sometimes took long walks with her, from which they returned laden with toys or sweetmeats.

"It was curious," my wife observed, "that Mrs. Dale never went out that Perker was not also obliged to go out too. And, my dear, how did it happen that I never heard you mention your friend until he came here? and how long does he mean to stay?"

"Firstly, then, it *was* curious about Perker's goings out; secondly, I never mentioned him to you, my dear, because I seldom thought of him until this visit; and, thirdly, I think he will stay until he captures the beautiful lady."

"Do you mean that his intentions to secure her are serious?"

"Well, he informed me this morning, in the most decided and emphatic manner, they were; and I have great faith in Perker."

"And I have no faith in any one. Night after night has that deaf old man sat by your fire bemoaning his poor, dead wife, and yet he is determined to entrap dear Mrs. Dale."

"It *is* atrocious, I know; but still I am afraid Perker means to do it. He is that sort of a man."

I hinted to Perker the following morning that I suspected the lovely woman had grown tired of her search and abandoned it.

"Why, no," he said, "she has not. She was very busy yesterday in the parlors. I found traces of her there in every drawer or hiding-place. She had dived to the bottom of your vases, unlocked your cabinets, tapped their secret recesses, got into the French clock, examined the wrong side of the pictures, probed the upholstery, and, in fact, made very thorough work of it."

"She's a brilliant woman, Perker."

He made an effort—Houdon-like—to read the titles on all my books at once, and succeeded, before he replied:

"You do that incomparable lady injustice: she is more than brilliant—she is sublime; she is soft-footed as a cat,

brave as a lion, skillful as a college of clock-makers, and possesses the wit of Satan and the cunning of a lunatic. Now, I call myself a successful man at my business; but she could beat me at it ordinarily. Just now she is at a disadvantage: she played for such a tremendous stake, and was so eager to begin, that she showed her hand from the start. But given a fair chance, with moderate stakes, she would hold all the honors. If she were only a man, what a business we could do together!" and here Perker's speech was lost in his silent admiration of the lovely woman who even matched his great skill. "This is not her first little game, though," he continued. "She has played high before, but never for a rich husband. It is almost a pity that she is going to lose; but what were those other little games, I wonder, and where did she play them? Now, if I did not know that she was from Boston, I would say a rebel spy. But they don't make rebel spies in Boston: they make abolitionists, and battle-hymns, and all sorts of possible and impossible isms, but they don't make rebel spies there: so it couldn't be *that*; but I would like to know what it was."

"Her search is almost done, Perker?"

"Yes. She has been through every room in the house now—all but your wife's. There is not, from your roof to your cellar, excepting in that one room, a safe, case, drawer, box or receptacle for papers which she has not coolly and thoroughly examined. And your wife has never suspected her! But it would not have made the least difference; for if that excellent lady had caught her in the act of turning your safe inside out, she would have satisfied her it was altogether a proper place for her to be, and given her an excellent reason for not telling you she was seen there. It is not impudence: it is genius and ambition mixed. You see, the lovely woman has had to get her bread and butter by many an ugly, crooked way, and she is getting tired of it. Everybody does get tired of it. No one ever stuck to dirty work yet who could get away from it; but the trouble in taking up that sort of

work is, that it sticks to them—they can't shake it off. Now she is tired of it. She wants a husband and home, and a chance to do some clean work before she dies, and this is her chance—if she succeeds; but she won't. No, she won't. As you say, our little play is nearly played."

It was the fatality in this man's character to believe always in his own success—to believe in the defeat of every one else who contended against him.

When I sat down to dinner with dear Mrs. Dale, I could not but regard her with a feeling akin to the profoundest respect and admiration, knowing, as I did, of her long and arduous search—of her patience, energy and determination; seeing, too, how calmly and bravely she bore defeat, for success grew less probable each day the bond was undiscovered. She sat before me superb in her dusky beauty and dazzling wit and brilliance. She poured out the treasures of her mind with the profusion of a prodigal: art, science, literature and society were her commonplace themes of thought and expression. She was in wonderful spirits that day, and her dash and brilliance had a glow of daring in them that rendered me rather uncomfortable. It had been agreed between Perker and I that we would never discuss the matter of her business outside of my office, and by no possibility under the same roof with her. But when the ladies retired I broke our compact, and asked him the meaning of her dash and bravado of manner.

"Only," said Perker, "that Mr. Clarendon Cook has been putting another link in that chain I spoke of—in short, has been writing her another letter, reiterating his promise."

"But she has searched the house and has not found the bond. The fulfillment of his promise depends on her success."

"No, she has not searched everywhere. By this time she has convinced herself that the bond is in your wife's chamber. So far, she has had no opportunity to search there. She means to do it to-night."

"To-night?"

"Exactly. And my advice to you is

not to sleep too soundly, unless you particularly enjoy the effects of chloroform. I have known people who did."

"Perker, try to look right into my eyes for one moment. Do you mean to say she will administer chloroform to me while I sleep, and then search the room?"

"That is precisely what the lovely woman means to do. She was preparing for it during all dinner by drinking glass after glass of your fine old sherry."

"Perker, should that wretched woman attempt it, I will be rough with her. I will, truly as I live."

"No, you won't. You are not the sort of man to do that. What you *will* do is simply to knock the bottle out of her hand, and give her plenty of time to get safely back to her room before you raise any alarm. Now that is exactly what you mean to do."

"Oh, I do?"

"Yes, you do," said the implacable Perker. "Because, you see, your little play is getting interesting, and I want to see the climax, which properly belongs to the third act, and this is only the second."

I agreed to do as he advised.

That night my wife and I retired at the usual hour. The beautiful lady kissed my wife a very tender good-night and swept me a grand courtesy. At the top of the stairs I looked back and saw her framed in the massive walnut of the library door—a sentient picture of immortal beauty, to which I waved my hand good-night, and she, kissing the rosy tips of her fingers to me, stood unmoved, watching me slowly ascending the stairs.

I knew that my wife had been sleeping some hours, that I had not slept at all, and that there was no noise made by creaking stairs, or loose floor-boards, or of opening doors, or of rustling gowns, or treading feet or human breath; and yet I knew that I was in mortal danger—that the mouth of a bottle was being held to my nostrils, that I was inhaling chloroform, that it was pleasant to be lying there, that something or somebody cried out to me that I was in peril;

and in the next instant I was alert, ready, with all my faculties under absolute control. I did not cry out, I did not open my eyes, but with a fierce blow I hurled the bottle to the opposite wall and sprang out of the bed. As I did so, I heard a man's heavy step descending the stairs, and as it passed rapidly down I remembered that her room was above. I first awoke my wife, who, I hope, screamed sufficiently loud to be heard in the next square; and after a bungling search for the matches, I lighted the gas and dressed myself and went over to Perker's room, who slowly lighted his gas and dressed himself, making a horrible noise the while, when together we went down the front stairs; but on our way we heard no sound of retreating steps on the back stairs, either above or below us.

We stopped directly before a dining-room window. Its insufficient bolt had been pried off with an iron bar from the outside, and on the sill there were the marks of a man's muddy boots.

"She is cleverer than I thought," said Perker; "but the lovely woman has made one mistake: now, a man in getting in would have put only one foot on the sill, and you see there are two boot-marks there, both pointing inward."

We carefully closed the window and went into the library, where we found the entire household assembled. Among them was the beautiful woman, in the most coquettish of hastily-adjusted morning-wrappers. She was charmingly pale, warmly sympathetic, yet not obtrusive in her sympathy—a trifle alarmed and nervous, as a woman should be, and tenderly solicitous about my dear wife.

Perker, who was aggravatingly inquisitive to them all, considering his deafness, was especially marked in his admiration for dear Mrs. Dale and her airy costume.

I described for their benefit, a dozen times over, how I had been aroused by a man's hand on my throat, how I threw him off, how the ruffian leaped from the top of the stairs to the hall below, how I could not find the matches in time to dress and alarm Perker, and how in this

way the scoundrel had escaped by the way he entered, through the dining-room window.

Perker requested Mrs. Dale to repeat to him, a little louder, if she pleased, what I had said, and she very graciously complied.

We again all retired for the night, which was far spent; and I have no doubt that Mrs. Dale, Perker and I were the only persons in the house who slept soundly until summoned to breakfast.

"Because," said Perker, afterwards, "we three were the only ones who knew that the ruffians would not come again that night."

That gentleman was at the office at an early hour in the morning, waiting for me.

When he was comfortably established in the box, I asked, "Now, Perker, will you be good enough to explain last night's proceedings, for I confess to you that I don't understand them."

"And yet," said he, "it was the simplest thing in the world. The lady waited until she thought you were all asleep, then went into the yard, carefully pried open the shutter with the large furnace-poker, made the impressions of the boots on the sill, went back to her own room, got the chloroform and visited you, as you possibly recollect. When you dashed the bottle from her hand she ran heavily down stairs, at the bottom removed her coarse shoes, and, while you were floundering about for the matches, quietly returned by the back stairs to her own room, and down again to the library; and a very clever performance I call it."

"You are a wonderful pair, Perker."

"You compliment me in mentioning me in connection with that lovely woman; yet I think it is almost a pity that she is not Mrs. John Perker. What a magnificent business we could do together! But where is that bond?"

"In the safe, next door."

"Will you bring it home with you to-day?"

"Yes, I will. Is it time?"

"It is time," said Perker. "I learned

it from this letter, which I kindly consented to post for the lovely woman. It is addressed to Mr. J. Clarendon Cook: its contents inform him that she will return to Washington to-night, with the bond, she believes: the children, she says, can be carried off at any time, and it would only throw suspicion on him and her if they were to disappear at the same time the bond was lost. Mrs. Dale has given your wife notice that she intends seeking the protection of her late husband's family to-day. She has announced her design to start for Washington in the five o'clock train, but she means the later one. And now, what you have got to do is to give her an opportunity to find that paper, to let her get out of the house with it, and to be sure of seeing me and it again before midnight. What I am going to do is to see Mrs. Perker, and then to witness the end of your play."

I went home early, taking the bond with me. I took it up stairs, and laid it carefully at the bottom of a drawer in my wife's room. That afternoon was the first time, I think, that I had seen the beautiful lady at all nervous or discomposed, but during the dull pause between the laying of the cloth and the setting of the last covered dish, there was a curious hurry and excitement about her: there was a tremor of the hands which made her diamonds flash with unusual brilliance, and the whole figure was full of unrest and eagerness. Dinner was announced at last, when I had the pleasure of taking dear Mrs. Dale in and seating her next to me, but I noticed that the round white hand resting on my arm shook till all the brilliants on it flashed out trembling, evanescent lights. We still lingered over the first course, when she begged to be permitted to retire to her own room for a few moments: her head was dizzy—she feared she was not quite well.

I opened the door for her, stood by it for an instant, watching her languidly ascending the stairs, magnificent in her beauty, matchless in her daring.

My wife rose to follow her, to give some assistance. I motioned her back

to her seat, and without a question she quietly obeyed my gesture. When the door up stairs had safely closed upon the lovely woman, I said to my wife, "Wait: go to her after a little while; for the present she would prefer to be alone."

She waited for twenty minutes, with great anxiety expressed on her face, when she asked, "May I go now?"

There was the sound of no footsteps in the room, the sound of no opening door, yet Mrs. Dale stood in the room and took her seat at my side: her face shone with triumph and her smile was jubilant as running water.

I turned to my wife and answered her request: "You see it is not necessary now—Mrs. Dale is better."

"Yes, I am better, thank you," and the beautiful head was bent very low, gratefully acknowledging our timely sympathy; and as it so bent and the bosom rose and fell in triumphant undulations, I heard the peculiar crackling sound that parchment gives out, and I knew that she had succeeded, that she had found the bond, that it lay on the tawny breast, and had been stirred by her graceful motion.

Looking back now, after two or three years, upon the little play we played together in that house on the quiet street, it seems a good deal like a game of make-believe, such as children might amuse themselves with on a long winter's night. Yet our little play of tragedy or comedy, call it as you will, lasted for seven long weeks. It did not seem a bit like a child's game then, for you will not forget that the second letter captured by Perker openly suggested possible murder. For seven long weeks that woman was mistress of my house, held duplicates of every key in it, whether fitting lock of room, safe, closet, trunk, drawer, chest or hidden recess: she was secret as darkness, as cunning as the serpent, merciless as Time, and ambitious as a woman. She went there to secure that paper, and, rather than fail in doing so, she would have swept me from her path as coolly as if I had been a fly that annoyed her.

I think we all played our parts as best

we could. Perker and Mrs. Dale were both old and experienced hands at the business; and when I saw those two, the real antagonists in this combat of wit and cunning, meeting each other, day after day, with their by-play of love-making, their suavity of manner, their deference and forms of respect, and as I marked her yielding graciousness and his seeming devotion, I could not withhold my admiration from either of them, nor help the wish that some nobler way of escape had been opened to her. She was like a grand ship, with a fiend at the helm, driven desperately on its course to where the breakers roared and flashed their muddy foam. I have seen in my life many wrecks upon the shore, but never another that it so pained me to see there as her. I think that there were no noble possibilities in life that she might not have aspired to or won. I think there was no place in life that she might not have adorned. Only that in her, or in our beautiful social system, somewhere, there was a mistake.

She left my house that day at sundown. A carriage called for her, in which she drove away, and the direction it took was that of the Baltimore depôt. It contained, beside her, the bond. When the carriage had disappeared, a great terror fell upon me, and I would have gone after and stopped it if I could.

She had left an hour earlier than she or Perker had mentioned, and yet she had ordered the carriage that morning. In an instant the truth flashed upon me that the astute detective and the clever lawyer had both been tricked, duped and robbed by a more astute, cleverer woman, who had, doubtless, seized the first moment of her freedom to reduce the paper to ashes.

I sent a note to Perker's house, inquiring for him, and an answer came back that he had not been there since noon.

I waited for him, hour after hour, in a fever of fear and humiliation: a hundred times I went to the door and looked out into the streets, hoping to see him there; and so the night dragged on with unutterable heaviness, bringing with it, as the hours went by, no sign of him

or her. Perker had failed, and all was lost.

But while the clock was striking twelve in the engine-house tower, there came a savage ring at the bell. I met the servant in the hall, sent her back to her room, opened the inner door of the vestibule, and there, leaning upon the arm of Perker, I saw the beautiful woman. On his other arm he carried a mass of papers, tied up in a silk handkerchief. We all three walked quietly into the library, and in silence we stood there for a moment, looking into each other's faces. There was no sign of triumph on Perker's, and I hope there was none on mine; but over her's there was an awful despair, so deep, bitter and terrible in its expression that I would rather suffer it in my own heart than see it ever again on another's face.

She broke the silence at the moment when my wife entered the room:

"I would not like to go to prison to-night. I throw myself upon your mercy. I will tell you what I know. I will do anything you may require of me, but I would not like to go to prison. I have a son, and he might know of it. I have never been there."

Her two hands were laid on the table as if for support: they did not tremble, there were no tears in her eyes, no cowardly finching at the heavy blow that fortune had dealt her: the voice was low and quiet, rising only above a whisper; and yet I think that all the pathos and misery of this woman's life found their echo in it. Her career had been full of perils, but all her dangers past were as nothing to the terrors that lurked in the words, "I have a son, and he might know of it." As it found utterance on her lips, my wife went up to her and took her hand in her own.

"You shall not go to prison to-night," I said.

"I have some papers here," remarked Perker, "which we will go over together in Mrs. Dale's presence, if she will permit."

The thief-taker was as deferential to his captive as if their positions had been changed, for even in his eyes there was

a dignity in her defeat which rose high above our puny triumph.

We turned the papers over one by one: the first Perker handed me was the bond. He had *not* failed! That was followed by some letters of mine connected with it, and then came the results for which we had waited for seven miserable weeks—the implicating letters of Mr. J. Clarendon Cook. There was not one missing, though at the end of each were the same words: "*P. S. Burn this at once.*"

"You are," said Perker to Mrs. Dale, "only half a Mephistophelian philosopher."

"In what manner?" she asked.

"He, you will remember, said it was the height of human wisdom never to write a letter and never to burn one. It was only the latter part of his maxim that you followed, consequently the links of the chain are all here; and within twenty-four hours I will wind them about your friend, Mr. J. Clarendon Cook."

She did not answer him again, but stood quietly looking from him to me, as if it were from me she hoped for safety.

Among the rest there were numberless long slips of paper—innumerable letters in cipher. As I took up one of them, she reached out her hand to take it from me.

"It has nothing to do with this business," she said. "It can only hurt me and do you no good. I ask that, out of your triumph, you will do me the poor favor to spare me all that you can—that you will give that and all similar papers to me unread."

As I pushed it toward her, Perker took it from under my hand.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "but you can have no secrets from me. I have played to win in this game, and I do not mean to lose a single trick."

He took up the paper, and, holding it to the light, read aloud:

*"Telegraph at once the number of men and guns at Harper's Ferry—their movements and disposition.*

"JAMES A. SEDDON,  
"Sec'y of War."

My wife, who, until this moment, had

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held the poor creature's hand in her own, thus conveying to her a sense of sympathy and protection, let it fall, moved a step away from her, only saying, with infinite pity and wonder, "A rebel spy!"

"Were you ever that?" I asked.

"If it concerns you to know it—yes; I was a rebel spy."

"And worse," said Perker, holding up for me to read, but concealing it from my wife, another letter.

She gave a single glance at its contents, and, reading therein her own shame, sank down upon the floor at our feet, and in the massed coils of her hair she hid from our eyes the wonderful beauty and dreadful agony of her face.

Somewhere in the world there is now a son of this woman's in the first flush and glow of his manhood. For him had she first soiled and finally wrecked the beautiful image that God had set up in her in His own likeness. He was at college on this night of which I write, and if there came to him then any shape or impression of his mother, it was one that she had taught him to believe was a true one. If his waking fancies or his dreams showed her to him that night, he saw her as a beautiful woman, rich, cultured, brilliant, courted, moving in the noblest society of the Nation's Capital, an honored, honorable guest, worthy his best love and reverence.

But if he had seen her as she was, while he lived his luxurious college-life, as he moved onward and upward toward a scholar's honorable goal, he would have seen her playing the abject part of a thief, a spy, a reckless adventurer; sacrificing honor, fame and liberty, that she might thereby supply him with those large sums necessary to the pursuit of his career: he would have seen his beautiful mother bartering away her very soul for the price of his advancement. And if she had been so shown to him, it is my fancy to believe that the young scholar, recognizing in her degradation only a sublimer love for himself, would have given her such devotion and affection as he gave to nothing else this side of heaven.

We raised her up, my wife and I, when she said to Perker: "In the pres-



ence of the one woman who was merciful to me, you might have spared me this shame. It was outside of my wrong here."

That night Mrs. Dale remained in my house, and, till the morning dawned, a woman, great-hearted and loving, sat at her bedside, waving away with the words of her Lord the shadows that darkened the soul of that other woman in whose bosom a son had lain.

It is against the dignity and good conscience of the law to compound a felony, yet Perker and I were guilty of doing it.

Perker wrote to Mr. Cook, inviting him to Philadelphia, giving him a good business reason for doing so. Mr. Cook considered the brilliant prospect of the speculation held out to him, accepted it, came here, met Mr. Perker as per agreement, and found that that very astute gentleman held him a prisoner. Whereupon Mr. Cook became violent. Perker was cool, pointed calmly to the letters, the solid links in his chain of

evidence, and modestly insisted that a new bond for double the amount of the old one should be executed for the benefit of my little wards.

As far as Mr. Cook was concerned, Perker had reduced the whole affair to the simple question as to whether he preferred to part with his money—which he could easily spare, for his contracts with the government had been large and remunerative—or to go to prison.

Wisely, I think, he parted with his money and doubled the bond.

I wish that I could say, before the curtain falls, that my little play was like other plays, a work of fancy, having no better foundation than the writer's imagination; but it is unfortunately true.

The beautiful wreck that was drifted to my door by the early winter tides was washed away again on their ebb, and has drifted since to and from other doors, but never yet finding the haven that pure souls and true lives ever find.

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## THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.\*

### III.

ISAAC NORRIS, who purchased the Slate-roof House from William Trent, was the progenitor of the Norris family, which is remarkable for its long-continued prominence from the origin of Philadelphia to the present time.

Isaac Norris was born in London, on the 26th of July, 1671, and was the ninth child of Thomas Norris, who settled as a merchant in the island of Jamaica in 1678, on account of the persecutions of the Quakers in England, which sect he had joined several years previously.

That Thomas Norris did not escape the oppressions from which he had fled is sufficiently evident from the volumes

in which Besse has recorded the sufferings of Friends. Therein we read that, in 1689, "Thomas Norris had taken from him, by orders from Captain *Reynard* Wilson (fitly named), for a demand of 18 shillings for not appearing in arms, a gun which cost £3. He also had taken from him at another time, for 10 shillings demanded for the same cause, one pair of hand-screws, three hand-saws, one silver spoon and four candlesticks."

Again, we are told that, in 1691, "Thomas Norris aforesaid, for his son's not appearing in arms, had taken from him for a fine of 10s., by Sergeant

\* We desire, in bringing our account of Penn's old mansion to a close, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which every lover of truth and justice owes to Mr. Hepworth Dixon for his "Life of Penn," and especially for his successful vindication of the character of

this former occupant of the *Old Slate-roof House*, which was so unjustly assailed by Lord Macaulay. We are glad to learn that Mr. Dixon is to further illustrate our colonial history by a biography of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Thomas Parr, by order from Josiah Heathcoat, lieutenant of the company, three leather chairs of the value of 10s."

In 1692, Thomas Norris and his entire family, with the exception of his son Isaac, perished in the fearful earthquake which destroyed Port Royal. Immediately after this awful event, Isaac Norris determined to abandon a land that had been the grave of all his near relatives, and he embarked for Philadelphia; where, shortly after his arrival, he married, on the 7th of March, 1693-4, Mary, daughter of Thomas Lloyd, for several years President and Deputy Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania.

Governor Lloyd was among the visitors at the Slate-roof House soon after its erection by Samuel Carpenter. He died in the summer of 1694. Like Penn, he was descended from an ancient Welsh family, which had held their patrimonial estates in Montgomeryshire for more than a thousand years. Their ancestor, Meric, or Meirig, is said, in the legendary history of Prince Arthur, to have been one of the four knights who bore the four golden shields before that renowned chieftain at the great festival of Caerleon, when he was crowned king, in 517.

However this may be, Thomas Lloyd and Charles, his brother, certainly joined themselves to George Fox, and were rewarded by the loss of their estates. They were highly educated—at least it is said they had both taken degrees at Oxford. Charles removed to Birmingham and became a great iron-master; and he, or his son, established in that city "Lloyd's Bank," which is still the prominent moneyed institution of Birmingham, known there as *the Bank*.

Thomas Lloyd came over with William Penn, and was one of the best and most useful of the colonists. He left no male descendants, but the female branches are numerous and respectable. One of his descendants married the Abbé Marbois when he was in Philadelphia. Their daughter became by marriage the Duchess of Plaisance, of whom Edmund About thus speaks in his "Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day:"

"Athens, however, last year still possessed a celebrated lady, who, after being admired at the finest courts of Europe, had come to Greece to conceal and to end her life.

"The daughter of one of Napoleon's ministers, she was married into one of the greatest families of the Empire; loved by Marie Louise, whom she served as maid of honor; admired at the court for her beauty, which only wanted a little gracefulness; esteemed by the Emperor for her virtue, which was never calumniated; separated from her husband without other motives than the difference of their tempers; and shut up entirely in her affection for her only daughter, who resembled her in everything; after having shown herself to the whole East with that daughter, for whom she dreamed of nothing less than a throne, she at length resigned herself to living obscurely in a private condition, and settled permanently at Athens, in the full strength of her age and character."

At the death of the Duchess an interesting lawsuit took place in Paris as to the disposal of her large estate. The French courts finally awarded nearly the whole amount to the heirs of Mrs. Richard Willing, of Philadelphia, of the Lloyd family.

Isaac Norris, after his marriage with Mary Lloyd, embarked largely in commercial pursuits, and was very successful in business. In 1706, from "curiosity and a desire to visit his relatives and the home of his ancestors," he went over to England, where he remained two years with his wife and his eldest son Isaac, afterwards the Speaker. Soon after his return he retired, in a great measure, from business cares; and, finding the infirmities of age approaching, wrote to England for a coach, upon the panels of which he directed his family coat-of-arms, "three falcon heads," to be painted—retaining, it seems, some pride of ancestry, although a very strict Friend.

In 1711, with Logan, Shippen, Wain and others, he was appointed a director of the first public school in the State.

About this period he purchased "Fair

Hill," a large tract of land lying north of the city, a part of which was owned by his intimate friend, Samuel Carpenter. Here he built the original mansion—afterward burned by the British—whither he removed from the Slate-roof House in 1717.

He died in the Germantown Friends' Meeting-house, of an apoplectic attack, on the 4th of June, 1735, and was buried in that portion of the Friends' burial-ground, on Arch street, which was reserved for the Lloyd and Norris families.

He was immediately succeeded in public life by his son, Isaac Norris, the younger, who married in 1739 a daughter of James Logan, then of Stenton, but who has been known chiefly in this paper as the friend of Penn and Secretary of the Province.

"Fair Hill" having been devised by the elder Isaac Norris to the younger, the latter took possession of that country-seat soon after his marriage; and his widowed mother removed to the Slate-roof House, where she ever after resided, and finally died, on the first of May, O. S., 1748. The following passage, extracted from the obituary notice which appeared in Franklin's Gazette a few days after her decease, is a just tribute to her memory:

"On the 1st of this month departed this life, Mrs. Mary Norris, relict of Isaac Norris, Esquire, late of Fairhill, and daughter of Thomas Lloyd, Governor of this Province, in the 75th year of her age—a gentlewoman remarkable for acts of charity, and which she endeavored so to conceal as if she held them a crime to make them public. She was an affectionate and obliging wife, a tender mother and a good mistress—a kind and constant friend, and generous and candid in her sentiments of persons of all denominations; was truly beloved, and is universally lamented by all her acquaintance."

In 1745, Isaac Norris, her son, visited Albany, with several other gentlemen, as a Commissioner from Pennsylvania, to attend a treaty to be made at that place with the Indians.

October 4th, 1745, he records in his

journal: "This morning Stephen Bayard came on board our sloop [this was Captain Abraham Funda's vessel, plying to New York: it was now lying at the Albany dock], and, soon after, Philip Livingston, Jr., with an invitation to us to lodge at his house; and then he went on shore to leave us to dress. After breakfast we dressed and went on shore—Philip Livingston staying for us at the river's side. We went on shore about ten o'clock with Livingston, to his house. . . .

"October 5.—This day Colonel Stoddard, Jacob Wendell,\* Samuel Wells, and Thomas Hutchinson, Commissioners from New England, came in. Dined at Renssieur's, the Patroon's, about a mile out of town. It being a general invitation to the Governor of New York and almost all the gentlemen of the place, we had a large and plentiful dinner. In the evening some of the Indians desired to see us. We gave them a dram, and told them we were glad to see them; and then they went away. . . .

"October 10.—We invited the Massachusetts and Connecticut Commissioners and several gentlemen to dine with us, viz.: Philip Livingston, Senior and Junior, Captain Rutherford, Lechmore, several gentlemen, and the Patroon, who did not come, the Governor of New York having invited him previously. Immediately after dinner the Governor of New York (George Clinton) spoke to the Indians, in behalf of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut (the speech was a very long one and was penned by Horsmandon), from the Patroon's town-house door, the Indians on boards in the street. They finished about dusk.†

"October 12.—Supped with Colonel Keyler (Cuyler), Mayor of Albany.

"October 13.—Thomas Lawrence, John Kinsey, myself, the Patroon, Philip Livingston, Jr., James Read and Lewis

\* An ancestor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

† Can any one with certainty define the position of the Patroon's town-house at this period, in Albany, N. Y.? Some say that its site was on the east side of Pearl street, on the lot where the Westerlo mansion stood for many years, now occupied by the fine Caenstone building owned by James Kidd, Esq.

Evans, rode to the Cohoes Falls. We returned to the Patroon's about 4 o'clock P. M., where we all dined, and came to town in the evening."

The present Manor House of Rensselaerwyck, which stands at the north end of Broadway, just beyond the city limits of Albany, was not erected until twenty years later, viz., in 1765. The one mentioned by Mr. Norris was doubtless the ancient building, which, within the memory of some persons still living, formerly occupied the site just north of the Patroon's present office: it had answered in its day the uses of a fortress as well as a dwelling. The Patroon in 1745 was Stephen Van Rensselaer, who died two years later, at the early age of forty. His son Stephen, at the time of Mr. Norris' visit, was a boy of three years of age only. He afterwards married Catharine Livingston, daughter of Philip Livingston, the signer, and died in 1769, four years after he had completed the new Manor House. The portraits of father and son now hang there on the walls of the dining-room. The present General Stephen Van Rensselaer is a great-grandson of the elder Stephen Van Rensselaer; and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who was Miss Bayard, of New York, is also the descendant of the Mr. Bayard who was the first to welcome Mr. Norris and his friends to Albany, nearly a century and a quarter ago.

In 1749, Peter Kalm, Professor of Economy in the University of Abo, in Swedish Finland, who visited North America, as a naturalist, under the auspices of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences, while describing the climate of Pennsylvania, said: "Mr. Isaac Norris, a wealthy merchant, who has a considerable share in the government of Pennsylvania, confirmed the Swedish statement that the winter came sooner formerly than it does now. His father, one of the first English merchants in this country, observed that in his younger years the river Delaware was commonly covered with ice about the middle of November, old style. . . . On the contrary, this river seldom freezes over, at

present, before the middle of December, old style." This remark confirms the opinion of old residents of Philadelphia, that the winter sets in later and the spring begins later than formerly.

Shortly after Kalm had received this information, Isaac Norris, then residing at "Fair Hill," rented the Slate-roof House as a fashionable boarding-house. Its ample proportions and spacious gardens, extending half-way to Front street, with its grove of lofty pines, continued to give it celebrity. General Forbes, successor to Braddock, died here in 1759; and the funeral, which took place from the Slate House, was characterized by a degree of splendor and military magnificence which surpassed anything of the kind ever before seen in Philadelphia.

In 1764 Mrs. Graydon became its mistress, and under her efficient management it acquired a further reputation, which made it the resort of officers of the Royal Army and Navy, and of all the aristocracy of the day.

"It was at different times," says her son, "nearly filled by the officers of the Forty-second or Highland Regiment, as also by those of the Royal Irish. Besides these, it sometimes accommodated officers of other armies and other uniforms. Of this description was the Baron de Kalb, who visited this country probably about the year 1768 or 1769, and who fell, a major-general in the army of the United States, at the battle of Camden.

"Another of our foreign guests was one Badourin, who wore a white cockade, and gave himself out for a general in the Austrian service; but whether general or not, he, one night, very unexpectedly left his quarters, making a masterly retreat, with the loss of no other baggage than that of an old trunk, which, when opened, was found to contain only a few old Latin and German books.

"Among those of rank from Great Britain with whose residence we were honored, I recollect Lady Moore and her daughter, a sprightly miss, not far advanced in her teens, and who, having apparently no dislike to be seen, had

more than once attracted my attention ; for I was just touching that age when such objects begin to be interesting, and excite feelings which disdain the invidious barriers with which the pride of condition would surround itself. Not that the young lady was stately : my vanity rather hinted she was condescendingly courteous ; and I had no doubt read of women of quality falling in love with their inferiors ; nevertheless, the extent of my presumption was a look or a bow as she now and then tripped along the entry."

The young lady thus referred to by the lively author was the daughter of Sir Henry Moore, Bart., formerly Lieutenant Governor of the island of Jamaica. During the latter part of his administration there he successfully suppressed an alarming insurrection of the slaves. This procured him a baronety on the 29th January, 1764, and the appointment as Governor of New York in the month of July following. "He was the only native colonist," says Dr. O'Callaghan, "that held the commission of Governor-General of the Province of New York." His wife, Lady Catharine Maria, was the eldest daughter of Chief Justice Long of Jamaica, and she was the sister of the Hon. Edward Long, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and author of the history of that island. Besides his daughter, Sir Henry left one son, Sir John Hay Moore, who died without issue in 1780, and the title became extinct.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her charming "Memoirs of an American Lady," mentions this family: "Sir Henry Moore, the last British Governor of New York that I remember, came up this summer to see Albany and the ornament of Albany—Aunt Schuyler : he brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him."

Another of the occupants of the Slate-roof House at this period was Lady O'Brien, who, Graydon remarks, was not more distinguished by her title than by her husband, who accompanied her, and who had figured as a comedian on the London stage in the time of Garrick,

Mossop and Barry. Although Churchill in his Rosciad charges him with being an imitator of Woodward, he yet admits him to be a man of parts ; and it has been said that he surpassed all his contemporaries in the character of the fine gentleman. "Employed by the father to instruct Lady Susan in elocution, he taught her, it seems, that it was no sin to love ; for she became his wife, and, as I have seen it mentioned in the Theatrical Mirror, obtained for him, through the interest of her family, a post in America."

"A third person of celebrity and title was Sir William Draper, who made a tour to this country a short time after his newspaper encounter with *Junius*. It has even been suggested that this very incident set the knight on his travels. Whether or not it had so important a consequence, it cannot be denied that Sir William *caught a tartar* in *Junius*; and that when he commenced his attack he had evidently underrated his adversary."

Sir William, who was born in 1721, at Bristol (England), where his father held the post of Collector of the Customs, was educated at Eton and Cambridge ; entered the army ; won distinction in the East Indies ; obtained a colonelcy in 1760 ; acted as brigadier at the capture of Belle Isle in 1761 ; and led the land forces at the taking of Manila in 1763. For his services he was made Knight of the Bath.

When the first of the "Junius" letters appeared, he came forward under his own name in defence of his friend, the Marquis of Granby. But he was worsted on this and on several subsequent occasions by his anonymous opponent. "Sir William Draper was endowed," says Wraxall, "with talents which, whether exerted in the field or in the closet, entitled him to great consideration." . . .

"Junius's" obligations to his officious friendship for the Marquis of Granby were indelible ; for, however admirably written may be his letter of the 21st of January, 1769, which opened the series of those celebrated compositions, it was

Draper's answer, with his signature annexed to it, that drew all eyes towards the two literary combatants.

Sir William arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, in the month of January, 1770; and during the summer of that year he visited Maryland and was received with great hospitality. From thence he journeyed to Philadelphia, and finally to New York, where he married Miss Delancey.

Among those who called upon him at the Slate-roof House in Philadelphia was Mr. Wharton, an old Quaker, who was universally known as the *Duke*, on account of his dignified manners and pride of character. Sir William having observed that this gentleman entered the room and remained with his hat off, begged that, as it was contrary to the custom of his society to do so, he would dispense with this unnecessary mark of respect. But the *Duke*, feeling piqued at the supposition that he should uncover to Sir William Draper or to any other man, promptly corrected the mistake by bluntly giving him to understand that his being uncovered was not intended as a compliment to him, but was for his own convenience and comfort—the day being warm!

If, as Mr. Joseph Yorkes did fully believe when alive, and if, as Mr. Thurlow Weed does now really think, Sir Philip Francis was the veritable "Junius," then Sir William Draper was constantly meeting in the most agreeable circles of Philadelphia society the near relatives of his late formidable antagonist, "the great unknown."

It happened in this way: About the year 1700, Tench Francis, a great-grandson of Philip Francis, the Royalist Mayor of Plymouth, England, in 1644—but himself a native of Dublin, and a son of the Very Rev. John Francis, afterwards Dean of Lismore and Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin—Tench Francis, I repeat—the first name being derived from his mother's family—emigrated to Kent county in the Province of Maryland, where he established himself as a lawyer, and married, in 1724, Miss Elizabeth Turbutt, a lady

of good family and great personal attractions.

Having received, however, a thorough legal training, he was soon attracted to the city of Philadelphia, which seemed to offer a wider field for the display of his talents. That he was not mistaken in the estimate of his own powers may be inferred from the fact that in 1744 he was made Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and continued to fill that office successfully for eight years, although for half of that period he also held the post of Recorder of the city of Philadelphia. As a lawyer he acquired a high reputation, and as an author he was also fortunate: his articles on "Paper Currency" attracted wide attention at the time of their original publication, and they have also received the praise of political economists of the present day.

It is said that, some time prior to his death in 1758, Tench Francis received a visit from his younger brother, the Rev. Philip Francis, who spent some time with his American relatives. The Rev. Philip Francis became chaplain to Lord Holland, and obtained a rectorate at Barrow, in Suffolk, England, where, the biographer Rose declares, Gibbon was for a short time one of his pupils. In 1762 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Dublin. It has been said by some that Churchill in "The Author" bitterly satirizes Dr. Francis, but the editor of Churchill's Works, published in London in 1804, seems to cast a doubt upon the supposed reference to this Dr. Francis. No one, however, who has read his elegant translations from Horace and Demosthenes—and especially the former—can deny that Dr. Francis was a man of fine abilities and extensive acquirements. His plays and political pamphlets indeed display less merit, but even these evince varied powers of mind.

His son, born at Dublin in 1740, was the celebrated Sir Philip Francis, K. G. C. B., who was, it thus appears, the nephew of Tench Francis, Sr., and the first cousin of Tench Francis, Jr., of Philadelphia. The latter was ten years

older than his cousin Sir Philip, having been born in Philadelphia in 1730, where he married, in 1762, the eldest daughter of Charles Willing.

At the time of Sir William Draper's sojourn in the Slate-roof House the several members of the Francis family were prominent members of society. Among these, in addition to Tench Francis, Jr., above mentioned, we may name his two brothers, Turbutt and Philip Francis, who were associated with the gayeties of the period.

Of this once large and influential family, few members, alas! now remain. We believe, in fact, none of the descendants in the male line are to be found in the city of Philadelphia.

It was the good fortune of the writer some years since to enjoy the friendship of the grandson of Tench Francis, Jr.—the late Hon. John Brown Francis, formerly United States Senator and Governor of Rhode Island, who spent the later years of his life in dignified retirement at his seat at Spring Green, near the city of Providence. His ripe and unrivaled knowledge of men and affairs was always at the service of his associates; and none came within the sphere of his influence without imbibing lessons of wisdom from the "old man eloquent."

In the female line of the Francis family, in passing, we can only recall the late Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Hon. James A. Bayard, United States Senator from Delaware; the late Mrs. Joshua Fisher, mother of Mr. J. Francis Fisher of Philadelphia; the late Mrs. George Harrison; the Tilghman family; and the Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, United States Senator from Maryland.

There are many interesting reminiscences related by Graydon in connection with the Slate-roof House, to which it would be a pleasure to refer. His anecdotes concerning the two Ethingtons, Dr. Bond, Mr. Delancey, of New York, Majors Small and Fell, Mr. Bradford, Captain Wallace, R. N., and Parson Duché,—all these are worth reproduction, but we have no time nor space left for the purpose.

Our knowledge of the peculiar construction of the old house, however, compels us to doubt the entire accuracy of Graydon's account of a midnight riot perpetrated by Lieutenant Rumsey, R. A., Rivington the printer, and Doctor Kearsley; "in which," says Graydon, "the doctor, mounted on horseback, rode into the back parlor, and even up stairs, to the great disturbance and terror of the family; for, as it may well be supposed, there was a direful clatter. *Quadrupedante sonitu quatit ungula domum.*"

Of the experiences of Adams, Hancock, Reed, Dickinson, Randolph and Washington, in this ancient mansion, we would gladly speak. We may perhaps be permitted to quote the following memorandum by the late Peter S. Duponceau, which exists among Mr. Watson's unpublished manuscripts: "I remember that when the British army left Philadelphia in May, 1778, they left it exceedingly dirty. I entered it on the same day on which they left it. It was in the afternoon that I went in. I drank tea at the Slate House in Second street. Whether it was a public or a boarding-house or not, I do not recollect: I went to lodge elsewhere the same night. But I well recollect the general complaint of the abominable state in which the city was left by the British army. And I recollect also that the flies were so abundant that no one could drink his dish of tea: as soon as it was poured into the cup it was instantly filled with flies."

And now, having finished our story, it only remains for us to say, in explanation of the wood-cut which accompanies this part of this paper, that the wooden portion of the building, which is seen filling the space between the hitherto projecting bastions, was placed there in the latter part of the last century. The distinguished local antiquary, Mr. McAllister, Sr., who attended school in the Slate-roof House as early as 1798, has told us that this addition was in use at that time.

The house itself was pulled down in



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, IN 1867.

September last, to make room for the magnificent building soon to be occupied by the Chamber of Commerce.\* The writer ventures to suggest to the leading men in that important association the desirability of erecting a marble tablet commemorating the historical characters who have been prominently associated with the mansion now no more. And if the portraits of some of the more distinguished were procured to be hung on the walls of the modern edifice, it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the fathers and founders of Philadelphia.

\* F. Gutekunst, 712 Arch street, Philadelphia, took a series of admirable photographic views of the "Old Slate-roof House" a few weeks before it was demolished.

One more word for the reader: If, as Doctor Draper supposes, even the most trivial events are photographed instantly upon surrounding objects, how sad it is to reflect that these ancient walls, with their myriads of historical pictures, have irrecoverably disappeared!—unless indeed the kind public should determine that I have succeeded in rescuing some of the "negatives," and in conveying to the preceding pages accurate impressions of the varying fortunes of the Old Slate-roof House and its occupants. In that case, I shall instantly lay claim to the discovery of a process for detecting and securing these fugitive images, the want of which the learned doctor has hitherto so deeply deplored.



## THE CORRELATION OF FORCES.

## I.

IN the universe, physically considered, nothing exists but Matter and Force. We have accustomed ourselves to think of Matter as, in its own nature, entirely passive and inert. We conceive of Force as shown always in action, change, movement.

We fall thus into error at the very threshold of our inquiry. Attraction and Repulsion are forces resident in and inseparable from Matter, and as energetic when undisturbed and at rest as when disturbed and giving rise to Motion. Gravitation and Magnetism are never exhausted or dissipated; never cease to produce their characteristic effects; never even seem to become latent, or disappear by any mode of conversion. In these respects they differ pointedly, as we shall see, from several of the other so-called Forces. These change their form or mode of manifestation, or lose themselves in exhaustion, or become latent, as the phrase is; for we shall notice that Science, in accepting new views on this class of topics, has not been able to throw off the use of the old language. Nothing can be in words more paradoxical than *latent force*, and yet the idea is entirely familiar, and by no means unnatural.

Sir Michael Faraday, we believe, first suggested and dwelt upon the close connection and interunion of the various forces or modes of force, but it is to Mr. Grove that we owe the construction of the present received theory with regard to it, as well as the apt expression at the head of this article. It conveys exactly the meaning he intends, and no more; but it will be seen that some of his followers, while still retaining it, have gone farther than he was willing to venture in the wide field of hypothesis.

He announces his views with a commendable degree of reserve and caution, as follows: "The various imponderable

agencies or physical affections of Matter—Heat, Light, Electricity, Magnetism, chemical Affinity and Motion—are all *correlative*, or have a mutual dependence: neither can be said to be the essential or proximate cause of the others, but either may, as a force, produce or be convertible into the other: thus heat may mediately or immediately produce electricity—electricity may produce heat; and so of the rest. Although strongly inclined to believe that the five other affections of Matter which I have above named are and will be resolved into modes of Motion, it would be going too far to assume their identity with it."

But Tyndal, in his recent much-admired work, does not hesitate to designate "Heat a mode of Motion," making that dogma indeed the very title of the book.

Carpenter re-states Grove's doctrine in these clear terms: "Force A, operating on a certain form of matter, ceases to manifest itself, but B is developed in its stead; and, vice versa, Force B, operating on some other form of matter, ceases to manifest itself, but A is reproduced in its stead." He insists on the necessity for the presence of a certain material substratum as the medium of the change in question. This may in some cases be of very varied form or description, as when heat is produced by friction or retarded motion or percussion or chemical agencies; or when Motion, as shown by expansion, is produced by heat. But in many examples "the change can be effected only through some special form of Matter; or if several may serve as its medium, there is some one greatly superior to all the rest in readiness. This specialty in the behavior of different substances, when subjected to the play of the same forces, is a fact of fundamental importance: it is on it, in-

deed, that our notion of their several properties depends."

To Grove's catalogue of convertible or correlated forces, Carpenter, Bain and others have added Gravitation, Cohesion, Nerve-force, Vital, Germinal, and even Mental force. Much daring speculation has been indulged in, and a strong propensity has been exhibited to merge them all under one common head, and regard them all as essentially the same—modified—but a unit, identical. The prevailing notion seems to be, not that shadowed forth by Grove, that they are mere modes of Motion, but rather that they are derived from, produced by, and must be resolved into, the attraction of Gravitation.

Groves argues earnestly that "Force can no more be annihilated than can Matter: it is transmitted, subdivided or altered in direction and character. Motion changes its name and we call it Sound; and even light and electricity are rather motions than things moving. Heat, sometimes absurdly said to be latent, may be regarded as a continuation of the force—as in friction, percussion, etc.—which was previously associated with the moving body, and which, when it impinges on another homogeneous body, ceasing to exist as gross, palpable motion, continues to exist as heat. If the body impinged on be not perfectly homogeneous, electricity also is generated by the retarded motion."

Admitting, without hesitation and with great respect for the ability and ingenuity of Mr. Grove, much of what he has thus laid down, we would present here, with unaffected diffidence, certain objections to the prevailing doctrines founded upon his views. If they be indeed tenable and true, they have not yet been demonstrated—they are not established. The theory into which they have been woven, when put upon trial, will be found obnoxious to the verdict of the Scotch courts—"non constat," "not proven," at the very least, if not disproved.

Distinctions seem to be obviously necessary here which have been unphi-

losophically neglected, or rather, perhaps, studiously set aside. Let us attempt a fair analysis, and separate the various agents, energies, or, as Grove well calls them, "affections of Matter." If they present many points of interunion and close relation, as no one will deny, they also offer characteristics in strong contrast to each other. Surely Motion, a central energy in Grove's contemplation, is not properly to be regarded as a force in the same sense as light or chemical affinity, being nothing but a mere *affection* of Matter—a passive result of the action of each and all of the true forces. It is, unlike Gravitation and Magnetism, intermitting, and readily interrupted, absorbed or converted. It is never self-originating or self-acting, and indeed cannot be in the very nature of things.

"Matter," says Boyle, "is as much matter when it rests as when it moves. Local motion, or the endeavor at it, is not included in the constitution of matter." And Newton: "We find but little motion in the world, except what plainly flows from either the *active principle* of nature or from the command of the willer."

Contrast it with the real energies enumerated in the same category, whose presence and action are known chiefly if not exclusively by their producing motion of some kind. It is true they are all in their turn evolved by motion; but this results in every case indirectly, and through the mediate influence of some contingency upon which the result depends. Thus Motion produces Light, but not without the presence and undulation of the luminiferous Ether which modern philosophy hypothetically assumes to exist. It produces Heat; but, if we follow M. Radakowitsch, a similar medium of an undulatory heat-fluid is required; and at any rate we find no heat arise from the motion of the particles of fluids among themselves, unless under peculiar conditions. So also well-defined intermediate agencies are demanded for the evolution of electricity. We may then fairly exclude Motion from the category of true Forces or active Energies.

Let us again divide and subdivide these. Of purely Static Force, which tends as much to keep Matter at rest as to set it moving, the best example is the great attraction of Gravitation, which, if not counteracted by some immense Repulsion, some centrifugal force, would occasion the absolute coalescence of all matter around one common centre.

Closely allied to it, though not identical with it, acting only at small distances and on minute masses, is the attraction of Cohesion between particles endowed with the aptitude of similar composition, and that of chemical or elective Affinity; beautiful examples of which are to be found in the infinite varieties of crystallization.

Again: Heat and its close correlative, Light, are not so abstract in the idea we form of them: we can readily conceive of them as material substances or substrata of infinite tenuity; nay, it requires a strong mental effort not to conceive of them as such. They disappear and become latent—notwithstanding the denunciation of the assertion by Grove—under our direct observation: we can extinguish and revive or re-create them: we can graduate accurately their amount or intensity by adding to or subtracting from the pabulum by which they are supplied.

How strongly marked the distinctions which thus separate them from Gravitation, perpetual and unalterable, on the one hand, and Electricity and Magnetism on the other! “By one magnet,” says Hunt, “we may induce magnetism in any number of iron bars without its losing any of its original force.” Heat producing—or, as the favorite phrase is, converted into—motion, exhausts itself and disappears. It thus becomes latent under a great variety of conditions—in some of them seeming to enter into and become a constituent part of the bodies affected. Almost universally it expands them, rendering solids fluid, whether by mere repulsion or actual separation of their particles or atoms. There is one remarkable instance, however, in which it solidifies a fluid mass, permanently and without obvious expan-

sion. An egg, fluid within its shell and envelopes, is transformed at once into a solid body under the action of heat. No change of bulk is affirmed to occur. In the new combination of elements which has thus taken place, nothing can be more plausible than the inference that a material substance, such as we were formerly familiar with under the name of caloric, forms a part.

Light seems also to combine chemically with various substances and in familiar photographic manipulations. It is also believed to be absorbed and retained by certain bodies, which emit it again after definite intervals of time and under certain circumstances, such as the diamond and some phosphorescent bodies.

Electricity and its congener, Magnetism, may be admitted to hold a somewhat doubtful or equivocal position. The first is the most wonderful energy in Nature, and is concerned more universally in the movements going on around us than any other. Olmstead sneeringly remarked, long since, that every thing in modern physics, unaccountable or mysterious, was apt to be numbered among electrical phenomena. We know now that this is less unreasonable than he considered it to be.

There is one fact which gives some ground for the belief that Electricity is, reversing the language of Grove, “rather a thing moving than a mere mode of motion.” If the wire carrying the current *from* an electrical machine is passed over paper covered with nitrate of silver, it produces no change upon it; but if the wire which conveys the current *to* the instrument is passed over the same paper, the silver salt is decomposed. Hunt endeavors to account for this “upon the hypothesis that the decomposition is produced by the abstraction or addition of electricity,” rather than by any physical quality in the fluid itself. We give his own words. Now it seems to us clear that if this agent acts as a pure force, as mere motion, and not as a “thing moving,” it cannot be of any consequence how that force passes along or through a body acted on: it must

therefore be true, as indeed the very language implies, that some *thing* has been added or taken away, which something must be of the fixed character of matter or substance.

Of Magnetism we may say, as of Gravitation, that it is to be regarded statically as well as dynamically. There is a magnetic pole or centre of attraction, as there is a centre of mundane gravity: its influence, too, is in permanent operation, exhaustless and unintermitting. But, unlike Gravitation, it has its repulsion. By certain familiar processes we have acquired a degree of power over it, and can excite it, draw or create it at will; always commanding its presence and action through electrical intermediation.

We speak of Heat and Light still as "imponderables:" we do not associate the idea of weight, either negatively or positively, with any of the other agents or affections of matter enumerated among Forces. It would seem absurd to make any question of this kind concerning Motion or Gravitation, chemical Affinity or Cohesion, Magnetism or Electricity. Thus we draw an obvious line between them in our imaginations as well as in our reasonings. But it deserves to be considered whether weight is essential to matter, and whether we can make the ponderable or imponderable character of any supposed existence the test of its quality as a material substance. What is *weight* but the expression of the force with which any thing is attracted to the earth's centre or the common centre of gravity of the universe? If we accept the undulatory theory of light now so generally admitted by scientific men, we must acknowledge in the luminiferous Ether, hypothetically assumed, a tenuous form of matter which is imponderable. But it is not more difficult to conceive of material caloric, or rays of light which shall be imponderable, as well.

Every one knows that friction, interrupted motion, will produce heat and light, as in the lucifer match, the highest triumph of scientific civilization—the culminating point at which we are farthest removed

from barbarism, as controlling the two most important energies in Nature—power over which the savage acquires and retains with the greatest difficulty. A similar miracle is wrought by chemical Affinity alone, in the brilliant combustion of the metals potassium and sodium when brought into contact with water even frozen into ice.

In ordinary combustion the relation of these changes to the production of heat is exact and can be calculated: so much fluid burned, so much heat evolved, and, in direct consequence, so much motive force extricated. Thus the mechanical equivalent of heat may be precisely expressed, and we may announce that the complete combustion of one pound of carbon—such is Prof. Bain's computation—would produce sufficient motive force to raise a man of average weight to the highest peak of the Andes. The same authority tells us, too, that "as much heat is absorbed by plants during their growth and the deposit of carbon in their tissues as is given out on the combustion of the same."

In so many of these experiments we obtain light as well as heat, and their correlation was observed to be so frequent and so close that their interunion, or even their identity, was a ready deduction. Thus Prof. J. W. Draper unhesitatingly ascribes vision to the influence of temperature on the portions of the eye coated with the black pigment. "Whenever rays of light fall on a surface," he informs us, "that surface becomes warm. It is of no physiological interest to us to inquire whether light is identical with heat, or whether when light falls upon a body it turns into heat." Thus we are led to view it also as a "mode of motion."

Grove seems to us in error when he asserts that "light is directly generated from motion, as when it accompanies the heat of friction." Until combustion—oxidation—results from heat, light is not developed; at least as indirect a process as his example of "mediate production of light in the electric spark." A much better instance to illustrate his view is the occasional evolution of light

subjectively from a blow on the head or pressure on the eye, as when a fallen skater or a pugilist "*sees stars.*"

He admits with great fairness that "the relations of light to the other forces, as in its turn generative or causative, are as yet obscure and undetermined. On any hypothesis, some form of matter adapted to its manifestation must exist throughout space: either it must be corpuscular, the old theory; or a luminiferous ether transmits it, the received doctrine; or it is propagated by the vibrations of finely-divided particles of ordinary matter, so attenuated that we cannot recognize it by the tests of other forces, such as gravitation." Of these three hypotheses he prefers the last "as the least gratuitous." Thus we have arrived at an imponderable form of matter, and have rid ourselves of one

difficulty by the substitution of another of the same nature. Let us add here Prof. Draper's statement, that "the physical difference between waves of sound and waves of light consists in this, that the vibrations which give rise to the former coincide with the direction in which the wave passes, but those of the latter are transverse." This would seem to constitute an objection to Grove's choice of atmospheres.

He represents Magnetism as "a static or directive, not properly a motive, force." This distinction does not seem to us well taken. Magnetic Attraction and Repulsion, if disturbed, arouse motion as readily as any other attraction and its opposite—those of Gravity and chemical Affinity, for example, which are manifested only in redressing a disturbance.

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## LOVE AND GHOSTS.

**M**ANY persons will doubtless remember to have seen the following paragraph in the newspapers in 1858:

"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—Jacob Wisner, a respectable farmer, residing in the Valley of Middle Creek, Pa., suddenly disappeared on the night of May 17, and not even a trace of him can be found. He visited a neighbor in the evening, but left for home about nine o'clock. It is feared that he has been murdered."

As there never was any other public statement in regard to the case, very few persons are aware that the mysterious disappearance was intimately connected with a piece of romance, "with a woman in it." I propose to relate the circumstances.

Middle Valley is really an elevated fertile plain, two or three miles wide and six or eight long, bordered on the east and west by low ridges or hills, and

separated from the main Allegheny range by the deep valley of Eagle Creek, which lies westward of it. Middle Creek is a small tributary of the Juniata; Eagle Creek empties into a branch of the Susquehanna. The two valleys have a sort of indefinite intercommunication by means of several rough mountain-roads which occupy the passes of the intervening ridge, called Mancey Ridge. Such communication seems very appropriate, on account of the wide difference in the character of the people and in the aspect of the country on either side of the ridge. Eagle Valley is a pent-up workshop of the Cyclops: it is occupied at intervals of three to five miles with the black paraphernalia of iron-furnaces, and is inhabited mainly by the rough, uncultured people employed by such establishments. Middle Valley is an open expanse of cultivated fields, thickly dotted with tasteful houses and barns, and beautified by groves and gardens. Its inhabitants, being chiefly descend-

ants of the early Dutch settlers, are hereditarily steady and orderly. To a considerable extent, they have embraced the advantages of the common-school system and have adopted modern social usages; and some of them have even given their children the benefit of the higher forms of mental and social culture, by sending them from home to be educated. Of course, however, the old Dutch prejudices and superstitions still linger in the valley, and have, indeed, strong hold upon some of the older inhabitants. A well-dressed gentleman is a "fop;" a well-dressed lady is a "tippy." Invisible beings go about the earth, especially at night; and the ghosts of the departed return, in visible form, to warn or torment the living.

Mr. Wisner was one of the few who sent their children to college or seminary; and yet, strange to say, he was one upon whom old hereditary prejudices and superstitions had strongest hold. Indeed, there is a bit of gossip involved in the affair, which may as well be told. The Frau Wisner was a strong-minded woman, formerly a Yankee school-mistress, who had somehow entangled the quiet Dutchman's heart when he was young, and, it was whispered, had ever afterward controlled his affairs. To her it was attributed that their only child, Ella, was sent to boarding-school when advanced beyond the common-school curriculum.

And now, since so much has been revealed, it should be honestly stated that the whole affair was conducted in the face of Mr. Wisner's most emphatic protest. He said that Nell, as he called her, would get her head full of nonsense and flummery—ribbons and laces and flounces, music and dancing, and all that; and very probably crown the list of her follies by falling in love with some of those city fops, and thus get everything into confusion and irremediable difficulty. For he vowed that, if this last event should happen, nothing could ever reconcile him to it, nor secure his consent to have a city fop about him in any relation, whether on a social visit or on a courting expedition. This promise

he repeated more than once—an evidence that all his stubborn nature meant it. We shall see how pertinaciously he remembered it; for, it must be said, in such matters no woman could control him.

He remembered his vow; because, in sooth, the very thing he predicted was literally fulfilled, as he counted fulfillment.

Ella, was, of course, attractive. I say, *of course*; for how could she be otherwise, with the mingling of Yankee and Pennsylvania Dutch blood in her veins? She possessed the highly vitalized Yankee brain, with its impress of "faculty" upon every lineament of face and form; and she had the Dutch face and form, instinct with health and vigor, and their concomitants, beauty and serenity. And think of the temperament, the facility, the power which such a combination implies! She won prizes and hearts alike. It was natural and inevitable that she should do so. And she did it with a self-unconsciousness so imperial that she scarcely excited envy.

Among other hearts—of matrons, preceptors, classmates, miscellaneous acquaintances—that she won, was that of the predicted "city fop"—a student in the college at the opposite side of town from the seminary. But, winning his, she lost her own; for a subtle, long-headed, potent fellow he was; the same in place and power in the college that she was in the seminary—the overshadowing spirit, the leading mind among the students. It is hardly wonderful that they gravitated toward each other. These affinities of love are inexorable things.

Ah! all unknown to Mr. Wisner, during those few years of Ella's school-life, the cruel Fates were brewing a bitter cup for his lips. It yet remained to be seen whether they could administer it, or whether there might not be a stubbornness stronger than even the Fates.

With many a profound though silent pang, Mr. Wisner endured the visitations of fashionable girls from the boarding-school during the perpetually-recurring vacations. With profounder pangs he

saw first a guitar and afterward a piano, with their dreadful accompaniments of black-leaved note-books and sheets of music, enter his once plain and quiet home. Under all this accumulating calamity, however, he bore up with uncomplaining fortitude. Doubtless his good frau—if a Yankee woman may receive that appellation—helped to prop his spirit with words of encouragement, or at least to calm it with incentives to resignation. But when Ella had finished her studies at school, and Mr. Burnett, the young Philadelphia law-student, formerly the collegiate acquaintance, came to visit her at her own home, neither Dutch patience nor uxorial influences could restrain him any longer.

Mr. Wisner did not swear—he was a Methodist—but he flew into a violent rage; he stormed through the house like a madman, denouncing boarding-schools, silly girls and city fops; he even ventured to insinuate something about proud, aristocratic women, who want to rub against the city gentry; he rehearsed his vow and renewed it; and, finally, wrought up to the very pitch of frenzy, he went into the parlor and peremptorily ordered the young man out of the house, at the same time warning him never to return.

Singularly enough, Mr. Burnett took the matter in the utmost good nature, picked up his hat with an air of perfect composure, and, with a pleasant, conciliatory remark, politely bowed himself out of the house. No doubt Ella, the shrewd puss, had prepared him for the storm. And what other information or suggestions she gave him, who can tell?

He did not retire to Stahmstown, the little village of the valley, two miles distant from the Wisner farm, to work strategy from that convenient base of operations. He, strangely, took quite a different course. Crossing over into Eagle Valley, he went to Vesuvius Furnace, to visit an old college chum, the son of the manager who resided in "the mansion," that singular oasis in the social desert of a "furnace bank." And he was still there when the mys-

terious disappearance of Mr. Wisner occurred, about a week afterward.

Mysterious disappearance, indeed! Only a few friends of the family ever knew the real facts in the case; and those few friends differed in their mode of telling them. I give the narrative which I got, in under tones, from Mr. Fiesler. I give it as I got it; except that I append a brief key of interpretation.

Mr. Wisner was very systematic in his habits. What he did one week he did the next, with almost invariable regularity. Among his long-established habits was that of visiting his friend and neighbor, Johann Fiesler, on a certain evening each week, to smoke and talk with him till bedtime. On the evening of May 17, mentioned in the newspaper paragraph, he made his accustomed visit, smoked his smoke and talked his talk, and then started for home, which was about a mile distant.

Now, there were two ways of going home: one, by the lane to the main road and then up the road; the other, across the fields. Mr. Wisner usually chose the latter, because—to state the whole case—the mouth of the lane had somehow become a suspicious place. Strange, hissing noises and wonderful, lugubrious groans had been heard there on dismal nights; and, more than once, unearthly sights had been seen. In fact, a nephew of Mr. Wisner, a sturdy, strong-nerved fellow, had one night encountered a great seething furnace at that point; and he gave an appalling account of the fierce fires that burned in it, and of the intensely-glowing sparks that issued from it, as it swung from side to side across the dark and narrow lane.

All this Mr. Wisner knew, and had thought over a thousand times. But on that eventful night of May 17, dark and dolesome though it was, he utterly forgot it; and so he mechanically turned his steps up the lane, pondering some theme that he and his friend Mr. Fiesler had been canvassing. When, however, he approached within two or three rods of the mouth of the lane, the whole matter literally flashed upon him; for, looking

up from the ground, upon which his eyes had been bent in meditation, he saw a small, glimmering light slowly oscillating back and forth and momentarily increasing in magnitude and intensity. He stopped, appalled, and stood a brief space, gazing in mute horror, his scalp cold, his tongue warm to the roots, and the whole surface of his body breaking out in clammy perspiration. But the instinct of self-preservation presently rose and suggested escape. The first thought turned to the old safe path across the fields, which was really not far distant; and, involuntarily, he directed his eyes toward it; when lo! there swung another light, larger, more glaring, intenser than the one before him. With growing terror he turned about to flee back to his friend Fiesler's. But, behold! right in the middle of the lane where he had just trod, there glowed the very cope of hell—a circle of fuming fire, white as burnished silver, vivid as the lightning. In his now consummate horror, he uttered a groan as of a man in the death-agony, and said: "My God, oh save me!" The sounds had scarcely passed his lips before he deeply repented their utterance. Had he not heard many a time that silence should be observed if one wants to be safe in the presence of the ghosts, and that they will not tolerate any groanings, or complaints, or prayers? Even while these regrets and self-reproaches were rising within him, the three lights, glaring more fiercely, and blown now by audible hissing breaths of spirits, moved toward him; and, presently, an odor from the nearest one began to pour into his nostrils and down his throat—a subtle, suffocating, stupefying odor; no doubt the smell of that foreign brimstone, he thought. It came like a vapor, almost like a stream, right into his face, whichever way he turned. Strangely enough, it presently calmed his tumult, and he felt like lying down to sleep, or at least to rest. Just as he was in the act of doing so the three fires combined themselves into one huge locomotive (he had seen locomotives at Altoona), upon which three great spooks lifted him; and then,

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mounting it themselves, away it thundered like a storm, up the slope of Mancey, over the rough ridge, sheer through the air across Eagle Valley to the Allegheny bluffs; and then, fast hurrying from bluff to bluff, leaping chasms and skimming forest-tops, it drove right to the summit of the main Allegheny, and deposited him upon a high, wild crag, precipitous on all sides, and jagged everywhere from the smittings of thunderbolts.

There, through measures of time that seemed to him like slowly revolving eternities, he suffered torments which no words can describe. The spooks burned him in their locomotive furnace, then froze him between cakes of ice and salt, then wrenched his limbs out of the joints, and jolted them back again to their place, then fiercely fumbled and tore at his abdomen as if attempting to embowel him; and thus, passing from torture to torture, they crowded the myriad moments with agony. But at last he emerged from these long cycles of anguish, and became pleasantly conscious that he was lying down in comfortable posture, with the soft breath of early summer pensively sighing about him; and he heard, as he thought, human voices near by, and felt a grateful dash of cool water upon his brow and over the region of his heart.

"Thank God, boys! he's reviving," said a strange though pleasant voice. "What a relief! I began to be dreadfully alarmed."

"He's a mighty tough old Dutchman," said another voice, which seemed very much like that of Ben Gilp, a rough work-hand at Vesuvius Furnace. "He's too stingy to die. I wasn't a bit afraid."

"There! Didn't he try to open his eyes?" said a third voice, which reminded him of Jim Starkey, another of the Vesuvius work-hands.

"Yes; quiet now, boys!" said the first voice. Then, after a pause, either another voice, or else the same one changed to hollow tones, said slowly and solemnly:

"Jacob Wisner! Jacob Wisner! Jacob Wisner!"



Mr. Wisner opened his eyes and could see only a tall, white form—immensely tall—standing before him, holding a small, lambent light. All else around was simply one mass of ebon darkness. And how still! The poor man began once more to tremble with alarm; but, upon a second solemn call from the pleasant voice, he said, meekly:

“Here am I, Lord.”

“Do you know, Jacob Wisner,” said the voice, “why you have been thus transported by the invisible spirits away from your home and friends?”

“Indeed I don’t,” replied Mr. Wisner, promptly, his fear giving way to a feeling of indignation at the injustice of his treatment.

“Have you not lately violated the laws of hospitality in your house?” inquired the voice, in measured, impressive tones.

“Why—why—how?” returned Mr. Wisner, falteringly, evasively.

“Did you not,” said the voice, “insult a stranger in your own house without any just cause? Think candidly and honestly, and answer fairly. Remember your situation!” This exhortation was uttered in the most solemn and searching manner.

It had its intended effect upon Mr. Wisner. He, of course, at once recalled the case of Mr. Burnett; and, beginning with the unjustifiable rudeness of calling him a city fop, he mentally retraced his whole course of impropriety, inhospitality and injustice toward the injured man. There can be no question that, even apart from his fears, he deeply regretted the affair and was ashamed of it from beginning to end. It was, therefore, thorough honesty that caused him to frankly reply:

“Well, I confess it wasn’t right. I didn’t treat the young man fair.”

“There was a case of the kind, then?” inquired the voice.

“Yes,” said Mr. Wisner, promptly—“the young man from Philadelphia. I forget his name. I’m sure I’m sorry I treated him so. He may be a very nice young man. I’m *very* sorry, I’m sure.”

“Well, that is a proper spirit,” re-

turned the voice. “And now, Mr. Wisner, if you should be returned to your home in safety, do you think you would feel like making some amends for your injustice and unkindness in that case?”

“What kind of ‘mends?’” inquired the cautious Dutchman.

“That must be left to your own sense of honor and of right,” responded the voice.

There was a pause. The matter began to look to Mr. Wisner very much like a contract; and he was not in the habit of hastily making contracts, since it was always his purpose to fulfill his part of them. In this one, too, there seemed to be some very hard terms for his obstinate nature and long-settled prejudices. It was many minutes before he replied; and it is doubtful whether anything but superstitious fear could have made him decide as he did. At length, however, he said, cautiously, and as if feeling his way toward a compromise:

“Well, if I can get back safe, I’ll do what’s right about it.”

“That is all that should be asked,” responded the voice, very promptly. “The matter is left entirely to your Christian honor. You will now return as you came. Spirits, attend!”

Mr. Wisner was about to remonstrate, when that same odor, or vapor, or whatever it was, which had suffocated and stupefied him in Mr. Fiesler’s lane, poured again into his nostrils and mouth and stopped his speech. Then he grew calm, as before; and presently the spooks came, gently this time and with a chariot of cloud, and conveyed him back to Middle Valley. They laid him softly down in one of his own fields, up on the slope of Mancey Ridge, and left him there to quiet slumbers. It was late in the afternoon of May 19 when he woke from that deep and dreamless sleep.

Rising to his feet and rousing himself thoroughly, he narrowly scanned the familiar objects about him, and elaborately scrutinized the whole valley from his elevated position, as if to assure himself that he was actually awake and

in the midst of material things. Then he climbed up on the fence near which he had slept, and, seating himself upon the topmost rail, he fell into a long and profound meditation. He was reviewing the events through which he had passed, arranging in his mind what account he should give of himself, and—to tell the whole truth—boggling over the rash promise he had made in regard to Mr. Burnett. It was not until dusky shadows began to creep over the valley that he started homeward; and even then he went slowly and with a strange, vague hesitancy of pace.

Meantime, in the interval of his absence, the people of the valley—at least of his part of it—had been passing through a scene of excitement never known to them before. By noon of May 18 the news of his disappearance had extended fully two miles along the main road and down the lane to Mr. Fiesler's. By evening of that day several small squads of excited neighbors had met here and there to smoke over the wonderful event, and suggest lines of opinion concerning it. Some spoke about the nearness of the mountains and talked of bears and panthers. Others vaguely hinted that Mr. Wisner's home affairs were none too attractive, and intimated that men had been known to abandon less unpleasant surroundings. But, really, the silent thought of the majority recurred to the strange stories that had been told concerning the mouth of Mr. Fiesler's lane; and a vague, indefinable terror was upon almost every heart. By noon of May 19 a proposal had got abroad to search for the missing man; and by evening several of the most probable conjectures concerning his whereabouts had been investigated and found erroneous. This served to heighten the superstitious alarm and dread which now prevailed everywhere except in Mr. Wisner's own home; for his wife and daughter had somehow managed to keep at least comparatively composed. When night came on, and the investigation was postponed until the next morning, a few of the nearest neighbors assembled at the house, as if to

condole with the family, but really to ward off supernatural visitations by the presence of an assemblage; for it is generally the custom with spooks to avoid places of concourse.

The neighbors were sitting in the large front room in perfect silence, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, while Frau Wisner and Ella composedly stitched by the lamp on the stand, when, tramp! tramp! tramp! footsteps sounded upon the front porch—hasty, excited footsteps for that neighborhood: then the outer door opened without ceremony, a step or two was heard in the hall, the room door opened, and, behold! the usually phlegmatic, imperturbable Hans Shutzer stood in the doorway, his fat face livid with excitement and his eyes dilated and strained with terror.

"Oh, mine Gott!" said he, with arms awkwardly extended and fingers stretched wide apart. "I seen 'im. It was his shpirit wat I seen. And I seen te blut on his west and on his short-pussum. It was Shacob Wisner—sure!"

After a few moments of silent consternation among most of the inmates of the room, Ella called upon Mr. Shutzer to explain himself. Upon a little persuasion he was induced to take a seat; and he then proceeded to state that as he came by the barn he saw Mr. Wisner in the barnyard, moving about among the stock, as if engaged in feeding them; that at first he thought himself mistaken, but he had gone quite up to the fence, and presently the form came so near that he saw the features in the twilight, and distinctly saw blood on the vest and shirt-bosom; that the spirit did not speak a word, however, and he himself was "too skeered to shepak."

When he had completed his narrative, another deep silence followed, which was broken presently by the sound of foot-falls at the back door of the dining-room, followed presently by the sharp click of the latch, the opening and shutting of the door, heavy walking across the dining-room floor, and directly the opening of the door leading into the front room; and then there stood Jacob Wisner, right in the doorway; looking a

little haggard, indeed, and with the bosom of his shirt much more soiled than was ever usual with him, but otherwise rather natural in his appearance. He did not speak a word—his face gave forth no special expression: he merely stepped upon the door-sill and stood there.

Dutch as the company was, several audible utterances of terror from different parts of the room greeted his sudden appearance; and there is no telling what sort of a scene would have ensued, had not Ella bounded to her father with exclamations of joyous welcome, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed and embraced him, giving utterance all the while to tenderest words of affectionate greeting, and full, copious expressions of joy. Mr. Wisner's eyes suffused with tears, and he touchingly returned his daughter's caresses. This was a scene too human to excite or maintain superstitious fears. Eyes grew moist that had long been strangers to tears.

Of course, Frau Wisner's welcome followed Ella's, and then each neighbor in turn gave an honest though not very demonstrative greeting. Explanations should have followed next in order; and, indeed, there was enough demand made for them; but Mr. Wisner had deliberately settled his policy upon this point, and his answer to all inquiries was simply the half-playful statement, "I suppose I got lost a little," uttered with a very vague and artificial smile.

In fact, during the remainder of the evening he wore an air so unusual to him, and occasionally gave such strange, irrelevant answers to inquiries and remarks, that the neighbors, as they returned homeward, shook their heads mournfully and hinted that he was "not right in his head." Nor, indeed, were they to be alone in their suspicions. After several days, even his wife began to fear that his mind had received a strain, he seemed so abstracted during the day and was so restless at night, often getting up out of his bed and walking about the room, moaning dolefully and muttering unintelligibly. At length, however, about a week after his return, the whole matter was explained to her

in a most satisfactory and agreeable manner.

After retiring to their room at the close of a day in which he had been unusually abstracted, she said to him:

"Jacob, I see that you have something on your mind which is destroying your comfort. Can I do anything to relieve you of it?"

She said this so gently and kindly that he could not treat it even with inattentive silence. Your quiet, taciturn people generally have a very tender place somewhere in their hearts, if you only have skill enough to find it.

"Well, Abby," he replied, "there *is* something on my mind that troubles me some. But I'm really ashamed to talk about it."

"Why, if it troubles you, Jacob," she said, in a very sympathetic tone, "I am sure you need not feel ashamed to talk about it, especially to me. For that matter, you know, it need go no further; though I don't seek to know it, unless it will give you relief to tell it."

"Well, Abby," returned he, after a brief pause, "I believe I'll tell you all about it. That's the best way, I guess."

So he gave her the version of his recent experiences which I have presented in this little narrative, and concluded by complaining that he could not see how to redeem his pledge in reference to Mr. Burnett. He had tried his utmost, but could not devise any way that seemed to him proper and right.

"I can relieve you of that matter, Jacob," said his wife, promptly. "I will send for Mr. Burnett, who is still at Vesuvius, and apologize to him for you, if you say so."

"And will that do, Abby?" he asked, in a tone that indicated hopefulness.

"Certainly: why not?" returned she.

"Very well," said he, quite cheerfully. "Now, thank God! I can sleep once more." And he did.

Early next morning a messenger was despatched to Vesuvius Furnace with a note to Mr. Burnett, and preparations were entered upon for the very marked entertainment of a special guest.

I do not pretend to know the myste-

ries which make a Pennsylvania farmhouse so sweet, so cozy, so like a visible romance, and which give to its table such an air of purity and luxury that it seems like the realization of fairy tales to gather around it and partake of its delicious and abundant provisions. I only know that there are such mysteries; and Ella and her mother understood them entirely. Besides, all the circumstances conspired to put Mr. Burnett into a romantic mood. When, therefore, he went over to Mr. Wisner's in response to the note he received, he entered a place of enchantment; and the few days he spent there before his return to Philadelphia more than repaid him for all the mortification and disappointment he had recently endured.

Three years afterward, Mr. Burnett, sitting alone with his wife in that very parlor from which he had once been rudely ordered, said to her, in a sort of quizzical way:

"Ella, do you know how much you and I are indebted to chloroform for our present happiness?"

"To chloroform, Edward?—to chloroform?" returned Mrs. Burnett: "what do you mean?"

"Yes; to chloroform, Ben Gilp and Jim Starkey," he answered.

"Oh, I understand you now," said the wife. "I suspected that something of the kind had been used. But, to tell you the truth, Edward, I have always felt so much ashamed and so condemned on account of even my tacit consent to that matter that I have avoided thinking about it ever since. There is one thing concerning it that I never understood; and that is, the three furnaces."

"Why, you unphilosophic creature!" returned Mr. Burnett. "Don't you know that excited imagination can readily magnify a mole-hill to a mountain—a lantern to a furnace?"

"Ah, I see," said she. "You all three had lanterns. But let us not talk about it, I feel so condemned. Poor old father! he is so kind and good; and his superstitions are only misfortunes, not faults. We ought to have contrived some more humane plan to accomplish the purpose."

"Well," said Mr. Burnett, in a dry, quiet way, "I, at least, shall never find any fault with ghosts. I am indebted to them, in a large measure, for the best wife in the world."

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## AN ELASTIC CURRENCY.

IT is generally assumed at the present day that *elasticity* is a desirable quality in a currency designed for general use. It is laid down as an axiom, that a currency should be so elastic as to expand and contract with the wants of trade, and this is accepted and repeated in various forms in all parts of the nation. It has even been deliberately sanctioned by Congress in the resolution of 10th December, 1865, in which it is affirmed "that the paper circulation of the country should be flexible, increasing and decreasing according to the requirements of legitimate business." This

principle, so gravely announced, has been generally applauded.

Is it true that the currency of a nation ought to possess this elasticity?

We do not hesitate to say that this is the most momentous economic question of the age: all others sink into insignificance when compared with it. There are, indeed, other questions of great interest—the extension of trade, the co-operation of labor and capital, the more just equalization of public burdens—but none of these equal in importance *the character of the currency*, because upon this all the others depend. It is

only by the use of a sound currency that these great objects can be fully secured.

In order to answer a question so recondite and important, it will be necessary to give a brief description and analysis of the different kinds of currency in use.

There are four kinds of currency :

1. Money, or that entirely composed of coin. This is inflexible. It will neither contract nor expand. It may be carried out of the country, and thus the quantity be reduced, or may be increased by importation or mining ; but there is nothing inherent in itself which can make it more or less in quantity or value. If exported to such an extent as to leave a vacuum, it will begin at once to flow back again, and continue to do so until the equilibrium is restored. If produced in too great abundance for the natural wants of the country, the laws of trade will soon expel the surplus, leaving only the amount required for legitimate purposes. This kind of currency is governed wholly by the law of value—a law that cannot be successfully interfered with by man.

2. The second kind of currency is that which consists wholly of credit—of promises to pay money at an indefinite period, at the pleasure of the promiser. The Treasury notes of the United States Government (greenbacks) are of this description.

There is no elasticity in this species of currency. It may be expanded to any possible limit, but it has no inherent power to contract. As it cannot flow out of the country in obedience to the law of value (not having any value in itself), it must remain in the country until the same power that put it forth shall recall it. It is created and controlled by legislation, and is subject to no other law.

3. The third kind is called a mixed currency, because, though consisting of paper promises issued by banking institutions, a proportion of specie is held for its redemption. So far as specie is thus held, the currency is merely a substitute for specie, and has value ; but in so far as the issues exceed the specie

thus held, the element of credit enters into the currency. It is therefore properly described as consisting of two elements, value and credit. And, further, it may be added that these proportions are not fixed, but constantly varying.

This is an elastic currency. It expands by the motive power of self-interest, which impels those who have the right to issue it to extend its use as far as practicable, since it costs nothing, yet yields profit or interest ; and it contracts by the force of the laws of trade, which, whenever it is redundant, will cause the specie element to flow out of the country. When this takes place, the currency must be contracted in that proportion which the element of credit holds to the element of specie ; that is, if there be five dollars in notes to one of specie, five dollars in notes must be withdrawn from circulation for every dollar of coin required for export. A contraction more or less violent, according to the extent of the demand for specie, must of course take place, and be continued until the demand has ceased.

The elasticity of this kind of currency, then, is determined by the proportion of value, or specie, to the credit element. If the latter be large, the contraction must be severe ; if it be small, it may be scarcely perceptible ; still, if there be any proportion of credit, there must be corresponding elasticity or fluctuation.

Such a currency is controlled neither by natural nor human laws. It is not governed by natural laws, because the greater proportion of it consists of credit issued at the pleasure of man. It is not governed by the will of man, because one element of it—and that a powerful one—is controlled by the laws of value, the laws of trade, which will periodically, in spite of all that man can do, assert their supremacy. The result is, that it cannot be controlled at all. Two forces are operating upon it, and in direct antagonism. One would expand its volume to the greatest possible limit : the other would preserve it at precisely its normal amount as a part of the currency of the world. Hence there must be an unceasing conflict, and it can never long

remain in a quiet state ; indeed, only so long as its amount is just what it would be if there were only a specie or value currency and the credit element were wholly eliminated.

4. There is still another kind of currency, more ancient than the last mentioned, though but little used at present. It consists of certificates given for actual deposits of coin, and only for the exact amount deposited. The Bank of St. George, at Genoa, established in the early part of the fourteenth century, issued such a currency for some three hundred years, conferring immense advantages upon that city while it continued to be one of the great marts of trade. Other banks of a similar character have been established in European countries.

The United States Treasury gives its certificates for all specie deposited. They are called "gold notes," are of various denominations, and form an excellent currency, but are at present only used in gold transactions.

Many institutions, at different times and on a limited scale, have issued this kind of currency ; and in all cases it has been found to answer in an admirable manner the wants of the mercantile and trading classes—those classes which have occasion to use specie in large amounts.

In regard to this last, it scarcely need to be said that, like the first-mentioned currency, viz., money, it is governed wholly by the laws of value. It can neither be arbitrarily increased nor diminished. The government itself has no power over it—can cause it neither to expand nor contract, since it acts only as custodian, certifying the quality of the paper issued, in the same manner that it certifies the weight and fineness of the national coin : its functions in both cases are the same.

Of the four kinds of currency enumerated, only one is elastic, viz. : mixed currency. As we propose to speak at length of this peculiarity, we give a precise definition of the term. "Elasticity—the inherent property in bodies by which they recover their former figure

or dimensions after the removal of the external pressure or altering force ; springiness ; rebound."—Webster.

An elastic currency, then, is not a merely flexible and pliant one, that may be increased or diminished at pleasure by an external force, but one that having been arbitrarily changed, in quantity or quality, will by its own inherent force return to its original shape and condition.

All writers, from Adam Smith to Secretary McCulloch, agree that "money is simply a medium of exchange and a measure of value." For the former purpose, it matters little of what it is composed, so that it be conveniently handled and passes current in trade. These two objects secured, it is of no importance whether it consists of coin or paper.

But it is far otherwise when considered as a standard or measure of value, because the very first condition of a measure is fixedness, inflexibility. As the yard measure is legally 36 inches, the yardstick to measure properly must always be 36 inches in length. If it were so elastic that at one time it was found to extend but 24 inches, while at another it was 48, it would be entirely unreliable to those who made contracts or purchases and sales by it.

If, for example, A contracted with B for 1500 yards of broadcloth when the measure was 36 inches, but B delivered the same when the yardstick was but 24 inches, though A got as many yards as he contracted for, he would get but two-thirds as much cloth. It is clearly a matter of indifference whether the variation be in the length of the yardstick or in the value of the currency. If B, in the case just supposed, had got his full 1500 yards, but the price had fallen one-third, in consequence of a contraction in the currency, his loss would be as great as by the supposed shrinkage of the yardstick.

If a variation in the value of the currency has the same effect as a variation in the measure by which the quantity of a commodity is determined, then it certainly becomes a matter of the utmost importance that the currency of

the country should be as inflexible and inelastic as possible. But the operation of an elastic currency is precisely analogous to that of an elastic measure, because, with each enlargement of its quantity, prices will rise, and with each reduction they will fall, and the same results will happen to the parties interested as come from corresponding fluctuations in those instruments or standards of weight or dimension by which the quantities of different commodities are determined. If this be a truthful statement of the case, why should so much be said in favor of a currency that can be enlarged and diminished at pleasure?

Evidently there can be but one reason, viz. : that misapprehension and misconception exist in the public mind in relation to the subject. A fallacy has evidently been accepted as a truth. This fallacy, we believe, has arisen, as most fallacies do, from a superficial observation of facts; from the want of a careful analysis of the operation and effects of an elastic currency; from not perceiving its true character—what it is and what it does.

As an illustration of the mistaken idea which many have in regard to the nature and functions of money, we will refer to what is often asserted in regard to "moving the crops." To effect the transference of crops from one part of the country to another, it is said that a greater amount of money is required than at other seasons of the year, and hence the necessity of having a currency that can be enlarged to meet this emergency.

Let us look somewhat carefully into this matter. The West raises a large amount of agricultural products over its own consumption, and these must be sent abroad for a market. The East, on the other hand, produces a great surplus of manufactured articles, and imports all the foreign merchandise wanted in the country.

When spring arrives, the merchants of the West come to Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other cities, and purchase largely of foreign and domestic

goods. Everything the West has a demand for comes from the East. What is the result of this? When fall arrives, the West is indebted to the East for an immense amount. The merchant of Chicago, for example, has large obligations to meet at the East, and his customers on the prairies are indebted to him for still larger sums, to pay which they send in to the grain merchant their wheat, corn, etc. These are purchased by dealers in Chicago and other cities and forwarded to the Eastern cities. How are they paid for? Evidently, if Chicago owes New York fifty millions, as is very likely, the merchants of the latter city can draw on Chicago for that amount. If New York buys only fifty millions of Western produce, then the entire transaction is balanced, without the transfer of any money whatever. The whole has been settled by bills of exchange, which, we must remember, adjust nine-tenths of all the commerce of the nation, foreign and domestic.

Suppose, however, Chicago has bought in this case sixty millions of Eastern products. Then there is a balance of ten millions which must be paid to New York; but must this necessarily be paid in money? Not as a matter of course, because Illinois sends large quantities of her products to the Southern States, say to Memphis; to pay for which, the merchants of the latter city draw upon New York, where they have sent their cotton, and forward their drafts to Illinois in payment for what is due there. If nine millions are paid with these drafts on New York, the whole transaction between these different sections of the country is squared except one million, and that, we will suppose, is actually sent to New York in money. Here are sixty millions of purchases made in the East, and the same amount in the West and South, in all one hundred and twenty millions, and but one million of money is required to adjust the whole. Or to reverse the case: if the Eastern merchants have purchased sixty millions, while the Western are indebted but fifty millions, then ten millions of money

must go from the Eastern cities to settle the balance.

There is nothing unnatural or extravagant in these suppositions. They merely show the normal condition of trade; and thus we arrive at the fact that money is not needed to move the crops of the West any more than to move the merchandise of the East. Both move themselves, and it is only the balance that needs to be moved; and if that balance is paid in money, or that which has actual value, the transaction is fully completed.

But the case is quite different under a currency which can be expanded at the pleasure of those who issue it.

Suppose the elastic-currency banks of the East furnish at the proper season fifty millions of their notes to those who wish to purchase the Western crops. This money goes to the Western States, and is paid out for wheat, corn, etc. The currency of that section is inflated by this amount. It does not come to that part of the country for the balance, or the amount actually due there, after discharging its indebtedness to the East. The consequences will be inflation, a rise of prices, an enlarged demand for all kinds of merchandise, and increased consumption; and this extra currency will eventually be returned to the East, leaving the West more indebted than before it went there.

The essential difference in the operation of the two currencies is this: that the impetus and extension given to trade by an inelastic currency is healthy and safe, and leaves no unnatural indebtedness behind it, while an elastic one produces the opposite effects. In the case just supposed, the fifty millions issued being merely the promises of money, not money itself, these promises must be redeemed. But since they were issued by those who had not the specie wherewith to redeem them, they can only be canceled by being received at the banks in payment for loans made by them to their customers. In short, these notes must be taken out of circulation, and this will necessarily cause a stringency in the money market, or a panic, if the

reduction be upon a large scale. Depression will follow expansion, and just in proportion to the derangement of trade which the expansion occasioned.

But it may be asked, as an objection to this view of the case, although the facts are not disputed, Do we not know that a large amount of funds is called for at the season when the great crops of the country are to be brought to market?

Certainly, if there is any fair opportunity for speculation in any of our great staples, the banks will be called upon for discounts, and immense sums in the aggregate will be thus furnished; but for what purpose? To *move* the crops? No, but to forestall them, to anticipate their natural movement, and *hold* them for an advance. This is the use made of an elastic currency; not indeed always to purchase crops, but to operate in any and every kind of merchandise, foreign or domestic, which can be monopolized. It can be wanted for no other purpose. The real money of every country whose currency is not interfered with is always sufficient for all the legitimate wants of trade. Nothing is more certain than this, because money will be sure to flow into that country in which its right proportion is deficient.

We have said that an elastic currency is required for no other purpose than speculation. By this we do not mean that it is never used for other purposes, because in a country where no other exists it must be used for all purposes, speculative or otherwise; but we do say, that any increase in the quantity of that which passes as money, over the amount of real money which would naturally be in the country, is, and can be, only used for speculative movements of one kind or another; and that, without such a currency, they must be reduced to very small limits, since they depend mainly upon the extent to which the alternations of expansion and contraction can be carried.

On looking at all the facts in the case, then, is it not a fallacy to suppose that the movement of crops, or any other commercial necessity, requires a special enlargement of the currency?



Another popular fallacy is intimately blended with the foregoing, and supposed to be a conclusive argument in favor of an elastic currency, to wit: that the fact that such a currency is desired by the public, that men are ready to take it and pay interest for it, is sufficient evidence that the money is needed. It would not be taken, it is said, unless it was really wanted. Nothing can be more false than this reasoning, since banks, as we have said, are always desirous to expand their operations as widely as practicable, in order to increase their profits, and have a strong inducement, when trade is prosperous, to offer every facility to those who would borrow; and business men, on their part, can always make operations in the market advantageous *to themselves* if they can command the requisite amount of money—can always see opportunities for favorable investments while the process of inflation is going on, and hence are ever ready to take any amount of available funds. For example: should it be found that the supply of a certain description of tea is rather short, or at least not beyond the real demands of the country, plans are laid at once to buy up so large a share of it as to control the market and establish the price. If the banks will give the needful accommodation, a fortune is easily made: moreover, the very fact that one description of tea has advanced, will occasion an excitement in the entire tea market, and be likely to cause an advance in the price of every other; and thus a general speculation in the article will be a natural consequence. The expansion of the currency which this extraordinary movement has occasioned has furnished the means for further speculations in other commodities. By this illustration, which is but an epitome of the whole trade of the country, we see that a demand for currency is no sure evidence of a necessity for its issue. Nothing is more certain, as shown by past experience, than that the more the currency is expanded the more urgent is the demand for it. Speculative operations move, *pari passu*, with bank accommoda-

tions and government issues. This has been sufficiently demonstrated during the late war. If such be the facts in the case, this popular argument in favor of a flexible currency falls to the ground.

That there must be greater activity in the banking operations of the country when the heavy crops of the South and West are finding their way to the markets in which they are wanted, than at other seasons of the year, is very true. It is essentially the harvest season for the banker, as well as the planter and farmer. All the needful exchanges of the country, immense in amount, are then to be negotiated; but, as we have already shown, they balance each other mainly, and the amount of actual money wanted for these transfers is very small. If the currency of the country be reliable, these exchanges may be very easily and safely made. Bankers may assume heavy responsibilities, and give extensive accommodations in the way of credit, with great safety. No sooner has a cargo of corn or cotton been shipped abroad, than by means of bills of exchange it becomes equivalent to cash in the commerce of the world. It is not the quantity, but the quality, the reliability of the currency, that concerns the banker. If this be sound, he can operate largely with entire confidence. Here is the field in which credit meets credit in the monetary and commercial transactions of the world. The true banker gives credit and takes credit, and so arranges his affairs that one shall meet the other; but to do this successfully, the money he uses must be real—that upon which he can depend—otherwise he has no safe foundation upon which to stand.

Again: an elastic currency not only disturbs the exchanges, but expels the specie of the country; because, if issued in excess of the natural volume of money, the prices of all commodities are raised except coin, which, while circulating as a part of the money of the country, cannot rise in price, and consequently becomes cheaper than any other commodity, and flows off to those countries where it possesses full value. This fact has been demonstrated for the last fifty

years in the commercial history of the United States. And, farther, such a currency distends and disturbs the credits of the country. If fifty millions *extra* are issued to "move crops," or for any other purpose, it is issued upon credit. The banks have incurred so much indebtedness in exchange for the same amount of indebtedness on the part of individuals. Here, then, is one hundred millions of promises to pay money. But this is only the commencement of the distension, because, as speculation is engendered by it, merchandise is sold many times over, and thus the credits of the country are enlarged far beyond the original one hundred millions, perhaps even five-fold, for the discharge of all which, it must be remembered, not an additional dollar of specie is held by the promisers; and therefore, when the original fifty millions of currency is presented for actual redemption, this entire superstructure of credit must be disposed of by payment or bankruptcy; much of it, usually and necessarily, by the latter.

Again, an elastic currency makes it dangerous to engage to convey or to receive values at a future period. This, in a country whose trade and manufactures are extensive, is a matter of much importance.

Those who sold goods during the first six months of 1857, with an agreement to receive payment in the latter part of that year, incurred great risk and loss; for a sudden contraction took place in the autumn of that year, to the extent of one hundred and five millions (sixty millions in the circulation, and forty-five millions in the deposits), equal to the withdrawal of twenty-five per cent. of the entire currency, and merchants and others suffered heavily, not only by the insolvency of debtors, but by the decline of their stocks.

For all these disasters the business classes were not responsible. They were the innocent victims of a delusive currency. Especially is this evident from the consideration that this contraction was not caused by any large demand for the shipment of specie, but

was simply the natural rebound or reaction of the system—the inevitable result of its elastic nature. But of all classes, manufacturers and iron-masters, perhaps, suffer the greatest injury from a vacillating currency, since they not only, like the merchant, incur great losses from bad debts when a contraction takes place, but are also effectually prevented from a fair competition with foreign producers. In this way the operations of our different tariffs have been neutralized. When Congress, for example, imposes duties equal to twenty-five per cent. on foreign fabrics, and at the same time the currency is expanded to such an extent as to enhance prices in an equal degree, the manufacturer is just where he would be, so far as protection is concerned, if there were no tariff at all, and the currency had been left in a sound state. If his goods, owing to the rise of materials and labor, cost him twenty-five per cent. more, he is as unable to compete with the foreigner as before the tariff duty was laid. Indeed, he is not so well off as he would have been under an inelastic or value currency; because, besides losing his protection, he is exposed to further losses upon the goods he has sold on credit, in consequence of the bankruptcy occasioned among his customers by contraction.

The losses and embarrassments which manufacturers and iron-producers have encountered from vibrations in the currency, during the last forty years, can scarcely be estimated.

Business, in all its departments, has been kept in a state of constant agitation and uncertainty; so great, in fact, that as a whole, notwithstanding the heavy protection which Congress has from time to time endeavored to give to home manufactures, they have not, on an average, been as profitable as some other branches of industry, or as they would have been if entirely unprotected. The people have been severely taxed, but the manufacturer has not been equally benefited. Other things equal, those countries which have the most elastic currency must have the least

protection to their industry, and be the most exposed to competition from abroad; and for the very obvious reason, that nations having a correct measure of value create their fabrics at natural prices, while those which have an elastic or expanded currency produce theirs at exaggerated prices, and consequently cannot advantageously compete with those manufacturers who operate under a more accurate standard of value. This principle has been most strikingly illustrated during the last few years, when, in consequence of great expansion and extravagant prices, foreigners have been able to send in their commodities, sell them at high rates, and, after paying a large premium on gold, still make profitable transactions.

There is still another popular delusion in relation to this subject, viz.: that the people are dependent upon government for their currency, and that the government can and ought to furnish them with such a one as their necessities demand.

It is utterly beyond the power or province of government to do this. It may make its promises legal tender, and by force of law cause them to circulate as money; but we have sufficient evidence that such a currency, however justifiable as one of the stern necessities of war, is not adapted to a state of peace. The government, too, may, as formerly, authorize the issue of a mixed currency, but that, we have seen, is an *elastic* one, that must always be fluctuating and unreliable; yet these are the only two kinds of currency that government has hitherto attempted to furnish, and the only kinds it has the ability to create.

When government receives the gold and silver of the people, and by coinage certifies to their weight and purity, it

performs an important service, but does not create a currency—it merely gives a convenient form to values that already existed. So, when it receives deposits of coin and issues its certificates, it creates no values, but simply gives additional facilities for using them. Should these certificates be extended, as they might be from time to time, as other currency is withdrawn, until issued in sufficient quantity to form a circulating medium adequate to all the wants of the country, a perfectly reliable and convenient currency would be established; but further than this the government cannot go to the advantage of the citizen.

This the people should understand; because, while vainly looking to the government to manufacture, or authorize others to manufacture, a currency of any description for them, they are looking in a direction from which they can never obtain what they need—a sound and efficient medium of exchange and measure of value.

Our limits forbid a more extended examination of the subject before us. Its bearings are as wide and varied as the moral and material interests of men. Nothing in regard to human affairs is so all-pervading as the influence of currency. It affects all pecuniary relations. The capitalist, the business-man, and the laborer are alike deeply concerned in the character of that instrument by which their services are measured and their compensation determined.

But all these interests are entirely harmonious—all alike require a correct and invariable standard of value, so that each may receive that share in the general product to which it is justly entitled.

If this be a right conclusion, can it be true that elasticity in the currency is desirable?

## TWO ALSATIAN NOVELISTS.

IF you are ever so little versed in current French literature, you will naturally and involuntarily supplement the above title with *Erckmann-Chatrion*. Indeed I thought of putting these two names for the title; but then it struck me, Suppose the reader is not a French scholar; he may be puzzled by the outlandish words, and wonder what kind of a country or a machine *Erckmann-Chatrion* is; just as Mr. Pickwick, when he heard of a *Sawbones*, wondered if it was something to eat.

But, reader mine, if you are ever so much of the popular-reader description, if your literary relaxations are confined to your own tongue and the largely-circulating weeklies thereof, allow me to inform you that you have read a good deal of *Erckmann-Chatrion*, as Molière's Snob-Nobleman (excuse the comparison!) talked prose—without knowing it. You read one of their stories last autumn in *Every Saturday*, credited to an English magazine which had bagged it bodily—all but the name; because *Tit-for-Tat* has a comic, or at least too familiar sound, which *Le Talion* has not. You read several of their stories four or five years ago in *Frank Leslie*, only they were published as original prize tales by Dr. Somebody. How many more of their productions in unacknowledged translations have entertained you, I pretend not to say, for I don't keep the run of our magazines and illustrated papers.

Very possibly, however, you may have seen one work of these authors under their own names. The *Conscript*, and its sequel, *Waterloo*, have been done—or undone, to borrow Coleridge's joke—into English. But I wish to impress upon you that you must not fancy you have imbibed a complete idea of the authors from this work. It is their longest book, and the best known out of France: it has the most definite and easily intelligible purpose. Many might, therefore, call it their *chef d'œuvre*;

but it certainly is not their most characteristic production. Any one of their collections of smaller sketches, such as the *Mountain Stories* or the *Tales of the Rhine Country*, would give you a fuller notion of them. In the *Conscript* you have their wonderful power of description; but the mystic, imaginative, Teutonic side of their character is comparatively suppressed. To appreciate them fully you should read their *romances* rather than their *novels*.

Erckmann and Chatrion are probably the first, certainly the most striking, manifestation of Alsatian literary genius. We must trace the genesis of this genius historically.

The German province of Alsatia, or Alsace, or Elsass, accordingly as you prefer the English, French, or German name, was annexed, revendicated, conquered, stolen, bagged—whatever you like to call it—by Louis XIV., not quite two hundred years ago, during which time it has become politically French, but remained socially and morally German—Protestant German at that. Lorraine was not absorbed till well into the eighteenth century; but having fewer points of contact with Germany and more with France, it has not retained many traces of its connection with the former. You might spend days at Nancy and find very little Teutonic there; perhaps an uncomfortably short bed at a hotel; but you can't pass through Strasburg without seeing the Germanism of it: to use one of our own elegant phrases, it sticks out several feet. The masses talk and eat and drink and sleep German. "More French and better," says La Brunie (better known to the literary world as *Gerard de Nerval*), "is spoken in Frankfort and Vienna than in Strasburg." Most of the town is as German as the Germanest quarters of Philadelphia or New York. And the analogy holds good more ways than one; for as our Teutonic fellow-citizens are

the stoutest of Americans, so are these Alsations the most patriotic of Frenchmen. One reason of this you may pick out of Erckmann-Chatrian *passim*. Their ancestors were so bullied and worried under German feudality that the present generation has not lost the memory of what past generations suffered by being German. Another reason is the unsubstantial heritage of glory which they have gained by their French connection, and from the effects of which the very subjects of our article, even while most thoroughly protesting against its results, are by no means exempt. Nor can we say that this consequence is other than natural. Suppose that a few years ago our country had split into mutually neutralizing fragments—that Mexico had become a powerful Europeanized empire, and had got possession of Texas and Louisiana. Would it have taken two hundred or half that number of years to convert the people of those States into good Mexicans? A wild supposition you will say; yet it was what Louis Napoleon hoped and expected and based his calculations on. But a great nation is always too much for a single man, however big he may be. The Romans were too much for Hannibal, and the English for "my uncle;" and we were a great deal too much for my uncle's nephew.

For a long while, if the Alsations were mentioned at all in French literature, it was generally to serve as provincial buffoons, affording mirth by their German accent—*Prikadier, dat is fery true*, and so on, as you have it in Nadaud's song.\* Yet, remembering that all Alsations did not necessarily speak and write bad French, though they were brought up under the clinging and lingering Teutonic influence, an ethnological speculator might have surmised that if the French-German cross once happened, in sporting phrase, to "nick," the product would be something magnificent.

The German genius tends inward to the mystic and backward to the romantic. For the veritable German whatever is

\* *Prigadier, sous afez raison (Les Deux Gens d'armes).*

not outside the present world is behind it—supposing, of course, that he is left to have his own way. The very slowness of the ordinary people in their ordinary life, which drives a Frenchman—let alone an Anglo-Saxon—half crazy, arises from backwardness rather than stupidity. Even the language takes you back through the ages, and up on the crags and deep into the forests, among a race of "mountain-dwelling centaurs"—not handsome, not even the women of them, but stalwart and mighty; men who hunted the bear and the urus, and hewed one another with broadswords and drank in proportion to their hunting and fighting—the men of the misty land. For the real German epic is not *Faust*, but the *Nibelungen Lied*; and the national German bard is not Goethe or Schiller, but the unknown Teutonic Homer, whom Teutonic critics have treated better than the original one, since they have not generally insisted on cutting him up into as many different rhapsodists as his poem contains adventures.

A certain grandeur lies latent in the lowest and rowdiest elements of the German character. Hans Breitmann first presents himself to us as a vulgar pot-house tippler, anathematizing the Sunday laws in the intervals of countless *schopp*s. But the grave moralists who condemn him have seen only the superficialities of Hans. It takes a great crisis to wake him; but, once waked, he goes forward for his country like a hero, gets the better of long odds, and then pours new libations of his loved lager to the god of freedom.

Now quicken and temper this mystic, romantic, enthusiastic character with the biting wit and irony almost inherent in the very idiom of France, and let the whole find expression in that miraculous French prose style which, when we come to speak of it in our own powerful but awkward English language, beggars panegyric, defies imitation and leaves us in admiring but helpless wonder! What must we expect, or what must we not expect, from the product?

Heine was a French-German—that is, a German who ought to have been born

in France, for he had French wit and French grace, and (alas !) French unbelief, permeating and at times overpowering his German sentiment. Erckmann and Chatrian are German-Frenchmen ; Frenchmen who have grown up under the influence of that romantic *afflatus* which breathes from the pine forests of Germany.

They have been writing for some time—more than ten years, I believe. They have made their way slowly, perhaps even now can hardly be called popular authors ; but they are exceedingly liked by those who like them. An admirer of theirs will place them above the German Hoffmann, above our own Poe and Hawthorne. Ask him why, and he will probably say something about the great power of contrast exhibited in their writings.

What is this contrast ? It is not that found in our great humorists—in Irving, in Dickens, in Thackeray ; the contrast of rich fun and touching pathos. Of humor, as we understand it, our Alsations have scarcely a particle, scarcely more than Hawthorne. Irony they have, grim, grave, Sophoclean ; also no small command of the grotesque ; but whenever they attempt a sketch with a ludicrous motive—*e. g.*, *The Scapegoat* or *The Gypsies*—it is a failure. In *Hugo the Wolf*\*—which I should recommend to the reader as their most characteristic and on the whole their best work—it seemed desirable to introduce a bit of jocosity previous to entering on the most exciting and dramatic portion of the narrative. How is this managed ? The narrator and his conductor after a hard winter ride arrive at the old castle, and first come upon two old servants playing cards : the man is sticking pegs on the woman's nose to mark the progress of the game. It is almost puerile.

No, the contrast is of another kind. The most salient trait of our authors is their power of description—description which sometimes spends itself on village vagabonds and tavern roysterers—sometimes springs into vigorous life to depict

the combats of beasts,† or the equally ferocious encounters of men ; but most usually, and as of preference, spreads itself calmly into a pastoral picture, a prose idyll,‡ a most peaceful and graphic and at the same time literal representation of nature's audible and visible harmonies. Suddenly a different strain sweeps over the chords. You are transported into another world, a world of imagination and fantasy, lit up here and there with lurid flashes of human passion. Take the *Forester's Hut* for an example. It opens like a regular story of rustic love, in, say, the second manner of George Sand. You are just looking out for the good old traditional *dénoûment*, when, lo ! you find yourself plunged into a thrilling mediæval legend of crime and retribution, skillfully linked to the present day by a slender thread of the supernatural.

These contrasts naturally bring up in one's mind the subject of *collaboration*—*joint-work* we might call it in a more Saxon idiom. Erckmann-Chatrian (their names are always thus hyphenated, as if it were a single man's name) pass for the most thorough example of collaboration that has yet appeared. They have been called "Siamese Twins," "Literary Centaurs," "Two Gentlemen in One," etc. etc. But of course the reader will not suppose that this joint composition was anything new or uncommon in France. In some branches of literature, the drama for instance, we may say that co-work is the rule and single authorship the exception. Take six plays at random from the *Entr'acte* or other theatrical sheet ; it is even betting that they have more than twelve authors, for three authors to a piece is a not unusual allowance. Dumas, Sr., Sandeau (George Sand's first *friend*, from whose real name she took her pseudonym), and other distinguished novelists and romancers, are notoriously fond of collaborating. The most surprising specimen

† As in the *Bear-fight*.

‡ The dictionaries write *idyl* ; Tennyson and Stedman *idyll*. One Carl Benson, of whom the reader has probably never heard, did so before either of them. You may spell it which way you please, my dear little reader : "you pays your money, and you has your choice."

\* *Contes de la Montagne*.

of this joint-work was turned out twenty-odd years ago, when Sandeau, Méry, Gautier and the first Madame Emile Girardin wrote their steeple-chase novel (*Berni Cross*) in alternate letters; and a very good novel it was.

The Anglo-Saxon mind does not seem adapted to collaboration. Beaumont and Fletcher's example is rather apparent than real, since Fletcher did most of the work. Of course a collection of papers by two or more hands, like the *Spectator* or *Salmagundi*, is not a product of collaboration any more than a magazine is. Tom Taylor, who is more many-sided and Continental-minded than most Englishmen, began his dramatic career as a co-worker with Albert Smith and others, but he soon gave it up. Nevertheless, the bold Briton, be he novelist or playwright, does often collaborate after a peculiar, one-sided fashion. He seizes incontinently on a French work, and adapts it to the British market with alterations more or less numerous and skillful.

In our own country, I believe, there has been no collaboration worth speaking of. G. P. R. James and M. B. Field wrote a novel (*Adrian*) together: its success, apparently, did not encourage them to repeat the experiment. It seems a pity that Anglo-Saxon independence and individuality cannot bend themselves to this literary partnership; for, not only may two strong men more than double their strength by union, but an inferior man may be a great help to a superior one. Cooper was so far ahead of Willis that there can be no comparison between them; and yet how much Cooper's novels would have been improved if Willis had written the conversations in them! Then fancy a romance by Cooper and Hawthorne! You may say you can't fancy such a thing; yet they are hardly more dissimilar than Méry and Sandeau.

In studying the results of joint-work, the reader is naturally curious as to the particular share of each worker. An *a priori* conclusion from internal evidence may be dangerous, but there is great temptation to it here. It certainly looks

as if one member of the Erckmann-Chatrion firm made the plots and the other wrote the descriptions. I have been told that only one of the pair usually appears in public, which gave rise to the suspicion (officially contradicted by the authors) that Erckmann-Chatrion was but a single gentleman after all. If this account be not true, it is at any rate *ben trovato*, it seems so natural that the mystic, creative genius should be a recluse; and it is certain that the describer must be a keen observer of actual life. The two elements, however, are not always equally blended. The most practiced novel-reader might well be puzzled to anticipate the catastrophe of *Hugo the Wolf*. Clever as its pictures are, its plot swallows them up and almost entirely absorbs the attention. On the other hand, in some of the smaller sketches, the description predominates, or rather they are all description: there is no plot worth the name. *Catherine's Lovers*, for example. So far as the story is concerned, Arthur or Titcomb, or any of Harper's rank and file might have written it. There is a village heiress and a poor schoolmaster. He is ashamed to profess his love, and she forces him to confess it; and his rich rivals, who hoped to mortify and ruin him, are awfully sold. *Voilà tout!* The whole attraction of the sketch is in the delineations of village life and scenery. So, too, the *Mayence Ham Inn*. An old Silenus of an inn-keeper quarrels with the lusty friar, who is his pet pot-companion. A good-natured old woman reconciles them. That is the *story*. The pictures of rustic revel into which it is expanded fill one hundred and forty pages.

Although any English which I can write reads like a travesty of the original French, I must try to render you a scrap from *Catherine's Lovers*—a description of a country sunrise:

"Henry was accustomed to sweep out his room and set his soup on the fire before daybreak. This done, he would go out to see the sun rise behind the blue mountains of the Black Forest. He listened to the distant quail sound-

ing his morning-call in the barley-field, and the cocks of the different farms bidding one another good-day. It was a real happiness for him to see the larks mounting in the white vapors through which the pale daylight was gradually making its way; then to hear them—once they were well up and gleaming in the mist like sparks\*—begin their babble of love and songs of triumph. And the dogs coming out of their kennels, sneaking round the dunghills from door to door; and the first note of the herdsman's horn, bringing his herd together again near the fountain; and the different cottage doors and windows opening successively; the gossips scratching their necks† as they called to one another; the bare-footed children in their shirts,‡ running in and out, looking round and trotting round like warrenfuls of white rabbits; finally, the great herd, starting in a long line, by twos and by fours, the goats in front, tossing their beards, their large, pale-yellow eyes filled with a strange light, trotting with short steps and bleating gravely; the poor sheep, always mourning and lamenting; the handsome cows and stately oxen, lowing from the bottom of their deep chests, stretching their necks, and opening their mouths widely; and the pigs, round-backed and trumpet-tailed, rooting in all the dirt-heaps,—all that mingled, disorderly mass of animals, which breaks into a gallop or slackens its pace accordingly as the dog is before or behind, till it vanishes like a whirlwind on the dusty road in the purple hour of morning twilight. All this was life and happiness to Henry Walter, for, seeing these things, he thought of Catharine: he pictured her to himself as ever young and beautiful, not knowing his love, but followed by his prayers through a long, quiet life."

You may see from the above extract that our authors are "great" upon beasts, or at least that one of them is. Some authors' greatness stops there.

\* Doesn't this remind you of Tennyson's curlews? "Dreary gleams about the moonlight, flying over Locksley Hall."

† *Chignon* in the original.

‡ Usual toilette of a German *bub*.

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"Soapy Sponge" Sartees could hit you off to the life any brute, from a blood-horse to an old hen, in a few sharp touches; but all his men and women were caricatures. He was the Landseer of literature. But Erckmann-Chatrion can draw men as truly as animals; *how* truly, I should like to show you by some more extracts, but so many passages present themselves that I am really unable to make a choice.

Other writers besides these are conspicuous for their skill in word-painting. Flaubert§ (whose real name is said to be *Flauguerge*) would be quoted by some as their superior. But there is this noteworthy difference in favor of the Alsatians: Flaubert sometimes overdoes the business. He is not satisfied with making a Meissonier-like picture of what his personages see: he goes on to draw pictures of what they think, and thus he occasionally conjures up what the author sees in his mind's eye, what the reader perhaps might see, but what the personage of the story never could. Madame Bovary finds a cigar-case, and is immediately transported in reverie to Paris: then follows exactly the picture of Paris which would present itself to M. Flaubert or any man well acquainted with the metropolis, but not to the country-born-and-bred woman, who only knew the city at second or third hand by written or verbal description. This is a fault of which Erckmann-Chatrion are never guilty. Nor are their descriptions violently introduced. Thus, in the extract above, how natural that the modest and despairing lover should contemplate the panorama of nature from a distance, and still dream of his beloved! A city gentleman similarly smitten may hie to the opera, and in the comparative seclusion of his box hear the bereaved tenor call upon his Lucy, or the captive knight beseech his Leonora not to forget him, or Violet lamenting her hard fate to die so young, while a deeper under-current of passion wells up within between the pauses of the song. The

§ Mr. Sala to the contrary, I assure the reader that Miss Thackeray's writings do not at all resemble M. Flaubert's.



forlorn rustic finds *his* solace in the gratuitous but joyous spectacle of a fine morning.

So much for their management of the romantic and picturesque: equally artistic is their management of the mysterious and fantastic. However wild their supernaturalism, it always seems to the reader (if I may be allowed the apparent bull) perfectly natural. He has nothing of the *incredulus odi* feeling after reading it. There is none of the absurdity and unreality which blotches every other page of Sue's *Wandering Jew*, and makes the catastrophe of Bulwer's *Strange Story* a burlesque. Let us take as a specimen *Hans Wieland the Cabalist*. In these days of spiritualism there may be some, nay, many, who believe that the soul of a mortal can wander away from his live body, as did that of old Hermitimus, so sweetly sung by Aytoun. But that the wandering soul should bring back with it a material pestilence is what the boldest charlatan would hesitate to assert, the wildest enthusiast shrink from believing. Yet so adroitly and with such Defoe-ish truthfulness of detail are we led on to the catastrophe that, when Wieland reawakes to life in that dreary desert of a garden (the very brother of which I have seen in the outskirts of more than one city of both hemispheres), calling to his friend, "Fly! I bring the cholera!" it seems perfectly reasonable that the narrator should go on to tell you quietly how "he took the stage for Germany at once," just as he might have done if he had learned from the mouth of a hospital surgeon that the epidemic was in Paris.

In admiring and praising Erckmann-Chatrion—and their possible praises are far from exhausted: we have said nothing of their great skill in allegory, as exhibited by such works as *Daniel Rock*—we must not be blind to their faults. They have certain tricks of

manner—*ficelles*, as the French call them, referring to the *cords* which work puppets and scenery. "I can see it now," "I think I see him now as if it were but yesterday," are frequently-recurring phrases of theirs, effective at first, but wearisome from repetition. In their grand picture of village revelry, they too often stop to tell us how "the glasses clinked and the bottles gurgled." Occasionally there is a little too much insisting on the grotesque, especially in comparing men to brutes; a dwarf clothed in fur is like a big cat, a lean old woman like the skeleton of a goose, etc., etc. In their style, clear and brilliant as it is, one grave fault obtrudes itself—the extreme length to which their sentences frequently run. You may have noticed that the extract in this article consists almost entirely of a single sentence; in the original it occupies more than a page. This mania for interminable periods is a notorious fault of German writers. Just at this point, the cross, to use our sporting idiom again, has not nicked.

One word in conclusion. I cannot recommend Erckmann-Chatrion to the votaries of water, the enemies of liquor and lager. They are lusty lovers of good living: their feasting, especially their drinking, is hyperbolic, colossal, gigantic, Gargantuan. It recalls the *lifre-lofres* of Rabelais. It actually becomes sublime. A drinking-match assumes the proportions of a heroic combat, and the soul of the defunct artist, if it does not hover around the bowl like that of the Irish bard, more nationally and characteristically animates the cuckoo-clock, and rejoices in the discomfiture of its former conqueror. All through the works of Erckmann-Chatrion but one Aquarian appears. He is a doctor, bearing the significant name of Donkeyhead (*Eselkopf*), who nearly kills his patient by putting him on a vegetarian regimen.

## A DIRGE.

Let me clothe my limbs with sackcloth and strew ashes o'er my head,  
 Let me close the doors of mourning, lest this wretched thing be said—  
 Lo! the hearth is cold and naked, and its light for ever fled!

Let me dig thy grave, unwitnessed, in the lingering winter snow,  
 And conceal thee as a treasure; so that none alive may know  
 What the world has lost, or whither its supremest creatures go.

I could never think thee mortal: when I looked into thine eyes,  
 I beheld a wondrous vision through the gates of paradise—  
 All the light, the life ecstatic, of the fulgent inner skies.

Nay, thou art not dead as others: thou hast only lent thy worth  
 To make beautiful and vital what was once but senseless earth,  
 And thou'lt give its dust a spirit, an immortal second birth.

For since earth contains thy beauty, she has grown a holier thing;  
 She will waken fairer, sweeter in the coming days of spring,  
 When the early blossoms open and the wandering songs take wing.

We shall see within the violet thy glittering lids unclose;  
 In the lily-of-the-valley shall thy purity repose;  
 And yet later thou shalt triumph in the splendor of the rose;

So that men will say thy footsteps must have been among the flowers,  
 And will fail to miss thee wholly, through thy gift to Nature's powers,  
 In the long soft summer mornings and the tranquil evening hours.

Only I shall have the secret, and the fatal truth shall know,  
 By this grave I dig to hide thee in the tardy winter snow—  
 By this vacant desolation—by this utter, endless woe!

## FORTUNES OF A DIAMOND.

ONE of the finest gems in the imperial crown of Russia is a magnificent diamond called the *Moon of the Mountains*. Like most celebrated gems, it has a history, and a very tragic as well as romantic one it is.

Three brothers, bearing the common family name of Chafras—so the story runs—were promenading one day the streets of Bagdad. Suddenly the eldest

of the three stopped, and exclaimed, pointing to a stranger who stood on the opposite side of the street: "Here is the Afghan that we have been looking for so long!"

"He shall not escape us this time," said the two younger brothers; and crossing over, they accosted the stranger, who was casting uneasy glances around him, like a man apprehending some invisible danger.

"Allah is great! fear nothing," said to him the eldest of the brothers. "I am Chafras, of Bassora, whom thou wast seeking everywhere, some time ago, to sell him precious stones—among others the diamond called the *Moon of the Mountains*. These are my brothers; we are very glad to meet thee, and we want to strike the bargain at once."

"Ah! my good sirs, I am sorry for you, but I am no longer the owner of that superb diamond."

"What hast thou done with it?"

"Allah be praised! I have just sold it to Mordecai, the Jew, for sixty-five thousand piastres and a pair of fine horses."

"Thou art a fool, and Mordecai is a cheat," said Chafras, furiously. "I would have given thee twice that amount for it."

"Allah is great!" replied the Afghan; "I offered thee the diamond for half the money, and thou hadst the folly to refuse it."

"It was because I believed thee to be a rogue, and my conscience would not permit me to deal with thee. However, it's all over now. Where lives Mordecai, the Jew?"

"I shall conduct you to his house, my good sirs, so that no ill-feeling may remain between us."

The Afghan then led the three brothers to the bank of the river Tigris, and, pointing out the dwelling of the son of Israel, bade them farewell. They entered the humble abode. "Son of Jacob," said the eldest of the Chafras, in a cajoling manner, "I know thou hast here a diamond called the *Moon of the Mountains*, a sapphire named the *Eye of Allah*, and many other precious stones, which thou hast purchased of a wandering Afghan, by whom they were stolen. I will buy them from thee if thou wishest to sell them, and allow thee a handsome profit."

"What wouldst thou give?" asked the Jew, with a knowing look.

"Thou hast given sixty-five thousand piastres and two horses to the Afghan. What sayest thou of seventy-five thousand?"

"I should be sorry to place thee in a

false position by making thee the receiver of stolen goods," answered Mordecai, with a sarcastic smile.

"Well, let us say one hundred and fifty thousand."

"I would not sell for a million. Go to! Thinkest thou I know not the value of what thou art so anxious to buy?"

Thereupon the discomfited Armenian left the house with his companions, muttering: "Infidel dog! Brothers, the old rascal is too sharp for us. He will never consent to sell."

"Consent or no consent," replied the youngest, with a significant gesture, "we must have the *Moon of the Mountains*." His companions nodded assent, and when it became dark, they went back to the house, killed the Jew, and, after casting his dead body into the river, fled with the treasure.

On the next day, the murderers having, by chance, met with the Afghan, they invited him to take supper in their tent, which they had pitched on a desert spot near the Tigris. They poisoned his food, and after he had died, they took the sixty-five thousand piastres he had received from Mordecai, and then sent his dead body to keep company with that of the Jew in the river.

A few minutes after this second crime the three brothers were fleeing as fast as their camels could carry them. Toward evening they halted in a thick wood, and proceeded to share their booty. The money was easily disposed of; but when it came to the division of the jewels, they began to quarrel, as each one insisted on having as his share the Moon of the Mountains, whose value far exceeded that of all the other gems put together. A long and angry debate sprang up among them, which would have lasted all night, had not the eldest one wound it up by saying: "Although the diamond justly belongs to me, for I showed you the Afghan, whom, but for my seeing him, you could not have found; still, in order that there should be no hatred and bad blood between the three sons of one mother, let us leave this matter to the decision of the Pro-

phet. Let us go to sleep, and let each one relate to-morrow whatever dream he shall have had. In this manner it will become clear in whose favor Mohammed decides ; and whoever is pronounced to have received the clearest and most conclusive sign of the will of the Prophet shall become the owner of the Moon of the Mountains. Let us all swear it by our father's beard."

The younger brothers accepted the proposal, each one with the secret determination of inventing such a dream as would demonstrate to his partners that Mohammed's decision was clearly in his own favor. As for the author of the compromise, he did not think for one moment of the dream he was to relate in the morning ; but having placed, without being perceived by the others, some poison in their cups, he saw, with a fiendish joy, the two sons of his mother writhing with the torments of bodily pain and disappointed avarice. Leaving their carcasses to be devoured by the vultures, and having become the sole possessor of an immense fortune, he mounted his camel, and having sold him on the way, disguised himself as a beggar. On his arrival in Constantinople after a long and perilous journey, he there took passage on a Dutch vessel bound for Amsterdam. Feeling certain that at the latter place he was out of the reach of punishment for his crimes, he gave out on his arrival that he was an Eastern jeweler, and informed the ambassadors of the various courts that he had some magnificent diamonds for sale.

The fame of the Moon of the Mountains and of the Eye of Allah had extended to Europe. It was known that they had been long in the possession of the Persian monarchs, and that after the murder of Nadir Schah, they had been stolen by some soldiers, who had disposed of them without being aware of their value. For months, for years, no purchaser called on Chafras. The first offer he had came from Catherine II. of Russia. From the knowledge possessed by the Court of St. Petersburg of the affairs of Persia, the true value of the Moon of the Mountains was not un-

known in the palace of the Semiramis of the North. Chafras declared that he would not part with his famous diamond unless they gave him a patent of nobility, five hundred thousand roubles, payable in ten yearly installments, and a pension of ten thousand roubles during his lifetime.

Catherine did not relish these terms, and she commanded her minister to invite the pretended merchant to St. Petersburg, in order that the crown jeweler might examine the diamond and appraise it at its true value. On the other hand, the crown jeweler was directed, in the event of his coming, to delay the conclusion of the bargain as long as he could, whilst he lulled the suspicions of the Armenian by constantly holding out before him the prospect of a speedy conclusion of the bargain, and in the mean while to lead him into every kind of debauchery and dissipation.

Chafras was induced to go to St. Petersburg, and when there readily fell into the snare set for him. In a few days he had exhausted all his ready money ; but, as everybody knew that he had some fine diamonds which the Empress was desirous of purchasing, his credit was unlimited everywhere, and he was soon very deeply in debt. This was exactly what Catherine and her minister expected. As the law of Russia forbids a foreigner to leave the empire without paying every debt he owes, they hoped that as soon as his creditors became sufficiently numerous and troublesome he would be glad to sell his diamond at any price. When, as they thought, this moment had arrived, the crown jeweler was summoned by the minister, and directed to tell the Armenian that the insolent proposition he had dared to make to Her Majesty could not be thought of ; and he was also instructed to offer him, in his own individual name, one-fourth of the amount asked for.

Chafras was a shrewd fellow, and he understood at once what was going on. "Allah is great," said he to himself, "and Mohammed is his prophet. These Christian dogs want to steal my treasure,

for which I have sacrificed my soul ; but I will show them that a true believer is more than a match for all of them put together." With prompt decision he feigned a willingness to sell the Moon of the Mountains, even at the reduced price offered, whilst he was secretly disposing of his less valuable gems ; and, having paid his debts, he concealed himself on board of a British vessel that was about to sail, and left without his departure being known until the vessel had been many days out. The minister almost fainted with fear when Catherine sent for him, and telling him that she had made up her mind to have the celebrated diamond at any cost, gave him the option of procuring it or going to the mines of Siberia.

Emissaries were sent in every direction, but years elapsed before they could gain any tidings of the Armenian. At last he was discovered in Smyrna, and magnificent inducements were offered to bring him back to St. Petersburg. "I care not what you promise," said he, "in the name of your imperial mistress. Tell her that an old fox is never caught twice in the same trap. If she wants

the diamond, here are my terms : a patent of nobility and 800,000 roubles (about \$650,000), the money to be paid at once. I shall remain two months longer in Smyrna, to give time for acceptance or refusal. The patent of nobility and the roubles, or, I swear it by the beard of the Prophet, the imperial brow of Her Majesty Catherine II. shall never be graced with the Moon of the Mountains."

There was no remedy for it ; the terms had to be accepted. Chafras, the thief, the poisoner, the fratricide, became a Russian nobleman. He retired to Astrakhan, his native city, got married and had seven daughters. One of his sons-in-law, thinking that his life was unduly prolonged, gave him a dose of poison, from the effects of which he died ; not, however, without having had time for (if not the consolation of) confessing all his crimes. A part of his fortune was confiscated by the Russian government—the remainder was squandered in debauchery by his heirs ; and there are now living, in the city of Astrakhan, many grandchildren of this bad man, who are plunged in the deepest poverty and degradation.

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE literature of the day is running more and more into the channel of periodical publications, and it is said that in England the rewards of journalism are now so considerable that the learned professions are feeling the drain of talent which is caused by the attraction of public writing. It results that in studying any particular subject it is generally important to look up all the articles upon it which have appeared in Magazines and Reviews. Hence it is gratifying to learn that we may shortly expect the new edition of Poole's valuable *Index to Periodical Literature*, which will come down to 1867, the former edition extending only to 1852.

. . . Major-General Cullum, U. S. A., has undertaken to issue, at his own expense, a *Register of the West Point Graduates*. The work will narrate the military career of all graduates from the establishment of the Military Academy in 1802 to the present time ; giving also a complete register of the officers of the institution, with their histories ; a full list of the Military Posts of the United States, present and past ; a chronological table of all battles, combats, actions and skirmishes in which graduates have participated, besides much other useful and statistical information. The *Register*, comprising some twenty-five hundred biographies, will be published in

two large octavo volumes, each containing from six to seven hundred pages, being, in amount of matter, equal to about five or six ordinary octavo volumes.

. . . Gen. Robert E. Lee, who has steadily refused to write a book on the late war, has just completed the manuscript of his long-meditated *Memoirs* of his father, commonly called "Light-horse Harry." It will be recollected that Mr. Henry Lee published, in 1832, a pamphlet entitled "Observations on the writings of Thomas Jefferson, with particular reference to the attack which they contain on the memory of the late General Henry Lee;" but no life of him has hitherto been given to the world.

. . . A Hungarian gentleman, Mr. G. Naphegyi, who speaks fluently twenty-four languages, is about to publish, in this city, a work entitled *The Album of Language*, illustrated by the Lord's Prayer printed in one hundred languages. The latter are scientifically classified into the Aryan, Semitic and Turanian groups; each idiom being presented to the reader in its proper character, with an account of its history and affiliations. The whole will be preceded by an essay on the origin of language in general, and the book will be accompanied with colored illustrations.

. . . "*Poems by Walt Whitman*, selected and edited by W. M. Rosetti," is the title of a new book shortly about to be issued in London by Mr. Camden Hotten. We have seen some of the proof-sheets, and are able to speak highly of the manner in which Mr. Rosetti has done his work. Unusual pains have been taken with the text, the editor having carefully gone over every page three times to see that the exact word of the poet is given, and that the punctuation is strictly correct. The work, which forms a volume of more than four hundred pages, is preceded by an introduction from the pen of the editor, and contains the portrait of Whitman which appeared in the first edition of "Leaves of Grass."

The popularity of Whitman, and the estimation in which his poetry is held,

were recently shown in a very curious way. At the last National Eisteddfod of Wales there was a prize offered for the best poem in English, the competition being, of course, confined to Welshmen. Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of *Tinsley's Magazine*, was appointed adjudicator. Seventy poems were sent in. None, however, was thought worthy of the prize, and seventy Cambro-Britons were consequently disappointed. The decision excited a howl of indignation. In the press, in the pulpit, in social circles, Mr. Yates' conduct was most severely censured, and throughout all Wales a desire was manifested to retaliate upon the Englishman. An opportunity for revenge soon occurred. Walt Whitman's "Carol of Harvest" was printed in *Tinsley's Magazine*. No Cambro-Briton had ever heard of the "Leaves of Grass" or its author. Extracts from the "Carol" were printed in the Welsh papers and held up to ridicule by the editors. The lines were "doggerel," "the production of a maniac," "unintelligible." Complaints from indignant Welshmen filled the papers, and the ignorance and bad taste of the editor of *Tinsley's* were triumphantly exhibited by the competitors for the prize that had been withheld. Ever since, the war has been *à l'outrance* between Yates and the Welsh. Whatever Yates writes or edits is despised and rejected by Welsh bards and their indignant compatriots.

So little is known, here in America, of the condition of Welsh literature, that we may be pardoned for referring to the subject. No progress has been made of late. The works published to-day are neither better in kind nor in degree than those issued twenty years ago. There are no works of any value in the Welsh language, except translations from English, and a History of Wales by the late Mr. Price—a gentleman well known throughout the Principality by a cognomen very similar to one of our Indian names—"Carnuhan-awc." Even the periodical press does not flourish on Welsh soil. The Quarterlies, all sectarian, do not thrive, and

only one monthly magazine—the *Haul*—now exists, its rival, the *Seren Gomer*, having been discontinued from want of support. The Welsh, being an eminently religious people, import theology even into their newspapers. A curious instance of the habit was seen about six or seven years ago. A comic journal, entitled *Y Pwyssh Cymraeg* (the Welsh Punch), was founded. Instead of drawing the materials for the display of their wit from the field of politics or ordinary social life, its conductors made game of the clergy and filled their columns with religious jokes, generally dull and in bad taste. After an inglorious career of twelve or eighteen months, the Welsh "Punch" subsided into oblivion. The newspaper press, on the other hand, flourishes. Of the half dozen weekly journals printed in the Welsh language, three or four have a wide circulation, which extends to this country as well as to Canada and other distant British colonies. All exhibit a strong religious coloring, and devote a large portion of their space to the discussion of theological questions. The "Poet's Corner" forms an important but not very creditable feature of all. But the poetry is usually beneath contempt, consisting of birthday odes, marriage odes, and stupid *englynion* on the death of some obscurely-famous "bard."

. . . Mr. Swinburne, not in the least degree deterred by the hostility of critics, is about to send to the press a series of *Songs for the Times*. The poet is a republican, and the poems will be exponents of his own views in politics. Mr. Swinburne, we are glad to hear, has several works in progress—some in verse, some in prose. He intends, among other things, to produce two dramas, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, will be the central figure, so that "Chastelard," of which the reader, who has not seen it, will get some idea from an article on a preceding page of this Magazine, will form the first of a trilogy. Some of the passages in the new tragedies are superior to any scene in "Atalanta."

. . . A new claimant for poetic fame

is Miss Adah Menken, of equestrian celebrity. Miss Menken, at one time, edited a newspaper in New York, and for a series of years contributed poems to its columns and to those of other journals. These waifs have been collected, and, with other poems before printed, will be issued shortly with a portrait of the author. More than one have been submitted to us, and, judging from them, we believe the work will meet with great success. The following words are to constitute the dedication-page: "Dedicated to my friend, Charles Dickens."

Miss Menken is also about to give public lectures in the Hanover Square Rooms, the subject being her own adventures in the Old World and the New.

An interesting letter from General Washington, which is not in Sparks' collection of his writings, and which does not appear ever to have been published before, is contained in the volume just issued of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 2, 1795.

"SIR,

"The letter with which you favored me, dated the second ult<sup>o</sup>, came duly to hand. I am at a loss for words to convey the sense I entertain of the favorable sentiments you have been pleased to express of me in that letter.

"To the Great Ruler of events, not to any exertions of mine, is to be ascribed the favorable termination of our late contest for liberty. I never considered the fortunate issue of any measure adopted by me, in the progress of the Revolution, in any other light than as the ordering of kind Providence; and if the partiality of my countrymen do justice to my motives thro' that arduous struggle, and to those which have since occurred, in the administration of the present government (as the result of the contest), it is the only reward I ever sought, and the greatest that could be conferred on, Sir,

"Your most Obed<sup>t</sup> H<sup>ble</sup>. Serv<sup>t</sup>,"

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Hon<sup>ble</sup>. JONATHAN WILLIAMS, Esq."

To make any comments upon such a letter from such a man were an impertinence.

. . . In Agassiz's *Journey in Brazil*, recently published, there is an observation which the authors of America would do well to notice:

"We have not yet achieved our intellectual independence. There is a disposition in this country to refer all literary and scientific matters to European tribunals—to accept a man because he has obtained the award of societies abroad. An American author is often better satisfied if he publish his book in England than at home. In my opinion, every man who publishes his work on the other side of the water deprives his country of so much intellectual capital to which she has a right. Publish your results at home, and let Europe discover whether they are worth reading. Not until you are faithful to your citizenship in your intellectual as well as your political life, will you be truly upright and worthy students of nature."

This is all very well, but books will be published where they can be manufactured cheapest; and so long as a duty of thirty-five per cent. in gold is imposed upon paper, while only twenty-five per cent. is levied upon books, and so long as our currency remains enormously inflated, we must expect American writers, in some cases, to send their manuscripts to England to be printed.

The most important literary event of the year, in England, is the appearance of the work by Queen Victoria, entitled *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861*. The volume, which is edited by Mr. Arthur Helps, has been reviewed most favorably, as is natural, by the English newspapers. Every critic speaks of it in terms of highest praise, and avows his belief that the work will have the effect of intensifying the loyalty of Englishmen, and making them more than ever attached to the person of their Sovereign and to the Royal family. They suppose that the Queen, by exhibiting herself in these pages, "not as mistress of the mighty British Empire, and successor of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts and Guelphs, but only in the soft and

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simple light of the household hearth," will lay a new foundation of loyalty by concealing nothing from her subjects. We do not believe this. A monarch always loses by showing himself *en déshabillé*. Louis Philippe gained nothing and lost much by affecting *bourgeois* airs and walking about with a shabby umbrella under his arm. It is true the English people like to believe their sovereign a pattern of domestic affections, and the subjects of George III. were proud to tell how their king's favorite dinner was no French dish, but consisted of boiled mutton and turnips. But the English, who proverbially like a lord, like him because they suppose his ways and manner of living to be different from those of common men. Were he to travel in the same cars with them, eat at the same table with them, and frequent the same taverns with them, ordinary Englishmen would soon lose that respect they now exhibit toward him. This would happen *a fortiori* in the case of a sovereign. 'Tis distance in situation that lends enchantment to the view, and creates an insurmountable barrier, imaginary though it is, between classes. Let the sovereign show herself, as Queen Victoria has in this work, in the most homely acts, and the charm vanishes. Majesty becomes an ordinary woman. The hero is no hero to his valet, not because the valet is unable to see the heroic, but because, unlike the public, who are admitted only to the pomps and ceremonies, he is acquainted with the littlenesses as well as the greatneses of his master. The Queen, it is well known, reads with much interest every review of her work; and we hear that on the appearance of "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," she caused all the literary notices of that work which appeared to be collected and brought under her notice. Her Majesty is so deeply beloved that she has no reason to fear hostile criticism in the press; but we learn that at the clubs and in influential literary circles these domestic revelations are not received with the same favor as by the newspaper critics.

. . . Several of the English magazines



have begun the year with an attractive bill of fare. *Good Words* contains a new poem by Tennyson, an essay by Gladstone, and the beginning of a love-story by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Mr. Wilkie Collins has contributed the opening chapters of a new serial story, *The Moonstone*, to *All the Year Round*; and Mr. Dallas, author of *The Gay Science*, and one of the principal contributors to the literary columns of the *London Times*, has signaled his accession to the editorship of *Once a Week* by treating his readers to a short poem by the Poet Laureate, and the first three chapters of a new story, entitled *Foul Play*, by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. Mr. Tennyson's verses *On a Spiteful Letter* have attracted much attention, and the comments made on them are very various. The English public differ among themselves as to the meaning designed to be conveyed by the poet. Who wrote the spiteful letter? Or is the poem designed as a general complaint against detractors? Some believe that the high position attained by Swinburne has goaded the Laureate to appear in the character of a complainer; others think that a spiteful letter has really been sent to Farringford, and that the verses in *Once a Week* are meant as a reply: all, however, lament that Mr. Tennyson should come before them as a man with a grievance.

. . . In reviewing a book on the Public Schools of England, the *Athenæum* tells the following story of the celebrated Dr. Busby, of Westminster School: "It was said that some boy threw a stone at the window of a room in which the doctor was hearing a class, and the doctor at once sent the biggest boy of the class in search of the offender. A Frenchman happened to be passing, and the messenger, not wishing to betray one of his school-fellows, led the Frenchman up to the doctor. Without listening to a word of denial or expostulation, Busby flogged the Frenchman. The scarified foreigner rushed home to his inn, boiling with rage, wrote a challenge, and sent it to Busby by the hands of the servant. *Busby flogged the servant!*"

There is some amelioration in the brutal treatment once universal in English schools for boys, owing partly to the severe remonstrances of the Royal Commissioners, but flogging and fagging are still practised in Great Britain to a disgraceful extent.

The pronunciation of certain famous names often presents difficulty to the public, as it is very varied. For instance, some, even in England, neglect to pronounce the name of the Prime Minister as if the *e* were an *a*. Mr. Disraeli's name is sometimes accented on the first syllable, sometimes on the second, and occasionally it is made a word of four syllables, and spoken as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer still called himself D'Israeli. Cockneys call him De Hisreely. The name of Mr. Froude, the English historian, is another that offers difficulty. Mr. Froude, who is of French or Flemish extraction, himself pronounces his name as if it were consonant with the English words "mood," "rood." As there has been some discussion in this country on the true pronunciation of the name, we may settle the point by mentioning that Mr. Froude has this very year given us the information we have just printed. We may mention, at the same time, that the History of England will be completed in about two years from this date, and that no volume of the work will appear in the mean time.

Sir Edward Coke's name, too, is one which offers some difficulty. The surname is vulgarly pronounced in the same way as the name given to coal deprived of its bitumen. English lawyers, however, and all presumably competent persons, pronounce it precisely as they would the name of the famous navigator, Captain Cook. And they are undoubtedly right. "Coke" was the old way of spelling the word we now spell "cook," and was pronounced as we now pronounce the latter word.

Reports from Cannes speak of Lord Brougham as enjoying excellent physical health. His lordship, although in his

ninetieth year, shows little diminution of vigor. It is true that his last journey from England was performed in stages, and that, *en route*, he was compelled to rest longer than on any former occasion; but in that journey the veteran lawyer was in an abnormal state of health. Upon his return to England, twenty years ago, shortly after the time when first he took up his residence at Cannes, Brougham called upon a friend of ours, and, with his peculiar "twitchy" smile, announced that he had walked from Paris to Cannes. "How was that?" said our friend. "Why, I hired a carriage in Paris," was the reply. "The terms were satisfactorily settled—there was no dispute as to the sum I was to pay. But nothing was said as to the pace; and, shortly after leaving Paris, I found that, unless I presented a handsome fee to the postilion, I should never reach my destination. So, finding I had no legal remedy, I got out and walked the whole distance, leaving my friend to perform the journey at his own convenience."

. . . Bierstadt, who is now in London preparing illustrations for Read's "Life of Hudson," was recently honored with an audience at Osborne House, where his pictures of Western scenery were viewed with admiration by the Queen and several other members of the Royal family.

. . . Some interesting discoveries have been made in Upper Suabia in Austria. A canal, twenty feet in depth, near the Abbey of Schussenried, was recently dug, and there, from fourteen to nineteen feet below a tufaceous and peaty deposit, and above an alluvium of the glacial period, were discovered numerous antlers of the reindeer, mingled with knives and other utensils of flint, but no fragments of pottery.

A still more curious discovery was announced at a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society of London. Mr. C. Carter Blake read a letter from Dr. Dupont, stating that he had just discovered, near Dinant, Belgium, a habitation of man contemporary with the rhinoceros, etc., the bones being contained in the

stratified sandy deposit of an ancient river-bed. The bones found are those of the rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, chamois, cave-bear and cave-lion; they are evidently the remains of repasts, having been split lengthwise to extract the marrow. Three hundred flint implements, of a very peculiar form, distinct from that characteristic of what is called the reindeer period, were found with the animal remains. The Rev. Dunbar I. Heath remarked that it was a wonderful fact, that man, at that early day, could destroy and eat lions of a larger and stronger species than any now known, as well as the rhinoceros. This, he said, "tended to show that he must have availed himself of the three things which man at the present day can do, and which can be done by but one other animal. He can unite with others to accomplish a required object, he can throw a stone, and he can use a stick as a weapon of offence: these, he considered, were the weapons which gave man his power. Apes alone, of all other animals, could do the same." At a subsequent meeting of the Anthropological Society, Mr. Blyth mentioned that, in Burmah, flint implements had recently been discovered similar to those found in various parts of Europe.

Our fair readers will thank us for the subjoined letter from a young lady of this city, now residing in France, and moving in the highest literary and social circles:

#### A PARIS CAUSERIE.

January 15, 1868.

The French capital ought to be in the enjoyment of the carnival season, which commences with the New Year and terminates with the frantic festivities of the masked balls of *Mardi-Gras*; instead of which Paris is as dull as a provincial town, and the season has not yet been enlivened by a single entertainment among the *haute volée*.

The receptions of the Diplomatic Corps and the high dignitaries of the land took place, as usual, at the palace of the Tuileries on the 1st and 2d instants—the gentlemen, in gala uniforms, dazzling with gold embroideries and orders composed of precious gems; and the high-born dames wearing court trains

and decked in the other magnificent gauds which compose an indispensable accompaniment to the brilliant costumes which the solemnity of the occasion renders obligatory. The ceremonies of the 1st of January commence with a low mass, celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries. The Imperial family take part in the divine service—the Emperor with that grave earnestness which marks all his actions, and what may be lacking in warmth made up for by the tender devotion of his fair consort. The piety of the Empress, fortunately, is carried beyond the hour of prayers, and is the source of her inexhaustible charity—not only in always giving (an easy charity for a generous heart having the command of a long purse), but by an indifference to personal fatigue and exposure in her constant visits to hospitals, prisons and asylums. But more of the Empress and her charities anon. To-day I have only to do with Vanity Fair.

After the religious service comes the fatiguing series of official compliments. Grand Officers of the Crown, the Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor, the Officers, Ladies and Functionaries of their Majesties' Households, then the Cardinals, Members of the Privy Council, Marshals, Admirals and deputations from the great Bodies of State, &c., pass before the throne in solemn array, saluting their majesties with a profound obeisance.

To those who like noisy demonstrations we recommend a visit to the court of the Tuileries when the drummers of the National Guard present to the sovereigns their compliments for the season. The Emperor, Empress and Prince Imperial appear on the balcony of the palace, and the drummers beat forth their *aubade* on many hundred drums. The Emperor afterward expresses his gratitude for this lively expression of the good wishes of his loyal and loving subjects, whilst those who stand by, and whose nerves must be as strong as their curiosity, probably recall to memory the saying, that "le bien ne fait pas de bruit, et le bruit ne fait de bien."

Four balls at the Tuileries and two at the Municipal Palace—the Hotel de Ville—are announced, and our artistes in the *modistes'* world hope that these official festivities may be followed in the fashionable circles by numerous fêtes, and thus give a little life to what, so far, has proved a dull season. There is an uneasiness in political life, a stagnation among business people, and a general *malaise* which indisposes to gayety even the rich and thoughtless. It is not easy to dance and be

merry when the wise folks are menacing us with a general war, still more costly rents, and, for the poor, an increase in the already enormously high price of bread.

Sylva sends us this little piece of sentiment:

Did you ever see *snow-shadows*? Walking in the snow to-day (Jan. 8th), the sun came out brightly before it ceased falling; and, under the broad flakes, dark spots were moving, like soot swept by the wind. Looking closely, I saw what they were. *Hinc ille lineæ*:

Even the snow-flake lets a shadow fall,  
As to the earth it softly sinks to rest;  
So may the whitest, sweetest souls of all  
Seem, sometimes, wrong to those who know them best.

H. H. sends the following epigram:

ROUHER'S NEW GEOGRAPHY.

*Napoleon*. "France has declared, and will maintain,  
*Rome shall not be in Italy.*"  
*Map-maker*. "Then, since it cannot be in Spain,  
*Where in the world, Sir, shall it be?*"

We have pleasure in giving room to the subjoined communication:

MR. EDITOR:

There are other versions of Sir Wm. Jones' Thought from the Persian (quoted in the Gossip of No. 1). Two felicitous ones, by unknown authors, I subjoin:

"When born, in tears we saw thee drowned,  
While then assembled friends around  
With smiles their joy confest;  
So live that at thy parting hour  
*They* may the flood of sorrow pour,  
And thou in smiles be blest."

"When you were born, those who stood by  
Smiled glad while you were crying;  
So live that all around shall cry,  
And *you* may smile in dying."

This is certainly very fine, and I hardly know where one could find a gem at once so exquisite and brief. It is remarkable, too, that the emphatic "*so live*" occurs in all the versions, and in the same place. Was it a reminiscence of this that suggested the closing passage of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*?

The entire tale from which Sir Wm. Jones took the above epigram will be found translated in Laboulaye's *Fairy Book*, lately published by the Harpers. The passage occurs on p. 337. Auerbach has based upon it a poem called *The Tear*. C. B. S.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Slave Songs of the United States. New York: A. Simpson & Co. 8vo. pp. 115.

The object of this publication is clearly seen in the following paragraph, with which it commences:

"The musical capacity of the negro race has been recognized for so many years that it is hard to explain why no systematic effort has hitherto been made to collect and preserve these melodies. More than thirty years ago those plantation songs made their appearance which were so extraordinarily popular for a while; and if 'Coal-black Rose,' 'Zip Coon' and 'Old Virginny Nigger Tire' have been succeeded by spurious imitations, manufactured to suit the somewhat sentimental taste of our community, the fact that these were called 'negro melodies' was itself a tribute to the musical genius of the race."

It has been a common idea for many years, accepted without examination or proof, that the negro was essentially musical in his nature. We now venture boldly to assert that the claim is unfounded in fact, and that, while the negro possesses a capacity for acquiring a certain degree of musical knowledge which he gets from his organ of imitativeness, he has in his *native* state (to which only we must look in examining the question) no idea whatever of music, so far as melody or harmony is an essential ingredient of such a quality.

Of the numerous travelers in Africa, none have reported anything but horribly discordant noises (both vocal and instrumental) when anything which represented music was introduced, even at the court of H. M. the King of Dahomey, who, being a very absolute sovereign, would doubtless have gathered into his band all the talent of his nation.

During a residence of several years in Brazil, we found much amusement in attending the *festas* which were held by a tribe of Africans in a lane back of our residence every Sunday afternoon. These were the real Simon Pures. Every one of them had been brought over from Africa within a few years of our visit, and were as nearly savage as they could be. Their faces were scarred with slashes of various shapes, given them in youth for ornament: their ears, and the

noses of some of them, slit with the same object, and their teeth all filed like those of a saw. Their heads and bodies (nearly naked) were decorated with feathers and beads, and they held these *festas* as sacred rites, recalling their native land. They had a rude instrument, composed of several pieces of thick iron wire fastened on a block of wood,\* which gave out clear, full sounds under vibration; and they had, also, some small, rudely-made drums.

To the sound of these instruments they howled in choice African, and danced (?) very much in the style of some of our Indian tribes. But nothing they played or sung approached, in the remotest degree, to anything which could be called music.

In Rio de Janeiro, until very recently, everything was carried through the streets on the heads of the negroes, who there occupied the place which carts, drays and furniture-wagons fill with us. In large gangs they moved through the streets, each with a bag of coffee or other load on his head, and all under the command of a leader, who ran before them with a large rattle resembling the mouthpiece of an immense watering-pot, or a child's huge rattle. The leader rattled and they all sang as they went along at a trot; but there was no music in their song, and seldom any words which had meaning. Generally, their song ran thus: "Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!" or "Eh! eh! eh! eh!" in every possible scale, and *ad infinitum*. Sometimes they got hold of a name, which they appropriated as a handle to their grunting. When our distinguished townsman, Condé Raguet, was Chargé d'Affaires from the United States to Brazil, the negroes, in some inexplicable manner, got hold of his name, and were frequently heard grunting through the streets—

"Condé Raguet, Condé Raguet,  
Eh! eh! Condé Raguet!"

The negroes on our Southern plantations have, for years, been within the influence of their masters' families, in which music has been universally cultivated, and often to a high degree of excellence; and although the field-hands may never have heard the music, the house-servants have; and from them the airs

\* Called "*hoss-fiddle*" by the negroes of the Southern States.

have been readily transmitted (more or less correctly) to the others, who may, no doubt, have supposed that the tunes they were singing were made by themselves, while, in reality, they were but the growth from the seed dropped carelessly by others, which fell in a soil admirably fitted for its reception; for there is no doubt that the negro is a great lover of music, though he may not have the capacity to compose it.

And we do not credit the assertion that "Jim Crow," "Zip Coon" and others of that class of tunes, poor as they are, were composed by the Africans on the plantations. "Coal-black Rose" is only the old "Sicilian Hymn" put into allegro form, with the negro accent; and it is this very *accent*, in all negro singing, that makes it captivating to some ears and bearable to others. A writer in the *London Review*, for October 5, asserts as follows:

"Many negro melodies are of church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular 'Dandy Jim' is not a native of Carolina, but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass."

Another writer, in "Notes and Queries" for November 16, says that "the tune of 'Buffalo Gals' is said to be taken from an old air by Glück, and that of 'Old Joe' from an air in Rossini's *Corradino*."

It is scarcely a matter of question that nearly all the negro melodies (so called) which we have heard since the days of Jim Crow have been composed at the North by white men, because no such or similar melodies were to be found on the plantations of the South. If the "somewhat sentimental taste of our community" called for such songs, the sentiment was based distinctly upon sympathy with the slave, and would have been better pleased with the real article, had it existed, than with the imitation; but that community would never have endured the infliction of such "melodies" as this book introduces as proofs of "musical genius."

We do not believe that the negro, in his native state, knows what music is, if the term applies to melody or tune; and it is the native African alone whom we must consider when we are examining the claims of the negro race to musical genius. He loves music dearly, however, when he hears it, and readily appropriates a portion of it when he has been brought within its sphere. But does he ever reach excellence in it? Have not all the colored musicians we have known been of mixed blood? Is it not the musical genius of the white man grafted upon the African's love of music? Frank Johnson is well re-

membered by all middle-aged Philadelphians. Thirty years ago, his band, here and at the Springs, was the best to be had. But Frank, like the famous Bogle (Nicholas Biddle's "colorless colored man"), was a mulatto. By the way, Bogle's mantle has never descended upon any of his successors. Neither Morris, Dorsey, nor any of the helpers at our public and private entertainments, have ever taken his high position in society. Brown, the famous sexton of Grace Church, New York, must have caught the mantle when Bogle dropped it, for Brown fills, in Gotham, precisely the position which Bogle filled here, at balls, weddings, funerals, &c. But Brown, unfortunately, is a white man.

To return to our muttons: We think it can be proved that the negro requires the mixture of white blood to develop in him the musical qualities which, if they exist at all in his native state, are, at least, dormant.

A friend cites Blind Tom as opposed to this theory. But Tom is simply a prodigy—a *lusus nature*—a phenomenon, whose case has defied the investigations of the most scientific musicians, here and in Europe, who have attempted to explain it. In fact, Tom is the exception which proves the general rule to be the opposite.

We doubt if this negro, with all his peculiar faculty for musical imitation, could compose a regular melody. Blind Tom is one of the best proofs that can be given of the wall of adamant (which seems only of gauze to some philanthropists) that is, and must be for ever, between the *genius* of the white and that of the negro; for in him we have the highest specimen that has been ever known of the negro coming near the white in delicate handling of the piano.

Such curiosities as Blind Tom, however, are phenomena of nervous impressibility and memory, united to a mysterious instinct for harmonious combinations, and a faculty of assimilation which assumes the character of divination; but the intellectual initiative is wanting in such beings, and therefore they come to nothing.

As regards the collection of tunes and words in the book under notice, we have played many of them on the piano, but have failed to discover melody in any of them, except where the *idea* of the tune was clearly traceable to some old hymn tune, to the composition of which no negro could lay claim. As to the words of the (so-called) hymns, they are generally so absurd and unmeaning, and often so absolutely profane (though not so intended), that it would be well for the teachers

in the schools and meeting-houses where they are sung to commence, as speedily as possible, the destruction of the entire lot, in the interest, temporal and spiritual, of the wards in their care. The simple hymns which are taught our children would be as readily learned by the colored people, and would, in time, convey some idea to their minds, which this collection cannot.

It was hardly worth while to try to perpetuate this trash, vulgarity and profanity by putting it in print.

Memoir of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D.  
By Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D. D. New  
York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 446.

A faithful portrait of the mind of a man who has achieved celebrity in any vocation is more valuable, to those who live after him, than the best copy of lineaments made on canvas or in marble. A memoir teaches definitely, but the painting or statue alone rather begets admiration of the artist than of the man. Dr. Van Nest's life of Bethune will be read with much interest and satisfaction by those who never heard of him, and with pleasure by all who had any knowledge of his unusual merits. In this book we have the picture of a man who was trained and conducted into the Christian ministry, in the face of strong proclivities in his nature to almost any other honest calling. His parents were pious people, and his father's diary shows that, even before their child came into the world, his destiny was marked out for him in prayer. Neither means nor care were spared to accomplish the purpose of making him a minister of the gospel. Dr. Bethune cannot be classed among the self-made men, for he had preparatory schools: three years at Columbia College, N. Y., one at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and about three years at the Theological Seminary at Princeton. As a boy, his courage, which was aggressive in character, brought him, more than once, into personal conflict with schoolmasters, whose chastisements he declined for himself and friends, and he is represented to have been fond of active sports. This taste was indulged, till the end of his life, with rod and line, and many a trout fell a victim to his skill during the pastor's summer vacations. Indeed, we are told that on the art of fishing and kindred topics, his library contained about seven hundred volumes; and in 1846 he edited an edition of Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, which was considered the best ever issued in England or in the United States.

Besides reaching a high position in the Dutch Reformed Church, in which he labored zealously at Rhinebeck, Utica, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and in the city of New York, and so successfully that his annual salary was increased from six hundred dollars in the first to five thousand dollars in the last church with which he was officially connected, Dr. Bethune acquired distinction far beyond the field of his ministry by his excellent literary efforts. It is probable that he won a wider renown on the rostrum and at the lecturer's desk than in the pulpit, simply because his sermons were given to limited congregations, while his addresses, orations and speeches were delivered to multitudes of people of miscellaneous views, who, on dispersing, always lauded the orator and repeated to their friends his choice remarks. Had he been only a sectarian preacher, his name would have been affectionately cherished for his pastoral virtues, yet only within the parishes he served. But he was more than a preacher. He was an active philanthropist and an advocate of human progress: he was a lover of liberty, and in warm sympathy with the cause of emancipation everywhere. He was a staunch patriot: the foes of his country's flag—whether native to our own or foreign soil—were his foes, and he marked them with the same aversion. From the hour that the attempt was made to destroy it his voice was loudly raised, at home and abroad, for the perpetual unity of the nation.

On the whole, it must be admitted that Dr. Bethune was no common man. Whatever he did, he did strongly, and his force of character was never more strikingly shown than during his residence in Philadelphia. Coming here almost entirely unknown, he soon became nearly the most conspicuous, as well as the most popular, man in the community. Walking down Chestnut street, one day, with the writer of this tribute to his memory, he complained, playfully, of the length of his hatter's bill, his hats being quickly worn out by constant touching them to those he met. He was so fond of society that some were inclined to think him worldly. Sincerely religious, and anxious to lead his fellow-men to God, his spirit and his tastes carried him beyond the limits prescribed by some narrow-minded people, and hence came censorious remarks, which wounded him deeply.

His conversational powers were not surpassed by his ability in the pulpit, and in society his countenance often beamed with

humor. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous and an aptitude for punning, which made him quite at home with the wits of that day in Philadelphia: Dr. Chapman, Judge Hopkinson, Nicholas Biddle, Thomas I. Wharton, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, and the rest. One day he was engaged in discussion on the subject of Apostolic Succession. The doctor proposed to test the question: he said to his friend, who was a strong believer in the doctrine, "You know the apostles had the power to take up serpents without being injured. Now if your convention of bishops, assembled in New York, will permit me to upset a box of rattlesnakes among them, and no one is injured, it might convince me." A stout gentleman, whose face bore external evidence of good living, yet who spoke in feeble tones, complained to the doctor of his health, and said that he "was as weak as a moth." "A Behemoth, I think," replied the laughing minister. Sometimes, however, his wit was fully matched by that of his subject. Thus, when Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they espied another Brooklyn pastor, who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who, at the time, was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, "See there! anybody that looks so cadaverous as that can't have a good conscience." The thin parson was wide awake, and rejoined, "Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you than the brains of both." The good doctor enjoyed the sharp reply, and, after a hearty laughter, said, "Let us go: we can't make anything out of him to-day."

But this irrepressible vivacity was only on the surface. Beneath it all there was a solid and undoubting faith, an earnest zeal for Christ, a ripe scholarship and a noble courage. In this memoir, the doctor's career is fully and honestly told, and the reader is made to sympathize with his trials and disappointments, while he learns to admire his eloquence, his patriotism and his piety. Of the three portraits in the book, only the first is a likeness.

*Kathrina: Her Life and Mine, in a Poem.*  
By J. G. Holland. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 257.

It is unfortunate for the world, and still more so for Dr. Holland's fame, that he did not write an eternal *finis* to his poetical pro-

ductions at the end of "Bitter-Sweet." He would then have been remembered only as the author of a very sweet and beautiful poem with a charming moral—as the writer of very readable essays and stories.

He never could have been considered a poet; still no one would have prophesied that he would have written such a book as "Kathrina."

Thinking of the poem merely as a story, it is an unpleasant stretch of fiction to suppose a woman of Kathrina's formidable powers of intellect should have endured, much less loved, the sort of person the hero makes himself to be.

He gives the reader to understand it is genuine love he feels for his wife, yet for ten long years the effect of that love is to enervate and render him unfit for work—a remarkable effect for true love. "I had grown enervate in the warm atmosphere I breathed;" and yet he makes the cause of that atmosphere a perfect marriage; and every reasoning he brings forward drops weak and ineffective in view of that fact.

Throughout the whole poem there is a pedantic lugging in of uncommon words, which would destroy any poetry not infused with the very life of genius, and would injure even that; and which makes the contrast between this work and "Bitter-Sweet" still greater.

There are gleams of his pleasant fancies and descriptions, particularly where he describes his wedding-day—the glories of that October—with a kind of opulence well suited to that time.

Dr. Holland has only done that which writers rarely refrain from doing—he has written one book too many, and that, "Kathrina."

#### *Books Received.*

Dickens' Works. People's Edition. 6 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 964, &c.

The Same. Cheap Edition.

Selections from the Kalevala. Translated by Prof. John A. Porter. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 144.

Evening Journal Almanac. Compiled by Stephen C. Hutchins. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 8vo. pp. 160.

Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain. Par Jean Macé. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 260.

Condensed French Instruction. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 18mo. pp. 143.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER XI.

MR. GALBRAITH came before his daughter-in-law hastily. "The —the man is still here my dear," mildly, motioning her back, "and his guilt is far from certain—to my mind."

He turned to brighten the flickering lamp, but succeeded in extinguishing it instead, his fingers being, as usual, nervous and incapable.

But before his warning, Mrs. Duffield's quick, comprehensive glance had detected the dark figure in the background, and she stopped, hesitating and shocked. To find that she had been, unconsciously, at once both rude and cruel, demeaned her, and wrung her heart with a real pain. She had seen the man draw back at her words and lean for support on the door-jamb. Poor wretch! Angry tears at herself rushed into her eyes. She made no word of apology to him, however, but turned with quick tact to Mr. Galbraith.

"I have no doubt that he is not guilty, sir. You would know an innocent man by instinct. While I—"

Madam Galbraith turned on her. "What ought my son's wife to know of crime or criminals? Young women chatter of vices now-a-days with which,

in my time, they would have been counted besmirched had they but known the names. Even Honora—bah!"

Her son's wife lifted her sweet face and bright eyes gently toward her, her hands folded with a most nun-like simplicity: she paused a full moment before replying, taking counsel with herself, how, while she made amends to the poor outcast in the corner, she could send a decisive lance against the old griffin who was bent on riding her down.

Now Lizzy had no thought for any of them but Dallas. In this pause she tried to draw him out and away. That first sight of his mother, before the light grew dim, had shaken the slow, affectionate fellow in a manner which it had frightened her to see. She comprehended now what secret had lain hidden in the boy's breast during the years in which he had been a vagabond for this woman's sake: she began to see, looking into his pale face, turned toward Mrs. Duffield, what pith and strength there was in him beyond other men. In another moment the hungry cry, repressed for a life-time, would break forth, and he would throw himself at the feet of this shallow, selfish fool. Lizzy caught his wrist with a grip as strong as iron—or common sense.



"Dallas! come away from them," she whispered.

He shook her off gently. "It is my mother!" his lips hardly moving: standing still, listening breathlessly as the sweet, decided voice of the little woman was heard again, an expression of infinite pathos and tenderness softening the stern features, as if the childhood and boyhood lost for her sake had returned to the uncouth, hardly-used man at her first familiar tone. With the stupidity of a man he saw no under-meaning in her words.

"What do I know of criminals?" she said. "Why, I have felt what the temptations are—down there. Where you never have gone, dear Madam Galbraith. And I have very little faith in the law's justice, either. Prove a man to be poor and tempted, and half the jurors in any court count him guilty. I have been poor myself, you know. I am familiar with the landmarks of that country," with a piquant little nod and triumphant flash of the gray eyes as the indignant blood rushed into the old lady's face.

"It was my fault that my son's wife should have such knowledge to boast of," in a humiliated voice.

"Oh, indeed, no! You are generosity itself. But a little hard on ill-doers—ah? as a just woman should be. And we were sadly in the wrong—*mea culpa!*" beating her soft bosom with a smile. "But I learned in that way to sympathize with this poor fellow here."

There was an embarrassed silence. The graceful little lady standing on the hearth-rug was left master of the field. The very fire-light seemed cognizant of her prettiness, of the completeness of her dress and delicacy and Christian compassion: touched the flush on her cheek and the thoughtful bent head with bright admiring gleams. What with the tears in her innocent eyes, her well-fitting gown, and the integrity of her position, Madam Galbraith and Lizzy appeared old and dour and misplaced beside her, even in the eyes of the fastidious old gentleman pacing nervously to and fro. As for her son, the poor convict in the corner, the very lightest breath she drew,

or motion of her white hand, seemed, in the fervor of his admiration, a thing distinct and new, and touching him as no miracle would.

Presently she turned her eyes on him, full of womanish tears; for in truth she was sore to think of what she had done, and would have gladly made amends. When their eyes met he began to tremble, let fall the roll of canvas which he held, and took an uncertain step toward her. He put up both hands to tear off the cap which covered his shaven head.

"Mother. It is I—Dallas!" he would have cried, but the words died in his parched mouth.

She watched him with alarm, the tears suddenly drying up in her eyes. "Does your friend wish to speak to me?" she asked of Elizabeth, with a certain sharpness in her tone.

Lizzy came in front of Dallas, putting him back. "He does wish to speak to you, Mrs. Duffield, but not now. Not before strangers. He fancied, from your kind words, that you would understand and feel for him. But it will be better you should see him alone."

"Oh, assuredly! Take him away, I beg of you. Another time, pray! Another time! Take him away."

Dallas stood irresolute a moment, looking at her: then, bowing awkwardly, he turned and went into the hall.

"I think you were right," stopping and holding Lizzy by the arm. "I could not speak to her there before strangers, you know. And I meant to be something which she would be proud to own when I came— Not that it would matter to her."

Lizzy did not answer: she only held him by the sleeve quiet a moment. The door was open, and Mrs. Duffield's musical voice came out energetically. "I was so shocked at what I had done! It makes me feel like a coward to strike anything beneath me. One might as well be harsh to a servant, or crush a poor toad under one's feet in the garden—things that cannot retaliate, you know, Madam Galbraith."

"You are a good little soul, I do believe, my dear," good-humoredly.

"No, I don't think I am," coloring. "That poor wretch was going to make a scene. I detest scenes. That is the difficulty with that sort of people: they never understand the gulf between us, and at the least encouragement they press on you with their disgusting ailments of body and mind. It is so dreadfully morbid, that sort of thing. I'm not at all morbid."

"Do you hear her, Dallas? Do you hear her?"

But he was carefully rolling up his canvas with the same quiet, wistful smile. "She does not know I am her son, you see, Lizzy. I have no doubt that what she says is very true, too. She had great penetration—my mother," as they went down the hall together. "I never knew a woman with so clear a judgment and such tender sympathies. Her very voice and smile are full of mercy. Did you observe?"

Lizzy only replied quietly that a sweet voice and smile had great weight with most men, thinking that Dallas was but like the others: a few pink and white tinges in the face and a trick of ready tears would outweigh the service of a homely woman's whole lifetime. Lizzy sighed, and choked the sigh.

They passed through the halls again, she following a long way behind. What were they to do? What were they to do? Her plans and sacrifices, her prayers for him for years, had ended now in nothing. This big, clumsy fellow walking before her, who had grown so dear to her through her pity for his wrong, had been left by God to be thrust out into the world to-night, to make what he chose therein of his undisciplined body and ill-taught brain, bringing nothing out of his past life but the cheap clothes, the convict's badge and the rejected pictures which he carried under his arm. She thought of Ishmael, thrust out from his inheritance into the desert. Dallas was as helpless, as ill able to fight his way.

Had God never heard her, then? Did he make souls to suffer them thus to drift about and rot on every changing tide like bits of unclean weed? Was

this the way in which Christ kept watch over the wronged and weak?

Her face grew more colorless. As she followed him, the more immediate trouble seized her: What could she do with him now? What road were they to take together? Dallas solved the riddle, passing quietly out of the side-door and turning to the mountain-path, with the air of a man the reins of whose life were always well held in his own hand. He stopped at the little gate.

"Good-bye, Lizzy."

"I will walk with you to the stile, Dallas." She took the roll of canvas from him as they went side by side, and held it. She would like to have torn it strip by strip and thrown it in the muddy stream: she could have vented on the inanimate thing all the bitterness of her disappointment in men and God, who were alike blind. She had counted so long on these pictures, and the gift of which they were the sign. They were to have been the magic key which would have restored him to family and fortune—assured him splendid triumphs over his enemies. But they had been worth nothing. God had not been just enough to give even genius to Dallas Galbraith.

But she carried the roll quietly for a few moments, and then gave it back to him without a word. The stile at which they stopped opened out into the fields on the valley side: behind them the house rose against the mountain background, an irregular, imposing mass of shadow in the pale November moonlight, its numberless deep-set, red-burning windows giving a human life to the night. Occasional echoes of laughter or broken snatches of music came out to them where they stood.

Mountains and homestead and music all symbolized in some way, and made more real to her, the power and life of ease and culture which he had lost.

"Why need you stop and look at it?" she said, with repressed vehemence. "It's too late now. You might have been master here if you had kept silence and not dragged out your past life before them all. If you had but luck, Dallas! If there were any way yet for you to

become famous, to make a fortune and triumph over them! My God, if you could triumph over them!" She turned her pale, irritable face toward him, stopping astonished to see the quiet cheerfulness with which he scrutinized the old building.

"A fortune? Fame? I had not thought of that," slowly.

"That is because you know nothing of life," with impatient acrimony. "I know it! What can you do without them? Luck's against you, Dallas! As for me, I put my shoulder to the wheel to no purpose. You threw your fortune away to-night, and you're here, a full-grown man, with neither skill nor money. It seems to me, because of your honesty, your life is to count for nothing—no more than the thousands of dull, worthless ones that crowd the world. And that is God's justice!"

He looked at her attentively, not replying for a moment or two: "No doubt you are right. I scarcely know what pushes men up. But money or notoriety seemed very far outside of the course I planned for myself. It may have been the five years of enforced silence that makes me see the world according to my own scheme, and leave out matters so essential."

But Lizzy had time while he said this to fall into a passion of remorse: "At any rate, you were honest. I had no right to taunt you with the injustice of the world to you. If you have no chance for success, it was hardly my place to tell you of it. I am as brutal as the others in there," nodding toward the house.

"You never could be unfriendly, whatever you said, Lizzy," he said, kindly. But he made no answer about his chance in the world.

"I am not myself to-night. It was a bitter disappointment. I never looked at yon house," facing the long line of building, "that I did not fancy you as the master of it. I thought there was One who would see that justice should be done—that you should have your fortune and place."

He watched her, as she spoke, closely

and gravely: it had become a habit of the man, possibly because, after so many years of compelled silence, he could not follow the differing voices readily. He nodded, comprehending her, with a slow, half-amused smile.

"I've had little else to think of than the recompense coming to you. I thought you would marry Honora—" She checked herself abruptly, with an alarmed glance at his face, but he had turned to look down the road, buttoning his coat for departure, and, though she waited for him to speak, he said nothing.

There was a silence for a moment or two. She broke it at last: "You say neither money nor fame is the end of your schemes, Dallas. What is the end? What are you going to make of your life?" adding, when he did not reply, in a hesitating, apologetic voice, "I am more practical than you. I thought I could advise you."

"'Practical,' Lizzy?" the dark-blue eyes beginning to sparkle, and giving a quick, real old Dallas laugh. "Why you give me fortunes like a fairy godmother. Practical!"

But, with a woman's keen instinct, she felt that her question had been evaded, and that the steady, kind regard which, after he spoke, he held fixed on her face, was the sign of an impalpable barrier which shut her out from him.

"First, I am going somewhere to sleep and eat. I feel the need of it. There is a little tavern back in the gap yonder, which I saw yesterday: I will stay there for the present. The Indian Queen, they call it. I can find work among the farmers."

After? But she did not dare to ask. His very candor with regard to his present work and lodging drew the barring line about him. As to the use he would try to make of this life which had been so bungled and misplaced, it was a matter she saw, in which God alone could meddle with him in future.

"I think it is more to the purpose," he continued, "to decide upon your course, Lizzy. It will not be right for you to remain here: my crime and disgrace will be visited on you."

"It does not matter. My work is done here. I have saved some money. It does not matter to me now where I go."

He did not seem to notice the dreary voice or face.

"Who is Honora?" abruptly.

"You saw her: she is Madam Galbraith's heir. She offered her hand to you. She is a charitable little soul. They have kept her in that house yonder as ignorant of the sin of the outside world as a babe in its cradle. She and her uncle will always remember that hand-shake, as if she had been an angel who stooped down from heaven with water to cool Dives' parched tongue."

Dallas was silent a moment. "The difference between us is great," he said, quietly.

"Yes; my plan for you there is at an end."

He did not reply. They had been standing on the same side of the stile until now: he put his hand on it to pass through, but stopped with a startled glance about him.

"What is it, Galbraith?"

"A man's steps, I fancied."

"It is probable: the workmen are closing the stables about this time, and passing in every direction home through the fields."

But he still held his head bent anxiously, with his hand behind his ear to listen, and it was not until some moments after that he looked up with a sudden breath of relief.

"My hearing plays me strange tricks sometimes. When will I see you again, Lizzy?"

"I will come to-morrow to that house where you are going. I know the woman well: I can board there for a little while before I leave this part of the country: that is," hesitating, "if you would like to have me near you, Dallas?"

"I have no friend but you. You are going back to—the old place?"

"No."

He looked at her downcast face keenly, wonder and doubt and a new light coming slowly into his own, as for the first time a suspicion of the truth came

to him—that the girl, out of sheer sense of justice, had given up all she had for him, and left herself bankrupt.

It was like a wide window opened into a dark, unwholesome house, this sudden sight of the woman's loyalty to him, unflinching through his low, wretched luck. He realized even in that moment that the world would be different and sweeter to him for it every day of his life thereafter. But he only said, simply, "You've been a good friend to me, Lizzy," holding her hand a moment afterward.

Downright, outwardly stupid men like Galbraith have so little of that small coin of affection or gratitude, those words and looks, for which even women as sensible as Lizzy are willing to sacrifice their lives and think themselves well paid. As it was, she was wonderfully comforted by even this touch of appreciation.

"I began to think him insensible as this log," she thought, as she watched him going down the mountain-path. "I thought he was too dull to care for what he had lost—or—or anything else. But I wronged the poor boy. Dear old Dallas!" It was so good to have something come into her lonely life, to be cared for and watched over.

The stile on which she leaned was distant one or two fields from the house. The infrequent noises had died away, and the stubbled, saffron-colored slopes, with their dark, crossing lines of hedges, stretched in drowsy quiet to the sluggish creek, glittering blackly in the moonlight on one side, and on the other to the far, dun-blue boundary of mountains. Only an occasional whoop of an owl or the trampling of horses in the stables broke the silence of the night to her ear; but she saw Dallas stop suddenly in the alarmed, watchful attitude of a moment ago. He stood motionless, stooping close to the ground—a trick, when listening, which he had learned in his old woodcraft. Lizzy strained her ears, but she heard nothing. After a moment's waiting, Galbraith stood erect, glanced keenly at the low patches of brushwood on either side, and then, turning, came swiftly back toward her.

"What do you hear, Galbraith?"

"Nothing, it is most likely. Come, I will take you back to the house. It would seem but the shadow of a sound to you, perhaps, but I fancied danger in it."

She went with him, slowly at first, but with his strong hand on her elbow he hurried her along. "Your nerves deceive you, Dallas. I often hear strange sounds and see impossible things after I have been worried and in trouble."

"Why, I thought your nerves were steel, little woman?" laughing.

"Or it might have been the throb of the creek-mill," she argued, perplexed and out of breath. "I have heard it up here on a clear night. What kind of sound was it?"

"It might have been the mill," quickening his step.

"What danger did you apprehend?" anxiously.

"None which could not be met. I am a man now," under his breath. "Here you are at home again," opening the side-door. "Do not come to me until I send for you. Good-night, Lizzy."

His grasp of her hand was heartier: there was a prompt energy in his laugh and the ring of his voice, a decision in every movement, which she had not seen since his return. It needs danger to bring a man wholly into life, after all, just as pain does a woman. Lizzy, who had drawn much shrewdness, knowledge of men and of business, and capability into herself out of these years of dull endurance, which had nigh smothered out the light in Dallas Galbraith, crept up to her room, shivering in a cold perspiration at this hint of outward danger; got down on her knees by the window, watching the tall figure going quietly down the path again, the vast, dusky landscape that yawned about him, the mountains which suddenly grew spectral and threatening to her, uncertain from which quarter the sudden peril would come, and leaving him to face it alone. She saw him halt on the foot-bridge where she had met him that evening, and pace to and fro with slow and grave composure, as though it were a friend, and not an

enemy, he waited to meet; with this difference, however, that he untied his cap and took it off, showing boldly to his foe the face which he would have hid from her.

The manner of the boy convinced her that there was an absolute, tangible danger at hand: she sheltered her keen eyes, scanning the fields and crooked roads leading to the house; but not a living object appeared on the wide, solitary space. Once she fancied she saw a shadow pass and repass behind a high-set Osage-orange hedge below the bridge, stealthy and watchful as a panther; but the next moment it so blended and was lost with the flickering shadows of the trees about it that she knew she had been mistaken. Which mischance of poor Dallas' past life or ill luck of the future had taken shape now to harm him? Why could he not be left to plod along like all the rest of the commonplace world? thought Lizzy, impatiently, forgetting that about the meanness of us the panther-like dangers wait in the very trees and houses, in the souls of passers-by, only that God's arm and sunshine are between us; and we chatter as we go of sunshine and houses, and nod to the passers-by, and see nothing of God or the death behind. So Dallas, waiting until late in the night for this crisis of his life which he fancied was upon him, began to think, at last, the valley held nothing more dangerous for him than the shadows of the trees, and the throb, perhaps, of the mill-engine.

He went off at a steady pace toward the gap where the little Indian Queen Inn lay, to get his supper and a bed. Any man meeting the sturdy young fellow would have found something in his look and bearing, stamped there during the last five years, which said that he was, more than other men, master of himself—that wherever his future road might lead, it would be one of his own choosing.

But behind the hedge a pompous, well-dressed man sat, stroking his red cheeks and black beard, waiting for him to go; and in the library a quiet old man was carefully writing letters; and, in her chamber, Honora sat up in bed,

shivering in her night-gown, reading Jay's Evening Prayers to put some rebellious thoughts out of her head; and they all had his future life in their hands, moulding, moulding, moulding it, and knowing no more what they did than the *ebauchoir* in the hands of the sculptor, shaping a thing which will curse or bless the world.

There was a holly-tree which Dallas had once planted by his old shanty in Manasquan, and which was putting out its slow, prickly leaves, sturdily "determined to live," people said, passing by. Yet, after all, the sunshine came from beyond the boundary of the world to warm it, and the nor'easters from beyond the sea tugged to tear it from the roots, and the worms crept to its heart, and the slow juices of the soil, distilling there since the world was first made, entered into its sap, and it lay in the work of one and all of them to make it a heap of rotten-wood manure or a tree.

Yet, when the end came, it would be seen that they had but done as they were bidden.

## CHAPTER XII.

WITH quick walking Dallas could have reached the Indian Queen before midnight. But he ached in every joint. He had gone directly from the Albany prison to the cars, and it seemed to him as if the weight of all his years of confinement were still upon his limbs, dragging him down. He lagged more and more, until he came to a great wood of oaks and nut-trees. There was no more walking that night for Dallas Galbraith. He was at home now. He slid his feet along through the dry leaves until they were up to his knees. It was so long since he had heard that confidential, crisp crackle! He took off his cap to feel the wind on his forehead, sniffed the air slowly, recognizing one familiar wood-scent and then another: then the cap was thrown on the ground and the canvas roll thrust into the hole of a hollow tree, and he began to go about, his eyes brightening, his ears set, from tree to tree, from the muddy bank of the

creek into the brushwood, to and fro, peering, smelling, tasting. Just as a man would come back after long absence to the house where he was born, and hurry nervously back and forth to find the old landmarks again, and the changes which had of late crept in. Here in this oak was a woodpecker's nest burrowed through the fungus: he detected it yards off by the faint, vile smell, and, though the moonlight was clouded, he found two mole-keeps under paw-paw bushes, and about an ash bough, like a ring, the varnished nest of the orange-and-purple moth. The half-dried leaves hang late on the trees of this wood, as it lies low in a cove of the mountains. Galbraith went from one old forest monarch to the other, his hands clasped over his head in his old, boyish habit, putting his ear to their trunks to discover if he could now, as he once did, name the tree by the rustle of its leaves, smiling quietly when he found he had not yet forgotten their language. It seemed to him more natural than any other.

After a while, as its naturalness grew on him and its voices became more and more those which he used to know, he leaned against a gray old oak, quite still, the large-featured, pale face pressed against the rough bark. A Pagan might have so leaned in those long-ago first days of the world, entreating, from the unseen oracle within, counsel on the riddle of his life—the love or the hate that vexed his soul nigh to death; but I doubt if to this poor fellow, as he stood, came one thought of Dallas Galbraith, his petty wrongs or hopes. Yet I doubt also if he was conscious that any voice called to him from depths far underlying his own mean life, though the mother Nature beneath him, from whose womb we all came, and whose hold we thrust from us unthankfully, tried to win back this boy with an especial pathetic tenderness—a tenderness akin to that other unknown Parent who had given him life through her. Only a great quiet came presently to him through the inarticulate murmur of the forest, as it did when he was a boy; and after a while he heaped some dried leaves together.

as he used so often to do, and, buttoning his coat about him, lay down and slept until morning.

A cold wind, fresh from the frosty chambers of the east, that forced his eyelids open, and made him stand up and run to and fro to warm his chilled blood, his face heating, his eyes kindling; he, free to go where he would. Free; the woods, the valley full of homes, the terrible mountains open to him, and, beyond, the great, untried world. No low plaster ceiling between him and the morning of the new day slowly unfolding in heaven from dazzling wet depths of pearl and rose: nothing to hinder him if he chose to stand idle and watch the shining flakes of mist hanging over some of the far-off mountain lakes, as though the spirit of the water, escaping from its frozen body below, suffered the glitter of its plumes to be seen by the sudden day. Free—altogether free.

Here went a squirrel's scratching feet through the leaves; there was the Indian Creek curdling over its lead-colored slate bed; underfoot, red, trumpet and purple mosses were blackening: over all, the white hoar-frost. One had need to waken every morning for five years in one of man's reformatory schools—a slimy stone cell, with a solitary seat in one corner and a cess-pool in the other—to understand what God meant by these things.

Galbraith's body was as healthy as that of a savage: consequently, he had sprung up from his bed on the ground with a new lightness and freedom from ache, and went down to the creek to bathe, whistling some of the old Manasquan songs. He threw himself into the water, drank it, wrestled with it, shouting breathlessly to himself, wishing he had some hearty, good fellow to keep him company. How alive it was! how it flashed, and held him down, and closed over him! He came out glowing, clean without as within: the slimy cell, the Galbraith house, the Something that was always against him, all sunken into miserable dyspeptic dreams.

As he dressed, he heard far-off voices calling—a traveler on the road which he had deserted hailing some laborer as

he passed. Galbraith listened without change of countenance, though the voice and the steps he had heard the evening before both belonged to that nameless ill-luck that had dogged and mastered him. It was upon his trail again: he had known that last night, with the first echo of the coming footsteps. But what with his freedom and the old wood-life come back to him, the pompous, tempting voice, and the vice and misery of which it was the sign, seemed as trivial and far-off a matter as the song of the bird from yonder maple, and to call as little on him for revenge.

The Spirit of Life may wait in a sleep under the bare November trees, or a plunge in the wood-creek, as ready as in the water of the font to wash away sin.

Galbraith took down his precious roll and buttoned it up again under his coat. "Now for breakfast!" striking out for the road again.

He was as famished as a hound after a day's run: after he had leaped the low fence into the road, therefore, he did not stop to look back. The traveler, who had caught sight of him when he first left the woods, followed him unseen. There was nothing stealthy in the man's walk: it was slow, weighty, grandiloquent—quite in keeping with his handsome, portly figure and the superfine black clothes that he wore. A magnificent jetty beard rolled down over his wide shirt front; big carbuncles shone in his breast and wristbands; a topaz on his thick, white finger. There was nothing furtive in the dead black eye with which he scanned boldly the trees and mountains, as he would have done any earthly potentate, weighing their value in his own private, native-American scales. Most men would have gone to him for charity, if they needed it, and never have been turned away empty. But no woman would have asked it from him. He had grown fat and scant o' breath in late years, and puffed hard with the exertion of keeping the lithe young fellow before him in sight. He did it, however, dropping hastily behind a friendly tree whenever Dallas turned his head to one side or the other. He stopped, at last: Gal-

braith had gone into a low stone house built under the shelter of the hill.

"So? So? Now, as I've run him to earth, I may as well go back to town for my breakfast. I'll know where to find him. An infernal run I've had, from Albany to this backwoods! I wish the poor devil had a bottle from my champagne basket. It's poor grub he'll find yonder. Never travel without your own provision—that's George Laddoun's advice." Which was the current of his thought as he swelled and strode and panted back to town. Nobody but idiots think aloud, and George Laddoun had learned by this time to keep his secret opinions to himself, even about his drink and "grub."

The Indian Queen was just waking up. It was a queer little hiding-place, built of triangular wedges of stone, mortared with what appeared to be yellow clay, and had a solid, composed look at all times, ready to drop off asleep in the very middle of the day. As usual with country houses, the trees were cut away from about it, and the sombre shadow of the mountain fell back from it, leaving it to put on its brightest good-morning face for Galbraith. Any house that was a home would have seemed heartsome to him just then, so strong and zealous was he to begin his life over again; but, as it was, never was such a welcome as that of the homely little wood-snuggery. There was a broad, short porch, holding out a hospitable greeting, with two hickory-woven rocking-chairs on it, ready and waiting night and day: there was an open door, and a wide kitchen within. Was ever a fire like that great ruddy coal monster? Was there ever a chubbier, tidier woman than the brisk little landlady turning the buckwheat cakes? Never, when Galbraith was out in the world, did they cram such small spaces with such promise of good cheer: the very walls inside were draped in hams and links of sausage, and the porch was a tangled web overhead of dried peaches and onions. There was a mossy pump and trough with one or two cows beside it—a peculiar breed of cows, surely, wonderfully fat and comfortable; and a

boy in a red shirt stood pumping, and hitching up his trowsers with the other hand—a singularly honest-faced boy!

Dallas came up with his heart throbbing thick and hot. It had cost him little to avow himself a convict to his kinsfolk last night; but now, if these laborers had looked suspicious or askance at him, it would have been like a savage blow in the face.

Washington, the cow-boy, however, nodded patronizingly, giving his suspenders an additional tug of courtesy. The stranger was of another quality from the wagoners who made the Indian Queen their half-way house to the village. "You're just in time," he said, nodding to the steaming cakes inside.

Peggy Beck came herself to the door. "You're for breakfast, sir?" She thought the pale, leisurely man in black clothes coming up the steps was an itinerant preacher.

It marked a turning-point in his life, that this clean, honest-eyed woman should courtesy to him and say, "Sir." He colored high. "Yes, I will go in," he said. She ushered him into a square little parlor, with striped carpet on the floor, puffed muslin curtains, and a table in the centre, with Lalla Rookh and a year-old fashion-magazine on it: she pulled out another hickory rocking-chair, padded with Turkey-red cushions, for him, and put a match to the wood and coal in the shining grate, chattering about the weather, and the road, and the markets down below. Dallas sat looking in the fire, rubbing his hands.

When the breakfast was spread before him, she brought in pen and ink, and a child's copy-book with a page or two of scrawled names in front. She begged his pardon, but "Beck, He was used to being in large hotels before He was married, and He had a fancy to kerry on the house on the same plan. He'd got up a register, as the gentleman would see, for folks as stays over night. If he (Dallas) would just enter his name there?" pointing to a blank where she had calculated there was ample space for the Rev.



"My name?—my name?" said Dallas, slowly, looking at the book.

Peggy nodded and smiled, and swept the plate of cold cakes from the table. When she peeped in, after a while, Galbraith still sat looking at the copy-book, the unused pen in his fingers. All that these years had brought to him in which he had been nameless and placeless in the world came up before him. Once or twice in that time he remembered he had written notes to the prison warden, asking for books and the like, and had signed them "Seventy-nine." There was no other identity for any man in that living grave than the number of his tomb.

Now— He looked up at the free air, the blue sky outside. The tears came into his eyes as though he had been a woman. Then he pulled the little book toward him, and, dipping the pen in the ink, wrote, slowly and carefully, *Dallas Galbraith*, looking at it a long time after it was done.

Peggy carried it without a glance into the kitchen, and then hurried to satisfy her curiosity. The hand was uncertain and shaky for so young a man, she thought; while there was passing through Dallas' brain inside some confused, half-understood words of a baptismal service he had once seen: "A death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness."

Every trifle about him conspired to add to his content. When the heart of the earth is warm, one can find flowers in the poorest soil. Peggy had laid the little table with her choice china cups and a white napkin—things which belonged only to that long-ago part of Dallas' life with his mother; for, through all their want, she had held to these little outward shows. The old innocent time was coming back then. Presently, too, he heard Peggy's voice calling to Wash to build a fire in Mr. Galbraith's room. Now, Dallas had been a boy when taken from Manasquan; after that, a convict. This name belonged to a man, respected among men. The title which every ruffian bears among us thrilled the poor lad's blood. It put him, somehow, on

a solid foothold, from which the future lay within his grasp. It "hailed him thane, that should be king hereafter."

Then a little four-year old fellow, in a blue blouse (on which Peggy had just pinned a white collar), came shyly in and stood wistfully inspecting first Galbraith and then the breakfast-table.

"My name's Matt," he volunteered.

"Will you shake hands with me, Matt?" said Dallas, gravely. But he did not hold out his hand until the boy had put his own red little fingers on it.

"You had no honey for breakfast, Matt?"

He shook his head solemnly.

"Nor meat? Then here's a chair. Don't take him away, madam. I'll have him here, if you please. It's a long time since I've had a guest, and I'd like the child to be the first. Another clean plate. And a napkin. Now, Matt! You're not half so hungry as I am, I'll venture."

"Lord, sir, you'll ruin the boy!" cried Peggy, chuckling with delight. "He's allus too forard, Matt is."

"I used to be very fond of children," said Dallas. "We will be good friends in a little time."

Peggy went out to meet her husband, making haste to cram all her news, with the final "peartness of Matt," into his progress from the hay-mow to the house. When Galbraith had finished eating and went out, holding the boy by the hand on the porch, he found Beck waiting for him—a sandy-haired, stocky fellow, with his trowsers thrust into his boots.

"Morning, sir!" nodding shortly.

Dallas took off his cap and faced him as he replied. If discovery or insult was to come, the sooner he met it the better. But the close-cut hair conveyed no other meaning to the man's mind than a new whim of the townfolk.

"You've come from the country below, I reckon, Mr. Galbraith. It's full of your kin down thar. They do say, ther's been as many as thirty Galbraiths voted on election. But I don't fad myself with such things. I grind my own grist, I do."

"A safe plan, I think."

"You're goin' out for a walk, sir? Kind of colporture, now?"

"No. I thought I detected a species of marl in your soil yesterday—"

"Hey? What say?"

"Marl," in an explanatory tone. "And I'd like to look into it. Your little boy can go with me?"

"Matt? Well, now, what for would you be bothered with Matt? Lord, Peggy, what's the odds for the child's new hat? She's like a cluckin' hen, Peg is! And you're going to look for marl? Toh be sure—toh be sure!" watching him go down the hill with a perplexed shake of the head.

It was near dusk before Dallas returned. Beck and his wife were keeping watch for him on the porch, while a compact, business-like looking man, in a working suit of gray cassimere, stood impatiently switching his boot with his whip on the lower step. His horse was waiting by the post.

"Yon's he, Mr. Evans," said Peggy, as Galbraith came up the hill with Matt riding pick-a-back on his shoulders, the two talking earnestly, as though they were both men grown.

"He answers the description." The stranger inspected Dallas keenly as he came up and, sliding Matt off, bowed in his usual grave manner to the group on the porch.

"Matt and I are ready for supper, Mrs. Beck," he said; and then, without farther notice of any of them, sat down on the steps, and began to unload, out of his hat, his pockets and bundles secured in his shirt-bosom, bits of rock, earths and roots.

"It's the man," whispered Evans, nodding confidently to Beck and his wife. "Been prospecting the country around, sir? Sile's poor 's high as this. Needs manure."

"You have it ready for use," without looking up from his work. "I find calcareous matter through all the shale, which is nothing else than marl. Impure, but you would find it serve. I am surprised that it is not used."

"Calcarous, eh?" doubtfully, rubbing his chin. "Like as not. I'm not up

in them things. What I am up in," briskly, "is work to be done and money to pay for it. I give good wages."

Beck and Peggy had retreated to the kitchen for form's sake, but left the door open to listen. In this sparsely-settled mountain district, where every man, ordinarily, drudged on at the same work from boyhood until old age, the offer which Evans had come to make appeared to them a something out of the rules of nature. But Dallas, with his brows knit, was sorting his stones, having forgotten, apparently, there was anything in the world outside of them.

"Look hyah, sir!" said Evans, raising his voice; "I'm on business, d'ye see? I have a stone-quarry some miles from hyah, and I'm on the look-out for men to work it—strong, able-bodied fellars. Seems to me you're of that make."

"What's the color of your stone?" looking up eagerly. "Olive and buff? How high does it lie over the coal-beds?"

"High enough for the beasts to have a devil of a pull up. As for the color, you'd best come look for yourself."

"I will. Rogers suggests, I remember, that, in the high micaceous sandstone of this range, there is a probability of finding Permian fossils. I'd be sorry to neglect such a chance."

"That's as you choose. But I came on business," sharply. "If you want steady work till winter sets in, I'll give it to you. I was directed to—that is, I'll make you a fair offer."

"Work? In the stone-quarry?"

"Yes."

While Evans waited impatiently for his answer, Dallas turned over his bits of coal critically, but with his wide mouth shut firmly. He was going back to the seaboard cities to begin life afresh, but he must see Lizzy again. And his mother? He had carried the glimpse he had of her last night all day in his heart—beautiful, richly clothed, gay—under all his plodding meditations on coal and earths. There was something in the picture which gave a sore pain to his simple, affectionate nature. He was glad she was clothed in purple and fine linen every day, but the remembrance of the

purple and linen made him feel more than ever like Lazarus, who lay in rags and sores outside of the palace gates. She should not be ashamed of him. She should not see or know him until he was worthy of her. He would hurry to the East, find his fitting work and make himself a man. But, before he went, he meant to steal one last look at the sweet old familiar face. He must take care of Lizzy, too, and— There was a shadow of danger which he would not fly from. But he had no money to pay these good people for his board beyond to-night.

He put down his coal and turned to Evans. "I'll work for you six hours a day, at current prices, for two weeks, perhaps longer."

"And dictate your own terms? That's not the custom with my hands. But so be it; you're a peccoliar case. I'm not the owner of the quarry. You'll come to work to-morrow. Only six hours, eh?"

"I will not work full time," gathering up his specimens composedly. "There are matters that I must attend to. And I want to look into the structure of this bituminous trough of the Alleghenies. It is new to me."

"Well, good-day. I've done my part. The fellow's in a groove now, I reckon, that'll take him into luck if he's the right grit in him," he said, in a mysterious undertone, to Beck, when he came down to untie his horse, and then, tapping his old felt hat, he rode off.

When he reached the brow of the next hill he met a horseman coming into the road from a by-path, but riding so leisurely, and turning so promptly in the same direction as himself, that it occurred to Evans, afterward, he had been lying there in wait for him. He was careful to bow as they exchanged good-day: he flattered himself that he knew the gentleman when he saw him; and there was no mistaking the polish of this man. It asserted itself from his fine open face to his fashionably-made boots. There was no blinding Evans in matters of this sort. They fell into talk as they jogged along. Such a flow of language as the stranger

had! Such knowledge of the resources of West Virginia, though he confessed he had been here but two days! How the mysteries of "two-thirds representation," "black basis" and the like rattled from his tongue!

Presently, in a break of the discussion, he said, carelessly: "You came up from the Indian Queen? There's a stranger there—a young fellow that I used to know—how is this they call him?"

"Galbraith?"

"True, true! His own name, eh?" with an astonishment which he tried in vain to hide.

"Why, what other should he have?"

"None other. Only some men," with a loud laugh, "use their names as they do their cloaks—put them off and on to suit the weather. Not that Galbraith is one of that sort. He's an old chum of mine—a clever, honest fellow. By-the-by, he has some kinsfolk in this part of the State?"

"Very far-off kin of them old country people, I judge. They're well-to-do. I've just hired him as hand in my stone-quarry."

"So? So?" The news seemed to affect the man curiously, considering its trivial importance, Evans thought; he rode on in silence, a gloomy depression growing visible on his face, and when he spoke, did it with a nervous effort at gayety. At the first cross-road he turned, touching his hat courteously.

"Glad to have met you," said Evans. "Call at my house if you're long in this part of the country. Introduce you to my wife and daughters."

"You tempt me, sir. Woman, fair woman!" pressing his fat, white hand to his breast. "That's the toast I drink! But I will not stay. I came here on business that brought me from California, and I see it's likely to be a miserable flash in the pan, after all."

Having left Evans, he put his horse into a gallop to ride off some secret irritation, and apparently succeeded, for when he reached the village tavern he got off in his usual glow of good humor, joking in a lofty way with the loafers in the bar-room as he passed through.

Going to his own room, he dashed off a letter, part of which ran as follows:

"I trust you will not blame me for my failure, McGill. No man could have more influence than I to push the matter in New York. George Laddoun's name, I will say, carries weight there. But it was no go. The market's overstocked by bogus California companies: the solid men laugh at the very mention of ranches or mines, and the solid men were what we wanted. I'm afraid it is all up with us on that count. There was another matter which brought me home at this particular season, which I did not mention to you. An old friend of mine had been in trouble, and I thought the time had come when I could give him a helping hand. Before God, Mac, I'd rather have hoisted that poor wretch on to good ground again than have cleared half a million by our plan. But having tracked him out here, I find that there is a chance of his falling heir to a good estate. If that's the case, as soon as he is placed we are sure of efficient help from him. I think I deserve it from him. I took the fellow out of the gutter, though I don't like to boast of such matters. If he don't do it willingly, I've a way to leech him. I can draw on him for what cash I please. He has a bad record, has Dall, and I fancy it would surprise his family here to see it opened up. But the business must necessarily be slow. I should not wonder if I came out to you in the spring, and let it lay over until it is ripe. Meanwhile—" etc., etc.

The letter was mailed that night, directed, in Laddoun's bold, clerkly hand, to J. T. McGill, San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Dallas sat eating his supper, with Matt beside him, until that small comrade's ambition gave out and he fell asleep in his high chair. Beck and his wife, with one excuse after another, came in afterward and talked until bed-time, finding Galbraith, as Peggy reported, "the quietest man she knowed, but with a laugh that was heartenin' when it broke out. And as curious to hear our talk of how people

lived hyah as if he'd been blind and deaf all his days."

Galbraith, going up to his room, found white walls, a white bed and a crackling fire. He put away his treasures of ore and coals on the mantel-shelf with a proud sense of possession, and sat looking into the fire a long time. It seemed to him as if in this pure little closet, among these honest people, he was launched, and had sailed a long way on his new life, leaving the miserable shore far behind. It was a new world in which he found himself—one to which Peggy might well guess he had long been deaf and blind. Decent, simple, kindly. The old Manasquan air was about him again. Then the hobby of his life rose uppermost in the man's mind: the faces of two or three children he had seen during his confinement came before him, as they always did now when he was alone, but this time only to make the blood quicken and his eye flash.

"I'll give the little ones a chance," he muttered. "It is not so hard as I thought to clear myself and them of that filth of hell."

It did not seem hard to him, as he undressed and lay down to sleep, to make anything he pleased of them and of himself. Galbraith's narrow brain would hardly give birth to any impersonal scheme of philanthropy. It was not love of humanity that made him a reformer, but a simple love of children, and a resolve, born long ago in the extremity of his pain, to keep back from them the wolf that had so sorely torn his own flesh. He did not leave himself out of the question either: he meant to be cultured, efficient—whatever the best man was, up in that better world in which he meant to take his part. There were some dumb words, some vague hunger within him, which he had tried to express in the poor daubs of pictures which lay under his pillow. He touched them tenderly. He believed that even yet he should find language through them.

Most of all, he thought he would like to go back to Manasquan some day, and that the people there should know him to be innocent, and be friendly with him,

as they once were. But that could never be. Never. There was no way on earth of clearing himself of that stain.

All of Galbraith's ambitions and plans were as yet bloodless and colorless compared to those of ordinary young men. Of money, because of the peculiar circumstances of his life, he did not know the power. Of women, since he was a boy he had seen only those who were harder and coarser than men.

### CHAPTER XIII.

PAUL DOUR, going out for a stroll in the bright Indian summer morning, saw Miss Dundas' horse and her uncle's brought up to the gate for them to mount. It generally chanced that he was near when it was time for Miss Dundas to mount. Little, plump Gerty Rattlin was going through the garden-walks cutting crimson seed-vessels from the roses, and wild cotton-pods for a berry-pot. She generally was gathering berries for that pot when Paul went out for a stroll.

He saw her bewitching face peeping at him through the bare grape vines, a cherry-colored web of chenille tied over her dark curls; so he called to her "Red Riding Hood," and bade her take care lest she meet the wolf in the way; and then sauntered on more rapidly to the gate, with a very unnecessary heat in his cheeks, while the heart began to throb under Gerty's tight-laced jacket, as she snipped at the stems with her scissors. What did he mean by that? He must mean something by that. Perhaps the wolf was—Love. He had such an unusual, poetic way of putting things! The little woman was quite willing to meet that wolf in the garden. For two weeks she had been waiting for his coming, her stupid heart in an agony of hope and fear. She was calmer this morning. Last night Paul had held her little, fat hand in his, and offered to tell her fortune, "if there were a solitary wrinkle in the soft, rosy thing." That meant everything, of course! She did not go to her mother or Rose with the story, as she had when John Stokes, in the

village, so nearly proposed: she laid awake all night hugging the words in her heart, pressing all the sweetness out of them.

She went up the hill for some brown pine-cones (you could see the gate from the pines). On the path she saw a bit of paper in which Dour had wrapped some cigars, and picked it up with a frightened glance around; the twist was in it fresh from his fingers, the odor was the same which hung about his clothes. She held it to her cheek, and then, her forehead all red and damp, hid it in her bosom. The smell of Killikinick was sweeter to her to-day than attar of roses. Some day, instead of a poor bit of paper, it would be himself that would belong to her!

Then rose the spectre of a Gerty Rattlin, lean and soured and shabby. That old-maid spectre has a malignant power over girls of Gerty's stamp. She turned from it and followed Dour direct to the garden-gate. She found Honora mounted when she came up, and Dour leaning on the gate watching her. She wondered, with a quick pang, if he noticed the satiny cloth in Miss Dundas' green habit, or knew the cost of the velvet hat daintily set on her brown hair. As for Honora, inside of the habit, she was nothing to the other girl but a silly child. Paul knew, by the tingling of his blood, that Gerty and her berry-pot were at hand; but he could not afford to let his blood counsel him in this matter. This moment of mounting was almost his only daily chance of approaching Honora: old Mr. Galbraith's quiet, amused glances had few terrors to him, compared to the fierce old duenna's sarcasms yonder in the house. And Gerty, he thought, as he cut the final notches in a willow whip he was fashioning for Honora—Gerty was but a beautiful domestic animal. It was an intellectual helpmeet a man of his calibre needed. Besides—Madam Galbraith, he saw had no mind to make a protégé of him; so if fate put a fortune in his way, he would be a fool not to pick it up. And to marry Love and a troop of semi-paupers like the Rattlins! He was no Issachar to make an ass of himself for life between two such burdens.

All this as he shaped the pretty little whip. He held it up. "See, Miss Dundas. It is a wand which one of the dryads has sent you."

The "silly child" looked solemn as an owl down at him from her deep-set, brilliant eyes. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Dour—the dryad, I mean. We are late, uncle!" nervously pulling her rein and cantering off. "You see I was terribly in the way," mysteriously, when Mr. Galbraith reached her side. "Gerty and he were out walking. It is very pleasant to watch people in love," with a little breath of a sigh.

"It must be very pleasant to be in love such fine weather as this," said her uncle, gravely, with a quizzical side glance at her.

"Yes, I think so," soberly. She drew off her glove, but when she took the whip in her bare hand, it was yet warm from contact with Dour's fingers. She threw it down with a shrug of her shoulders, at which her uncle smiled. He always suspected the personal instincts of the cool-mannered little body to be more vehement and strong than a man's. Yet, after all, Honora's antipathy to Dour was natural. No man is an indifferent object to a woman who never has loved. Until the needle finds the pole, it sways to and fro, attracted and repulsed, with many a pang.

They made a pretty picture riding through the woods in alternate light and shadow. Paul Dour looked after them. It was, after all, a great relief when his efforts at gallantry with Miss Dundas were safely over for the day. His jokes, his elaborated wit, his delicate allusions, full of college lore, seemed to fall on her brain like Puck's fairy shafts on muddy clay. There was no response. But wisdom counseled him to persevere. An heiress who did not know her value in the market was a something not to be found twice in life. He put on an armor of severe reserve when he turned to Gerty. Before he spoke, nature, however, had the dull country girl ready armed with her best weapons. She held up her berries, modestly blushing: there was an uneasy smile on her inex-

pressive, baby-face terribly pathetic to Dour, and the wind, or something more bitter, had forced tears into her eyes. It would be brutal not to praise her berries. He would even walk with the lonely little thing back to the house.

It was one of those days when the departing summer turns back to give to the earth a farewell embrace, full of the passion and paths of remembrance. The dead leaves crisped drearily beneath their feet, the shadows of the branches flickered on her drooping head, the soft curls, the wet pink cheeks. He did not walk with her to the house. There was a quiet lane over which the arching trees met, shading the path even where the leaves were gone. Dour touched her arm and led her into it. Some power stronger than wisdom was at work with him, putting the heiress in her true light as a wearisome prig, converting the world into a triumphal throne, on which he, Paul Dour, sat regnant in this rare, dreamful day alone, with one worshiper at his feet. Then some nobler impulse rose and slowly mastered him. What could God give him on this golden morning so good as this loving woman? He leaned over her, his eyes upon her face. The woody scent of the berries came up to Gerty; the lane was long: she could almost feel his breath on her cheek. Through all the years that went before or came after, that hour on the Indian summer morning stood out alone for ever in Gerty's shallow life.

They came to a little gate over which a woodbine had climbed. It hung from the trellis now in a black, tangled web, framing the girl like a luscious bit of coloring, shutting her out from the world. Now, Gerty was one of those pulpy, dumpling, pink-tinted girls whom even women like to kiss and fondle, as they do babies. It was not the philosopher Paul Dour that stooped over her breathless and took her hand. It was a better man, perhaps, inside of that educated personage: the philosopher knew the cost of marriage, now-a-days, to the price of a pound of butter: all his pockets were buttoned against it.

"You look now as you did the day I

first saw you, with your hair blown about your face. I thought Love himself must have just such an arch, coaxing smile. Whom did you love then, Gerty?"

"Father and mother and Tony and Rosy." Gerty called off the roll of the Rattlins with an unsteady whisper, John Stokes suggesting himself secretly to her, but being rejected with scorn.

"And now, Gerty—now?" shutting his lips hard as he waited for her answer.

She turned her big, deer-like eyes to him, expectant, wistful. "Who should I love?" she said, faintly. Her crimson, dewy lips were near his own; the wind blew a tress of her shining hair over his face. There was a moment of silence, during which Paul Dour's thin features grew very pale. Then he gently put down the curl, and, taking out his handkerchief, brushed some dust from the knees of his best black trowsers.

"It must be near lunch-time," he said. "Rosy will laugh at us if we stand here starving all morning."

When he had escorted her to the door he strolled off, mentally clapping himself on the shoulder. "You're an honorable man, Paul Dour!" he said. "Most men would have kissed that girl's lips," thinking in his secret soul that he would give ten years of his life for the right to kiss them. Gerty ran up to her room, all flushed and breathless, and, not finding Rosy there, threw herself on the bed and sobbed a while, getting up twice to peep in the glass, to see how she had looked through it all. It was so kind in Honora to give her that lovely cherry-colored hood! Then she went into her mother's room, and, finding her all askew and besieged by the children, began to straighten her dress and comb her gray hair, stooping to kiss it now and then. Some day she would be rich and able to dress the dear little mother in silks as rich as Mrs. Duffield's! And the children should never know the hard times which she and Rosy had felt. Never! Paul was the good angel who would carry them all through.

Honora, meanwhile, had dragged her uncle about to half the farms in the

neighborhood, as she 'did whenever he was tractable; sitting in the house, silently listening to the women discussing the last meeting of the Female Mite Society, while he gravely inspected pig-pens and orchards. He rebelled, finally, when Squire Pool's gate closed behind them.

"I'm going up to the mountains now," solemnly. "My brain has been submerged in gossip long enough, Honora, for sound health. I think the very fountains of it must have been broken up at the last sewing-circle. You have an insatiable thirst for that thing, Pet. You sit dumb, drinking it in as a sponge would water. Never a drop oozes back again, though. It comforts me to see that," with a half-anxious scrutiny of her face. Honora was a study of which he never grew weary.

She laughed, blushing uneasily. "Where will we ride, uncle?"

"Up the mountain, if you will. To the stone-quarry. Evans has employed some new men, whom I should like to see."

"I'll race with you to the creek, yonder?"

"Very well." Honora came in first, delighted as a child, scarcely noticing that the anxious look had not left her companion's face when he rode up. She went before, after that, singing to herself, stopping to gather ferns from the overhanging rocks, calling back to him now and then. They were deep in the mountains, and the day was far beyond noon, when a sullen thunder, echoing through the peaks, warned them that the quarry was at hand.

"I did not know that they were blasting rock to-day. Ride slowly, Honora, until I prevent them from lighting another fuse."

She nodded gayly and fell back, patting her pony's neck. Mr. Galbraith drew his rein as he passed her, and scanned her quickly from head to foot. It was a speculative, critical look, as if he were about to bring her before some tribunal, and wished to judge of the effect which she would produce. But Honora saw nothing of it. He rode away slowly, going round a bend of the mountain and

out of sight. She grew tired, after a while, of pacing her pony to and fro on the little plateau where he had left her, and began to inspect a dusky, half-worn path leading into the forest of gloomy oaks. What woman can resist a mysterious, unknown road?

"Maybe it is a path which the ghosts of the dead Cherokees have made at night in their old hunting-grounds while the pale-faces are asleep among the hills," thought Honora. "Or I might find Giant Despair in there, or Doubting Castle;" and, smiling to herself, yet with her heart beating a little faster, she dismounted, and, tying her horse to a tree, threw her skirt over her arm and pushed aside the prickly bushes which had guarded the entrance to the path. The forest which she entered extended over the most desolate and solitary recesses of the mountains. The path but skirted its edge: the dead leaves of many years were heaped on each side in rotten, yellow masses against the rocks. She made her way through the gray-bearded trunks of the gigantic oaks and white-ash that frowned and nodded above, holding solemn converse together up in the sunlight, as they had done for centuries. Her human voice or human steps made no more bruit in their slow, incomprehensible life than the worm sliding across their roots. Honora was always strangely oppressed by the meanings of the dumb world about her. She hurried now out from the vast solitude and twilight to find the open day. The very sunlight seemed to have lost its every-day cheerfulness, and to belong to a world wherein the earth and the sea and the sky held council together as the ages passed. The little girl shrank within herself in the silence. She was dwarfed into something miserably small and shallow: she thought suddenly, she knew not why, of her crochet, of her whole paltry, dawdling life. Coming out from the path, for she dared not follow it farther, she stood suddenly on a ledge of the precipice. There was a silence that might be felt. Was it here that these eternal hills held hid their secret? Down at her feet a wide chasm opened out to the distant

horizon, a sluggish, chocolate-colored stream dragging through it, shining with a dull lustre in the sun. On either side the sky rested on the round, clayey mountain-tops, while a strong wind drove the rack of torn, dun-colored clouds perpetually to the west. The mountain-sides had been lately drained by tempests; near her, masses of forest trees had been wrenched out and fallen together, leaving great, dripping wounds in the leaden shale; farther off rose the ledges of the Old Red sandstone, streaked as with veins of blood, and uncovered to the day but for the black creepers that draped and waved over the whole mountain's side. Beyond was the limestone rock—a white, wan, implacable rampart, lost in the far distance, barring out the outer world.

Honora turned her back on it all. "Day unto day uttereth speech," she thought, humbly, "but not for such as I."

The sun shone pleasantly on the deep grass under her feet. The ledge was wide and sheltered, and there, curled up by the rock, sat a boy watching her—a queer, quick-eyed little fellow, his clothes cut like a man's. Honora went up to him quickly and took his hand. If she too had been a child, one would have suspected that she was afraid.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, with a nervous laugh. "I'm very glad. It is Matt, isn't it, from the Indian Queen? How did you come here, Matt?"

"Pick-a-back. I comes every day. I don't know you, though."

"Well, that doesn't matter. You'd like me if you did. What have you under your hat there?"

She sat down on a boulder beside him as she spoke, glancing uneasily into the woods. She was sure her uncle would follow, and, to tell the truth, she had not courage to go back into the ghostly wilderness. "What have you hid there, Matt?"

Matt gravely took up his little hat, and a six-inch handkerchief spread out carefully beneath it, and revealed a heap of bits of yellow ivory, shells and flakes of shale. Honora gathered up a handful eagerly.



"What are they, child? Did you gather them? You are an uncanny little body to find such things in the mountains. There's writing on them!" holding the shale close to her eyes.

"He'll read it for you," said Matt, composedly.

"Who'll read it? It was the dead Indians who left this letter, I think."

"Did they?" said Matt, to some one behind her, and Honora, turning, saw a tall, powerfully-built man standing on the edge of the wilderness from which she had just escaped.

"No; I do not think the dead Indians wrote it," he said, quietly to her, as if continuing some conversation dropped an hour before. "It is the print of a fern-leaf that grew a great many centuries before there were either men or living animals on this continent. Will you let me look at it?"

As he turned it over in his palm, Honora ventured to take a breathless survey of him. He was clothed in a workman's gray trowsers and blouse, his brawny arms and throat bare; a hammer stuck in his belt; his motions slow and powerful; his looks and words slow, thoughtful, as one unused to talk with men. Since she was a child Honora had been reading the countenances of men and women with the hungry, un-failing instinct of a hound. It was her one knowledge. But this man's face called to her to halt, to show her own countersign. Yet he did not look at or seem to regard her: she had ample time to find what secret meaning she could in the heavy forehead, the simple, steady eyes, the benignant mouth, while he stood silent holding the fossil to the light.

While he stood silent, the man, Dallas, was waiting for her to read him. The moment he came out from the woods, though her back was toward him, he remembered her. While he was answering her, in his cool, lethargic tone, he remembered how she had put her hand once in his, and said, "I believe in you." In *his* hand. He was a convict then. Now he had begun his new life: he had gone up on the level where

she stood. He had spoken to her, and then waited to find if she would remember his voice. What was she to him? Why need he, as he turned over the poor bit of shale, grow sick at heart as never before lest she should recognize him? He had seen a puzzled glimmer of recollection on her face when he first spoke, but it was gone when he looked up keenly at her, having waited long enough for her to identify him.

"I can show you a letter which the Indians did leave for you to read, if you care to see it," he said then, stooping to turn over Matt's heap of treasures. While he was searching he heard steps approaching, and a gray-headed old gentleman, his overcoat tightly buttoned over his spare chest, came out from the forest, his thin face flushed and anxious. "You frightened me greatly, Nora," he said, gently, not heeding the man.

Dallas stood up, and, bowing, looked him directly in the face. His grandfather's eyes would doubtless be more vigilant and suspicious than this young girl's. If he was to be dragged back again into that old slough of disgrace, so be it! He had thought over his whole life coolly in the last two weeks: there was no way while he lived of proving his innocence of that crime of Laddown's for which he had suffered the penalty, and he had come to regard it as he might a leprous taint which chance had left on him, and which no virtue or effort of his own would affect. It was the unrighteous, damned spot that would not out.

It would be but natural and right if the old man would bid him begone from the girl's presence. Again he waited in silence.

But Mr. Galbraith returned his bow courteously, giving him only the indifferent, civil scrutiny which he would bestow on any stranger. When Dallas spoke, too, there was no interest beyond kindly attention in his manner of listening.

"I thank you for your care of Miss Dundas," he said, with his formal, old-school air.

At that Dallas came a step closer to them. An iron band seemed lifted from

his heart for ever at that moment. His dark blue eyes resting on their faces without constraint, filled with a cordial light new to them. He was coming to his own slowly, but when the time came they would not reject him.

When he spoke, however, it was in his usual quiet tone. "I was going to show this stone to Miss Dundas. I helped to open a mound by the headwaters of the creek yonder yesterday, and I found it on the altar in the middle."

He handed Honora the stone, on which were cut two or three hieroglyphics: her uncle bent curiously over her shoulder.

"I am ashamed to say how ignorant I am in such matters. You think this was deposited there by the Cherokees? Their hunting-grounds extended so far north, I believe. Or there was an earlier tribe—the Mannahoacs: am I right?"

Dallas hesitated. "I believe," he said, modestly, "it is supposed that the race who erected the river mounds were extinct before any known tribes of Indians hunted here. I found bits of ivory with the stone, which do not belong to this country."

"What nation were they, then?"

"I never heard the name. I do not know what people would have been likely to cross the sea so early. I know nothing of history," with a humiliated look.

"It is less shameful to be ignorant of the histories of old nations than of the wonders which lie under our feet, to which I plead guilty," said Mr. Galbraith. "Now, you, I presume, have made Indian antiquities a study?"

"No; only as they came in my way. I have been grubbing and rooting always," with a light-hearted laugh. "I have lived among plants and earths; I mean, when I could choose my life," a sudden shadow crossing his face. "As for study, when I found a line in a book that helped me I never forgot it, of course. But I had very few books."

If he spoke from any morbid fear that they would overrate him and think him an educated man, it was unnoticed by Mr. Galbraith, who was intent upon the stone. "I have been told that in the

heart of those mounds was generally deposited, about one skeleton, a liver-colored dust—the ashes of burned bodies sacrificed at the chief's death. Did you find it there?"

Galbraith nodded, with a quick glance at Honora.

"You did not tell me that?" she said.

"I could not speak of death to you. I do not know why," he answered, gravely.

"Will you allow me to look at your fossils?" asked her uncle, going over to Matt and sitting down beside him, leaving them standing alone together.

Honora had laid down the lettered stone, and stood looking at the light fern-stamp on the shale. It seemed to belong to that awful world of dumb trees and mountains and the eternal silent motions in the sky: it was a message from long-ago ages coming to her direct, into her commonplace, every-day life. Nothing like this had ever touched her before, neither from books nor men. She looked up at Dallas, whose eyes were fixed intently on her face.

"Where did you find this?"

"On the other side of the mountain. The coal is written over with them."

"I have seen it burned all my life and knew nothing of it. I have ridden over these Indian mounds every day. I did not know that there were messages from nations, whose very names are forgotten, in them. They were only so much clay and grass to me."

Galbraith smiled. But there was no smile on Honora's awed face.

"And this little leaf grew before God made man?" touching it reverently with her finger. "And you can read the history of the Creation written on the rocks as I would in the Bible?"

"It is written more plainly here than elsewhere," said Dallas, with more than his usual effort. "There is a coal basin beginning here and ending in Alabama, and down its sides there are marks of the last drainage of that great deep which covered the earth before the light was. I had read of it before. I am trying to spell it out for myself now. Sometimes it is as plain, even to me, as the ebbings

of the sea on shore when the tide is out."

"You are trying to spell it out—*you?*" She looked up at him steadily a moment, then her eyes fell. Her mind was filled with vague thoughts of the rarely-remembered time when "the evening and the morning were the first day," and the earth came forth for ever out of darkness, written over with the records of its past life. And this poor stone-cutter had taught himself to spell those records out! Now, Honora had tried to read books on Geology, and dozed over them many a time. But the heart and secrecy of the mountains was different from a printed page. And this man, who seemed to her strangely akin to Nature, and offered himself to her as its interpreter, took a sudden place in her heated fancy apart from all other men.

All women are alike: Rosy Rattlin, making a Melancthon to herself out of the first divinity student who is civil to her, or ignorant Honora, her clear, thoughtful face and luminous eyes down-cast before Dallas, with his gray shirt and few odd bits of knowledge. This workman, she thought, full of simple gravity and unconscious power, was fit to live on the hills and read the testimony of the rocks. Something in this fashion must have looked and spoken, when the world was young, those "mighty men that were of old—men of renown."

She looked up and found again his eyes intent on her own. The blood rushed to her face as though he had read her thoughts.

Her uncle rose suddenly. "You have been very successful. How do you find time to make your researches? You have been working for the last two weeks with Evans, I think?"

"During part of the day only. That is for money," smiling. "This is my true work."

"That is true. Come, Miss Dundas, it grows late. We have to thank you for much pleasure, sir," bowing formally and turning toward the forest. Honora hesitated. Was that all? Was she to mount her horse and ride home to supper just as on other days? As if this

man were a common laborer—as if the mountains were not suddenly inscribed for her with mysterious meanings, which only he could read? Why would her uncle hurry back to the shallow, vulgar life at the house? Why could she not sit on the rocks for ever and hear this wonderful, dreadful story of lost races and lost ages? She stood slowly tying her hat while Mr. Galbraith waited for her. All that he thought of this man was that he "worked for Evans." *She* understood human nature. She never had looked into eyes so strong and pure: it was clear to her they never had known any secrets but those of Nature. When she had tied and re-tied her hat, and yet neither of the men spoke a word which would lead to delay, she held out the bit of shale to Dallas.

"It is very wonderful," she said, "and you were kind to explain it to me. I know so little." She still looked at the fern, as if her curiosity were not satisfied, cunningly hoping he would leave it with her. There was a little drawer of keepsakes, of which no one knew but herself, where she would bestow it.

But downright Dallas took it from her, as he supposed she meant him to do. "I am glad I could give you any pleasure," he said, and turned away toward Matt. But only to straighten that drowsy urchin's head: then he followed Mr. Galbraith and Honora into the woods. She could hear his steady step coming through the crisp leaves behind her and up to her side at last, just as though he did not know that he wore the workmen's gray flannel, and that there was a great social gulf between them. It proved how different he was from other men.

He made no motion to speak to her, however, but walked silently beside her until they reached the open plateau where her pony was fastened: stood, too, gravely on one side while her uncle assisted her to mount, and bade him good-bye. Dallas bowed to them both without a word, and watched them go down the steep path, Mr. Galbraith cautiously leading the pony. When they were going round the spur of the moun-

tain which would shut him out of sight, Honora gave a quick glance backward, and saw the gray, powerful figure still motionless on the ledge, his face turned toward her. As she rode on she puzzled herself in vain. What was the meaning of the strange look he gave her at parting, different from any which had ever fallen on her? There was nothing in it which could bring a blush to her cheek, yet her blood was stirred as by some uncontrollable instinct. *What* could this man ask of her? It was a wistful, questioning look which an exile might give when the light of his home began to shine upon him far off. It was as if he claimed his own.

Mr. Galbraith, meanwhile, had mounted, and they cantered briskly down toward the valley. The sun was near its setting, and a ride of two or three hours was yet before them. But Honora's usual chatter was silenced; her uncle's efforts at conversation meeting the hopelessly unanswering face and monosyllables which generally baffled those of Mr. Dour. Mr. Galbraith looked at her attentively.

"We will be late to-night," he said: "Colonel Pervis will have reached his last rubber, and Mr. Dour have talked your aunt to sleep."

Honora pushed back her hair impatiently. "Such trifling wearies one with the world!" she broke out. "To think of men—*men*, spending whole days tossing bits of painted card about, or chopping logic about words!"

"Why, what should they do, Nora?"

"Do? If I were not a woman, I would know first what the world is which we live in. It should not be so much sand and coal to me, worth so many dollars an acre. Why I used to think the Indian chiefs were heroes, uncle, who hunted and fished over these forests, compared to our traders and shopkeepers. But suppose a man held in his hand the key to the great earth itself, to its mines of gold and silver, and could read the countless rocks, with the messages from all the past centuries written on them; suppose he knew the secrets of all the herbs and trees, and

could draw health or death from them. That is a life for a man, I think."

"I did not know you had so complete a theory of life made out," dryly.

"That seems to me a great work for a great man."

"Honora! Of whom are you thinking?"

She started and colored, but did not look at him. "Of Colonel Pervis and Mr. Dour," she said, innocently, after a moment's pause, "and of the way in which they waste their lives. It is very uncharitable, but you suggested it, uncle, did you not?"

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Dallas Galbraith, standing on the ledge of the mountain, watched them until they were out of sight. He did not move even then, looking with his cool, steady gaze into the darkening valley below. It seemed to him a great chamber of peace lighted by the cheerful crimson sunset, the moon hanging pure and far, a mere ghost of light, in the blue distance. The vast, tranquil change of day into night, the silence, the brooding calm, might have made some time his every-day life, so simple and native to him was it all. It was all homelike: the melancholy sigh of the wind through the far ravines, the rustle of an occasional insect in the leaves underfoot, the gurgle of some mountain spring. He could see the workmen from the quarry going down a path which wound round a far hill-side—so far that they looked like lonely gray shadows. One or two of them saw him, and waved their caps to him good-night. He was a favorite already with them all. Dallas waved energetically until they were quite out of sight. No one knew what friends were worth until they had lived without them!

But it was not the sigh of the wind or the good-night of the men that he was waiting for. Hark! The wind was against him, but surely that was the echo of a horse's hoofs on the valley road! Again: and then all was silent, and she was actually gone. The sound had brought the cordial strength into his eyes again. It was noticeable that the

dress and wealth which had risen up as a barrier between Dallas and his mother never suggested themselves to him in connection with Honora. Even to Dour's far-off, trained, critical eye, there was a singular native freshness in the girl which brought to his mind the bell of a wild flower. To Dallas the wild flower was near and real: its perfume came home to him as did the silence and calm of the mountains—a part of himself.

What more the casual meeting with her had been to him, Dallas was beginning, perhaps, now that he was left alone, to spell out to himself. He sat down, leaning against the rock, his hands clasped over his head in his old fashion, and was quiet a long time. Then he got up with a composed, resolute face, like a man who saw his way at last through a tangled wood. Some sudden fancy seemed to strike him, for, with a half smile, he went to the face of the gray rock, and taking his hatchet and chisel from his belt, cut the date—the day of the month and year, adding neither name nor initials. Then putting the tools away he went back to Matt, who was stretched on the ground asleep.

"Come, old fellow," said Dallas, lifting him, "the day's late, and we have a great deal of work to do—a great deal of work."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE afternoon service was over, and the sunny little country church-yard was filled with groups of the neighbors, stopping under the cedars, according to custom, to exchange bulletins of health before they took their way across the lonely fields or mounted into the clumsy old wagons and carriages that walled in the fence. Honora, who had stopped to talk to the sexton while he locked the door of the little stone church, hurried down to her uncle, who waited for her by the gate. They were both bigoted Episcopalians; fasted rigorously, went to church through rain or snow, to the

great spiritual satisfaction of Madam Galbraith, who, poor old heathen! had not been there but once in two years, and then had scandalized the congregation by lecturing the rector, on the porch, about his drowsy sermon, until both she and he were in a passion.

"The sun is so warm, my dear, that I thought you would prefer to walk," Mr. Galbraith said, as she came up. "I told John to drive on."

"I'm glad of it." Mrs. Duffield rode, of course? I believe she thinks it is coarse for a young girl to tramp and live out of doors, as 'I do,' anxiously.

"Does she? Yes; she is gone; Miss Gerty, too. Mr. Dour watched for you, but changed his mind."

"And went with Gerty?" with a knowing nod. "That was right."

They stopped now and then to speak to some of the groups of stolid-looking men, asserting the day in long-tailed coats and broad expanse of shirt-front, and gayly-dressed women, with their books in their hands—a bit of mint put in to mark the place. Then, turning from the main road, they took their way down the hillside, the cool afternoon wind fresh in their faces. Mr. Galbraith fell into his usual leisurely gait in these mountain walks, his hands clasped behind him; a youthful, keen enjoyment of life coming out on the thin, sensitive face, despite its sober framing of gray hair and moustache—an expression which belonged alone to his out-door life, as Honora knew. Nothing escaped his slow blue eye. The warm light and chasing veils of shadow on the bright bronzed hill-slopes: the dreamy brown vapor of smoke hanging over the distant village, glowing into ruby where the sun touched it: the two or three cows standing about a quiet little pool in a shaded mountain bight. He did not point anything out to Honora: she did not see the shadows or smoke with his eyes.

After a while, however, he broke the long silence. "Honora," he said, suddenly, "there is a man who has a great work, according to your theory, coming toward us—Pritchard. He is a geologist by profession."

Miss Dundas ran her eye slightly over the lean, bewhiskered little man, and remarked, coolly, that some people made prose out of anything.

"He is a very practical, useful fellow—Doctor Pritchard," continued the old gentleman. "His summer vacation is over, and he goes away next week to New Mexico."

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to make of this plant," pulling a weed to pieces, impatiently. "I've been trying to study botany lately, and I never can tell the stamens from the pistils."

"No, I suppose not. Pritchard is attached to an exploration party sent out by government. Something about a railroad, I believe. But he will report on the geology and flora of the country. Here he is."

Miss Dundas, after a shy bow, went back to her weed, while Doctor Pritchard shook and reshook her uncle's hand. He had the *empressment* of a French dancing-master; besides, he meant to go home with them to dine. Mr. Galbraith's wines were famous.

"Would you, would you, my dear sir," in a fervent whisper, "allow me to present a friend to Miss Dundas and yourself? The gentleman walking with Squire Poole, yonder; handsome, stout—yes. He is most anxious to form your acquaintance: one might as well not be presented at court abroad, you know, as—Colonel Laddoun, it is. One of those clever, generous fellows whom everybody knows—yes. Met him in California—lucky dog there; quite a favorite in San Francisco, Miss Dundas; devoted to the ladies. You've no objections?"

In a few moments they came up to Laddoun, and he was presented. He was unusually silent, however, to the disappointment of his friend; his oily fluency of words and manner seemed chilled and stiffened after the first hasty glance at the old gentleman's quiet face.

"He has Dallas' eyes. Which I never could understand—curse him!" was his secret thought, as he stepped back by Honora, and made one or two heavy

efforts to fall into an easy conversation with her. He grew silent in a moment, however, catching the drift of the Doctor's chatter.

"I go this week—yes. My stay here has been delightful, socially. And your country is rich in minerals—unlimited wealth under your feet, sir! An Ali Baba's cave, if you but knew the magic words to unlock it. By the way, I am taking a young man from here with me as assistant. One of your neighbors. A fellow that I met up in the mountains, in the stone-quarry—yes."

Honora dropped her plant, and, being tired, apparently, came a step forward and put her hand in her uncle's arm.

"Evans mentioned the man to me," pursued the little man, jerkily adjusting his spectacles, "and I fell in afterward with him at the opening of a mound up on Indian Creek. A remarkable case of a one-idea'd man, sir. The only people who amount to anything, by-the-bye. This fellow is a born naturalist."

"My niece and I met him near the quarry, I think. I doubt not that it is the same person. You remember, Honora?"

"I think I do."

"Do you take him with you as a laborer?" questioned Mr. Galbraith, politely continuing the subject which so keenly interested his companion.

"No—as an assistant. In an inferior position, of course. But he will rise. He will be of more assistance to me than a dozen purblind college-bred fellows, who have their opinions cut and dried for them. This young man has had but few opportunities, I judge; only studied the A, B, C of science, as I may say. But he has the eye of a hawk and a marvelous memory. Evans suggested to me to take him. I was surprised that the fellow had so much discernment; surprised—yes."

"It will be of advantage to him?" asked Mr. Galbraith.

"It will be an education such as rarely offers itself to any man!" emphatically. "I will extend my researches through South America, in all probability. We may be gone one, two, three years—"

"So long?" said the old man, with a quick breath. "I thought the expedition would return in the spring?"

"I spoke of my own plans, sir," loftily. "I was about to say that, if this young man answers my expectation, I will induce him to accompany me after I separate from the government survey. There is something in the boy which has curiously interested me."

"It's an old trick of his!" growled Laddoun, under his breath, adding, awkwardly, when he saw them look at him, "I used to know the man you speak of. Strangers usually fancied him."

"Yes, there is something very genial and attractive in him," rejoined the Doctor.

"I thought you were a stranger in this part of the country, Colonel Laddoun?" said Mr. Galbraith, looking steadily at him.

Laddoun's portly body moved uncomfortably under the scrutiny of the strange, yet familiar eyes. He began to toy with the heavy chain hanging across his waistcoat. "I am a stranger here. But I knew Galbraith when he was a boy."

The old gentleman's quiet gaze rested on him for a moment after he had finished speaking, but he made him no other reply.

"Galbraith? 'Pon my word," broke in Doctor Pritchard, "I forgot to mention that the young man's name was the same as yours. It is so common, hereabouts, that it did not attract my attention."

"It is common," said Mr. Galbraith. "All branches from the same family tree."

They had reached a stile where the path struck aside to the village. Doctor Pritchard stopped and hesitated.

"Well, Colonel Laddoun, here is our road. We must bid our friends good-evening, I presume."

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Galbraith, promptly, Pritchard's visions of roast turkey and the Dour wines vanishing into air. "Come to us to-morrow, Doctor. Madam Galbraith especially desires to see you."

After they were alone he walked more slowly, to accommodate his pace to Honora, whose step was flagging: it seemed

to have lost suddenly its accustomed elastic vigor. He fancied, too, when he glanced anxiously down at her, that her dark eyes were more unintelligible than usual. He did not disturb her, however, and it was not until they had nearly reached the house that she spoke, stopping at the very stile where Galbraith and Lizzy had stood.

"New Mexico is a long way from Virginia?"

"Yes, Nora."

"I suppose Doctor Pritchard and his party will never return?"

"Doctor Pritchard has no tie here, you know. He was making an examination of the Kanawha Salines, and came from there up to the mountains."

"Yes, I know." She drew a long breath after a while. "It is a good thing to be able to go out in the world to find work and knowledge—to find people who would be friends to you if you knew them better. It is tiresome—tiresome to be a woman, uncle!"

He put his hand gently on her brown hair and stroked it for his only answer. The bent head was so dear to him, and, do what he would, his hand so weak to guard it!

Laddoun swaggered smoking alongside of the little professor in silence. It needed a walk of a quarter of a mile and two or three cigars to restore his usual complacent tone. Then the bitter froth ran off. "I don't fancy your Galbraiths, sir! They're ill-bred—ill-bred! It is always the case with your petty country aristocracy! What the devil did the old fellow mean by looking at me as if I was a thief? Does he never meet a gentleman, that he must scan him from head to foot as he would a bullock?"

"You're too sensitive, Colonel," laughed Pritchard. "That hot, Southern blood of yours is always too ready to take fire. You are a Southerner, aren't you?"

"I—I am pro-slavery. To the backbone. But as for your Galbraiths, they had better take care how they insult George Laddoun. I have a fact or two in reserve for them that would make them wince to the marrow."

"You mean old James Galbraith here? A fact in reserve?" with an astonished peer over his spectacles.

"Ay: this old fellow. But let the matter drop: I'll keep my own counsel. So you're going to make the fortune of that boy up at the quarry?"

"No, not precisely. But I may put him in the way to make his own."

"So?" caressing his moustache thoughtfully. "Well, good-evening, Doctor," with a sudden start; "I have an engagement which I had nearly forgotten."

"I wish you had remembered it ten minutes sooner," thought Pritchard, as he strode off; "I would not have lost my invitation to dinner. Well! well! Now I thought Laddoun and the Galbraiths were people just suited to each other!"

Laddoun, while his companion went on slowly cogitating to the village, had stopped at a little farm-house by the way. "Lend me your fast trotter, Billy," he said to a young fellow who lounged out—one of his bar-room chums. "I want to reach the Indian Queen before night-fall: can she make it?"

"Yes. You need not ride her hard, either, to do it. Don't spoil her paces, Colonel."

"Oh, Lord bless you, no! It's not this nag's paces that I mean to spoil," as he mounted and patted the mare's

black neck. He rode steadily through the mountain roads until the afternoon had changed into dusk and night began slowly to fall. When he caught sight at last of the little stone inn, its windows twinkling cheerfully far ahead of him, he pressed his horse fiercely, as if, through long brooding over his disappointment, his blood was fairly up.

Dallas Galbraith, waking up and down in front of the little porch in the twilight, listening occasionally to the Sunday evening gossip of Peggy and the boy, caught the first sound of the horse's hoofs echoing down the mountain side, and pointed out to Matt the fiery sparks struck out on the darkness, as any one whose heart is full and happy will notice and be amused by a trifle.

But when the black horse and his rider came nearer, Dallas stopped his slow saunter and looked at them in silence. Then he went up to the porch.

"I am going up the road," he said quietly to Peggy: "I do not know when I will be back. Good-night," taking Matt's hand, thrust through the railing. "God bless you, little fellow!" For he knew that the Luck which had been against him all his life was upon him at last in visible shape, and went to meet it face to face.

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## WINGS.

Dawn opes her pensive eyes  
 In the yet starry skies,  
 A roseate blush upon her cheek and brows:  
 Her purple mantle still  
 Lies on the sky-kissed hill,  
 And a blue, solemn shade thereon it throws.

The earth lies hushed and calm;  
 No chaunt of praise, no psalm,  
 Riseth to greet the rose-crowned queen of day:  
 Each blade of grass, each leaf,  
 Stands out in sharp relief  
 Against the rayless blue and silver gray.



All Nature seems to wait  
 For some new deed of Fate,  
 The silence is a sacred, solemn prayer ;  
 When, hark ! from some sweet throat  
 One thrilling, quivering note  
 Fills with its tremulous music all the air.

Then, from the dewy grass,  
 A tiny form doth pass—  
 A little soul, all music and all wings :  
 All Nature's voice is heard  
 Embodied in this bird,  
 That darteth up, and, rising, ever sings.

It mounteth still and sings :  
 What soul yearns not for wings  
 To follow after, burst its prison-bars,  
 And learn the secret there,  
 In those clear realms of air—  
 The secret of the rainbow and the stars ?

To rush, as swift as light,  
 Within those regions bright  
 Of throbbing, scintillant, intensest blue—  
 The air, all breathless, cleave,  
 And far below to leave  
 Regrets and tears, the raindrop and the dew ?

Ah ! caged 'mongst meaner things,  
 The soul can use no wings,  
 And flutters 'gainst the bars it cannot pass ;  
 But it might humbly turn,  
 Essaying first to learn  
 The secret of the flowers and the grass.

The bird must learn its song  
 The grasses low among,  
 And must return to earth with wearied wing ;  
 And, though we cannot soar  
 Up to the skyey shore,  
 Still can we wait, and hope, and love, and sing.

All lessons would prove good  
 Thus learned in brotherhood,  
 Striving to walk on earth before we rise ;  
 And angels from above,  
 Wing'd Truth, and Hope, and Love,  
 Would bear our message to and from the skies.

## THE CORRELATION OF FORCES.

## II.

VITALITY, or Vital Force, is unhesitatingly admitted into the general group by Professors Carpenter and Bain, and the latter argues warmly for the correlation of Mental Force with the physical forces. He classifies them all together under the heads of molar or mechanical force—molecular force—and vital force, of which nerve-force may be taken as the type. "Living bodies," says Carpenter, "present a large class of phenomena altogether peculiar; but, in their production or modification, the influence of physical forces is exerted. The nerve-force, of which mental force is the noblest representative—the nerve-force, which must be accounted the highest of all the forms of vital force—is most directly and intimately related to the physical forces; the correlation of magnetism with electricity not being more complete than the correlation of electricity with nerve-force is shown to be." He seems disposed to regard Heat as in a certain sense the primary source of all the vital powers, while he admits the pre-existence of a living organism to be absolutely necessary to the conversion of heat or any other physical force into a vital force. All the vital forces, he contends, are exerted through the instrumentality of the simple primordial cell—growth, transformation, motion, multiplication, nervous function. Light and heat, acting upon the organic germ, become transformed into vital force, as heat acting upon a certain combination of metals becomes electricity, or as electricity acting upon iron develops itself as magnetism.

But, we must ask, in what condition is the primordial organic germ before it is thus acted on by light and heat? Is it vitalized or not? If not, whence its potentiality of growth and multiplication, for inorganic substances do not possess this power? If it is already vital, then

we must recognize a true living force or vital principle or energy, independent of, inasmuch as it is pre-existent to, "the transformation" of light and heat.

Newport, not satisfied with Carpenter's rendering of the ancient dogma, that "Heat is life and Cold is death," claims that Light is the vital principle. After giving some interesting details of observations and experiments upon the "Oil-Beetle *Melœ*," he goes on: "Thus the unerring influence of a great physical cause, which arouses the instinct of the newly-developed being, seems to be clearly indicated in the effects of light upon these *Melœs*. These effects I may perhaps be allowed to designate as *the polarization of instinct*. The facts lead me to regard light as the primary source of all vital and instinctive power. Matteucci has shown that electricity and nervous function are closely related; and, now that Faraday has proved that electricity and light are the same principle, we seem to have approached closer to a knowledge of the origin of Life."

Yet Mr. Newport, in the very same paper, has a reference to "some material constituent of organic life," and "the hitherto imponderable agent, nervous function."

Radcliffe, Brown-Sequard, and a large school of modern physiologists, habitually treat of electricity, nerve-force and vital force as identical. Brown-Sequard boldly attributes to Galvanism an absolutely creative energy. "I have seen," he declares, in his "Experimental Researches," "I have seen muscles *created* by Galvanism—and become as strong as they are in healthy men—in cases of palsy, in which the muscles had been completely destroyed."

Fowler, on the other hand, expatiating on "the qualities by which vitality has correlations with all other forces," remarks with candor: "But there still re-

mains a difference: vitality is the only artist of its own *coils*, its material substrata. No other force can *make an organ* of either plant or animal, the coil by which its vitality is evinced." No one retains at present the slightest faith in the genesis of electrical acari, such as Crosse and Weeks exhibited in 1842.

Electricity—while with Fowler we deny its creative power—we cannot but contemplate with wonder, as the most energetic, varied, diffusible and mysterious of all the physical forces. It is so restless that Grove seems justified in regarding it rather "as a motion than a thing moving." Yet we have learned to obtain from it the most valuable services, and the most striking manifestations, transmissions or conversions. By familiar manipulations we obtain from it the intensest heat and the most brilliant light. By merely circulating it around bars of iron or steel we arouse a magnetic force inexhaustible and capable of indefinite augmentation. We set in action by it all varied modes of attraction, repulsion and chemical affinity. Its sources are strangely diversified: Voltaic or Chemical; Mechanical, "Vitreous and Resinous;" Galvanic or Vital, Molar and Molecular. Its activity or vibratory motility seems in a certain sense capricious, its tension, as the phrase is, varying unaccountably. The chemical electricity of the telegraph refuses to overleap the sixteenth of an inch, while that of the steam-brush clears an interval of sixteen feet, and the thunderbolt is almost illimitable in its extent of projection. Radcliffe attributes to it all muscular action as well as nervous function, and Todd tenaciously refers to it the "polarity, physiological and pathological, the polarization and depolarization" of the nerve-textures.

These erroneous views are no longer tenable: the mysteries of Life lie too deep to be solved through such speculations as these. Vital force, nerve-force, mental force are energies far removed from those of electricity and its kindred physical forces. Growth and development, thought, feeling and knowledge, although doubtless they are manifested

under the influence of these forces, and thus correlated with them, as we have been created, body and soul, in harmony with all the agencies of the universe of which we form a part, yet each and every one of the living actions, germinal and mental, is wrought out by a primordial force, a potential energy pre-existent to and independent of all extrinsic impulse. These impulses may direct and modify for good or evil, but do not originate, vital force. Electricity, the most uniformly present and widely diffused of them all, is entirely irrelevant and inadequate. Electrical conductors will not transmit sensation or volition. Every alteration of the nerves stops the propagation of the nervous current: to bruise them, or cut or burn them, is sufficient to interrupt the transmission of the current. The conduction of the electric current is not interfered with by any analogous conditions.

The most conclusive test of the distinction of vital force from all others, and one which tends especially to forbid the identification of nerve-force and mental force with electricity, has been quite recently furnished us by the patient and persevering experiments of the ingenious philosophers of Germany upon the time occupied in the several processes of intellection—sensation, perception, thought, volition, voluntary muscular contraction.

Haller, repeating the attempt to measure the velocity of the (so-called) nervous fluid, which he records as having been made by "a doctor of the Middle Ages," arrived at a result which has been wondered at as a curious approximation to have been reached "through a series of palpable errors." He estimated its rate of traveling at about fifty metres in a second of time.

Helmholtz, employing an ingenious instrument of his own construction, "the Myograph," to which he has adapted Marey's tuning-fork, with its exquisitely minute vibrations, finds the velocity of the nervous current to be about twenty-seven metres in a second; while Hirsch, of Neufchâtel, rates it at about thirty-four metres.

Schelke, of Utrecht, is very precise, and sets down the velocity of transmission of sensations in the human body at twenty-nine and one half metres. In man, whose frame is of no great length, the difference of time required for the transmission of sensation from farther or nearer points must be very small; but an impression made about the hip is felt nearly one-tenth of a second sooner than one made at the toe. In the whale, it is stated—somewhat hypothetically, perhaps—that two seconds elapse, upon the insertion of a harpoon in his body, before his brain can have been informed of the attack, and his will exercised to repel it by flapping his tail; a brief period, but an important one, as enabling a prompt boat's crew to back away from his dangerous neighborhood.

As was to have been expected, our experimenters have found the rate of velocity to vary in different persons, under different circumstances, and in different nerves and parts of nerves.

Marcy affirms this difference "in velocities of transmission to amount to ten or even twenty metres in a second," thus reconciling the several unequal results obtained from time to time. He found it slower at low than at elevated temperatures.

Munk "found it to be not the same in the different parts of a nerve: in the motor nerves it seems to increase toward the point of connection with the muscle."

Bezold affirms that "the velocity of transmission diminishes when the nerve is under the influence of an electric current"—an observation worthy of remark.

Hirsch has ascertained that two-tenths of a second elapse before an observer can indicate the perception of a luminous spark or an instantaneous noise.

The "Phonautograph" is an instrument invented by Jaeger and Donders to register the vibrations of a word uttered. When the syllable to be repeated had been agreed on beforehand, the time occupied in noting and reporting was two-tenths of a second; when the syllable was unexpected, or not agreed upon beforehand, the delay was

one-tenth of a second, the time occupied three-tenths.

"It results from all these experiments and observations," argues our authority, from whom, as has been seen, we are drawing largely and freely, "that the nervous current propagates itself with a velocity relatively inconsiderable. Thought, whose quickness we proverbially refer to, is subject to the laws of time and space. The hand which hurls a stone cleaves the air with a velocity of twenty-two metres a second, not much slower than the volition which has determined the act: the race-horse, the hare, and the grayhound go quite as fast."

In different individuals the time required is not the same: one perceives, reflects, acts quicker than another. M. Nicolai, of Manheim, offers us some interesting records respecting the variation of time in the observation of a single and simple astronomical fact—the transit of a star across the micrometer thread of a fixed telescope, as marked by different observers on the same spot.

It would be doing injustice to one of the best and acutest thinkers of our day, Sir Henry Holland, if we were not to notice how shrewdly he anticipated, years ago, many of the conclusions to which subsequent discoveries have been leading. In his "Inquiry into the Nervous System" he contends for the admission of "time as an element in the actions of the nervous power," and goes on to discuss "the nature of the agent fulfilling these great functions of animal life." "Is it one," he asks, "that can be supposed identical with any of those surrounding us in nature, or must we admit at once that it has no type elsewhere in creation?" Regarding the question as "brought more within our scope by being limited in effect to electrical agency, and admitting fully the vastness or almost universality of the operation of this great element and moving principle throughout nature, and the actual proofs of its intimate relations to this part of the animal economy," he decides, upon deliberate reflection, against their identity.

In a previous chapter, "On Time as

an Element in Mental Functions," he has arrived by a different train of observations, physiological and pathological, at the same deductions as have been conclusively established by our German experimenters. Mental action, in all its modes, is of measurable movement. Locke indeed noticed the fact in himself. Holland accepts Müller's solution, "which supposes the perceptions to be distinct and successive states of mind," the very idea of succession involving order and necessary lapse of time.

The important inference to be drawn—and it is clearly and emphatically deducible from the experiments above described—is this: the nervous fluid is not identical with the electric fluid: nerve-force is not electricity. We will add—still farther to distinguish correlation from identity—that on the very same grounds we may separate light from electricity, notwithstanding Newport's assertion; and, proceeding with the same line of argument, we shall refuse to consider the other "modes of motion," as they are now entitled, however apt they may be to produce each other reciprocally, as in any true sense the same or mere modifications of one single force.

Let motion be the central idea; let it be the test and the measure of force, and see how wide the separation among them. Sound perhaps exhibits to us the slowest rate of motion noted. Every one is familiar with the interval between the flash and the report of a gun; be-

tween the fall of an axe or hammer seen at a distance, and the impulse on the ear; between the glare of the lightning and the roar of the thunder following.

Heat passes rapidly through the air, whether radiated or conveyed by waves of a special or the ordinary atmosphere. In its transmission through conducting bodies it is much slower, though variably, and refuses to travel through non-conductors.

Light moves with great and well-ascertained velocity, at the rate, according to Foucault, of 190,000 miles per second, more than a hundred times quicker than thought or sensation.

Now compare these with the electric fluid in its movements, and they all appear absolutely laggard. It propagates itself, or, as we Americans say, "progresses," along the wires with an inexpressible, nay, an inconceivable, rapidity. It will "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," as Puck promised Oberon to do. It outstrips light so prodigiously that if it had been despatched to bear it on to us at the time when the great Atlantic cable was laid, from some distant fixed stars of our system, whence light has been supposed by astronomers to have been on its lingering way hither for three thousand or four thousand years without having reached us yet, we should, ere this, have had brought to our firmament tidings from—nay, why not shining presentments of—one and another of those glorious suns, perhaps new hosts of them to adorn our spangled heavens?

## QUOTATION MARKS.

IT was a theory propounded half in jest, half in earnest, by my learned friend, the late Mr. Evelyn, that all the good sayings of modern times might be traced back to some two or three jests which have come down to us from the remotest antiquity. Before his death, which took place a few years ago, he became a convert to the development-theory of Darwin, and, applying it to literature, he conjectured that these two or three primeval *bon mots* might, perhaps, by future discoveries in Sanskrit, be reduced to one.

This was, perhaps, carrying the joke a little too far; but I generally found it more easy to deny his theory than to prove that any brilliant remark of modern times, any anecdote, any particularly beautiful line of poetry, is original. No matter what I quoted, he could match it from the vast stores of his reading. The dear old gentleman used frequently to come out to my little cottage in Germantown to tea, after which we would adjourn to the library, light our pipes (to produce an intellectual halo), put our feet up American fashion, and talk till one or two o'clock in the morning. And such talk! He was the only man I ever met, except the late John Quincy Adams, who knew *everything*. From theology to the pedigrees of horses, from the Egyptian language to the art and mystery of cobbling shoes, he seemed to be omniscient. But his favorite topic was the PARALLELISMS IN HUMAN THOUGHT, upon which, he used to say, a capital book might be written. In following out the researches first suggested by Mr. Evelyn during those charming conversations, I came across so many curious resemblances that it has occurred to me to embody some of them in the present shape.

In Beaufort District, South Carolina, the negroes—whose conceptions of the arch-enemy of mankind are as lively, if

not so elevated, as those of Milton—are fond of telling the story of a man who went into partnership with Old Nick in the business of farming. The contract was that, at harvest-time, Satan should have all the roots and the man the tops of the crop. That year the man planted corn only. The next year the poor devil insisted upon having the tops for his share, whereupon the man planted potatoes. The story is an odd one; but the most curious part of it is that the same legend is now current, according to the reports of recent travelers, among the inhabitants of the Himalaya Mountains. This may be a mere coincidence, but if not, it would be interesting to trace the steps by which the legend has traveled so far from home. No less curious would it be to ascertain how the German story of Reynard the Fox, of which Dr. Bleek discovered traces among the Hottentots,\* happened to turn up in such an unexpected quarter. Again, in Mr. Tylor's *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, it is stated that there is in the popular traditions of Central America the story of two brothers who, starting on their dangerous journey to the land of Xibalba, where their father had perished, plant each a cane in the middle of their grandmother's house, that she may know by its flourishing or withering whether they are alive or dead. Exactly the same conception occurs in the *Household Stories* of Grimm, who traces the idea in Hindoo legends. Here again the difficulty of supposing a common origin for these narratives is almost insuperable.

In the case of other tales, however, we are enabled to see some of the points of connection. According to D'Israeli, the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron, versified by La Fontaine, and dramatized by Bickerstaff, was borrowed from the Italians, and will be found in

\* *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. ii. p. 212.

Petronius, who got it from the Greeks. But substantially the same narrative is given in Captain Scott's *Tales and Anecdotes from the Arabian Writers*. And whence did the Arabian fabulists borrow it? From the Chinese, apparently, for it is found in Du Halde, who collected it from the versions of the Jesuits. This coincidence is still very remarkable, when we reflect that there is a radical difference between the languages of the Indo-European and the Chinese races.

When, on the other hand, we find an anecdote repeated in various languages within the Aryan group, or even when it is known to the Semitic races also, there ought to be nothing to surprise us. Voltaire wrote a learned essay to show that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to Eastern nations; and Douce collected materials for a similar work. Mrs. Piozzi's apologue of the *Three Warnings*, beginning

"The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground,"

appears to have been suggested by a Persian tale. (See *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 14, 1867.) The *Amphitryon* of Molière was an imitation from Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, and they, apparently, from the Asiatics: it is given in Dow's *History of Hindostan*. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his recently-published *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, has taken various legends as they are found in the oldest literatures of the teeming East, and shown how, changing with time and place, they have come down to us, in forms greatly altered indeed, but still plainly recognizable.

And we find among the Oriental nations not only many of our legends, but also some of our proverbs and scientific maxims. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is equivalent to the Arabic proverb: "The surgeon practises on the orphan's head." Again, we say: "The burnt child dreads the fire"—a thought which is still more forcibly expressed in Arabic thus: "The scalded horse dreads cold water."

It is not often, however, that we can trace our modern (non-theological) ideas

outside of the Aryan tongues, or even farther back than to the Greeks—a limitation which is doubtless owing, in part at least, to our ignorance of the traditions of other nations; but it is not difficult to follow up to Hellenic originals a large part of the remarkable sayings, both in prose and verse, of modern authors.

This is especially true in poetry. Thus, to take a familiar example, one of the most beautiful stanzas in Gray's *Elegy* is this:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

Thomson, Klopstock, Collins, Dyer and Gessner all have passages very similar to this, and so has Virgil (*Georgics* ii. 523):

"He feels the father's and the husband's bliss;  
His infants climb and struggle for a kiss."

But all these copy Lucretius (iii. 907):

"But thy dear home shall never greet thee more;  
No more the best of wives—thy babes beloved,  
Whose haste half met thee, emulous to snatch  
The dulcet kiss that roused thy secret soul,  
Again shall never hasten!"

This exquisitely beautiful address is said by Good, to whom we owe the above translation, to be "a perfect copy of the Athenian Dirge;" or, perhaps, the immortal author got the first germ of the thought from Homer's lines, thus rendered by Pope:

"Know thou whoe'er with heavenly power contends,  
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends.  
From fields of death, when late he shall retire,  
No infant on his knees shall call him sire."

Lucretius is a great storehouse for imitators. His famous *Suave, mari magno*—

"How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,  
On the firm cliff and mark the seaman's toil!  
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,  
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure!  
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view  
Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war!"—

quoted by a host of prose writers, has been imitated by Akenside, Dryden and Beattie; but the figure is perhaps nowhere better preserved than in the following lines from an old song, quoted by Ben Jonson in *Every Man Out of Humor*:

"I wander not to seek for more :  
In greatest storm I sit on shore,  
And laugh at those that toil in vain,  
To get what must be lost again."

But Lucretius himself is indebted for the idea to Isidorus, who says: "Nothing is more pleasant than to sit at ease in the harbor and behold the shipwreck of others"—a sentiment which La Rochefoucault repeats, but with French delicacy of expression: "Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui." This maxim is commonly attributed to him in the brutal form: "There is something in the misfortunes of our *best friends* which is not altogether disagreeable to us."

Perish those who said our good things before us! In very truth most of them *have* perished, and not even their names survive; but, every little while, we find that the best things in our favorite modern authors are as old as the Latin writers, who almost invariably copied from the Greeks, and made no scruple in confessing the fact. It is astonishing, when one comes to examine into it, what a large proportion of the choice passages of the English poets, particularly those of the last century, are borrowed from the classic authors of Greece and Rome. Cowper says, for example: "God made the country, and man made the town;" and Cowley:

"God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain;"

but Varro was before them:

*Divina Natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.*

Moore has left the English-speaking race some charming poetry, but the following couplet is sufficient to immortalize him:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The idea was probably taken from Horace, who appears to be speaking of the odor of wine which is retained by an earthen vessel into which that liquid has been poured, when he says:

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
Testa diu.

The vase will long the scent retain  
It chanced, when newly made, to gain.

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By the way, St. Jerome (*Epistola ad Lætiam*) uses almost the same words to illustrate the importance of the kind of instruction given to a young girl.

Thomson's phrase, "Loveliness, . . . when unadorned, adorned the most," is as old as Athenæus, where we find it addressed to a skinned eel! The same writer, who lived in the third century, records also the joke about a bottle of wine being very little of its age, which has been fathered on a hundred others since his time.

Dryden tells us, in his *All for Love*, that

"Men are but children of a larger growth"—

a view which Seneca took in his *Treatise on Anger*: "Men are but children too, though they have gray hairs and are of a larger size."

I had occasion, some little time back, to set right a young friend who was boasting of the wisdom of his ancestors, as developed in their proverbs. He meant, of course, his English ancestors; and by way of proof he cited the saying, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." He was astounded when told that, in order to come at the author of that renowned aphorism, he must go considerably farther back than any ancestors he could find in England; for it was addressed to Ancæus, one of the comrades of Jason in the Argonautic expedition, the date of which is usually placed in the thirteenth century before the Christian era, at which period, if there were any inhabitants in England, they must have answered to Dryden's description of primitive man:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The story is, that Ancæus had been told that he would not live to taste the wine of his own vineyard; and, some time afterward, when he was on the point of tasting it, he turned to the person who had uttered the foreboding and laughed at him. The seer replied to this sarcasm in the well-known words, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," or (to render the original Greek accurately), "There is much between lip and cup." (*Multa cadunt inter calicem*



*supremaque labra.*) At the same instant Ancæus was told that a wild boar was near; whereupon he put down the cup without tasting the wine, went out to attack the animal, and was killed by it.

It was Aristotle—that close observer of nature—who said: “One swallow does not make a spring;” and also, “There is no great genius without a touch of madness.” Seneca borrowed this thought from him, and Dryden versified it:

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

This idea must have been in the mind of the distinguished Mr. Tazewell, of Virginia, when, to the remark in his presence that John Randolph of Roanoke was mad, he replied, “I wish he would bite *me*.”

Bacon says: “He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune;” and so does Lucan, in the *Pharsalia* (vii. 661):

—Conjux  
Est mihi, sunt nati: dedimus tot pignora fati.

The saying, commonly attributed to Napoleon, that “There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,” has been traced to Longinus; and Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, cites about forty parallel passages of the same idea.

Our proverb, “Necessity is the mother of invention,” is as old as St. Gregory Nazianzen: “For there is nothing more inventive than suffering.” The Latins have it, *Mater artium necessitas*.

Among the most interesting imitations are those which occur in early Christian writers. St. John Chrysostom was learned in Greek literature, and it would be curious if we could trace to a classic model the exquisite prayer composed by him: “Fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, *as may be most expedient for them*.” This is not, I believe, a scriptural idea, but there is something not unlike it in a prayer by an unknown poet, which is highly commended by Plato: “Father Jove, grant us good, whether we pray for it or not;

and avert from us evil, even though we pray for it.” Compare the lines:

“Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant;  
What ill, though asked, deny.”

in Pope’s *Universal Prayer*. Also the Collect, beginning: “Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom, who knowest our necessities before we ask, and *our ignorance in asking*.”

It has been remarked that the words (in the Collect for Peace), “whose service is perfect freedom,” are not unlike those of Philo Judæus: “To serve God is better not only than liberty, but even than a kingdom.”

But these adaptations are seemingly not confined to uninspired writers. The Bible, in various places, recognizes what Max Müller calls “the sparks of truth that light up, like stars, the dark yet glorious night of the ancient world.” St. Paul, who elsewhere quotes from the classic writers of Greece, if not of Rome, says: “How unsearchable are his judgments! and his ways past finding out.” This is almost identical with the phrase: *Judicia Dei sunt ita recondita ut quis illa scrutari nullatenus possit*. This passage—literally, “The judgments of God are so hidden that no one can by any means search them out”—will be found in Bohn’s *Dictionary of Latin Quotations*, where it is attributed to Cicero, but without any specific reference to book and chapter. After spending an hour or two in careful search, I came to the conclusion that this reference is a mistake, and was confirmed in it by finding that Olshausen and other commentators make no allusion to such an amazing coincidence as this would be, if genuine. There is no doubt, however, about the following parallelism: In 2 Peter iii. 10, we read: “The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up.” Compare Ovid’s *Esse quoque in Fatibus*: “He remembers also that it was in the decrees of Fate that a time should come when the sea and the earth and the palace of heaven, seized by the flames, should be burnt, and the laboriously-

wrought fabric of the universe should be in danger of perishing." — *Metamorphoses*, i. 256.

But not only have the moderns borrowed from the ancients, and the ancients from one another, but the writers and speakers of the last few centuries have imitated one another to a surprising extent—sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously.

If ever any man was original, it was the late President Lincoln, whose capital sayings have enriched what the Emperor Alexander is good enough to call the American language. And yet many of his best things were, unconsciously to himself, but repetitions. At first sight, nothing appears more fresh than a remark he made on being informed that the enemy had "gobbled up" two brigadier-generals and fifty horses: "I am sorry for the horses," answered Lincoln, "but I can make plenty of brigadiers." The good President is said to have been familiar with Burns' songs, many of which he knew by heart. Perhaps there was even then floating in his memory the famous stanza of the Scotch bard:

"A king may make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might;  
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that."

Where did Burns get the idea? Perhaps from Goldsmith. In the year 1770, when Burns was eleven years of age, was published that exquisite poem, *The Deserted Village*, in which occur the lines:

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

And Goldsmith himself, like all great writers, was not above taking an idea from another, as when he imitated the following epigram on Fréron: "Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron. Eh! bien, le serpent en mourut." Goldsmith has it:

"The man recovered of the bite—  
The dog it was who died."

Now if Goldsmith knew of this epigram on Fréron, the writings of Fréron himself, the father of French newspaper

criticism (the same whose passionless satires, stinging Voltaire almost to madness, gave occasion to some of the most spiteful passages in *Candide*), were doubtless not unfamiliar to him. If so, Goldsmith had probably met with the following anecdote of Louis XIV., related by Fréron in the *Année Littéraire* a few years before the publication of *The Deserted Village*. The Grand Monarch was walking one day in the garden of Versailles, with his nobles around him uncovered. Mansard, the able architect and amiable man (the inventor of the curb-roof which is now coming again into fashion), was of the party, and the king, knowing he was indisposed, directed him to put on his hat. The courtiers looked astonished at so great a condescension, but the monarch rebuked them by saying, "Gentlemen, I can make as many dukes as I please, but I never could make a man like Mansard."

Probably the thought was original with the French king, but possibly also it was selected from Van Mander's *Life of Holbein*, published in 1604, or thirty-four years before Louis was born. That author (quoted in Wornum's *Life of Holbein*) relates that the painter was engaged in finishing the portrait of some lady of whom King Henry VIII. was enamored, when a certain earl, one of the noblemen of the court, visited his studio, and, finding the door locked, knocked for admission. Holbein excused himself, and informed his lordship that he was engaged and could not then be disturbed, but requested him to come another time. Such a refusal from a low painting fellow was not to be borne, and the nobleman made a great noise at the door, threatening to break it open if he were not immediately admitted. This was too much for the patience of the sturdy German, and, opening the door, he unceremoniously thrust the obtrusive courtier headlong down the stairs which led to it, hurting him seriously. Holbein just heard his adversary's exclamation of "O Lord! have mercy on me!" fastened his door again, and then, not knowing whether his man were dead or alive, made his escape through one of

the windows of his room, and hastily sought the apartment of the king. He approached him with trembling, and fell on his knees, at once soliciting his pardon for a great offence that he had committed against his majesty. The king consented, provided Holbein gave him an honest account of what had happened. When Henry heard the details of the story, he somewhat repented of his too hasty compliance; however, he told the painter not to go away, but to wait in one of the adjoining rooms. Shortly afterward the peer arrived, carried in a chair, smarting with indignation under the affront, to whom the king, after hearing his complaint, said: "*I tell you, my lord, that out of seven peasants, I can, if I please, any day, make seven earls; but out of seven earls I could not make one such artist as Hans Holbein!*"

Now these sayings of Lincoln, Burns, Goldsmith, Louis XIV. and Henry VIII., so different in form, but so identical in substance, are but illustrations of the idea to which Pope has given words:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The Germans express it in the proverb:

Edel seyn ist gar viel mehr,  
Als adlich seyn von den Eltern her.

That is:

The noble in himself is worth much more  
Than the mere heir of such as lived of yore—

a good democratic maxim, embodied in substance in the Declaration of Independence, and one which might fitly be adopted as the motto of the Liberal Party of Europe. The thought itself, indeed, is as old as human nature: we find it in the most ancient books—the Talmud, for example, where it is expressed thus: "Not the place honors the man, but the man the place." The practical illustration of the idea is reported by Phædrus in the epilogue to the second book of his *Fables*:

Æsopi ingentem statuam posnere Attici,  
Servum collocarunt æterna in basi.

The curious felicity of the use of the word *collocarunt* evaporates in Smart's version:

"A statue of great art and fame  
Th' Athenians raised to Æsop's name—  
Him sitting on the eternal base,  
Whom servile rank could not disgrace."

Another commonplace idea, which must have struck men more forcibly before the invention of clubs than it does now, is the utility of taverns. Boswell remarks that "there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;" thus repeating in prose the lines of Shenstone, ending—

"His warmest welcome in an inn."

Archbishop Leighton used to say that if he were to choose a place to die, it should be an inn. Perhaps, unconsciously even to himself, the thought was suggested originally by the lines of Walter de Mapes:

*Mihi est propositum, in tabernâ mori,  
Vinum sit appositum, morientis ori,  
Ut dicant cum venerint, angelorum chori,  
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.*

But the good Archbishop, we may be sure, only approved of the first line.

Watts, if I mistake not, has the following stanza:

"So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
But 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place and keep the pain."

Who would suppose that this was taken from Ariosto, and from a passage the context of which would hardly have answered Watts' devotional purpose?—

"Thus the sick patient seeks to assuage his pain,  
While the fierce fever throbs in every vein;  
From side to side he shifts his place by turns,  
But unremitting still the fever burns."

*Orlando Furioso*, 28, 90; HOOLE'S translation.

Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, copied some nineteen pages almost *verbatim* from Schelling, without one distinct word of acknowledgment on the part of the transcriber;\* and Disraeli "conveyed" a considerable part of the eulogium on Wellington, which he pronounced in the House of Commons, from Thiers' panegyric on St. Cyr.

Quite recently a French author has written a book to show that Molière de-

\* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xlvii. p. 296.

rived not only most of his plots, but the dialogue of whole scenes, from Italian comedies. *Tartuffe*, he maintains, was taken from an Italian play called *L'Ippocrito*. We knew before that Bickerstaff took his comedy of the *Hypocrite* from *Tartuffe*. Corneille, on the other hand, borrowed largely from the Spanish dramatists. Again, the character of Don Juan has been developed in succession by Tirso de Molina, Molière, Mozart, Hoffman, Byron and Musset.

Milton says (*Paradise Lost*, viii.):

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;  
In every gesture, dignity and love."

The first words are an adaptation from Tibullus' *Sulpicia*:

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit  
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

In this, as well as in that above quoted from Phædrus, the exquisite beauty of the original vanishes in the translation which I now venture to give, as it does in all other versions I have seen:

What'er she does, where'er her steps she turns,  
A furtive grace the artless girl adorns.

This passage was imitated also by Cardinal Bembo and Count Castiglione: the latter inserted his Latin adaptation in a poem he addressed to his wife, Elizabeth Gonzaga. But whence did Milton borrow *heaven in her eye*? Perhaps from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* (iv. 4):

"The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage."

But more probably from the *Philaster* of Beaumont and Fletcher (iii. 1):

"How heaven is in your eyes:"

or from Dante (*Paradiso*, xviii. 21), where Beatrice says:

"Not in mine eyes alone is paradise."

In all countries the disenchantment which too often occurs to married people when the honeymoon is over, and the passion of Love is not supplemented, as it should be, by Respect and Friendship, has given occasion for satirists. Thus the Germans say:

Der Ehestand ist ein Hühner-Haus  
Der eine will hinein, der andre will heraus.

Which might be rendered:

The marriage state is like a coop, built stout—  
The outs would fain be in, the ins be out.

There is an English parallel to this rather curious illustration which I have never seen in print, but I heard it once from a fair lady's lips, in my hot youth, when William Fourth was king:

Marriage is like a flaming candle-light  
Placed in the window on a summer's night;  
Inviting all the insects of the air  
To come and singe their pretty winglets there:  
Those that are out butt heads against the pane—  
Those that are in butt to get against.

Again, we make the horse say:

Up hill force me not;  
Down hill urge me not;  
On level ground spare me not.

The German is better, because shorter:

Berg auf, sachte;  
Berg ab, achte;  
Grad' aus, trachte.

When the convents of Mexico were confiscated in 1863 by Juarez, Mr. G. Naphegyi rescued some of their precious books and manuscripts from destruction. Among them was an ancient set of rules for the preservation of health, written in monkish Latin and purporting to be copied from a work of the date of 1100 A. D. (*Sacado de una obra del Año de Nuestra Señora Mil Cien*). I am indebted to him for a transcript of that paper, which contains twenty-one maxims, the eleventh being:

Post prandium nihil aut parum dormire,  
Post cenam vero, mille passus ire.

Of this our English maxim is almost a literal translation:

"After dinner, rest a while;  
After supper, walk a mile."

Even Servius' absurd derivation of *Lucus à non lucendo*—that is, *Lucus*, a grove, *à non lucendo* because it does not shine—has its parallels. Some critics have imagined that *ludus*, a school, was so called *à non ludendo* because no play was allowed in it: *bellum*, war, *à nullâ re bellâ* because it has nothing pleasing in it; and Varro rather inclines to think that *cælum*, heaven, may be derived *à celando* from "to conceal," because it is open. In like manner Millville, in New Jersey, was originally so called because there were no mills there, only glass factories.

"Is there *anything*," asks Solomon, "whereof it may be said, See, this is new?" Certainly not tarring and feathering, which, though generally supposed to be an American invention, is really as old as the Crusades. In the laws and ordinances appointed by King Richard the First for his navy, occurs this passage (Hakluyt, p. 7): "Item, a thiefe or felon that hath stolen, being lawfully convicted, shall have his head shorne, and boyling pitch powred upon his head, and feathers or downe strawed upon the same, whereby he may be knowen, and so at the first landing-place they shall come to, there to be cast up." This latter portion of the punishment corresponds pretty accurately, I am told, with a custom once prevalent on the Mississippi river.

The foregoing examples—and they might be multiplied indefinitely, did space permit—go again to confirm the saying of the Wise Man (a saying which was, perhaps, not original with him), that "there *is* nothing new under the sun." And why should there be anything new? Human nature remains the same as at the beginning; we have the same stock of perceptions: we love, hate, envy, reverence, we hope and fear, as did the men of Homer's time. That Father of Literature has noted all the various passions of human nature, together with their outward signs of gesture, attitude and action; and his descriptions have never been equaled, save by Shakespeare. The superiority of Homer and Shakespeare themselves over other poets consists not so much in their discovery of new sentiments or images, as in their striking and refined manner of expressing them. And as the moral world, with its beauties and deformities, lies open to the view of all observers, so the material world also, with the living things upon it, has not changed essentially during the three or four thousand years which have elapsed since the dawn of literature. Here also the poet, let him have never so much genius, can find nothing new to describe: his art consists wholly in manner—in placing an idea in a clearer light, and presenting it in a neater form of expres-

sion, than his predecessors. For example, the phenomena of sunrise have always been the same, and nothing was more natural than that the poets should *personify* the sun in the act of coming above the horizon. Thus Homer speaks of him as *shooting forth* from the ocean, and Virgil as *rising* from the rocks of Ida; but it was reserved for Shakespeare to say:

"Look what streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are put out; and *joynd day*  
*Stands tiptoe* on the misty mountain-top"—

thus adding the further touch of *standing tiptoe*, the attitude of Mercury eager to shoot away on his errand.

Shakespeare, like all true poets, was absolutely careless where he got the clay which his genius moulded and into which he put a living soul. Take, for example, his exquisite play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakespeare had read the story of the two lovers in Paynter's collection of tales, which Paynter had translated from the French *recueil* of Pierre Boistreau, the latter having himself translated it from the Italian collection of Bandello. It appears to have been originally gathered from popular tradition both by Girolamo della Corte and Luigi da Porto. But what would it have been if Shakespeare had not breathed into it the breath of life?

To come down to details: Shakespeare's comparison of the world to a stage will be found in Petronius—*quæd ferè totus mundus exerceat histrionem*. This is the germ. For ages it enjoyed, as it were, only an inferior and rudimentary life, until its development in the matchless soil of Shakespeare's mind:

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances:  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages;"

and so on.

Again, Catullus says:

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,  
Illic unde negant redire quenquam.

That is, "Who now is traveling along the shaded path to the spot from which, they say, no one ever returns." How

immensely improved is Shakespeare's line: "That *undiscovered* country from whose bourne no traveler returns"!

Take another example: Virgil, in curious accordance with rabbinical ideas, which Dante also followed, speaking of the infernal regions, says:

"And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,  
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,  
Till all the dregs are drained and all the rust expires."  
DRYDEN'S *Aeneis*, vi. 1003.

And see what the idea becomes when the master-artist puts his hand to the work:

"Ay, but to die and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible, warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence about  
The pendant world."

It is a remark of Bishop Hurd—to whom I am indebted for some of these illustrations—that in all cases of imitation by Shakespeare of the classic writers the expression of the sentiment is in pure idiomatic English.

Pope, who stands at the head of the English didactic poets, was equally free in appropriating the ideas of others, and he had genius enough of his own to afford to make this frank acknowledgment: "I freely confess that I have served myself all I could by reading." And Molière said: "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve"—I take my property wherever I find it. Both might have added, that, like those capitalists who, by putting them into a useful shape, reap most of the profit of others' inventions, so the author of the *Essay on Man* and the author of *Le Misanthrope* have justly earned a fame greater than that of those whose ideas they have imitated. In taking something from others, they have added much of their own, and made that valuable which otherwise would have been useless. Take, for example, the lines:

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;"

and note what an improvement they are

on Cowley's eulogy of his friend Craslow:

"His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right."

Compare Ovid also (*Tristia*, ii. 353):

Whate'er the variance of my song may be,  
My life is modest, though my muse is free.

The *Essay on Man* furnishes many other examples where Pope, though a free imitator, surpassed his original. For instance:

"Men would be angels, angels would be gods,"  
is an improvement on Sir Fulk Grevil:

"Men would be tyrants, tyrants would be gods."

Again:

"Man never is, but always to be blest,"

the germ of which thought is perhaps from Manilius (iv. 5):

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.

And,

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

from Petrarch, if I recollect rightly:

Dum tener est ramus, flectitur obsequio.

But the original is in Ovid (xxi. 179):

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus.

Waller wrote:

"The eagle's fate and mine are one:

Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar on high."

But Byron's amplification is an improvement:

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

*English Bards.*

Byron was not a very deep reader; indeed, he died too young for that; but he probably had read Shakespeare's Sonnets, and what he once read he rarely forgot. Now there is a passage in the nineteenth sonnet which may or may not have suggested a famous line in *Childe Harold* (iv. 182):

"Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The passage in Shakespeare is this; the poet is addressing Time:

"But I forbid thee one most heinous crime.  
Oh carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen."

I think Byron's is the better.

"All that is left us," says Pope, "is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients; and it will be found that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been the most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times."

And here, perhaps, we in America may learn a lesson. Not only is there a lack of profound classical learning among our writers, but in the few who have it there is too great a dread of imitation, as if imitation were of necessity borrowing or stealing; and as if our best poet was not also the one most familiar with the whole range of classical, mediæval and modern poetry.

Edgar A. Poe brought an absurd charge of plagiarism against Longfellow, based upon resemblances which would have equally convicted Shakespeare, Pope, and indeed all the great poets since Homer's time. In Headley's *Beauties of English Poetry*, Poe points out the following stanza:

"But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,  
Beats my approach—tells thee I come!  
And slow howe'er my marches be,  
I shall at last sit down by thee."

But who does not see how Longfellow has improved upon it?—

"Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

Instead of censure, the author of these lines merits praise.

If, like the Flathead Indians, we try to make our heads of a different shape from those of our ancestors, we shall, if we succeed, produce originality indeed, but with it, also, deformity. It is not by neglecting Goethe, Pope, Molière, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil and Lucretius that our young authors will drink in inspiration; still less by turning

away from that perennial fount of whose crystal waters every great writer of later times has freely drank, at either first or second hand.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;  
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the books you need."

Advice similar to that which is given to the aspirant for fame in literature must be addressed to the youthful composer of music. He must study and even imitate the works of Beethoven and Mozart. Those immortal composers have expressed in tone-language the pathetic, the joyous and the heroic thoughts of man with a fullness which leaves very little room for originality in their successors. Accordingly, we find that while many of the secular and religious melodies whose popularity is a proverb are traceable to composers of a very early date, many reputed new compositions in harmony are but imitations of the unrivaled works of the master tone-poets. On the other hand, Wagner's attempts at originality in his "Music of the Future" have not been sufficiently successful to give much encouragement to others. It is true that the musicians of the future may perhaps recognize in Wagner and his school a higher merit than is accorded to them by their contemporaries; but this at least is certain, that if his discords and resolutions are indeed an advance on the music of the past, that advance would not have been possible but for the progress already made in the science of harmony. In other words, Music obeys the general Law of Development.

The same difficulty in producing works of marked originality which is experienced in Literature and Music, meets us in every branch of the Fine Arts; so that it may be reverently said that the history of the expression of human thought, whether in words, music, painting, sculpture or architecture, is strictly analogous to the history of the universe itself—that glorious expression of the thought of God—in regard to which the last word of science is—CONTINUITY.

## THE SITUATION OF EUROPE.

THE air we breathe on the Eastern side of the Atlantic has much in it of the suffocating atmosphere which precedes the hurricane. Europe is decidedly drifting into a war, compared to which the most sanguinary struggles of old will perhaps be recorded by future historians as mere child's play. Let us briefly state the facts before we draw the conclusion.

Every one is by this time aware that France is saddled with an Army bill confessedly intended to make the French army an irresistible engine of destruction. The term of service has been increased from seven to nine years—five years to be spent under the colors, and four in the reserve. 800,000 men will be called upon to enable France to “hold her head up in Europe.” In addition to this, a movable National Guard is created, with a view to garrison all the country in war-time, and to strengthen, by 400,000 men, the fighting resources of the Empire. Thus the Army bill places 1,200,000 drilled soldiers at the disposal, not of the people, mark you, but of one man. And this is not meant only to provide for remote contingencies: no; it is well understood that the provisions of the bill are to come in operation at once. The young men hitherto exempted from military service, and now doomed to form part of the movable National Guard, which Marshal Neil significantly declared to be “destined to have a great future,” are all available. They can be drilled within a few months—can be summoned to their respective battalions immediately. Fortresses have been repaired. The artillery is in a perfect state. Twenty thousand cavalry horses, purchased in Hungary, have been forwarded to Trieste and thence to Marseilles. Gun-makers are busy manufacturing those Chassepot rifles which did, at Mentana, such fearful execution, and are expected to meet with ad-

vantage the Prussian needle-guns. But a few days ago a placard was posted on the walls of the Ministry of Finance, in Paris, announcing that, in a few weeks' time, the government will be prepared to receive tenders for the supply of 2,588,800 powder-boxes. Nor are warlike preparations confined to the land forces. The greatest activity prevails in the French maritime arsenals. Thirty-nine ships of different sizes are at present in course of construction. When they are built, the fleet ready for sea—which already comprises three hundred and forty-eight men-of-war steamers and one hundred and sixteen sailing ships—will amount to five hundred and three vessels. It is asserted by the *Kronstadt Wiestnik*—the official organ of the Russian admiralty—that every arrangement has been made at Toulon to embark forty thousand men. So much for the naval forces. As to the land forces, France, before long, will be armed to the teeth, and Napoleon III. will have at his command a more formidable army than that which, under his great uncle, invaded Russia.

Now, what are they doing on the other side of the Rhine? Baron von Beust is said to have sent to foreign governments a circular informing them that “Prussia was effecting considerable and threatening increase in her armament.” It is also given out that she is sending needle-guns and officers of instruction to Saint Petersburg. At all events, one may safely infer, from the eagerness with which Count Bismarck strives to tighten the bonds of German unity—as shown by his sharp remonstrance to the government of Hesse Darmstadt on its separate acceptance of a European conference—that the German Premier clearly foresees a stout contest, and that he intends to make ready for it.

Russia could not remain behind her neighbors in preparing for battle. She



also found it necessary to improve her guns, and the *Invalide Russe* took care to acquaint the world with the fact that the Russian government has decided on adopting the Karl breech-loader—a weapon the accuracy of which, we are told, is not impaired by thirty thousand shots.

The reported reduction of the Austrian military force is contradicted point blank by the *Gazetta Narodowa* of Lemberg, stating that in Austria military preparations on a vast scale are being pressed on; that Austria's stores are full of provisions; that by next spring there will be a concentration of troops around Cracow; that the hussars of Count Halley's corps have received notice to have their stores ready and to be prepared for a campaign. "Should any power presume to attack Austria," exclaimed, the other day, Count Andrassy, the President of the Hungarian ministry, "it would be found that Austria, backed by us, is not to be ranked among invalid nations." Meanwhile, numbers of Austrian workmen are described manufacturing Wentzel guns and moulding bullets and casting cannons. The effective of the regiments cantoned in Galicia is about to be completed, and they will be reinforced by Hungarian troops as soon as the Carpathian mountains, at present snowed up, become passable.

Whether there be any foundation in the boast of the Neapolitan papers that Italy is in possession of a new rifle invented by Cav. Badiole da Prota, Captain Domenico Gamanna and Signor Domenico Antonio Scarfo, which is capable of being fired at the rate of fifty shots a minute, may require some further elucidation; but that Italy is boiling with rage is a matter of course. What can be more characteristic than the letter written on the 22d of December by Garibaldi to the survivors of Mentana: "I have received from a lady the following motto: 'Victory is achieved by perseverance.' I hope Italy will remember this motto next spring." It is obvious that the Italians have not forgotten how effectually the defeat of Custoza hap-

pened to contribute to the victory of Sadowa. They bide their time, till the French difficulty becomes the Italian opportunity.

And what about England? England, if not smitten with anything like war spirit, is, at any rate, worried into hankering after the discovery of the best means by which her army, her militia and her volunteers might be brought shoulder to shoulder in defence of the kingdom. After having, during ten years of uninterrupted peace, considerably increased her naval and military establishments, she feels rather inclined to measure her necessities by the bloated armaments of the military nations of the Continent. Seeing that Prussia, with a population of nineteen millions only, had been able, at a cost of less than £7,000,000, to put into the field half a million soldiers, well equipped and trained, the *Times*, one fine morning, complained bitterly that the United Kingdom could do nothing of the kind with a population of thirty millions, a revenue of £70,000,000, and the power of spending upon the army £14,000,000, instead of £7,000,000. Ever since, the complaint has been echoed by almost every organ of public opinion. Are, then, the shores of England defenceless? Is her military organization effete? Never was in this country the fact so generally and so sharply asserted. I have before me a letter of Lord Ranelagh, in which he does not hesitate to term the English volunteers "a mere crowd of coated playthings." So keenly is England alive to the impending danger, that the prince of her peace-loving philosophers has begun to sound the note of alarm. In the last session Mr. John Stuart Mill went so far as to call upon England boldly to disown the Declaration of Paris of 1866, respecting the right of seizing enemies' goods in neutral vessels. The strengthening to the utmost of naval powers Mr. John Stuart Mill was heard to advocate, on the ground that now-a-days military powers must by all means be checked; warring against the commerce of the enemy, he, a great economist, recommends as *the* weapon which

England ought to resume without delay, because "it is for the general interest of the world, if there is to be fighting, that every power should fight with its natural weapons and with its best strength." In the mean time, the English fleet in the Mediterranean has, according to the last accounts, received orders to take in provisions and to be ready on a short notice; many officers on furlough have been recalled, and all ships on foreign stations ordered home that could possibly be spared.

Such are the prospects of Europe. True, soothing assurances are not wanting; so much so that, if Language had not been invented, in M. de Talleyrand's phrase, for the express purpose of concealing Thought, we might rest and be thankful.

Nothing, for example, can be more pacific than the present declarations of Prussia, and it is quite edifying to see how cordially the Berlin press grasps the cordial hand held out to it by the Vienna press.

General Menabrea, the head of the Italian government, protests more loudly than ever that all rashness must be avoided in the settlement of the Roman question—all thought of violence definitively dismissed.

M. Rouher, the mouthpiece of Napoleon III., made it a point, when addressing the "Corps Législatif," to style the Army bill a pacific measure; M. Vuitry, the Minister-President of the Council of State, said in as many words: "The government has a firm conviction that the law will be tested during a time of peace;" and the Emperor of the French, in his turn, expressed, on New Year's Day, before the Diplomatic Body, his "constant desire to remain at peace with all the powers."

Unfortunately, words are not always the wings of actions. "We are told," writes the *Invalide Russe*, with much show of reason, "that peace will not be disturbed, should Italy give up Rome, should Prussia refrain from crossing the Main, should the Eastern Christians leave off stirring, and trust to the vain promises of Turkey. But are such sup-

positions at all admissible? Will history cease to march in its appointed track to facilitate the success of artificial combinations?"

No doubt Prussia will speak peace so long as she wants time to absorb the remaining little German States; but the question is, whether Napoleon can afford to wink at the violation of the treaty of Prague?

The exchange of unwonted civilities between the Prussian journalists and their Austrian brethren is sufficiently explained: on the part of the former, by a desire to ward off the danger of the offensive alliance which France and Austria are supposed to have in view; and, on the part of the latter, by the fear that Prussia may be led to countenance the Pan-Slavonic agitation which not only spreads along the Lower Danube, but threatens to convulse Bohemia.

The finances of Italy being at the lowest ebb, she has at present nothing better to do than to gnaw the bit; but it does not forebode peace that she should be thirsting for vengeance, silently panting for the completion of her unity, and looking by turns to Berlin and toward Rome.

If there is any sincerity in the would-be reassuring utterances of MM. Rouher and Vuitry, how is it that so many French provincial and ministerial newspapers—the *Moniteur de la Meurthe*, the *Moniteur du Cantal*, the *Memorial des Pyrénées*—were made to publish the following bellicose article, which was manufactured in Paris and despatched by the same post to the north, centre and south of France?—"Sons of '89, let us be up and doing. Our fathers fought to establish the liberty and independence of the country. Let us arm to defend her greatness. . . . Let us arm to show Europe that the powerful fibre which vibrated in the hearts of our forefathers has not died out in ours," etc. How reconcile those flaming appeals to warlike passions with the friendly reception which Baron von Goltz, in his new character as representative of the North German Confederation, met at the hands of Napoleon?

The French Army bill, if not intended as a war measure absolutely unavoidable, would be a stupendous piece of folly; for never was a scheme contrived so likely to weigh down the minds and interests of men. Nothing short of pressing, undisputed necessity could have justified the imperial government in bringing every adult and sound Frenchman under military discipline; in reducing all the able-bodied youths to the forced celibacy of seven years' military service; in draining the reserves of population; in paralyzing agriculture by want of hands and hampering national education by want of money; in paving the way to bankruptcy through the substitution of a sterile but all-devouring employment for a productive labor. A peace so maintained and nursed would evidently be more ruinous and hateful than any imaginable war.

The question then remains, What kind of necessity brought the Second Empire to that pass?

Shortly after the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, as I was talking with Mr. James Wilson of the manifold perils likely to beset the new *régime*, "The task of Napoleon," said my clever interlocutor, "will be one of tremendous difficulty: he must startle the world once a month." A true remark this, suggested by a profound knowledge both of the history and the character of the French nation. By no danger, no pang, no sacrifice, was France, toward the close of the last century, deterred from grasping at freedom. No nation on earth ever attempted so much, achieved so much, suffered so much, and was so lavish of her blood, in order to be free. To such an extent did France carry the love of freedom that, at the risk of losing it herself, she did not hesitate to set despotism at defiance all over the world; and if, in her history, periods of depression have not unfrequently succeeded periods of generous enthusiasm, the reason is that liberty had inspired her with a passion too violent to be controlled. Could a nation so inclined have for ever dismissed the hope of enjoying the fruit of almost superhuman efforts?

No; but the moment came when she felt exhausted, and, being in need of rest, she allowed a despot to have his own way. On the other hand, hers is essentially a communicative genius, and she covets the part which that quality implies. She dislikes to remain inactive. Living in obscurity is repugnant to her pride. She would be ashamed to sink into a sleep resembling death—a dreamless sleep. If prevented from exercising her influence abroad by the free development of her inward life and the unopposed diffusion of her ideas, she must, as a compensation, be supplied with some other means of displaying her activity. It would not do to try to change her into a mere money-making people: trials of this kind can have no permanent results. A nation, when the constitutive elements of the national genius are exhausted, does not alter, but dies. Hence the impossibility for a despot to have even a momentary hold on France unless he contrives continually to feed her political activity, to soothe her pride, and to divert her thoughts from the mental view of her own internal wrongs. The moment despotism fails to provide the requisite compensation, its downfall is imminent.

Now, what has been the result of the battle of Sadowa? Up to the 3d of July, 1866, Napoleon seemed to have the destinies of Europe in the hollow of his hand. It was in his power to shake all the money-markets by a nod or a frown. Whenever the representatives of the diplomatic world waited upon him, on New Year's Day, a word from his lips, a glance from his eyes, were to every human being on the Continent matter for anxious expectation. Even his silence kept Europe in awe. So mighty is a man who wields unconditionally the resources of a nation like France! To this the battle of Sadowa put an end with decisive abruptness. The imperial star darkened on a sudden, whilst a new one was rising. When Count Bismarck was seen, with Austria at his feet and the minor German States at his mercy, working out the unity of Germany, little was left to Napoleon of his prestige.

Count Bismarck, by making Fortune his accomplice, had become the "observed of all observers." England, who used to load him with abuse, proclaimed him the greatest of living statesmen, and his achievements have been, ever since, the pet subject of her admiration.

No wonder. The English can now listen without emotion to the voice of the French ruler when he speaks, and take no notice of his silence when he does not. It is to them a most welcome relief, for which they are indebted to Count Bismarck. He is the man who took from Napoleon the mastery of Europe and the privilege of moulding events to his own idea. Did not the war break out after Napoleon had said, on the 2d of January, 1866, "Peace seems to be everywhere secured"? Was not Austria ignominiously driven out of the German Confederation after he had declared, in his famous letter of the 11th of June, 1866, to Mr. Drouyn de L'huys, that he wanted the proud position of Austria, in Germany, to remain unimpaired? In the same above-mentioned letter the following words are to be read: "We might think of extending the boundaries of France if the map of Europe happened to be remodeled for the exclusive benefit of Prussia." Well, the map of Europe was remodeled for the exclusive profit of Prussia to an almost incredible degree; and when the imperial government applied to Berlin for a slight rectification of frontiers in the way of indemnification to France, the request was haughtily spurned. Well might the *Pall Mall Gazette* exclaim, on the morrow of Sadowa: "We regard the oracle less because we begin to believe that it is not so easy for him to fulfill his utterances."

To Napoleon, personally, the result is humiliating to the utmost degree: to France, however unwilling to make common cause with her ruler, it is hardly less galling. She feels deeply that her military supremacy is lost—that she cannot any longer rely on her old ascendancy in the councils of Europe. Surrounded by minor States which were wont to look up to her, she grieves to

see those States—and among them Italy herself—gravitate toward Prussia. Moreover, she writhes at the prospect of her eastern frontiers open to the possible attacks of a nation of fifty million inhabitants, strongly organized, and taught to move like one man in obedience to the will of a military despot. How could she be blind to the danger of being stifled between united Germany and united Italy, in the event of both acting in concert against her?

Hence a feeling of anxiety, restlessness and discontent, all the more threatening to Napoleon as the decay of France is the obvious consequence of his personal uncontrolled and blundering policy. For there is no denying that it was he who, without meaning it, most effectually assisted in the creation of Italian unity; he who afterward converted the gratitude of the Italians into rancor; he who encouraged the designs of Prussia in Germany, thinking the struggle would be one of long duration, and would enable him to get his share of the spoil of the exhausted victor. The French, naturally enough, find such decrease of strength abroad a poor compensation for the loss of freedom at home—a reflection little calculated to improve the prospects of the Napoleonic dynasty!

Maintenance of power and preparation for military action must therefore be convertible terms in the eyes of the present ruler of France. This—so far as he is concerned—accounts for the urgency of the Army bill, and also for the persistent, unabated uneasiness of the public mind.

When and how the storm will burst it is somewhat difficult to say. This much is sure, however, that the materials for a European conflagration are not wanting. It is very well to speak of the pacific programmes of Baron von Beust, and of the Austrian army being in progress of reduction. The removal of Austria from the active field of Western politics, far from simplifying the Eastern question, as the *Economist* will have it, is a fresh cause of entanglement. It is precisely because Austria now de-

pendis in a great measure upon maintaining the Danube as a river free from the control of Russia, it is precisely because the integrity of the Turkish empire is more than ever an Austrian question, that Vienna must be prepared to face Saint Petersburg—unless, indeed, the Russians think no longer of going to Constantinople. Is it so? Just the reverse. There may be some exaggeration in what is reported of their underhand dealings in Bulgaria, Servia and the Principalities; undue importance may be attached to the fact that Russian staff officers are making maps of the Bosphorus. But other circumstances, less open to controversy, or of a more serious import, like the presence of the Russian flag in Cretan waters and the undeniable support given by Captain Boutakoff to the insurgents, show that the clouds are gathering in the East, whilst the recent declaration of the *Invalide Russe*, that any understanding between Austria and France for the sake of protecting Turkey might convert an armed peace into a terrific struggle, points to the explosion as not unlikely to arise out of the efforts of Napoleon to secure the alliance of the Cabinet of Vienna in order to set bounds to the expansion of the Prussian power.

The truth is, that the love of aggrandizement—a passion certainly not unknown to our forefathers, but at no period so deep-seated, so widely-spread as it appears now—has become the common malady of all the nations of Europe, and for this the establishment of the Second Empire must be held responsible. The attempt of Napoleon to lord it over the Continent, the better to keep under the French people, awakened that feeling of indignant anxiety and wounded pride which made all Germany sing once more, “No wave shall turn a Frenchman’s mill, no drop of our own river,” and supplied Bismarck with the lever he wanted. The prodigious aggrandizement of Prussia, besides disquieting the French people and provoking their anger, could not fail to spur on the ambition of Russia: a new impulse was given to the Pan-Slavonic agitation. But then it

would have been the height of imprudence for any minor State to act upon the principle of a quiet, hopeful, unsuspecting policy. Every government had to prepare for the worst—to strain its resources. And so, through a concatenation of causes traceable to the establishment of the Second Empire in France, Europe happens to have been transformed into a vast barrack and bristles with bayonets.

Surely it is bad enough that the inevitable consequences of such a state of things should be waste of human energy, depression of trade, contraction of credit, scarcity of employment, smouldering hatred, looming bankruptcy and general impoverishment; but that is not all. Cæsarism, no longer content with feeding on the flesh of France, is now hovering, like a bird of prey, over the whole continent of Europe. You, Germans, beware! Nothing is better calculated to favor the soaring of Cæsarism than the new-fangled doctrine of the fusion of races, when put forth to cloak a spirit of encroachment, because it requires, to be fully realized, both a vast amount of physical force to be set in motion and an enormous concentration of power.

Struggles for independence and struggles for empire are, of course, two very different things. It is quite right that oppressed nationalities should shake off the yoke, as Greece did and Poland attempted to do. Nor is the maintenance of national unity to be confounded with covetousness, more especially when it involves, as in the case of the American Commonwealth, the triumph of a great moral principle. But the theory of the fusion of races, if understood in the sense of the formation of gigantic States, rendered as formidable as possible by the concentration of their forces in the hands of a military despot, is a snare which crafty statesmen lay for the people they are determined to enslave.

Observe what has occurred in Germany. There was there a minister who, in 1847, made his appearance on the political stage as the most uncompromising champion of the feudal party. From that moment he never ceased to oppose

freedom, maddening the Liberal party by violent and taunting language, turning constitutions and parliaments into ridicule, scoffing at the claims of educated intellect to political power, and insisting that "the main questions of the day were to be decided by iron and blood." Still, no sooner had that man identified his despotic policy with the national German pride than he became absolute master of the situation. Worth noticing, indeed, is the result of the elections in Prussia since the formation of the North German Confederation. Who could have foreseen, three or four years ago, that in 1868 Count Bismarck would command a parliamentary majority of three hundred on a vote of confidence, and would be heartily supported by about ninety-five members of the old Liberal majority? The report of the Prussian parliamentary committee, entrusted in 1866 with the examination of the project relative to the annexation of Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Nassau and Frankfort, affords another striking illustration of the way in which principles are sacrificed to the lust of empire. The committee declared that the right of conquest would exist as long as war itself; that the right of conquest was acknowledged to give a just claim to the acquisition of foreign territories; and that the idea of strengthening that claim by universal suffrage ought to be dismissed, because aiming

at something unreal—which amounted to saying: Might is right!

Far from us to raise a voice against German unity! If the Germans think it is conducive to their happiness, they are welcome to it. It is no fault of theirs if the overbearing attitude of the French ruler has at last brought his neighbors to a stand. But the Prussianization of Germany was forced upon some—and those not unimportant—portions of her great and gifted people in a manner to which no lover of freedom can give his unqualified approbation. Would to God German unity were the offspring of a spontaneous popular movement, unmixed with soldier-like violence, unalloyed with despotism!

Be this as it may, the system of aggregation of races into single enormous States is one which politicians and thinkers will do well to study in connection with the present distracted situation of Europe—without forgetting that that system was advocated by the founder of modern Cæsarism, Napoleon I., and his continuator, Napoleon III. Is there, after all, nothing higher to aim at than collective strength and national power? Yes, it is freedom—dignity with freedom. When the possession of those treasures is imperiled, instead of being secured, by an increase of power, the nation which rejoices at the result and overlooks the danger takes the shadow for the substance.

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#### RANLOCK BRANCH.

RANLOCK was in an uproar. The navvies had struck work on the Branch. They had had no money for a month and more; the weather was severe, the nights almost unbearable in the wretched shanties along the line. The snow and wind came in through the gaping boards so freely that the men had their ears frozen lying asleep; and, rising in the dark mornings, stepped into drifts knee-deep by their bedside.

Roscommin, the contractor, had put them off from time to time with promises of pay, till, destitute, in debt and out of credit, some of the bolder spirits, on the Carroll Extension five miles east, organized and, at a preconcerted signal, threw down their tools and demanded payment of their hard-earned wages.

The money not being forthcoming, they armed themselves with shovels, spades, crowbars and picks, and marched

down the line, driving every man from the grade. The next day, Roscommin came up from the city with all the money he could raise, and paid off the bolder portion of the men, thinking that they would go to work again and the others follow suit. But he was mistaken: all those who were paid immediately left and came into Ranlock to take the stage for the three o'clock train at Beeline Junction.

Ranlock was in an uproar, and no wonder. Fifty wild Irishmen, with their pockets full of money, let loose in a quiet country village, made a rush, of course, for the taverns, and, wild before, were soon fired up with bad whisky to the fighting point, and ripe for any deviltry that might turn up. The half-dozen bar-rooms supplied them without stint with their villainous compounds, and the men were in a short time engaged in a number of quarrels and fights, that, however, passed off without bloodshed.

A number of the villagers collected casually at the "Norfolk Hotel," intending to take the stage for the Junction. The horses were harnessed, but the drivers, fearing that the navvies would fill the stages as soon as they were brought out, got out a farm-wagon, and after some trouble persuaded a dozen or more of the navvies to get in. All was ready now, and Sam Laddering got up in front and was in the act of starting the horses, when, suddenly, the powder-magazine behind him exploded. One minute they were hooraying and shouting good-byes to Pat and Teddy—the next the wagon was one confused mass of heads, feet, arms, legs and bodies—all fighting desperately, cursing, yelling, struggling, rolling over and under. Among the oaths and cries could be heard, many times repeated in various forms:

"Kill the heretic! Give him another, Con! Here's for a pickpocket! Where's the domned haythen? Kill him! kill him!"

The confusion cleared itself a little presently, and it became evident that it was a one-sided affair of a dozen against one; and that that one was getting

enough of it very speedily. He hung partly out of the wagon, and the rest, with the "vitriol madness" in their brains, and more mad devils than men, beat him about the head and face with clubs and fists, and with heavy brogans kicked and trampled upon his legs and body as one might trample a snake, and only as one Irishman can trample another. It was plain enough that the poor fellow would not need much more of that treatment; and half a dozen men stood by and saw it done, as you, reader, would doubtless have stood by also. It was sure death to interfere. Would you take a man from a tiger's paws, think you?

Down the village street comes a tall, slight man, with a quick, light run. Never stops, but goes right at the swaying crowd where murder is being done—right at it and into it with a bound.

"Back, men!" he shouts. "You cowards! Is this the way you fight—a dozen to one?"

And those wild fellows, drunk with whisky and the sight of blood, shrink away from him ashamed. For they know him—know him for a brave, just man! It is Clamp, the foreman of the tracklayers, and most of these men have worked under him and learned to respect him and to like him thoroughly. They have found him a master who would have no shirking and no disorder, and yet thought of them and used them as men and not as animals or machines, out of whom it was his business only to get as much work as might be. And so, even in their drunken madness, they know his familiar voice and obey it instinctively. But there is one ugly-looking fellow, who has only been on the Branch a short time and has not worked under Clamp, who only answers him with a curse, and lifts his club to strike another blow. But Clamp catches him by the collar and flings him heavily among the crowd.

"Keep him away, boys! I guess you've had enough of this," he says, sternly, between his teeth.

They hustle him away, and Clamp, with some help, lifts the bloody face and

form, in a swoon now and terribly cut about the head, and carry him away to a butcher's shop over the way, where he is cared for by rough, but kindly hands, and comes to life again presently, to find his body a very sore and uncomfortable dwelling-place indeed.

The Norfolk is all ablaze with light.

There is a ball to-night, and the dancing population of Ranlock and the country about have come out in their strength. The sound of scraping fiddles and clattering feet, the ring of laughter and hum of many voices, come out clearly on the keen air of the winter night. It is past midnight, and the revel is at its highest. Fiercely scrape the fiddles—swiftly clatter the dancing feet.

A door opens and two men come out. The light of a window flashes full upon them. As they turn their flushed faces and glare fiercely at one another, we recognize that one to the right, tall and slight. It is Clamp, the tracklayer. The other, shorter than Clamp, stouter and handsomer, is Charles Coffin, foreman of the grading gangs on the Carroll Extension. They are both honest, brave fellows, and have been good friends till to-night. And now, flushed with wine and excitement, they are going to quarrel and hate each other for the sake of a silly girl with a doll's face and an empty, giddy head. They exchange a few hot, taunting words, and then Coffin goes in and mingles again in the gay throng inside. Clamp takes his horse from the stables, mounts and rides away through the still December night. And though both are very good fellows, as men go, and incapable of a base or underhand action, each of those two goes his way, thinking only evil of the other and laying up wrath against him.

The more turbulent element of the navvies having departed, the rest went to work again, and the Branch grew steadily toward completion. A long thaw had followed the great snow-storm, and the contractors were very anxious to finish the road to Ranlock before another came. The men were induced by increased pay to work harder and longer.

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From daylight to dark, Sunday and Saturday, the shovels rattled steadily and the great spike-hammers rang out clearly on the frosty air.

The Christmas-time came on, and, of course, no Irishmen could be got for money to work on *that* day. They celebrated the day in their usual manner, and all but a very few continued to celebrate it for a day or two afterward. It was the third day after before the men could be fairly got together again, and that day they worked with a will. The engine came down from the Junction with two or three flats loaded with iron, threw it off at the end of the rails already laid, and then set at its day's work of hauling sand from the cut two or three miles back.

Clamp was there, of course, regulating the whole work, each gang of a dozen or so having its foreman under him. He kept mostly with the tracklayers proper, ten picked and practised men. They load a dozen rails on a truck and run it along by hand. Five on each side of the line lift two of the long rails, weighing six or seven hundred a-piece, and run them forward clear of the truck, fit the ends into the clamps on the ends of the last-laid rails, and a Celtic voice shouts "Right!" The men at the other ends put them down, one at each rail seizes a heavy hammer with a three-foot handle, and drives the rail back with quick, clanging blows, till the same voice again shouts "Right!"

The gauge is placed between the ends of the two rails, the clamps fitted on, and two stalwart fellows, with their long, pick-like hammers, stand, one on each side of either rail, and with swinging, alternate blows, one striking left-handed and the other right, they drive the spikes straight home, until their flat heads bind firmly on either side the rail's broad base. Flinging the hammers forward the length of a rail, they bring the heavy truck forward with a strong swing, and quick! forward comes another pair, and the same work over and over again. And so they go, every man on the strain, all day long. Only at noon the engine comes down and runs back again, black



with men, whom it drops here and there at the shanties along the line, and in a little while comes back and picks them up. Then at it again like mad till dark.

One of the spike-drivers, Bally Mike, as they call him, is a remarkable man. Large and well made, very strong and active, quick as a flash. There is something wild in his composition—some undeveloped element of madness, perhaps, inherited from forgotten ancestors. He is a privileged character, and does pretty much as he pleases, for Clamp has a strange liking for the man and his wild ways, and knows, besides, that he will get through more work than any man on the line, and infuse some of his own spirit into the others. This press of work is no strain for him: he glories in it. The rush and swing of the regular and oft-repeated motions harmonize with his wild nature and bring him out strongly. He works left-handed, and drives his spikes with a swift, powerful stroke, that you can tell, after a while, from all the rest. He comes forward now and then with a quick bound from the last stroke, swings his hammer above his head, and shouts his favorite, familiar cry—

“Come on, b'ys! Bally-dugan and the sky over us! Fire away, me darlins, fire away!”

The afternoon wears away and the dusk comes on slowly. Still the shovels crash in the gravel and the hammers clang on the spikes. The engine comes down from the Junction with more iron, and part of the men are set to throw it off. Clamp stands by the engine talking to the driver, and weary of the long, hard day. A stranger comes along the line from the east, speaks to no one, but keeps his face carefully averted, as, closely muffled, he threads his way through the busy crowd. It is the brutal fellow whom Clamp handled rather roughly the day of the fight in Ranlock. He, at least, remembers that fact quite distinctly!

“Yuh see, boss,” the driver is saying to Clamp, “ther's another haul o' iron comin' up to the Junction that th' Ole Man wanted me t' run down here t'-night, so 's th' boys kin chuck it off fust thing

in th' mornin'. It's loaded onto three flats that Colyer's goin' to fetch up along of th' 9.30 Ex. I kin jist run these off onto th' switch an' fetch th' others right along when they come. Time I git that done, an' the Spitfire put up an' raked out, it 'll make a pooty good day. So I don't think I kin git her fired up an' down here to th' gravel to-morrer much 'fore nine 'clock.”

“Well, anyhow, Ryder,” says Clamp, “get down as early as you can. We'll do the best we can till we see you.”

The iron is all off now, and the men are free for to-night. Bally Mike steps up to Clamp, and, with his exceptional license, addresses him:

“Arrah, Misther Clamp, an' I'm dom fond o' ye. Wid ye gim me a cigarre?”

Clamp smiles good-naturedly at the man's strange ways, and draws from his pocket the desired article, with which Mike turns away, and, with a very pronounced wink to his fellows, proceeds to light it. Meanwhile the stranger has been lurking about unseen, and steps up now to the edge of the shallow cut, just above where Clamp is standing, and behind him; draws a heavy club quickly from under his coat, and, with a strong swing, aims a swift, powerful blow right down upon Clamp's head. But all this while Bally Mike's sharp eyes, with all his apparent carelessness, have followed the ill-looking stranger.

And just as the murderous bludgeon poises for its fall, Mike utters a wild yell that makes Clamp jump, and sends a spike that he holds in his hand with such a sure aim and such force that it strikes the miscreant's arm from underneath, and breaks the weight of the stroke which must otherwise have killed on the spot. But the blow is hard enough as it is, and Clamp staggers heavily and falls with a sensation of burning sparks in his brain and eyes. But he rises almost instantly, with the warm blood trickling down his face, and is rather uncertain for a minute whether he is awake or dreaming. But the sharp pain clears away his giddiness presently, and he understands what has happened. He sees the villainous stranger struggling

vainly in Mike's strong grasp, but does not recognize him in the dim light.

He does not remember having had trouble with any of the men, and is much perplexed to understand the fellow's motives for wishing to harm him. Suddenly he remembers his quarrel with Coffin, and the thought flashes upon him that *he* has employed this infamous and cowardly means of taking revenge for a fancied insult by the hand of a hired assassin. And yet Coffin would sooner have suffered death than been guilty of so dastardly an action. The workmen crowd in upon the two men who lie on the bank grappled together, and would soon make an end of the "murtherin' villain," but Clamp steps between and waves them back.

"Stand back, men!" he commands. "If I thought this fellow came of himself, I'd let you have your will. But I believe he was sent. I never knowingly wronged one of you, and I don't know a man but one who has cause of grudge against me. So, as I said, I believe this sneaking coward is only another man's tool, and unworthy of an honest Irishman's blow. Take away his club, Mike, and see that he has no arms about him, and then let him up."

"Sure, thin, Mither Clamp," answers Mike, "that's aisy done, all but littin' him up. Sure I tuk away his bloodgeon win he wouldn't lie still, an' gave him joost a dilicate tap on the skull o' him, that was as good as soothin' surrup. He's slep' as swate as a blissid babe since he got it, intirely."

Mike loosened his grasp, and the fellow got up slowly and stupidly and looked about him vacantly. Clamp took him by the shoulders and shook him roughly, until, from the scared look that came into his ugly face, swart and brutal in the glare of the engine's light, it was plain that he had come to himself.

"Look here, you villain!" speaks Clamp. "It isn't your fault that you're not a murderer to-night. If I didn't believe that you was sent on this business, I'd let these men have their way, and they'd show you what honest, open-handed Irishmen think of a coward who

sneaks in the dusk and strikes a man behind his back. But I let you go this time. I never struck a man in my life, but you may tell the one that sent you that if any man tries this again I'll put a bullet through his heart."

The man shrank away, scared and abashed before the freely-expressed contempt of his countrymen, and was soon lost to view. Clamp sat down faint with loss of blood, and a minute after fell back in a swoon. And there, in the dreary winter woods and the chilly evening gloom, those rough fellows lifted him up with womanly gentleness, bound his wounded head as they could, and laid him gently on a bed, hastily improvised of spare garments, in the driver's room of the locomotive. Clamp had lodgings at a farm-house some distance back on the line, and Ryder, the driver, promised to see him well home. He put the engine in motion and moved off slowly amid a general cheer.

The Spitfire had hurtled away out of sight, and the men began to pick up their coats and prepare for scattering to their shanties, when O'Mara, the overseer of one of the gangs, climbed upon the pile of iron beside the track and addressed his fellow-workmen. He was a rough, thick-set Irishman, who had been advanced from the shovel and pick for punctuality and industry.

"Gintlemin," he began, "I want to say a few words to ye. I want to ax ye one quistion: Ain't ye iver found Mither Clamp act loike a gintlemin, and ain't he iver trated ye loike gintlemin intirely?"

Here the orator was interrupted by shouts of "Shure we have," and "Hooray for Mither Clamp."

"Gintlemin," he continued, in imitation of the last disinterested friend of humanity who had asked their free and intelligent suffrages for the only party that could save the country from inevitable ruin—"Gintlemin, I belave ye. Ye know a man win ye see one. Ye ain't to be desaved wid make-belave. And wot I want to ax ye to-noight is joost this: Win a man is been throe to ye, and frindly to ye, an' koind to ye, an'

stood by ye, ain't ye a goin' to stan' by him?"

Here he was again drowned in a storm of "Who says we ain't?" "Here's for a fight! Where's the haythin?" "Who's to be smashed?" And Bally Mike's voice clear above the rest: "Give us another, O'Mara! Fire away, me darlint, fire away! Bally-dugan an' the sky over us!"

Then O'Mara went on again:

"Gintlemin, ye saw that domned scoundhrel to-night, an' ye hurd wot Clamp said by that samé. Me frinds, do ye know who he mint that sint the murtherin' villain to sthrike him behoind his back? I know, me frinds, an' I'm immagitly agoin' to pursade to tell ye his name. His name, me frinds, is Charles Coffin, an' he's foreman of the gradin' gangs on the Carroll Ixtinsion."

This announcement caused a great sensation in the audience. Some believed it and cursed Coffin very heartily. Others doubted, knowing the two had been on very good terms. But O'Mara recounted to them an exaggerated story of the quarrel at the Norfolk the night of the hop; taking pains to make Coffin's side of the affair as black as well might be, and exciting his hearers to a high pitch of excitement and indignation. O'Mara had previously worked under Coffin, and got into some trouble, in which he had been pretty roughly treated; although more from a hasty spirit on Coffin's part than cruelty or malice. But the injury was not forgotten, and now O'Mara used all his skill to rouse these wild, impulsive, riot-loving sons of Erin to the highest pitch of animosity against an innocent and unsuspecting man. And he succeeded so well, by appealing to their liking for Clamp, their jealousy—as one set or clique—of the graders of another set, their love of excitement and adventure, and also of whisky by promise of a general "trate," that when they separated they had almost unanimously acceded to his proposition to go out that night and give Coffin the punishment he deserved.

Before making the matter public,

O'Mara had sent off a few of the roughest fellows whom he could trust to keep guard over Coffin's house, and let no one pass in who might inform the inmates of the danger impending. Coffin lived in the old homestead, a mile from the Junction, with his three sisters and his father—a bent, white-haired but active old farmer of near seventy. Bally Mike had formerly been in their service, and they had all liked the fellow's wild ways and his faithful attention to his duties. He, on his part, had taken a great fancy for Coffin, and had a very friendly feeling for the whole family. And when he heard the accusation against his old master, and the purpose of O'Mara to set these wild men on to wreak their savage fury upon him, he knew that Coffin was incapable of such infamy, and was sorely perplexed how he might aid him in his deadly peril and the innocent household that would be involved. He shuddered when he thought of the women that had shown him kindness when he was a stranger in a strange land, and oh, so green! He knew the men who were keeping guard were desperate fellows, and there was no hope of getting through. He came to the conclusion very soon that there was but one way in which he could hope to save them, and he proceeded to act on that conclusion.

He lodged with an Irish family close by Ranlock, and after eating a hasty supper went down into the village to see what was going on. A number of the navvies had already collected there, and more were fast coming in. They took to the whisky of course, and went from one saloon or bar-room to another, working up very speedily to the fighting point. O'Mara was everywhere, treating freely and watching his time. He waited till he saw that they had taken enough, and then gave the word "March!" It was passed quietly from one to another and spread very speedily through the whole body. In a few minutes they had all left the village and were marching in a disorderly crowd, with O'Mara at their head, hooting, yelling, cursing, fighting now and then; but always rush-

ing on again over the lonely country road that led to Coffin's house, four miles away.

By this time Mike was making his way through the darkness back to the point on the Branch where they had quit work that night. Arrived there, he sat down and waited impatiently for Ryder and the Spitfire. The time dragged very slowly in his hot impatience, but before long he heard the far-off vibration that grew steadily till he could plainly hear the engine's quick clatter. Then the bell clanged clearly at some highway, the long whistle sounded shrill and wild over the sleeping woods and hills, and a minute after the flats, piled with iron, came backing down, slowing as they came, and stopped opposite Mike. He hailed Ryder, who was astonished to see the strange fellow there at such a time.

"I'm goin' up t' th' Joonction wid ye, Misther Ryder, if ye've no objections."

And so he got up on the engine as the boy Pat, who acted as stoker, loosed the coupling. Ryder started the locomotive and they went slowly at first, and then swiftly through the cuts and over the embankments of the new road. As they rushed along, Mike told Ryder how the household at the Coffin homestead were so sorely beset, and asked his aid in a plan to get them efficient help.

He proposed that Ryder should run the Spitfire to Farmley, a large town where a police force was kept up, and have a squad of men detailed to come down to the Junction.

"It's but fourtane mile, they say, an' shure the Spitfire can make six-an'-twenty mile in an hour. It can't be tin yit, an' they ain't half-way from Ranlock. Think o' the women, Misther Ryder, an' ye can't refuse!"

But Ryder did refuse. He had a grudge against Coffin of long standing. But he tried to persuade himself and Mike that he had other sufficient reasons. It was worth his place, he said, to drive the Spitfire to Farmley without orders. He had women depending on him for support, and had no right to deprive them of it. They might not get the police if they went; and they might be too late

if they did get them. While they talked, the uncanny Irishman urging the course of mercy and self-forgetfulness, the sober, intelligent driver retiring behind defences of plausible prudence and selfishness, they neared the Junction and went slowly through it and beyond, Pat leaping down and changing the switch to run the locomotive into the engine-house.

Just at that moment a girl stepped out of a house opposite and stood on the piazza, waiting. It was Fanny Ryder, who had been waiting here at a friend's to go home with her father. A quiet-faced girl of eighteen, perhaps; not beautiful truly, but not ill-favored in any sense, and with the nameless charm and grace of thoughtful, kindly character. Standing there, warmly muffled against the keen winter night, her face turned toward the Spitfire, and the broad light of the windows full upon it, you can see the bright glow of health and cheeriness in her brown cheeks, that tells of long tramps over stubble-fields and hilly country roads. A bright, true-hearted girl, who takes a womanly interest in little children—in gores, tucks, ribbons, feathers, tatting, braiding, flouncing, crocheting and all the innumerable mysteries of needlework; but likes a good book, too, and would rather go plainly clad and have time to read and walk, than weary herself, day after day, and week after week, with ceaseless sewing and embroidering, and pay, for the occasional doubtful pleasure of being seen in her finery and comparing with her neighbors, the costly price of health, of true profit and enjoyment—a girl who can talk without giggling, and laugh too, on occasion, very merrily.

Meanwhile the locomotive has started slowly back toward the engine-house, and Mike is eagerly making a last appeal to Ryder, who stands silent and gloomy, with his hand on the lever, and the locomotive running slowly and steadily back on the switch. All this while that mad, brutal mob of a hundred raging men is pushing on steadily over the desolate country roads, yelling, hustling, fighting, cursing, hurrying on!

As the engine comes running down the track, the girl sees her father standing silent and inexorable with his hand on the lever. She sees and recognizes Bally Mike also, who is known all about that vicinity; and presently she hears his eager words, and can distinguish a phrase occasionally. A name catches her ear that makes her start and flush: she steps forward now and listens intently. She and Charles Coffin have long been fast friends, and a month ago she promised him that when her father's stern opposition should relent, or when she could see her way clearer than now, she would be his wife. So now, when she hears this wild fellow talking so eagerly, and her father listening sullenly and evidently opposing—when she sees this, and then hears Coffin's name more than once eagerly repeated—it is no wonder she starts and flushes and listens intently. Running across, she stands in the deep shadow of the ticket-office, and before the engine stops before the closed doors, her quick woman's wit has gathered enough to know that Coffin is in danger of some terrible evil, which might be averted if her father would run the engine to Farmley, and that her father refused to take the responsibility.

"Pat," says Ryder, roughly, "go over to the tavern an' git the key from Rankin; an' be quick about it too, d'yuh hear?"

A minute after, remembering some message he had for Rankin, the station-master, he stepped down and followed Pat. Mike leaned against the building in despair. He could think of no other plan of carrying sufficient help to the family so sorely beset. As the door of the tavern banged behind Ryder, Fanny stepped up to Mike with a pale, firm face. She knew Mike of old—knew that the Coffins had found him trustworthy in every way. He had even carried notes and messages for the lovers when Ryder had forbidden any communication between them. Mike gave a surprised start when he saw her.

"Hillo!" he exclaimed. "Shure if it ain't Miss Fanny!"

But she stopped him sharply.

"Hush!" she said. "They will hear. I know why you're here. I can drive the Spitfire as well as father. Will you go with me to Farmley? Quick! There's no time to lose."

"Bliss yer heart, Miss Fanny!" he answers, fervently, "I will."

He helps her up without another word, and follows himself. Fanny takes the starting-lever in her skillful hands and moves it quickly. The throttle opens in the dome; like light the steam rushes through passages and valves into the cylinder; the piston moves; the wheels revolve. The eccentrics communicate their wonderful motion to the steam-chest valves, and the piston goes back and forth, whirling the drivers round and round. The waste steam puffs out through the blast-tubes—chook, chook, chook, chook. Ryder hears the sound and comes rushing out, raging and shouting vainly.

Fanny stands quite still, her face clear white and her teeth firmly set, her hand on the lever and her eyes steadily forward on the track, where the great white light goes rushing on into the darkness far ahead. The Spitfire is at her speed now, and goes thundering on like a demon gone mad, his great eye glaring straight before, and the great smoke-dragon pursuing silently, trailing out far on the night. There is something terrible in the ponderous, flying rush of a locomotive, and very many people would get down from their first engine-ride with a feeling of relief and a very pleasant sensation of being well out of it. But Fanny has had experience of the wild flight before, having been about engines from a child and taken by her father now and then. And as for Mike, the fierce rush harmonized with his wild nature and his hot impatience, and he only longed for a swifter flight.

The familiar Beeline hills and fields are all behind now, and they rush through hills and woods all strange. On they roar, with a great clatter and ponderous rush, through fertile fields and barren plains, over trestles and high embankments, through deep cuts and roaring culverts.

Fanny held the lever, and drove on till the first station swung into view and went sweeping behind. All the while she had not spoken nor looked round once. She spoke now, as they rushed on, without turning :

"Tell me all about it, Mike."

Then he told her the story in few, respectful words ; and her cheek turned a whiter hue and her lips set more firmly as she heard.

"Put in coal !" was all she said.

And she showed him how to make the fire burn more fiercely. She said no more, but drove the engine to its utmost speed.

Through Holcombe they rush like a breath : half the way is passed and the speed is terrible !

"What time would they arrive ?" she asks, suddenly.

"They left Ranlock," Mike answers, "I sh'd think, about half-after nine. What toime d'ye make it now, Miss Fanny ?"

She did not turn her head, but drew her watch from her belt and said : "Ten o'clock."

"Thin Hivin hilp thim !" says Mike. "The mad devils may be on thim in half an hour."

On they go, hurling through the night with a fearful velocity. The Spitfire never made such speed before. The gauge goes up and up, and the engine's fiery pulse throbs terribly hot and hard. And now Fennerty Station leaps suddenly into view, comes swimming down the path of light ahead, and runs away back into the gloom. It is only four miles to Farmley now, and they are making four miles every five minutes ! No word is spoken now, but they go thundering on through the darkness with an awful clatter and roar. Still Fanny stands and drives the engine on, firm and white of face, mouth firmly set, eyes steadily ahead and turning now and then to this or that. Now and then she tries the gauge-cocks, to make sure that the water-level is above the fire-tubes in the boiler ; or puts her deft and ready hand to the lever that governs the pump attachment. The head-light glows and

flies, the smoke trails out behind on the rushing wind, and the speed is terrible !

Fences trail dimly by ; trees, rocks, telegraph poles, cross-roads, houses here and there, go whirling past. The houses thicken, the suburbs of the town appear ; the whistle screams, the bell clangs steadily, the speed slackens, and slowly the engine rolls on through the paved streets and stops at the station opposite the tank. Coming those last four miles, Fanny had given Mike a few plain instructions, and she now left him in charge of the engine, and, leaping down, addressed an astonished policeman, who had come up and was staring in open-mouthed amazement.

"Wot in thunder !" he ejaculated. "Where yuh frum ? An' wot the dooce yuh doin' heah this time night ?"

"We're from Beeline Junction," answered Fanny, "and we want help from the police. Show me the way to the nearest station-house, and I'll tell you as we go."

Roundsman Trumbull was a soft-hearted fellow, though rough on the surface, and was not ill-pleased to have the care of the bright, fair-spoken girl. So he sat off briskly to show the way, and she told him the errand on which she came as they went along. He watched her askance with increasing wonder as she told her simple story clearly and modestly. When she had finished, he suddenly stopped, pulled off his cap, scratched his head with a doubtful air, and then said, coaxingly :

"I say, young ooman, jest take that 'ere club, will yuh ? an' poke me a good un' with it till I jes' see if I'm wake or dreamin'."

She saw that the man was in earnest, and so, although half smiling at the grotesque situation there in the lonely street, she took the club from his hand and punched him sharply in the side. It was a comical scene enough ; and yet, often and often in every-day life, tragedy shrieks and curses in one house, while comedy and farce dance madly and laugh their wild laugh next door.

"Oh !" he ejaculated and shrank away a little. "Wal, I am awake, an' that's a

fac! So yuh drove the loco y'rself, did yuh? My gizzard! I never hearn such a yarn. But we must git help fur them poor critters. Come on! come on! An' three women in the house too, eh? I never hearn—cuss the brutes! Come on! come on!"

Round the corner now, up the steps of this ugly old building and in at the door. There, at a desk, sat Captain Thorn, in the uniform of a captain of police—a little man, wiry and rather fierce-looking, writing in a big book. Trumbull saluted the captain respectfully, wisely leaving Fanny to plead her own cause, and only introducing her as a young person who had desired to be brought to the captain.

"Well, young woman, what's the row now?" the captain asked, rather sharply. And Fanny, nothing daunted, told her tale simply and clearly, with such earnestness of appeal, and such a rush of red blood to her cheek when she mentioned Coffin's name, that Captain Thorn heard her with increasing wonder and admiration; and by the time she came to the end of her brief narrative, so thoroughly was he imbued with the girl's own fervent spirit, that he leaped up from his desk, swore roundly at the mad navvies, gave a few sharp orders to Trumbull, and in a very short space had a squad of trained and resolute men marching rapidly toward the station, himself escorting Fanny at their head.

Tramp, tramp, along the lonely streets—tramp, tramp, tramp. Now they turn a corner with a swing, and there is the hissing Spitfire a block away. But she must have water and oil before she can start on her fiery homeward run. Trumbull has often watched the drivers taking water from the tank, and now, with a hasty word of instruction from Fanny and a little help, he fills the tender-tank, while she, with her own hands, takes the can and pours the oil into the heated bearings. The switch is luckily open toward the engine-house as the locomotive of the 7.15 Eastern train had used and left it. So Fanny mounted, let on the steam and ran the Spitfire forward upon the turn-table. Captain Thorn

ordered the men into the pit; they leaped down, and with a strong heave sent the engine swinging round.

Fanny ran the Spitfire forward a little now, clear of the table; the men climb up on the tender, and with Fanny driving as before, the captain standing by watching her, and Mike acting as stoker, they roll away through the paved streets of the town. The moon had come up unnoticed a while ago. It is at the full, and sheds its white glimmer over the still night scene that had been dark: the suburbs swim slowly back in mingled masses of light and shade. The quarter of shanties, vacant lots, goats and dogs is behind now. The speed increases momentarily. You can feel the great heave of the fiery-hearted monster hurling you on. The speed increases still—faster, faster. The gauge goes up, up, up.

The captain (brave man as he is, who will go into any garret or cellar in the great town at any time of night or day) blanches just a little at the awful flight; and the men, in the open tender outside, would remonstrate if they could, but the hurricane their fierce rush makes hurtles the words from their lips and whistles through their hair like a wild sea-storm. They can only cling for their lives, and feel the engine's terrible power hurling them on like a thunderbolt of heaven. The captain has his eye upon the gauge, and sees it rise, rise terribly high, but somehow, when he looks at Fanny, he cannot interfere, for her perfect confidence, her quiet, unceasing watchfulness, inspire him with confidence too, and he trusts her thoroughly, though he trembles just a little. And she too, is watching the gauge, and sees that it can safely go no higher now. So she governs the pressure by a movement, and the speed is regular now, but the pace is terrible; and on they go, roaring, devouring space and time, fifty miles an hour, on their mad race to help and to save!

Fennerty suddenly looms up away ahead, comes flying on dreamily in the moonlight, sweeps past and is gone. On they go, rushing, roaring. The captain takes out his watch, opens it and says:

"Half-past ten!"

He sees a shiver pass through the girl from head to foot: her white face pales a shade, but she speaks no word; only drives on, firm and watchful as ever. The gauge rises a little higher and the Spitfire rushes on a little faster than before. Mike mutters to himself, as he freshens the fire and makes it burn like the fiery furnace:

"Divil sit 'um foightin' boy the way, till niver a mother's son o' 'um's widout a broken hid!"

On they rush; through fields and orchards, gaunt, naked woods and barren plains; over high embankments and trestle-bridges, through roaring culverts and down deep cuts,—on, on, on! Holcombe comes swimming on now far ahead, passes with a quick sweep and rushes away behind. Swiftly the telegraph poles fly by like bars of a whirling cage. The white head-light glows far ahead—the long smoke-snake trails far behind. And the Spitfire still whirls on, with a terrible clatter and roar, like an avenging Nemesis. Here and there a rough cottage by the track, or weather-worn farm-house on cross-country road, shows a solitary light where some weary one lies in pain; and a wondering face gazes out blankly from a lifted sash at the little company flying so wildly through the lonely night. But though they fly never so madly, they cannot reach their destination much before eleven; and Heaven grant that that wild Irish blood be delayed on its murderous march!

But on they go with the same terrible pace—no break, no halt! It is a rocky country between Holcombe and Preston, and hilly. They roar along now, one minute the rocks twenty feet sheer above them on the right—the next, an embankment of fifty feet down on the left. But the awful flight slows not—still on, on, on, with the same wild, hurling speed. And there is Preston now: it passes by like a flash. Only four miles now! And every man holds his breath, impatient even of that fearful flight.

Fences and trees whirl past like mad; corn-fields with their lines of last year's stumps, a belt of woods, the trees like gaunt skeletons in the weird light, snow-

banks under the fences, spared by the thaw. Fanny begins to recognize the hills and woods and houses scattered here and there. The Junction is only a mile away; the whistle sounds long and loud over the hills, the bell clangs out, the speed slackens, and a minute after the engine runs up to the platform and stops.

Ryder stands there waiting, black with wrath.

"Is that your father, Miss Ryder?" asks the captain.

"It is," she says. "But for Heaven's sake don't mind me!"

"Trust me," he answers. "If they can hold out till my boys get over, we'll give the villains all they want and more. But I *must* have a word with your father first."

And leaping down, he takes Ryder by the button, leads him a little aside, and speaks to him in a low tone. Reuben Ryder possessed, in common with very many more, an instinctive awe of constituted authority; and whether the captain appealed to this instinct by threats or to his pride by praising Fanny, certain it is that Ryder never uttered one word of reproach to his daughter for her behavior that night. The police, with Thorn at their head and Mike showing the way, filed in at a farm-gate and went away at the double-quick across the fields. Ryder put up his engine, raked out the fire and made all right; and then Fanny, with a very anxious heart, accompanied her father home, neither speaking a word.

That same evening the little family at the Coffin homestead were all gathered in the "south room," quietly employed in reading or sewing, and occasionally laying aside their books or papers to discuss some topic of local interest. The house was an old-fashioned frame building, two stories high and very strongly built. The "south room," where the family always sat, was a very pleasant one on the south-east corner of the ground floor. The house did not face directly south, but a little west, so that on bright days this room had the sunshine in it from the earliest gleam



above the eastern hills till the mellow rays were sinking in the west.

The evening wore away quietly but pleasantly. The father, weary of his work about the barns, went off early to bed; and a little after ten the girls—three pleasant-looking young women, the youngest about eighteen and the oldest eight-and-twenty—put away their books and work and followed their father's example. Their brother, interested in the book he was reading, stirred the fire, drew the light nearer and settled himself for a pleasant hour.

He had sat thus perhaps half an hour when he was startled by a sound he had heard faintly several times before. It was a wild shout, far off and rising out of a confused and continuous murmur. He had heard the same sound dimly before, but given little heed and gone on with his reading. He got up now, went to the window and looked out. The road past the house fell away to the west, and then curved round to the south through the open pasture-lands, so that he could see the line of the highway winding away white in the moonlight. Half a mile away he saw in the winding road a dark moving mass coming slowly nearer, nearer. He threw up the sash and listened. The murmur came clearer now through the frosty air. He could distinguish the tramp of many feet on the frozen ground, the mingling of a hundred rough voices, with a wild shout or a wilder laugh rising now and then above it all.

The leaders of that mad throng had vainly endeavored to enforce order and silence as they approached the end of their tramp. The fire they had kindled had blazed up fiercely and got beyond all control, and roared on, now subject only to its own wild will. Coffin easily saw that a crowd of excited men was pressing up the road; but what could be their object or destination of course he had no means of conjecturing. But he thought of the helpless ones under his care, and knew it could do no harm to be on the safe side; so he went about and saw that the doors and windows were all made fast. The doors were of heavy oak and fastened by a strong bar across

the middle, and each window was provided with heavy outside shutters. He carefully closed all on the ground floor, and then went up to his own room and looked out. They were close at hand now, coming along the level beyond the foot of the hill. He looked at his watch, wondering: it wanted fifteen minutes of eleven. But his wonder did not last long. Up the hill came the mad swarm with a rush, yelling, cursing, laughing wildly. The men who had been on guard, hidden behind fences or out-buildings, received their comrades with a wild shout, which was answered by a mad yell from a hundred hoarse voices, that sounded far on the lonely night like the terrible roar of savage beasts. The father and sisters, waked by the fearful sound, rose and looked out, to see that mad mob rushing up the hill to their very door. Charles hastily closed the shutters on the second floor, and by that time a number of the foremost had reached the house and waited for the rest, calling to them to come on. As he watched them cautiously from a south window, he recognized several of those already arrived, and among them O'Mara. It was plain enough now that this house was their destination, and by the frequent use of Coffin's name it was evident that they had no friendly intentions toward him. But, determined to know their object, and unable to understand their motives for this strange proceeding, he threw open the window, and, boldly showing himself, demanded to know what they wanted and why they disturbed honest people at that time of night. But at sight of him there rose one angry shout that drowned his voice, and a shower of stones hailed round his head like rain. He closed the shutter and turned away. There was blood on his face: he had been struck and slightly wounded by a stone.

"Father," he said, "these devils are drunk and half mad. They have been set upon us, and will show as much mercy as so many tigers. We must fight them to the death."

He ran down quickly, and came back a minute after with two double-barreled

fowling-pieces. He loaded them both with heavy bullets, and his father watched from the window. Properly disciplined and armed, the navvies might have easily broken into the house; but wild with drink and excitement, they could not be got to act in concert, but rushed about trying doors and windows and effecting very little. They had been pretty well provided with spike-hammers and crow-bars at the start, but had lost most of them on the way in their wild hustling and larking.

Charles and his father watched them sharply, and whenever half a dozen would gather at a door or window and begin pounding upon it, a shutter would open a little over head, a gun bang sharply, and one of the rioters would cry out and be carried off by his fellows, with a bullet in his arm or leg. This same procedure was repeated several times, and O'Mara saw plainly that nothing could be done in that way. So he got together a few of the less excited fellows and talked to them earnestly. Coffin saw the group and fired at them, but missed, and the whistling bullet only excited the men to fiercer eagerness.

"Come on, O'Mara!" they shouted. "We're wid ye."

They hunted out a long and heavy rail, and forming on each side of it, so as to use it as a battering-ram, marched to within a few rods of the hall-door, and then, with a quick run, brought the log against the heavy door with such force as made the whole house tremble. But the stout old door stood firm, the heavy rail rebounding from it like a ball. Coffin and his father watched them sharply, and the two guns rang out above the tumult. Still the clearest heads of the navvies saw that this was their surest plan, and they gathered most of the men about it. So when the beam came back, though one fellow limped away and another was carried into the barn, a dozen more seized the pole, and it went up again with a rush—a wild shout and a heavier stroke than before.

It was a wild scene—the mad mob rushing this way and that, yelling and cursing each other, the battering party

going up regularly now with a wild shout, the guns banging steadily at regular intervals, the fierce cries of the wounded, the resounding strokes on the stout old door, all mingled in a horrible din and confusion. And still the tumult roared on. The rush and stroke of the beam were kept up steadily, though the guns banged steadily too, and seldom missed their mark. The great door became sensibly weaker, and it was soon evident that it could not stand against many more such blows.

"At her agin, b'ys!" shouts O'Mara. "At her wid a will! We'll have the door down in five minutes. At her loike mad!"

And forward again they go with a shout and a terrible crash. A minute after there is another crash, and the door gapes wide at the top.

"Once more!" shouts O'Mara. "One more 'll do it. At her agin wid your moight!"

And with a wilder shout and a fiercer rush, up again they go with a swing. The heavy stroke crashes right through the panel; the splinters crackle and fly. The upper hinge flies out, and the door yawns widely at the top, but still hangs and holds. But one good stroke will certainly finish the breach. Back they go again and prepare for another rush. But just as they start for the final charge, Bally Mike leaps into the road, the police following in close order, and comes on with a shout: "Bally-dugan an' the sky over us! Fire away, me darlints, fire away!"

He swings a great club over his head, and, with the police at his heels, follows straight in the wake of the party charging at the door. The beam goes up with a great rush, strikes with a loud crash, and the door goes down before it. With a yell of triumph they drop the beam and leap forward to rush into the house. But just at that moment Mike comes among them with a great bound, goes right through the doorway beyond them, turns and beats them back with his might. And before they know what has happened the police leap in upon them with their clubs and lay about

them thick and thin. The wild, undisciplined crowd melts away before them and gathers again at a safe distance. Captain Thorn leaves a few men to guard the door with their clubs and pistols, and with the rest charges the rioters wherever they are thickest; and though the navvies are reckless fellows and make a bold stand, they are no match for the discipline and trained skill of the police, who know that their strength consists in mutual support, and keep well together, while the rioters fight in-

discriminately, and are easily scattered when the clubs come thumping about their heads. In fifteen minutes the besiegers are entirely routed, and the police have time to take breath and congratulate the beleaguered family on their rescue from great and imminent peril.

And but for Fanny Ryder's ready resolution and brave achievement, who knows what wild work might have been done in that old farm-house that lonely winter night?

### OPIUM-EATING.

SINCE De Quincey gave to the world his famous "Confessions," people have been content to regard opium-eating as a strangely fascinating or as a strangely horrible vice; most imagining that it transports to realms of ideal bliss unsurpassed by all that poet ever penned or dreamt—inducts into reveries that cast into the shade all the promises of an Oriental paradise; while all have undefined and undefinable conceptions regarding it. Indeed, De Quincey's mode of narration (and this is said with all due deference to the memory of that illustrious scholar) is calculated to foster, to some extent, this idea. The mass of persons regard an opium-eater as at best but a mythical being. If they give him any corporeal existence at all, they think of him as they would of a human vampire, or some other creation bordering on the domains of the fabulous. Those who see or hear of him in the flesh, as moving about and performing his duties and functions, either regard what they hear of the evils of the habit with incredulity, or think of these so-called "dreams" and "reveries" as something enviable, and entertain a feeling much akin to making "I dare not wait upon I would." They argue—If he suffers, he also enjoys: he tastes of raptures they know not of. They ponder—Here,

then, is that which *can* "minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain;" and so, by easy steps, to the "sweet oblivious antidote" they go. Again and again have I had said to me, "I should so like to try it, to see what the visions are like." Now, it is notorious that this practice is on the increase in England, and, as I have recently learnt, in this country also. It should be well understood that no man *continues* an opium-eater from choice: he sooner or later becomes the veriest slave; and it is the object of this paper, originally intended for a friend's hand only, to deter intending neophytes—to warn them from submitting themselves to a yoke which will bow them to the earth. In the hope that it may subserve the good proposed, I venture to give a short account of the experiences of one who clasped this phantom "and found it air;" of one who still feels in his tissues the yet slowly smouldering fire of the furnace through which he has passed; of one who, all but too late, has discovered that the idol which he loved and worshiped so was but a poor, mean thing, "with feet of brass and front of clay." That one is the present writer.

I propose to give here a short sketch of my own case, with a few comments

thereon. I first took opium in the form of laudanum, nearly ten years ago, for insomnia, or sleeplessness, brought on by overwork at a European university. A late able writer on this subject has observed very aptly that there are certain men to whom opium is as "fire to tow." Of these, it turned out, I was one. It seemed as if my tissues lapped up the drug and reveled in the new and strange delight which had opened up to them. All that winter I took doses of from ten to thirty drops every Friday night, there being but few classes on Saturday of any consequence, so that I had the full, uninterrupted effect of the drug. Then I could set to work with unparalleled energy. Thought upon thought flowed to me in never-ending waves. I had a mad striving after intellectual distinction, and felt I would pay any price for it. I generally felt, on the Sunday, my lids slightly heavy, but with a sense pervading me of one who had been taking champagne. I never, however, during this whole winter, took more than one dose a week, varying from thirty to sixty drops. Toward the close of the session I one day deferred the dose till Sunday evening. On the Monday following, in the afternoon, I was in one of the class-rooms listening to the lecturer on Belle Lettres and Rhetoric. This professor has passed away, but his name, were it mentioned, would be found to take high rank amongst men of letters. One hundred and more young men sat, on that Monday afternoon, listening to his silvery voice as he read, in the course of his lecture, several long extracts from Falconer's "Shipwreck." Not a breath but was held while the splendid conceptions of the poem, its ever-changing images, the dignified mien of the reader, his grand voice and thrilling tones, the mellowed light of the old room, and the opium, to boot, taken on the Sunday evening before, were all doing their work on an imaginative young man of nineteen. My blood seemed to make music in my vessels as it seemed to come more highly oxygenized singing to my brain; and tingled fresher and warmer into the capillaries of the entire surface, leaping

and bubbling like a mountain-brook after a shower. I knew not at first what it could be, but I felt as if I could have bounded to the desk and taken the place of the professor. For a while, I say, I could not realize the cause. At last, as with a lightning flash, it came. Yes! It was the opium! Eureka! Eureka!

And at that moment, then and there was signed the bond which was destined to go far to wither all my fairest hopes; to undermine, while seeming to build up, my highest aspirations; to bring disunion between me and those near and dear to me; to frustrate all my plans, and, while "keeping the word of promise to the ear," ever breaking it to my hope. As I trace these very characters, I am suffering from the remote consequences, in a moral point of view, of having set my hand and seal to that bond.

For two years longer that I remained at college I continued to take laudanum three times a week, and I could, at the end of this period, take two drachms (120 drops) at each dose. All this time my appetite, though not actually destroyed, as it now is, was capricious in the extreme, though I did not lose flesh, at least not markedly so. On the other hand, my capability for mental exertion all through this period was something incredible; and let me say here that one of the most fascinating effects of the drug in the case of an intellectual and educated man is the sense it imparts of what might be termed *intellectual* daring: add to this the endowments of a strong frame, high animal spirits, and on such an one opium is the ladder that *seems* to lead to the gates of heaven. But alas for him when at its topmost rung! His wings are burnt, the goal recedes, and crushed by his own guard he falls, and sees beneath a fathomless abyss too surely his—a pit purchased by his own blood, dug by his own hand. After obtaining my degree I gradually eased off the use of the drug for about three months with but little trouble. I was waiting for an appointment in India. At the end of the period named I sailed for my destination, and had almost forgotten the taste of opium; but I found that

I was only respited, not redeemed. I found that I had not lost the memory it imparted of the grand self-dependence, the glorious courage to do and dare, the whetting of the intellectual appetite, the over-mastering desire for the exercise of the wit in controversy, the elevation beyond all that was gross or sensual. All this had not passed from my memory, and two months after I had entered upon my duties and found myself quietly among my books, the bond was renewed. After two months, in which I passed from laudanum to crude opium, I finally settled on the alkaloid *morphia*, as being the most powerful of all the preparations of opium. I began with half a grain twice a day, and for the six months ending the last day of September of the just expired year, my daily quantum was sixty grains (a dose sufficient to destroy any two men not habituated)—half taken the instant I awoke, the other half at six o'clock in the evening; and I could no more have avoided putting into my body this daily supply than I could have walked over a burning ploughshare without scorching my feet.

For the first year, five grains, or even two and a half, would suffice for a couple of days; that is to say, there was no craving of the system for it during its deprivation for this space. At the end of this period there would be a sense of depression amounting to little beyond uneasiness. But soon, four hours' deprivation of the drug gave rise to a physical and mental prostration that no pen can adequately depict, no language convey: a horror unspeakable, a woe unutterable takes possession of the entire being; a clammy perspiration bedews the surface, the eye is stony and hard, the nose pointed, as in the hippocratic face preceding dissolution, the hands uncertain, the mind restless, the heart as ashes, the "bones marrowless."

To the opium-consumer, when deprived of this stimulant, there is nothing that life can bestow, not a blessing that man can receive, which would not come to him unheeded, undesired, and be a curse to him. There is but one all-absorbing want, one engrossing desire—his

whole being has but one tongue—that tongue syllables but one word—*morphia*.

Place before him all that ever dazzled the sons of Adam since the fall, lay sceptres at his feet and all the prizes that vaulting ambition ever sighted and bled for, unfold the treasures of the earth and call them his; wearily, wearily will he turn aside and barter them all for a little white powder. Let Aphrodite come before him even as she appeared to Paris—

"Fresh as the foam new bathed,  
In Paphian wells,"

and regard him with looks that would draw an angel from the spheres, and a corpse would as soon respond: it could not be more cold and impassioned than he, even though

"Her fruitful kisses came thick as autumn rain."

And oh! the vain, vain attempt to break this bondage, the labor worse than useless—a minnow struggling to break the toils that bind a Triton! Like the fabled task of Sisyphus, the effort only redoubles the labor and leaves him farther from its accomplishment.

I pass over all the horrible physical accompaniments that accumulate after some hours' deprivation of the drug when it has been long indulged in, it being borne in mind that it occurs sooner or later according to the constitution it contends against. Suffice it to say that the tongue feels like a copper bolt, and one seems to carry one's alimentary canal in the brain; that is to say, one is perpetually reminded that there is such a canal from the constant sense of pain and uneasiness, whereas the perfection of functional performance is obtained when the mind is unconscious of its operation.

The slightest mental or physical exertion is a matter of absolute impossibility. The winding of a watch I have regarded as a task of magnitude when not under the opium influence, and I was no more capable of controlling, under this condition, the cravings of the system for its pabulum, by any exertion of the *will*, than I, or any one else, could control the dilatation and contraction of

the pupils of the eye under the varying conditions of light and darkness. A time arrives when the will is killed absolutely and literally, and at this period you might, with as much reason, tell a man to *will* not to die under a mortal disease as to resist the call that his whole being makes, *in spite of him*, for the pabulum on which it has so long been depending for carrying on its work.

When you can with reason ask a man to aerate his lungs with his head submerged in water; when you can expect him to control the movements of his limbs while you apply an electric current to its motory nerve,—then, but not till then, speak to a *confirmed* opium-eater of “exerting his will;” reproach him with want of “determination,” and complacently say to him, “Cast it from you and bear the torture for a time.” Tell him, too, at the same time, to “do without atmospheric air, to regulate the reflex action of his nervous system and control the pulsations of his heart.” Tell the Ethiopian to change his skin, but do not mock the misery and increase the agony of a man who has taken opium for years by talking to him of “*will*.” Let it be understood that after a certain time (varying, of course, according to the capability of physical resistance, mode of life, etc., of the individual) the craving for opium is *beyond the domain of the will*. The desire for it is, so to say, automatic—is entirely involuntary; and this *physical* craving differs in no way from, and may be likened, so far as volition is concerned, to, the appeal of the stomach under the condition of *hunger* and to that of the fauces under thirst. These are local manifestations of a general want, independent of the will, and operating, except under peculiarly exceptional circumstances (and then only for a time), in spite of it. So also is the uncontrollable want of the general system, which results in abstinence from the drug under the circumstances of habitual use, a purely automatic phenomenon, and as purely independent is it of the will as any other involuntary demand made by nature under particular

exigencies. And it is just here that the magnitude of the evil and the horrible thralldom is centred. This *bodily necessity* is quite a distinct and separate feeling from that which might be termed the *mental* call which dominates certain temperaments when opium is first indulged in. So intolerant is the system under a protracted deprivation that I know of two suicides resulting therefrom. They were cases of Chinese who were under confinement. They were baffled on one occasion in carrying out a previously-successful device for obtaining the drug. The awful mystery of death which they rashly solved had no terrors for them equal to a life without opium, and the morning found them hanging in their cells, glad to get “anywhere, anywhere out of the world.”

I have seen another tear his hair, dig his nails into his flesh, and, with a ghastly look of despair and a face from which all hope had fled, and which looked like a bit of shriveled yellow parchment, implore for it as if for more than life.

I have digressed somewhat from a narration of my individual case to speak generally. This was necessary toward something like an elucidation of the subject. But to return to myself. I attained a daily dose of forty grains, and on more than one occasion I have consumed sixty. It became my bane and antidote; with it I was an *unnatural*—without it, less than man. To sign my name after four hours' abstinence I regarded as an achievement. All this while my hands never shook, nor were they in the slightest degree tremulous, except when abstaining. Nay, I regarded this firmness of hand as a special endowment; and, with twenty grains of the poison in me, I have again and again hit with an Enfield rifle the bull's-eye of a target at four hundred yards. Yet ten minutes before I was prostrate for the want of it. Food, for months previous to the time of my attaining to such a dose as sixty grains, became literally loathsome; its sight would sicken me; my muscles, hitherto firm and well defined, began to diminish in bulk and to lose their contour; my face looked like

a hatchet covered with yellow ochre : and this is the best and truest comparison I can institute. It was sharp, foreshortened and indescribably yellow. I had then been taking *morphia* for nearly two years, but only reached and sustained the maximum doses for the six months already indicated.

Finally, even the sixty grains brought no perceptible increase to the *vitality* of which the body seemed deprived during its abstinence. It stimulated me to not one-tenth of the degree to which a quarter of a grain had done at the commencement. Still, I had to keep storing it up in me, trying to extract vivacity, energy, life itself, from that which was killing me ; and grudgingly it gave it. Onward, ever onward, increasing, ever increasing, was to be the programme. To go on was death, horrible and debased ; to stop was worse than death, worse than the tortures of the damned.

I tried hard to free myself, tried again and again ; but I never could at any time sustain the struggle for more than four days at the utmost. At the end of that time I had to yield to my tormentor—yield, broken, baffled and dismayed—yield to go through the whole struggle over again ; forced to poison myself—forced with my own hand to shut the door against hope. When I could think calmly over all this, I felt like one in the constant pursuit of a shadow that was ever eluding his grasp. Under the stimulating effects I was ever *about* to do, and yet never achieving. I was, in truth, a “walking shadow.” I felt my own unreality, and when under the spell of the demon I wove plans of ambition, built up hopes of renown. I came at last to feel that it was but tracing characters in the sand—that the waves would soon pass over them and me, and “no man see me more.”

With an almost superhuman effort I roused myself to the determination of doing something, of making one last effort, and, if I failed, to look my fate in the face. What, thought I, was to be the end of all the hopes I once cherished, and which were cherished of and for me by others ? of what avail all the learning

I had stored up, all the aspirations I nourished?—all being buried in a grave dug by my own hand, and laid aside like funeral trappings, out of sight and memory.

I will not detail my struggles nor speak of the *hope* which I had to sustain me, and which shone upon me whenever the face of my Maker *seemed* turned away. Let it suffice that I fought a desperate fight : again and again I recoiled, baffled and disheartened ; but *one aim* led me on, and I have come out of the *melée* bruised and broken it may be, but conquering. One month I waged the fight, and I have now been nearly two without looking at the drug. Before, four hours was the longest interval I could endure. Now I am free and the demon is behind me. I must not fail to add that the advantage of a naturally sound and preternaturally vigorous constitution, and (except in the use of opium) one carefully guarded against any of the causes which impart a vicious state of system and so render it incapable of recuperative effort, was my mainstay, and acted the part of a bower-anchor in restoring my general system. This, and a long sea voyage, aided efforts which would have been otherwise fruitless. On the other hand, let us not too rashly cast a stone at the opium-eater and think of him as a being unworthy of sympathy. If he is not to be envied—as, God knows, he is not—let him not be too much contemned.

I do not now refer to the miserable and groveling Chinese, who are fed on it almost from the cradle, but to the ordinary cases of educated and intellectual men in this country and in Europe ; and I assert that, could there be a realization of all the aspirations, all the longings after the pure, the good and the noble that fill the mind and pervade the heart of a cultivated and refined man who takes to this drug, he would be indeed the paragon of animals. And I go further and say that, given a man of cultivated mind, high moral sentiment and a keen sense of intellectual enjoyment, blended with strong imaginative powers, and just in proportion as he is so endowed will the difficulty be greater in

weaning himself from it. I mean, of course, before the will is killed. When that takes place, he is of necessity as powerless as any other victim, and his craving for it is as automatic as in the case of any other opium slave. What he becomes then, I have attempted to describe, and in doing so have suppressed much in consideration of the feelings of those who read.

This it is to be an opium-eater; and the boldest may well quail at the picture, drawn not by the hand of fancy, but by one who has supped of its horrors to the full, and who has found that the staff on

which he leaned has proven a spear which has wellnigh pierced him to the heart. Who, knowing this, will form a compact with this demon, the penalty for which transcends in horror all the legends ever penned of souls sold to the devil? Let no man believe he will escape: the bond matures at last; he finds himself in the toils, and the siren sings no more; the drug must be taken still, but its sweetness has flown. Well may one thus trapped apply the words described by Dante as written over the gates of hell: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

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### THE OLD VOLUNTEER.

THE old Granite State had already sent more than seventeen thousand of her children to danger and to suffering. Not the weak pen of a woman may tell of their fearless deeds, of their patient endurance, born of a patriotism that, where it truly and unselfishly exists, is a divine enthusiasm.

One evening we were gathered round the fireside, talking of the efforts being made to apprehend a number of deserters at that time in the State, when a loud rapping at the door interrupted us. An old man, dressed as a soldier in full rig, his cap on and a large leather bag swinging from his hands, came in the room—not with the upright bearing and military salute of a regular, but with the familiar and genial kindness of an old friend. He came close up to General Blank, the military commander of the State:

"Here I am, General," says he, in a jolly manner—"come to jine the army."

A nice-looking, fat old lady followed the soldier into the room. She wore a brown cloak, a great fur cape, blue yarn mittens and a red quilted hood. She took her stand behind the old soldier, and she in turn was followed by a youth about seventeen years of age—a delicate, mild-looking fellow.

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"Here I am—come to jine," said the soldier again.

"Where do you come from?" said the General.

"From home."

"How long have you been there?"

"Well, a little over a year, I guess."

"Who gave you leave of absence?"

"Nobody."

"How did you get home, then?"

"I went in the cars."

"What did you go home for?"

"I wanted to see my old woman."

The General turned himself and his chair around, stared at the man, and said, quietly, "Then you are a deserter."

The soldier retreated a step, and answered, "Am I a deserter, General?"

"I should think so. You enlisted as a soldier, and, from your own account, you have served your country by going home to see your wife."

"That's so. But I did serve with the army for a spell."

"Oh! you have been South, then? Where?"

"I didn't exactly go South, General. I served with the army in Boston."

"In Boston? What were you doing there?"



"I fified for the Eighth rigiment."

"You did; and when your regiment went South you deserted. I am looking up deserters now. I'll have you arrested as one."

The soldier looked back at his wife. How her eyes flashed! She had something to say, but not just then. She was the forlorn hope; but his part was not acted out.

"Don't be too hard on me, Ginerel," said the soldier, mildly.

"You will be treated as a deserter."

"I won't be sent down South?" said he, with a look of horror.

"Probably. That is what we want soldiers for just now."

He came nearer to the General and said, coaxingly, "I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, going anywhere to fight? Why, I'm seventy years old."

"How did you get in the army?" asked the General. "Who mustered you in?"

"You did."

"Then you did not tell me your age."

"Yes I did, Ginerel."

"You did not," said the General, "and you know you did not."

"Look here," said the soldier, touching him on the shoulder with his forefinger. "There's no use in gitting in a passion. Be quiet, and I'll tell you how it all came. I fifes for everything in our town. Whenever we have a jollification up there, Old John and his fife must be on hand. Now, when the fuss was raised about sending down soldiers, and the Eighth rigiment was a-gitting up, all the boys said, 'Now, Uncle Jack, you must go to the war too.' They all call me Uncle Jack," he continued, laughing—"they are fond of me and my fife at home. 'Why,' says I, 'what's the use of my carrying my old bones down South? I'd rather be buried at home.' 'Oh, you must fife for us,' they all said; and they coaxed and coaxed me, and I fified for 'em until the rigiment was mostly got up, and then they said I must 'list and go down South, for they couldn't go into battle without my fife; and I says, 'Boys, I'm seventy years old;' and they says, 'You go to Concord and tell the Ginerel

you are only forty-four, and keep your hat on. There's such a hurry and confusion there now, he won't notice; besides, you look younger nor any of us. He'll 'list you.' So I came to you and said, 'I want to go and serve my country;' and you looked kinder started, and asked me how old I was; and I said, 'Forty-four,' and you mustered me in. You see," he continued, with a benevolent smile, "you was so hurried and so bothered that you didn't notice my gray head, and you took me."

"And you deserted. Well, you must take the consequences. How long did you stay with your regiment?"

The old fellow straightened himself. "Ginerel, I stayed till the rigiment went South. As long as the boys stayed in Boston, I stayed; and, when they went off, I felt so bad I went home. Because, what was the use of my going South? I couldn't kill anybody. I hate to see a mouse caught in a trap."

"What is the use of any soldier going South, then?" said the General. "Suppose they all take it into their heads to go home? By your own statement you deceived me about your age, and you have deserted. You must be punished as a deserter."

"Don't be hard on me, Ginerel. I'm an old man. You wouldn't send an old man South, would you?"

"Certainly. That's where we want all of our soldiers to be."

The old lady stepped forward and the soldier stepped back. Her time had come.

"She, then, no longer ~~be~~ this champion call."

She looked very much excited as she drew from her pocket a large cotton handkerchief, with a village of a red brick color represented upon it. The houses, trees and pump were all very red; also the church, and a large rooster in the act of crowing, I suppose, judging by his triumphant attitude. The perspective of the scene was fine: the rooster's tail was exactly parallel to the extreme point of the church steeple. The old lady took a chair near the General, smoothed this handkerchief across her lap, moved her

chain closer and looked resolutely in his face.

"General," said she, "look here: I've got something to say about this. This man is my husband; I've lived with him fifty years, and had fourteen children by him, and I can't and won't hear to his going South, no how. Don't be getting *riled* now. I ain't afeard of you. I don't owe you nor the government nothing. John's been a soldier more than a year, and has been home a living on me most of that time, and I ain't had a cent for his board. And I don't ask nothing. But he's going home with me Saturday morning. That's to-morrow. I rode all day, to-day, in the cars, and I'm tired as I can be. I'll be right thankful to get John home, too: he's a foolish old fellow that can't take care of himself."

"Yes," said the old volunteer, smiling and twirling his thumbs, "I'm a foolish old fellow."

"Hush up," she said to him, authoritatively.

The General took advantage of this moment to say: "Your husband, by his own acknowledgment is a deserter; but I am glad he has given himself up rather than to have been arrested. He will have to join his regiment. Desertion is a very great crime, but he can join the soldiers in the field at once, and by his good conduct make up for this fault."

"General," said the old lady, "he can't go South; he—he—" and she burst into a loud fit of crying. Uncle John joined her. They both cried aloud. The scene was a melancholy one, but the old lady recovered her composure first. She had been repulsed, but only to make another charge. She wiped her eyes with the church steeple, and her nose with the rooster's tail. The old volunteer fumbled in his pockets, but finding nothing there, blew his nose on the cape of his coat.

"You see," said the old lady, composing herself, "it's no use a sending him South. What use would he be in a fight?"

"Yes," said her husband, "what use would I be in a fight?"

"What use are any in a fight?" asked the General.

"Oh, General!" answered the old man. "Some be of use. Them that's worth more than me. Why look at my head." He pulled off his cap and showed the snow under it. "And look at my knees!" He assumed a rheumatic attitude.

"Oh, General!" said his wife, "what's the use of talking? He sha'n't go. He's an old fool."

"An old fool," repeated the soldier.

"John! hush! General, don't you see he ain't fit for nothing but to play the fife? I'd like to see him in a battle."

"Yes!" said he, with a sardonic smile, "I'd like to see myself in a battle!"

"Won't you hush?" said his wife. "General! besides, having no sense, he's sick. He has the phthisic awful, and the asthmy too, and he's got some other awful diseases. I can't think of the names of them. The doctors talk so dreadful big."

My reader! There is a tradition that relates how every cadet at West Point must swallow a sword that he may never again sufficiently unbend to look undignified. The General's sword did not do its duty then, if ever he swallowed one. His dignity collapsed. He smiled a most unmilitary smile: it was, indeed, an honest laugh. But he managed to say, "Well! The doctor will examine him."

"What's the use of a doctor?" said she. "You see yourself what an old hulk he is. I've got two sons down South now," with another application of the rooster's tail—"two of the fourteen; and there's another of them standing there, the youngest of all."

I knew then why the boy was there—to go, if it became necessary, in his father's stead. His mother saw us all looking at him, and she laid her fat hands on the General's shoulder. "Look here, dear," she said, "John can go back—they can both go back with me to-morrow. Can't they? I don't believe you West Pint officers are half as bad as they say you are. You don't

belong to no temperance society, do you? They tell me you are a dissipated set, and has wine put in your puddin' sarces. Be that so?"

The entrance of some gentlemen on important business relieved the General from the necessity of an answer to this embarrassing charge. He told the old lady he would see her to-morrow, sent Uncle Jack in charge to his appointed place, and turned to the new-comers. ' I shook hands with the old lady, and thought I detected in her honest, bright eyes, a vision of the Old Volunteer playing the fife in the corner of her warm and orderly kitchen, instead of facing Jeff Davis. As for the General, I believe he would rather have confronted a whole army, alone and unaided, than to have had another interview with her. But he was destined to one more, of which, however, I was not the witness.

The next morning, and what a morning it was! The winds screamed and hallooed as they chased each other around the steeple of the Old North Church. As to the elms that lined the main street, they stretched their branches over to the opposite sidewalks, and dashed their boughs to the ground, and jerked them back, cracking and crashing each other, so that I thought they were facing their last storm. Such a noise, too, as there was in the hotel! Parlors, halls and offices were full of men going to the war. David Parker, the chief of the Shakers, was there, urging everybody to be patriotic, but swearing to himself that he would never trust his precious body out of sight of the Shaker damsels that took such care of it. He had no idea of soiling his new suit of drab, and as to his gaiters, they should not come in contact with the rebellious soil of the South. A great deal of taste had David in dress and women. On this, and every occasion, as he took his seat at the table, he looked carefully around to see where was the prettiest waiter-girl: he called her, and kept her very busy, providing the best dishes for him, while he talked and joked with her. David had a good time in this world, and he was, no doubt, very sorry to go

out of it. There was another old man there—a very old man, walking up and down the halls, and catching hold of the young soldiers in the style of the Ancient Mariner, telling stories of Ethan Allen. Nobody would listen to him. Present history was making too fast to consider what had been acted out.

Night came, and with it the time for the regiment to start for Washington. Crowds were inside the hotel and outside; women weeping, men laughing, hallooing, drinking.

Everything passes, and that evening passed away too. Soldiers and citizens, all were gone. The house was quiet, except when the step of some one going to his room broke the silence. My husband's tired step came at last. For once I had the good sense not to ask any questions, as he, leaning back in his arm-chair, dozed and started, and dozed again. Suddenly I remembered the Old Volunteer.

"General," I said, and he started and was thoroughly awake, "where's the old man?—old John and the fat old lady?"

"That old fool—that"—here the General forgot he was a member of the church, and used a word I do not like to write. "Why, the old villain deserted again this morning. All the fault of his wife. She had to come here and make a fuss. These—women"—here he again forgot his Christian profession—"These—women are for ever meddling."

"I know they are—and men are angels. But did you put a very strong guard over the old fellow? However, his wife could have routed any guard."

"Well," said the General, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I wish you had seen her in my office this morning. She actually told me to hold my tongue, as she took her husband by the collar and led him out."

"But he was a deserter," I said. "Have you sent him South?"

"I sent him to the devil," said he, "and his wife with him, and Beelzebub will have a nice time when she gets there."

The next morning, after breakfast, I

was sitting by the fire, thinking of the old lady, when she walked in. Her bland countenance and shining eyes expressed great peace of mind. She sat down near me, warming her hands and feet alternately. "Where's your old man?" she asked.

"Not in just now. May I ask where your old man is?"

"He's safe. He had the asthma very bad last night: I tell him he made as much noise breathing as our horse did that died of the heavens.

"Is he going to the war?"

"Bless you, no. Not he! All the generals in the world shouldn't make him go."

I hardly knew how to answer, and so was silent. She was quiet too, for a minute, and then, looking gravely at me, she said, "They tell me you came from Washington. Did you ever see Jeff. Davis?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, tell me—is he a mortal man or a born devil?"

"A little of both, some say."

"It's likely," she said. "Oh many's the night when the wind is howling round our old house, I wonder if my boys are safe out of the fight. Safe out of one, and may be dead in the other. I can't lay still, and I long for the morning to go to work. The stars make me feel the worst. They go on shining as if a body wasn't miserable as could be. John, he sleeps and snores as if his boys were safe in their bed at home; but that's the way with men. Give them their victuals and let 'em go to sleep, and earthquakes won't wake them."

"And yet you seem to take a good deal of trouble for your husband."

"That's so." After a moment she continued, in a confidential tone, "I hadn't been married to him long before I found out he was—well, a fool; and I never see him anyways different since. He aggravates me almost to death. If I scold him, he laughs—do what you will, he laughs. He was awful sick last year, and the doctor said, 'John, ninety-

nine chances out of a hundred that you'll die.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll take the one chance,' and he laughed. So he got well. He never would work. I do all myself, outside and inside. For all that, he's a good, honest man. He never harmed man nor beast. He's old now, and foolisher than when he was young. He can't take care of himself. He 'listed and went off unbeknown to me—and what would he do with a gun? If the rebels did not shoot him, he'd shoot himself. Now, dear," laying her hand on mine, "tell the General he ain't got no cause to fret. John ain't no loss to him nor the government. But," and she raised her voice, while her face flushed up, "he better not send no soldiers after him. I don't mean no offence, but I may as well speak plain. If he comes up to our place to take John for a deserter—he or his soldiers—he'll get a tea-kettle of hot water on him. I'll spile his uniform for him. You better keep him where he is, if you want to keep him out of harm's way. Good-bye, dear," she said, calming down. "God bless you."

"But your husband?"

"Don't worry about him. I'll see to him. I'll take him home to-morrow. I couldn't get there Saturday night, but to-morrow 'll do."

A short time after I heard of the worthy couple. When last seen, the old volunteer was paring apples, by order of his wife, when he observed to a neighbor who had come in to talk about the war, "Them regular officers be very stiff, and thinks a sight of themselves, but my old woman took the sperrit out of the one that 'listed me in Concord."

"Hold your tongue, John," said a voice from the next room. "He was glad to get rid of you. Keep that old apron of mine over your clothes. You've got enough soldier-clothes to last you the rest of your life. They didn't cost me nothing, but it is of no use to spile them. Hurry up with them apples, or I'll take the sperrit out of you."

## COMMON SCHOOLS IN NEW JERSEY.

THE two easiest things in the world to do are sneering and bragging. It does not argue much for human nature to be obliged, at the same time, to add that few methods of argument, if diligently followed up, are usually more effective.

No community has suffered more from this species of injustice than New Jersey. Though she contributes more internal revenue to the general government, in proportion to her population and her size, than any other State in the Union, and though land in her borders is worth more per acre than in any other State, she is almost universally named with a sneer, as though her soil were waste and barren and her population next door to paupers; and as to education, she is spoken of as being utterly benighted and ignorant, without any system of public schools worthy of mention, and without any progressive or liberal spirit on the subject in the minds of her people.

We do not propose to take up the cudgel in behalf of our neighbor across the Delaware. But it may be of some interest to our readers to know what New Jersey is actually doing in the way of popular education.

In the first place, then, she has a general School law, which, for simplicity, comprehensiveness, ease of working, inexpensiveness in the matter of mere official machinery, and capability of adjustment to the varying wants of her people, may safely challenge comparison with that of any other State. Instead of legislating for all the petty minutæ of school routine, as most of our States have done, making a whole volume of school laws which it takes some months of study to master, New Jersey, in framing her school law, has, in the main, put into the form of legal enactment only general principles, leaving the details to the decisions of a Board of administration composed of some of her ablest and most influential citizens.

Other States have, indeed, such educational Boards, but in no case have the legislators been equally wise, either in the manner of constituting the Board itself or in the kind and amount of powers committed to them. Let us look for a moment at the manner in which the New Jersey State Board of Education is constituted, and see if our assertion is not carried out. This Board, in the first place, is essentially a representative body, every part of the State having, by necessity, two or more members in it; and, secondly, it is as free from political and partisan influence as any body emanating from legislative action can well be.

The members of the Board are all members *ex officio*—that is, by virtue of their holding some other office—the Board consisting of the Trustees of the School Fund and the Trustees of the State Normal School.

The Trustees of the School Fund are the following six high officers of State, to wit: the Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, State Comptroller, President of the Senate and Speaker of the Assembly. These officers, from the necessity of the case, are well acquainted with public feeling. They know—better, probably, than any other six men that could be chosen—what are the wants and wishes of the people, and are potential in reconciling the people to measures that are new and that need easing. They possess great personal and official influence, and can accomplish almost anything reasonable which they unitedly and heartily undertake, either in modifying the school law when necessary, or in carrying it faithfully into execution. While they are politicians, they are yet so far removed above the arena of small local and neighborhood partisanship, such as is apt to be mixed up in school matters, that the danger from this source is reduced to a minimum. There are, moreover, some other checks, presently to be named, that would in a measure counter-

balance any tendency of the sort should it show itself.

The Trustees of the Normal School, who compose the other and larger part of the State Board, are ten in number, two being taken from each of the five Congressional districts. This secures at all times a representation from every part of the State. The object of having two from each district is, that both political parties may be represented—an object which has been faithfully carried out, there being in the Board five Democrats and five Republicans. The Trustees are appointed by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate. They are all gentlemen of liberal education, and, like Judge Field, of the United States District Court, and ex-Chancellor Williamson, are generally men who have withdrawn somewhat from the activities of public, at least of political, life. Though appointed for a term of two years, the appointment is virtually a permanent one, as they are uniformly reappointed, unless death, or election to some incompatible office, prevents. The leading Trustees have been members since the first organization of the Board, having been regularly reappointed when their terms expired, without regard to their political character, and no matter what may have been, for the time, the political complexion of the Legislature.

These two bodies, then—the Trustees of the School Fund and the Trustees of the Normal School—together with the Treasurer of the Normal School, constitute, *ex officio*, the State Board of Education. To these seventeen men are committed large powers of general supervision and administration, beside several most important specific powers. They have the appointment of the State Superintendent and of the twenty-one County Superintendents, and they can at any time dismiss these officers for cause. This gives a living, efficient power which is felt in every school-house in the State. The State Board is required, moreover, to take into consideration the wants of the school system, and to make annually, to the Legislature, recommendations of any legis-

lation that may be needed. The object of this is to have the school laws shaped by a permanent body having the subject in charge, instead of being patched out by temporary suggestions and expedients growing out of some local friction or prejudice. The State Board, moreover, is expressly authorized, under each head of the general law, to make rules and regulations for carrying out the details, giving it, in regard to these details, a semi-legislative character.

We have spoken of checks upon the Board in regard to its making political and partisan appointments. The ten Normal Trustees, being not only a majority of the body, but comparatively permanent, act, of course, as a sort of balance-wheel to the whole. How far this part of the Board is likely to be swayed by partisan considerations is evident from the fact that, in all its administration of the Normal School since its foundation, it has never been even suspected of making an appointment on political grounds, from the appointment of principal to that of janitor. Of course it would be possible—as what is not possible in public life?—for a Governor and Senate to violate the implied understanding on which this Board is organized, and to give a partisan character to it and its action. But in all the heats and bitterness of the last thirteen years this implied compact has been preserved intact. Entire good faith in this matter has marked every administration, Democratic or Republican. The Normal Trustees, therefore, from their position and the character of their appointment, are a natural check upon any tendency which the State Board might have to become a political machine.

There is another important check upon the action of the State Board in the exercise of its power of appointing the County Superintendents. These appointments have to be confirmed. The Chosen Freeholders of each county, composed of representatives from the several townships, and constituting a sort of local legislature, have a veto upon the appointment for their county. The State Board has, indeed, the initiative, but it dare

not send into any county a superintendent who, for personal or political reasons, would be unacceptable to the body of the people. On this account it can never venture upon any wholesale partisan measures in its appointments. Should a Board having a Republican majority attempt this, its nominees would be rejected in the Democratic counties. Should a Democratic Board attempt it, its nominees would be rejected in the Republican counties. There was a practical application of this in the appointments which took place last summer. The Board having then a Republican majority, out of the twenty-one appointments ten were Republican and eleven Democratic. In like manner, a few years ago, in the Normal School, when, accidentally, the Democrats were in the majority in the Board, and when, moreover, every branch of the State government was overwhelmingly Democratic, a principal for the school was appointed who was an avowed and open Republican. The choice was made not on account of his political character, but solely out of regard to his reputation and abilities as an educator.

These instances show that Jersey men have in some way managed to steer clear of the maelstrom of politics, both in the framing and in the practical administration of their school law. It is a great achievement, as the failure of other States in this matter can testify, and it deserves the space we have given to explain it.

The School Fund of New Jersey, though not large, is respectable, amounting to \$557,115 39. The school law provides that the income derived from this fund shall be supplemented from the ordinary resources of the State, so as to make an annual distribution of \$100,000. This sum of \$100,000 is apportioned among the several counties in the ratio of the number of children between the ages of five and eighteen. Before the several townships and school districts can avail themselves of their portion of the State appropriation, they are obliged to raise certain other and much larger amounts, and to keep their schools open at least one half the year. The additional amount thus raised by local tax-

ation was last year \$726,264 09. Thus the whole annual amount spent by the State in the support of her common schools is \$826,264 09, and the amount is rapidly increasing. This sum does not include the amount expended in building school-houses, but only the current expenses for salaries of teachers and incidentals.

That these figures are not so utterly contemptible as some would represent them, is evident from the slightest comparison with the corresponding statistics of other communities. Philadelphia and Pennsylvania claim to hold their own, in the matter of popular education, alongside of any of the cities and States of the Union. Philadelphia, with a population about equal to that of New Jersey, spends upon her public schools (omitting, as in the case of New Jersey, the amount for building purposes) \$735,140<sup>89</sup>, and Pennsylvania, with a population of 2,906,215, spends for the same purposes, \$3,798,741 03. In each of the three cases the expenditure is about one dollar and a third per head of the entire population. The population of New Jersey at the last census was 672,035.

New Jersey early took decided and liberal ground on the subject of educating teachers for her schools, and, in advance of most of the States, established a Normal School, which, from its beginning, has ranked among the best in the land. As a part of this institution is to be reckoned, of course, the Preparatory School at Beverly, which is supported partly by State appropriation, and partly by the income of a bequest from one of her citizens, and which, by the very terms of its organization, is auxiliary to the main school at Trenton. To give some idea of the liberal spirit in which these institutions have been conceived, it may be stated that the whole property belonging to the State Normal School and its adjuncts is valued at \$220,000, subject to an incumbrance of only \$26,000, which is in a rapid process of extinction; and that it has an annual income, from State appropriation and other sources, of \$27,000, with an

attendance, as appears from the last annual catalogue, of twenty-seven professors and teachers, and one thousand and twenty-six students.

The State is already reaping the benefit of her wise liberality in establishing an institution of this enlarged and generous character. As a result of the movement, new and commodious school-houses, of modern construction, have been erected in various parts of the State, improved methods of teaching have been introduced, and a liberal spirit on the subject of education has been very generally diffused. The graduates of the school everywhere make their mark. They are rapidly filling the leading positions in the public schools of the State. They exert a controlling influence in the State Teachers' Association. They were mainly instrumental in originating and perfecting the admirable system of school law which now prevails. The present State Superintendent of Public

Instruction, as also his immediate predecessor, are graduates of the school.

Movements and institutions of a liberal character are never the work of chance. They spring from the brain and the heart of large-hearted and far-seeing men. New Jersey has many such within her borders, who have given freely of their time, their money and their thoughts to the shaping and establishment of her system of public schools. While in this work there have been many laborers worthy of honorable mention, no one who knows anything of the history of the State for the last forty years could hesitate for a moment in designating the Hon. Richard S. Field, of Princeton, as having been pre-eminently the leader in this work of popular education. To him unquestionably, more than to any other one man, is New Jersey indebted for whatever is wise, liberal, and progressive in her system of common schools.

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#### WOMANHOOD AND CHIVALRY IN AMERICA.

**H**ISTORY is repeating itself in the regard borne by the stronger and rougher moiety of creation toward the weaker and more delicate, as it repeats itself in nearly every detail of mental, moral and physical action, until the question sometimes arises whether we are not all traveling in a circle, after the manner of the lost man in the woods, making rapid and continual strides, with much expenditure of breath and vigor, but no progress whatever. History is repeating itself, in this important particular, in that land of all the world which has best illustrated the extent possible to be reached by manhood in chivalric devotion to womanhood—America.

There is not so much bowing of the mental knee at the shrine of beauty to-day, in the best and most intelligent circles of the New World, as there was five years ago. Five years ago there was

less than there had been at the commencement of the previous half decade. It might be possible to go yet farther without straining the point of fact, and assert that ten years ago there was less of this chivalric devotion than in 1848; but so many changes have really taken place in American society during the period running back from ten to fifteen years, so many foreign elements have been introduced into it, and so many refinements have blended with it in certain directions, balanced by coarsenesses and vulgarities elsewhere, that perhaps it would not be quite fair to extend the comparison beyond the ten years originally contemplated. Nor is it of importance, for the purposes of this article, to consider whether a corresponding change has taken place within the same period in a society most nearly approximating to our own in a majority of regards—the



English: enough for the statement and the considerations following to embrace what is known as "respectable society" in the United States. Not necessarily society exclusively fashionable, exclusively wealthy or exclusively highly educated—all society above absolute want, reasonably well-informed, and supposed to possess the humanizing influences of comfort and an average proportion of its amenities.

To this, then, must be applied the assertion already made, that chivalric devotion to womanhood has decayed from its height and glory among that large proportion of men which may be said to give tone to the whole mass; that to-day, while there may be a disposition to surround woman with as much comfort, and even luxury, as could have been accorded to her at the most over-liberal period, there is a marked tendency to pull her down from the pedestal on which she is enthroned, look upon her with much less reverent eyes, and even speak the truth of her, as if she were merely mortal, like the other half of humanity.

Is this true? If true, there may be those not disposed to regret the fact; while others will feel, with the present writer, that in any decadence of chivalric feeling toward that sex from which come our sweethearts, wives and mothers, something of charm and beauty goes out of our daily life not easily to be replaced and long to be regretted. If false, the speculation will merely pass for what it is worth—the warning being yet possibly worth something in the event of any other nation, or ourselves, ever falling into the position which it is thus concluded that we have not reached.

Assuming the decadence of chivalry among American men toward the women with whom they are thrown in contact; that there are fewer true heart-poems addressed to them than there were ten years ago; that there is less joyful alacrity in the giving up of seats to them in cars or stages; that there is a fainter feeling of honor in being allowed to conduct an "unprotected female" over a muddy crossing, or give up the use of

an umbrella, leaving the round hat exposed in behalf of a flower-garden or rosette of bonnet; that there is a scarcely-acknowledged falling off in the alacrity of championing the defenceless, merely because of their sex; that the hat is a little seldomer lifted in the street than it was wont to be when the fashion first "came in" from Paris; that there is a shade less of bewilderment in the thought of being allowed to kiss the empty toe of a dainty slipper, while the chance touch of a loose curl does not send such pronounced shivers through the frames of even the very young; that the anxiety to undertake the responsibilities of house-keeping is somewhat more slowly and guardedly expressed than at a late period which we all remember; that, in short, womanhood is less deified and more likely to be met on a common plane than it was when encountered ten years ago;—assuming all this—and all this most close observers are disposed to assume in their sober judgments, whether they have or lack the candor to throw out the assertion before the bright eyes most peculiarly interested—there is a cause for this decadence, and the world of social life may not be the poorer for a plain statement of what this cause is believed to be.

This cause is to be found, beyond question, in the ignoring, by some of those most deeply interested, of a homely but expressive axiom which gives warning that "You cannot eat your cake and have it too." Too much has been grasped, or perhaps only grasped *at*, the matter being rendered much worse by the fact that the coincident clutch has been made at advantages diametrically opposed to each other. To put the statement in plainer words, woman has lately been demanding at the same time the tender protection proper to be extended to those physically weak and incapable of making the hard fight of life side by side with manhood, and the deferential respect belonging to those who have the power to make their way through all combats without demanding a lightened blow from the strongest. The world may be, in some regards, a

generous one; but it is not generous enough to accord this double and contradictory estimation.

Womanhood and manhood differ, mentally as well as materially, and quite as much in constitution and capability as in physical conformation. The old nonsense about the "superiority" of one sex to the other, and the higher or lower "plane" which each occupies, is of course exploded; but, in all rational minds, something of the "sphere" idea remains. Not the idea of a *higher* or a *lower* sphere—only of a *different* one. And wherever that idea is waived, and the impression adopted in its place that there is really little or no difference in the capacities of the two sexes for meeting the different varieties of world's work and mastering them, it is inevitable that the sense of the duty to protect should correspondingly pass away; that, more or less, that feeling should have birth which exists between equals and rivals in the same detail of life and action.

A homely axiom has just been used as conveying the truth involved: an equally homely incident may serve still further to illustrate this theory of estimation.

Between a certain middle-aged fisherman of the American coast, and his wife of many years' standing, relations the reverse of pleasant were known to exist. Bickerings not unfrequently grew to quarrels, quarrels to scuffles, and scuffles to fights, with the final result which might have been expected—victory for the stronger sex and tearful and complaining defeat for the weaker. Those who had chanced to be present at any of these conflicts averred that the wife was invariably the first aggressor, not only in words but blows; and a wide section of country long canvassed with satisfaction the pithy sentence with which the husband, after one of the struggles, settled the moral question as he had before settled the physical. "Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the chastised woman in the hearing of certain anxious neighbors. "Oh! oh! oh! Tom! you ought to remember that woman is the 'weaker vessel!'" "Confound it, woman!" re-

plied Tom, taking up the scriptural phrase in a sense more appropriate to his own daily experience; "if you are a 'weak vessel,' and want anybody to use you like one, you mustn't begin by carrying such an infernal crowd of sail!"

The American, of any and all of the more respectable classes of society, is the most helpful of men, as he is the most active. No amount of labor, physical or mental, is too great for his endurance, where he has both a duty and a reward in the enduring. No amount of aid and protection overtakes his nature, at once generous and self-confident, when heart and hand are both appealed to in the demand. Up to the extremest point to which the two influences can travel together, he has probably more capacity for active, personal worship than the man of any nation, past or present. Make it clear to him that he owes a duty of self-sacrificing benevolence, and, in so large a percentage of cases that the opposite is not only an exception but a rare one, you may consider the benefit conferred. Make it plain to him that protection is needed at his hands, and the chivalry of all the mixed nations from which he has descended is likely to grow into knight-errantry before he stops to parley with the soberer herald—reason. Give him loving, lovely, confiding weakness as his object, and he will lay down more lives for it than for wealth, fame, honor, and all the other influences combined.

But there is another side to the story. The world has given birth to no more determined asserter of the doctrine that what he is to be called upon to make of extra effort shall be made with a fair understanding and candid acknowledgment of the requirement, and that the effort shall be made in his own way. No false pretences or double-dealing in enlisting his sympathies, or better that the demand had never been made! No evidence that he has been either paltered with or imposed upon, or something very like the bitterest enemy grows from the warmest friend! Neither his own turtle nor oyster has a sharper faculty of shutting self within the shell when he

sees, or believes that he sees, the necessity for reaction. He is an Arab in one important point of view, and will deal as does Selim in measuring the confidence that has been placed in him. Approach Selim in his tent, and hand him a purse of an hundred sequins, with a request that he will keep it safely for your return, and he will often peril his life, sometimes lose it, to keep faithful his trust: attempt to hide it from him, and thus manifest a want of confidence in his honor, and he will at any moment peril life to steal what you keep from him. Earnestly helpful and protective, as well as lavishly generous on due occasion, the American can be the opposite of all, in quite a corresponding degree, when there is the faintest shadow of a suspicion that he is to be overreached through the channel of his benevolence.

It is no pleasant or grateful task to say that some of the women of America have for years been more and more illustrating those two forcible lines of Prime Minister Canning to the British Ambassador at the Hague:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is, giving too little and asking too much."

But the truth must be told—the truth, as many feel it, but as few have the courage (or the recklessness) to express it. There are too many of our fair countrywomen who, while demanding the consideration and care due to "the weaker vessel," have been "carrying a heavy crowd of sail" in the way of demands for appreciation as the equal if not the superior of man in all the sterner regards. They have demanded to be at once protected and looked up to. They have been becoming, more and more for years, costly dolls in luxury of dress and appointment, inefficient because avowedly irresponsible helpmates, claimants of more devotion and protection than have ever previously been bestowed upon the wives, sisters and sweethearts of any nation since the "first syllable of recorded time;" and they have been, at the same time, and in almost corresponding progression, laying more and more claim to

those peculiar qualities usually supposed to be found chiefly in the masculine brain and physique, the acknowledged possession of which, on their part, would relieve their protectors from more than half the tender care so lavishly bestowed.

Now, it has never been demonstrated—however the mere opinion may have originated and gained ground—that an entire misplacement of the sexes did not long ago occur, the man taking severe labors, charges and responsibilities which should have been the property of the woman, and the woman accepting milder labors, shelterings, protections and minor worries which should have belonged to the man. Nor, probably, would there be any serious opposition made, on the part of the men, to an entire re-arrangement, by which the comparative privacy, home duties, bills paid to hand, costly array and other perquisites of the fairer moiety might become theirs, and their places at the desk, in the field, on ship-board, in professions and society, be transferred to the hitherto defrauded. No serious opposition to an *entire* re-arrangement: it is the partial re-arrangement to which they object. Men—at least American men—wish, and perhaps not unnaturally, to know within which of the two classes their fairer and dearer halves intend to place themselves; and it is perhaps not less natural that, while the present uncertainty exists, the chivalric should be temporarily replaced by the calculating and defensive.

For, as before said, not even American chivalry can quite consent to waste its vigorous tenderness. It loves to protect, but it demands that the thing protected shall both need and acknowledge the aid afforded. It delights to kneel, but the kneeling must be done to no insensate image: the idol must have blood, breath and willingness to receive and repay the devotion. It has a hat to lift, now as ever; but there must be a bend of the fair head in response, or the hand will, after a time, cease to perform its pleasant office. It has dear loves to expend; but either it must first love its own manhood, or those loves cannot be expended on arrogant demand,

and at shrines of which the goddesses daily take "strong-minded" pains to prove that they have not a weakness, a need or a capacity for thanks. And if it has vigor remaining to rise from seat in car or omnibus, and if it tacitly admits that seventy in broadcloth *must* rise for seventeen in poplin, perhaps it really marks no decay of positive chivalry, and no falling off in the loving respect due true womanhood, if it pauses a moment to imagine whether the recipient of the courtesy is or is not on her way home from a conclave in which she has just been demonstrating her right to the ballot and her inherent superior strength, physical and mental, to that of the "male monster" of whom she thus proclaims independence.

Womanhood in America, and especially in those larger cities of the East which give tone to "society," has lately given too little, demanded too much: it has arrogated two positions at the same time—those of the superior and the authoritative pensioner—not easily held among a self-willed and sharp-thinking people; and if it finds to-day something of the decadence first spoken of, let it read back to a well-known incident of those days of the "moyen age" which both history and romance love to touch

with their brightest colors, and find, in that record, that though the knight performed a cruel and unreasonable requirement of his lady-love, leaping down into the arena and bringing back her glove from the very midst of the beasts there ravening for blood, yet she had fatally overstrained the privilege of her womanhood in the behest, and when he laid down the glove he left her presence and *her* for ever!

There is always a fear, especially in discussing an unpalatable subject, that those least intended to be affected by a particular statement may be the most nervously rapid to apply it to themselves. A pity of pities if such should be the case in the present instance! For the too arrogant claim and the consequent failure and decadence are by no means universal among us. So far from it, that those of whom I have been speaking are the exception and not the rule. America has some of the truest womanhood that the whole broad earth can supply; and those who radiate it, however they may be affected as a class by the mistaken conduct of some of their sisters, seldom find personal cause to complain of any falling off in that chivalry of true manhood which naturally belongs alike to our soil, climate and character.

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### AN INTERLUDE.

A wild bird lights on the crested pine,  
Swaying a-top of its tenderest spear,  
And down through the leaves to the trailing vine  
Carols his wood-notes sweet and clear.

Through brush and brier, through glade and dell,  
Pierces the melody soft and low,  
'Till all within ear of its subtle spell  
He forces to list to it, willing or no.

It twines in the dance of the eddying leaves,  
It blends with the tone of the shaded rill,  
And breathes in the sigh the west wind heaves  
When the days are long and the woods are still.

The swallow halts in his flight to think,  
 The night-owl opens his great, calm eyes,  
 While from her perch by the river brink  
 The dove looks up with a coy surprise.

The maid in the house at the forest edge,  
 Who sits at her lattice and sings of love,  
 And rests on her arms by the window-ledge,  
 To peer through the trees to the depths above—

Is dumb as she catches the sweeter strains,  
 And dreams of a love she has never known,  
 Of a faith that unshaken yet remains,  
 When all that it clings to has careless grown.

Deep in the shade of the silver beech  
 The poet lies on the velvet moss,  
 And seeks what the lore of the past can teach  
 To sever the gold from the dregs and dross ;

But starts from his page at the sudden hush,  
 And wonders the birds no longer sing—  
 That the lark is mute, and the whistling thrush,  
 And the cuckoo-bird, and each living thing ;

When there thrills through his brain a finer sense  
 Of truth and of beauty than e'er was sung,  
 And he looks to the sky in a rapt suspense,  
 Lest from heaven those sounds divine have sprung.

Then all is silent ; the song is still ;  
 Breathless and eager the listeners wait  
 To hear, by the far-off wooded hill,  
 An answering call from the stranger's mate.

But it never comes ; and though, ere long,  
 The oriole sings while the jays complain,  
 Yet the ravishing notes of the wild bird's song  
 Are never heard in the woods again.

## "LA REINA DE LAS ANTILLAS." \*

"We left behind the painted buoy  
That tossed at the harbor mouth;  
And madly danced our hearts with joy,  
As fast we fled to the *South*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Warm broke the breeze against the brow,  
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail;

\* \* \* \* \*  
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel  
And swept behind; so swift the run,

\* \* \* \* \*  
We seemed to sail into the *Sun*."—TENNYSON.

YES, and a beautiful Queen she is, with the sapphire and emerald waters of the Gulf, sparkling 'neath the glories of a tropic sun, washing her stony feet in angry spray, or, where her golden shores stretch out, rippling in gentle waves upon the sandy levee, as though murmuring in low but passionate tones the love-notes of the South. Ah! Carissima, indeed!

Cuba! the land of the cocoa and the palm, of the golden banana and the luscious orange! well may the hearts of thy sons, and the lustrous, dark eyes of thy maidens, glow and glisten with pride at the praises of thy sunny isle!

How few Americans there are who have formed any correct conception of "Life in the Tropics!" To the generality of us, Cuba suggests the idea of heat and yellow fever, of venomous reptiles and insects, slaves and sugar, oranges and ever-blooming flowers—an idea in a great degree erroneous.

Few indeed can realize that, leaving the snow-clad hills of New York harbor in the depth of winter, in three and a half or four days they will be sailing over the placid waters of the bay of Havana under a tropic sun, which, even in midwinter, rivals that of our own land in its season of dog-day heat, to see around them the verdure-clad hills, with the graceful palm and cocoa tree clear against the pure blue sky of the beautiful isle, so truly called "the most precious jewel of the Spanish crown."

"Cuba is in sight, sir," says the stew-

\* "The Queen of the Antilles."

ard, as, after enjoying to a late hour the previous evening that most delicious of pleasures, a moonlit tropical night at sea, I lie dozing in my berth on the morning of the fourth day out. "You can see it from your window," he adds; and turning in my berth, there, sure enough, are seen the hills of Cuba and the indistinct outlines of the Morro Castle, looking, as I see them through my window, like some beautiful painting, to which the oval of the "dead-light" forms a frame.

We are fortunate in arriving so opportunely; for, had we arrived the previous evening after sundown, though it were still daylight, we would have been compelled to lie outside all night, as no vessels are allowed to enter after evening-gun fire at sundown, no matter what the weather may be.

There are the signals flying in the morning breeze from the watch-tower of the grim Morro Castle, and now we have before us a full view of Havana and its surroundings—the Morro to the left; to the right, the city with the fort of "La Punta" (historic, too) on its extreme point, the white, blue and yellow-colored houses, with their red tiled roofs, looking fresh and bright in this breezy January morning.

Still later we are passing within easy stone's-throw of the grim-looking Morro, from whose battlements the sentry hails us as we go swiftly by; then to the left, the white walls on the abrupt hills of the Cabañas fortifications; to the right again, the bayside walls of the city, with the roofs of houses and towers of churches piled up in close proximity; and there, fresh and green like an oasis in the desert of stone houses, the small but pretty "Paseo (promenade) de Valdez," looking so invitingly cool in the shade of its trees; some of the other Paseos, in the outer portion of the city, being marked out by the long, regular rows of green trees that stretch away until they are lost in the distant buildings.

Still swiftly gliding on up the bay, passing as we go the huge Spanish men-of-war, and vessels of all nations sailing in and out, we see to great advantage this far-famed, beautiful bay. A turn to the right, and we see the long line of covered wharves, with the shipping of the world lying side by side awaiting the completion of their cargoes; to the left, the white walls of still another fort, the "Casa Blanca," that commands the city, and farther on, in front of us, we see the little town of "Regla," with its immense warehouses of solid stone and corrugated iron for storing the sugar of the island, as substantial and handsome in their structure as any the world can show; and now we are at anchor.

Havana! shall I ever forget the agreeable yet strange impressions made upon me by thy walls, when, in the full blush of youthful vigor, landing at the Custom-House years ago, my foot first trod a foreign soil?—impressions which now, after this lapse of years, and even after months of suffering, are in no wise marred by a second visit, but rather strengthened in their pleasurable emotions. Still the same sights, the same novelties; the clattering of a foreign tongue; the narrow streets; the handsome stores with their entire contents exposed to view; the variegated awnings which, stretched from wall to wall across the streets, while keeping off the sun, give a strangely pretty yet bazaar-like appearance to them; still the same funny names of stores, "Palo Gordo" (fat stick), "Leon de Oro" (golden lion), "Delicias de las Damas" (ladies' delight), etc. And yet again the gorgeous "quitrin" or "volante" (two-wheeled gig), with its beautifully dressed, dark-eyed señoras, who ogle you from behind their fans, with no covering upon their heads but that so magnificently bestowed by nature in the shape of "tresses dark as raven's wing," the horses of their conveyance marshaled by a swarthy negro, gorgeous in gold-laced livery, boots that come up to his waist, and decked with silver spurs. And here again, too, the identical donkey of years gone by, not over four feet high, his head and hoofs

being the only portions of him visible from under his great load of sugar-cane tops for fodder.

Your ears are still saluted too, at every square, by the cry of the peripatetic lottery-ticket vender, who, with his brass government badge, bawls out in full periods of the rich Castilian dialect, "Boletas de Loteria—numero quinientos cincuenta y ocho" (558), which is one of the number he has for sale.

Here, as we go by the "Café Dominicana," which used to be the great resort, we will stop and try "una cosa de Cuba," which goes under the name of "Refresco," and may be an orangeade, lemonade, or the special Cuban drink of "Pañales," a sort of "eau sucrée," made from the white of egg and sugar, and looking, as it stands in the glass, like a corn-cob in dissolution.

Ah! this easy-going tropical life of Cuba, with its lack of bustle, its siestas, its universally courteous people, its highly-colored and graceful trees and vegetation, its breezy mornings, and calm, pleasant evenings in the "Plazas," when beautifully decorated with tropic trees and flowers, and brilliant with gas-jets, smoking your fragrant Cabaña, one sits so pleasantly, drinking in the delicious strains of the military band that performs every evening at the expense of the government; or watching the beautiful women as they sit around the square in their gorgeous volantes, or glide rather than walk in their brilliant toilettes through the flowery walks!

Is this all to be some day changed by the influx or infusion of the energy, the restlessness and the bustle of a people from another land? Maybe it will be, as with the writer, that the influence of the tropics will change their nature for the time, and the new-comer will fall into the courteous, gallant ways of "El Cubano," who, passing some unglazed window, and seeing therein some dark-eyed, graceful señorita, doffs his sombrero as a mere passer-by, exclaiming with antique gallantry, "I put myself at your feet, señora;" or, "The surpassing beauty of thine eyes will not permit me to pass without doing them

homage," grateful if he is rewarded, as he always will be, by the lady's smiling yet stately, "Gracias, señor," thus acknowledging the tribute she deems only her just due. Ay de mi!

But here we are at our hotel, and plenty of hotels there are to satisfy every taste, though somewhat different from our great caravansaries like the "Continental" or the "Fifth Avenue;" to me, the ease and comfort of the "Santa Isabel," "Hotel Telegrafo," or "Hotel de la Inglaterra," are more acceptable, with their "café con leche," or "chocolate," at early morning, their eleven o'clock breakfasts of luscious fruits and cool salads, and their abundant and pleasant dinners at five or six o'clock: after dinner comes the delicious drive on the "Paseo," where magnificent equipages, lovely women, and well-dressed men, added to the beautiful surroundings of stately, graceful palms, and avenues of tropical trees, make up a scene that will vie with anything the world can show; the day ending, maybe, by a charming stroll in the magnificent grounds of "El Jardin Botanico" at the Governor General's, where, at no expense and without let or hindrance, one can wander for hours at a time through a garden that, in its luxuriant magnificence of trees, fruits and flowers, rivals anything the eye has ever seen in America.

But we are dwelling too much upon Havana; so let us take a more general and practical view of the whole island of Cuba.

Cuba is the largest of the West India Islands. Its greatest length is about seven hundred and ninety miles; its width varies from twenty-eight to one hundred and twenty-seven miles; so that the island has a very elongated shape. The area is about forty-three hundred square miles. The coast line is about two thousand miles, but hardly one-third of it is accessible to vessels: the remainder is surrounded by banks, reefs and rocks. Only the south-eastern part of the island is mountainous—that which lies between Cape Cruz, Cape Maysi and the town of Holguin. This group is

known as the Sierra or Montañas de Maestra, or Cobre, and in its highest points rises more than seventy-two hundred feet above the level of the sea; in fact, "Turquino," the highest peak on the island and visible on the south coast, is said to be, by late measurement, eight thousand feet high. A few minor mountains occur in other parts. Along the southern coast large tracts of lowland occur; in fact, the whole country between Batabano and Jagua (*Cienfuegos*) is nothing but a low swamp, which extends three or four miles inland. The island generally is fertile and suited to agricultural and cattle-raising purposes, while in some of the mountains are found valuable minerals.

There are no large rivers in Cuba. Some are navigable a few miles inland for small boats, others are used for irrigating the adjacent fields; but the waters of all, without exception, are delicious and pure for drinking purposes, some of the streams, particularly those running from the mountains, being clear and cool.

The climate is for the most part temperate, compared with that of some other islands in the same latitude; no snow is ever known to fall, even in the mountains; hail-storms are rare; they occur only once in fifteen or twenty years, and always with a S.S.W. wind; hurricanes are less frequent than in Jamaica, and sometimes do not occur for five or six years, and even then they vent their fury rather upon sea than land, occurring more particularly on the southern coast. Occasionally, during what are known as the cold months, there are cold winds (*los nortes*) blowing from the north, which last rarely longer than forty-eight hours, and which, even to a Northern man, would be deemed not half so uncomfortable as the March winds with us. No month of the year is free from rain, but the greatest quantity falls in May, June and July. Slight shocks of earthquake are occasionally felt, but, judging from one that I experienced, they serve only to get up a pleasant excitement.

In general in the torrid zone there are two seasons, known as the wet (*lluviosa*)



and the dry (*seca*); but, more properly, three can be admitted in Cuba: the dry, the wet and that of the northers, and they are very marked in their differences.

The first comprises the months of March, April and May, though in the latter month the wet season sometimes begins, prolonging itself even into October, while the northers are experienced from November to February.

With the first rains begins the season of spring (*primavera*), during which it rains and thunders almost daily, and the temperature rises to a great height, with but little variation night or day: the showers, however, last sometimes only an hour or two, accompanied by thunder and lightning, which serve in some degree to dispel the intense heat existing before the rain.

In the interior of the island the heat is never so extreme as on the coast, owing in great degree to the superior elevation; and there the terrible yellow fever (or *vomito*) is unknown. From ten to twelve in the morning are the hottest hours of the day, but about half-past two there always sets in the most delicious and refreshing sea-breeze (*la virason*), while at night copious and refreshing dews serve to refresh and strengthen the vegetation.

When we come to understand the government and administration of Cuba, we can readily appreciate the intense desire pervading every Cuban breast for a *free government*. Starting upon the basis of the intense hatred existing between the native Cubans and their Spanish rulers (and that such a feeling does exist throughout every part of the island I was made fully aware), it is easy to see, taken in conjunction with their harsh government, why the natives are always ready for revolt; and hardly a year passes, quiet though it may be kept by the Spanish authorities, that some attempt is not made, though in a disconnected way, at insurrection.

No greater offence can be given to a Cuban than to speak of or address him as a Spaniard, whom they unhesitatingly call a thief (*picaro*); while, *vice versâ*,

the Spaniard of Castile speaks in the most contemptuous tones of the natives, applying to them indiscriminately the word "coward."

It is hard at first to understand why all Cubans speak in such affectionate terms of the United States and the Americans. One does not hear them speak of Spain as the mother-country, neither do you hear them allude to any other European country in terms of affection or respect; but when a Cuban speaks of hope in connection with his isle, of a pleasure trip, of ambitious projects, his eyes glisten and his face lights up when he points to "El Norte" (the North), and he grasps with vigor the hand of an "Americano," as though he were in perfect sympathy with us.

Never shall I forget when, upon coming up from Matanzas to Havana in the cars, I took a seat beside a gentleman who was traveling with his family. Entering into conversation, he was curious about our war; and, when he had learned that I had served as an officer, became very much interested. When within a few miles of Havana he pointed to a beautiful place we were nearing, and said to me, "I am a planter; that is my place;" and, in the usual hospitable words of the country, he added, "Mi casa esta á su disposicion" (my house is subject to your order); "and I shall be glad to have you visit me." I smiled and thanked him, excusing myself for want of time, though he urged me that he was honest and sincere (*francamente*) in his invitation. The train stopped at the station: his wife and children passed out, but he, stooping and seizing my hand, while his face lighted up with hope, whispered in my ear, "Good-bye, Señor Capitan; I too hope to write myself American before I die." Other instances I could give showing the same strong hope and feeling.

Some other causes add to this feeling too. First, no religion is tolerated but the Roman Catholic, and the consequence is, the island is priest-ridden, sustained as the Church is by the government. The men seem to have no religion: the women go to church for pastime, it being

their only hour of freedom from the shackles that custom throws around them.

Secondly, the island is demoralized and cursed by the system of lotteries sustained by the government, and from which it derives a large revenue, but which makes almost every man, woman and child a gambler, destroying their energy and sapping their morals.

Thirdly, a standing army of nearly thirty thousand men, in which no creole Cuban is allowed to serve, is kept constantly upon the island, and maintained entirely from its revenues. Regiments of colored troops are organized, and threats have been made hitherto that, in case of any serious insurrection, the blacks should be freed and turned upon the whites.

Neighboring families are obliged to give notice to the *celador*, or alderman of the district, of the increase or diminution of the family, of the advent of a new inmate or a guest, of a change of living, and of whatever reunion or party they may celebrate in their own house or that of a neighbor. An inhabitant cannot go from one part of the island to another without a pass or license, nor leave the island without a passport; neither can a man's residence be changed from one place to another without permission of the authorities. The press has not until lately been free from the strictest censorship, and even now perfect liberty in this respect is not enjoyed.

Petitions signed by more than three neighbors are looked upon as seditious, and the signers fined or imprisoned. No buildings, alterations or improvements are allowed to be made without the consent of the authorities; and this is often a mere matter of favor or pay, and in every case is attended with many difficulties.

It often happens that if the government wishes to erect new buildings, barracks, etc., notice is given to the wealthy that *subscriptions* will be received: it is needless to add that the hint is generally taken. The slave trade of Cuba has long been abolished, and the supply of labor in that respect is not up to the

demand. Coolies have been introduced, and the plan has worked well; but not enough of these have been imported, and the cargoes are immediately taken when landed. What, then, is to become of the great labor interests of the island? Do the planters want slavery? Do they expect they can retain it?

My answer to this is, They do not, but they do want a compensation for their slaves and a system of free labor that will enable them to work their valuable estates. Even now, as I write, comes the news that the Spanish government proposes a plan of gradual emancipation, reimbursing the planters for all registered slaves, and declaring free without compensation all slaves not so registered by a certain time. This, if carried out, strikes at the root of the matter, and the planters will be satisfied; for many of them confessed to me that they knew the public sentiment of the world was against the institution, and that, after the experience of the Southern States, they wanted the change to take place *now*—gradually—that they may get into new systems of labor, and yet not lose the enormous capital represented by the slave population.

In connection with this subject the question will be asked, Can foreign white labor succeed there? It has as yet never been tried. Some portions of the island offer superior advantages to white labor, as, for instance, the magnificent climate of the coffee hills on the eastern end of the island, where thousands and thousands of acres of the most fertile and naturally prolific land can be had for a song. Then, again, cannot machinery be introduced to take the place of manual labor? It has been done in many instances successfully, as witness the steam-plough now in operation in many parts of the island, also all the best sugar-mill machinery. And I think McCormick's invention of the reaper, applied to the cutting of the cane, will yet be made to answer in relieving the large gangs of negroes from that laborious and tedious work.

In the smaller towns, in the suburbs of larger ones, and generally upon all the

tobacco farms (*vegas*), and on all the lesser farms, the work is done by native white labor, the difference being in the system of labor which avoids the heats of noonday and takes the cool hours of early morning and evening for work.

The island has some of the finest ports in the world; as, on the north coast, Havana, Nuevitas, Mariel, Nipe, Matanzas, Bahia Honda and Cardenas; while on the south coast there are Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Santiago de Cuba, Guantanamo, and some few smaller ones, from all of which are shipped the valuable products of the island—rum, sugar, molasses, coffee, tobacco, and many delicious fruits, all of which constitute the sources of the great wealth of the island.

The population of the island is about 1,400,000, of which 800,000 are whites, 400,000 slaves, and 200,000 free persons of color; which population, doubtless, would increase very fast by immigration, were there freedom of government and of religion, together with inducements to labor.

As there are no manufactories of any importance in the island, the natural source of supply of dry goods, hardware, machinery, furniture, carriages, and such agricultural products as are not cultivated there, is the United States of America. By last reports the exports of the island amounted to over \$60,000,000 and the imports to over \$50,000,000, the customs being over \$12,000,000. The total revenue of the island for the year 1860 was \$20,000,000, from which are to be deducted the expenses, amounting to nearly \$11,000,000, leaving a nice little plum for the home government, after paying all the expenses of an army actually useless, except it be to quell rebellion.

Cuba possesses also many fine towns, and in every one, no matter how small, the traveler will be struck with the substantial character of the buildings. With the exception of the smaller *pueblos* (villages), the houses are invariably built of a species of concrete known as "mamposteria," which, on exposure, becomes very hard and quite as durable as stone. They are rarely over two stories

high, sometimes but one; windows large and extending to the ground almost, and never with any sash, but always protected by massive iron bars, behind which, when desired, drops a gayly-variegated cotton curtain to protect the inmates of the rooms from the curious passer-by.

The rooms are invariably large, with immensely high ceilings, and the entire flooring of the house is laid in either marble or variegated tiles, each room opening into the other by massive archways. Always in the interior of the building is what is known as the "patio," or courtyard, upon which all the rooms of the house open, and by which means there are always secured a free circulation of air, a shady place in which to sit or walk, and very often, when the patio is laid out with walks, flowers, fountains, and orange, pomegranate or heliotrope trees, a charming place in which to dream one's idle hours away or flirt desperately with "las bonitas señoras."

At the entrance will almost invariably be found the gorgeous vehicle, *el quitrin*, considered as much a part of the furniture with them as is the piano with us, and guarding which and the entrance together is the ever-present "portero," who, with his little table before him near the hall door, mounts guard, answers questions, and manufactures the little paper cigars which every one on the island smokes.

Many of the towns are situated amidst the most beautiful scenes. Who that has visited Matanzas will ever forget the magnificence of the valley of "Yumurri," over whose beauties the Cuban writer grows enthusiastic; the wonders of the crystal caves of "Bellamar," or those romantically delightful sails by moonlight up the San Juan river to "Los Molinos," a portion of whose city banks, from the peculiarity of the architecture thereon, resembles Venice; and on whose beautiful "Paseo" upon the banks of the sea, every afternoon (*tarde*), from five to dusk, the "pretty creatures" air their gauzy, brilliant robes in gorgeous equipages, while bestowing their smiles upon watchful "caballeros?"

Cardenas, too, in contrast to the above, with its commercial activity, situated as it is directly upon the sea, with a country around it literally overflowing with rum, sugar and molasses, is a most interesting town.

So also is Trinidad, beautiful Trinidad, on the balmy south coast, that, seen some distance out at sea, looks, as it lies far up the mountain side, its white walls glistening in the golden light, like a babe nestling on its mother's breast; while far above it towers "La Vigia" (watch-tower), from whence can be had views of mountain, vale and sea, such as it rarely falls to the lot of man to behold.

Cienfuegos is another commercial town upon the south coast, with a magnificent bay and entrance, in which the navies of the world might rendezvous without crowding each other.

And last, though not least, the queer, quaint, rambling old town of Santiago de Cuba, oldest and most historic of the island, with its superb harbor; the town rising irregularly from its shores, and conspicuous in which appear the towers of the old cathedral that various earthquakes have never been able entirely to destroy; while in the shadowy background rise the verdure-clad hills of the Cobre Mountains, from and around which stretch the coffee hills, which have for the *dépôt* of their crop this queer old town of "Cuba."

Ah! then too the country life of Cuba, where, upon some of the superb plantations in the "Vuelta Abajo" (lower valley), the stranger guest is made welcome. Those glorious, glorious days! How shall I describe them? The burning sun of the tropics, tempered by the cool breezes from the gently murmuring sea; the sky, so clear, so blue, rivaling even the "Gloria" eyes of the Virgin herself in its intensity of color; ay, and those inspiriting gallops in pleasant company in the early morning, when the bright green of the waving fields of cane through which we dashed served as a harmonizing foreground to the various-hued hills slipping softly away into unfathomable distance.

Who is there that, on a glorious morning in February, in such weather and amid such scenes as these, as he expands his chest and distends his nostrils to take in more fully the invigorating tonic of such pure air, does not thank his God, if not in words at least in feeling, that he is permitted still to live?

Precious indeed is this isle and climate to the invalid from the inhospitable North, particularly if he can follow me in our daily life on a sugar estate (*ingenio*), as follows:

At six o'clock in the morning the servant enters the bed-room with our "café con leche," whereupon we arise, carelessly dress ourselves and proceed to our horses, already saddled and awaiting us at the door. We mount, and in the delicious morning breeze gallop down to the seashore, where, in some quiet cove or sheltering bay, we take our morning bath in the dashing surf.

Bathing in such scenes as these it is almost impossible to describe. Fancy a long, low line of coast upon which the vegetation comes down almost to the water's edge, but separated from it by the beach of golden sand, more or less wide as the tide is out or in, the very branches of the graceful palm almost washed by the spray from the dashing surf. The water far to seaward is of a beautiful ultramarine color, while that near to the shore becomes of a transparent emerald-green, until, striking on the bars or rocks, it breaks into volumes of surf, or rushes foaming and boiling over the sloping sandy beach. The sky is deeply, wonderfully blue, with a uniform cobalt tint, and, better than all, the air—the delicious, invigorating air—is pure and dry, yet having that soothing balminess in it peculiar to the tropics and delightful to the feelings of an invalid.

A roundabout ride, after our bath, through lovely valleys or over gentle hills—home to breakfast at ten o'clock; a pleasant book and a fragrant cigar, and then a stroll through the sugar-mill to drink in the fragrant aroma from the boiling sugar, said to be beneficial to pulmonary complaints; the siesta at noonday to be awakened from by the

cooling sea-breeze of afternoon, which is the signal for a pleasant ride or visit to some neighboring "ingenio," to be followed on the return home by dinner and a quiet but pleasant social evening. This is the almost daily life, under which no invalid, unless with some terrible organic disease, can fail to recuperate, if not recover. But I must not forget the last thing of all, at night—the "Ponche de Guarapo," which adds a day to one's life for every drink that is taken. An egg beaten up, sufficient of brandy, upon which is poured the sugar-cane juice (*guarapo*) boiling hot from the mill; a pouring backward and forward once or twice, and you have a foaming, delicious beverage, that will not only make a giant of one, but insure slumbers sound and unbroken.

If, again, the traveler wishes to try the mountain air of Cuba, what more delightful life than climbing high up the coffee mountains of the "Yateras" on the eastern end of the island, where, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, the eye takes in the magnificence of hill and plateau, and where, amidst the waxlike luxuriance of the coffee groves, the wonderful combination is seen of the products of the torrid and the temperate zones growing together in natural and almost unattended profusion.

Here, among the polished and hospitable French planters, descendants of those who fled from the St. Domingo massacre, one finds everything to make life pleasant: beautiful scenes, exhilarating air, every inducement for open-air exercise either on foot or horseback, and ample fields of study, whether for the artist, the naturalist or the botanist. Here one enjoys riding along romantic roads cut directly out of the mountain-side, overshadowed by the wild orange, whose golden but bitter fruit hangs temptingly over the traveler's head; or stopping to study out the strange and mysterious wonders of the graceful yet deadly parasite, whose delicate festoons or pillared trunk gives no sign that it was once but a simple creeper on the noble tree which now stands utterly destroyed within its treacherous embraces; or, again, look-

ing from the brow of some noble mountain into the vale far below, where one sees the magnificent "Plain of Guantanamo," with its fields of cane, and mills in operation, appearing like another world, while far beyond is the hazy blue sea fading away as if into eternity.

Up among those mountains, upon the most celebrated of the coffee estates (*Monte de Verde*), I saw something which doubtless would please hugely our "friends of universal suffrage." Joining a party to visit this celebrated plantation, we arrived at an early hour of the morning at one of the most beautiful coffee estates I ever saw. A large, well-built stone house, a luxuriant garden filled with every conceivable variety of flowers, and stables of large extent filled with excellent Cuban horses, occupied the foreground, while field after field of coffee trees, and avenues of palm, banana and cocoa trees, gave evidence of the wealth, taste and skill of the proprietor.

Ushered into the "sala," we were received by the host, a Frenchman, with manners that would have graced a *salon*. Shortly after there entered a noble-looking, dark mulatto woman, with eyes like a gazelle and teeth like pearls, sailing across the room with all the air and dignity of "une grande dame." I was astonished upon being presented to her as the hostess and *wife* of the above French gentleman, and more astonished when, entering into conversation with her, I found her to be a highly-accomplished, educated woman, speaking pure French, and quite *au fait* in the events and manners of the *grande monde*; and the surprise was complete when, seating herself at the piano, she favored us with some of the airs from the last new opera, played in a skillful manner. She had been educated in France.

Every traveler in Cuba will be astonished at the excellent railroads of the principal routes—whether it be with the comfortable cars with their cool cane seats and lattice windows, the speed and punctuality with which the trains are run, the solidity of construction of the roads, the bright, pretty station-

houses, or even, maybe, with the ludicrousness of the brakeman, who, generally a thorough-going John Chinaman, walks up and down the platform with a hand-bell, which he constantly rings, reminding one more of "Muffins to sell" than of trains to start. Or perhaps, if the traveler reads Spanish, he may be amused and puzzled with the "Notice:" "The Señores passengers are notified that the only baggage allowed to be carried by each passenger is *one hat, one valise (maleta)* and one *game-cock*." It must not, however, be supposed by the innocent traveler that this notice prevents him having more baggage, but only that these articles are all that he can take in the car with him free, while each *trunk* he has is receipted and paid for as freight on the same train.

Some of the roads are very fine, as witness the two roads from Havana to Matanzas, particularly that *viâ* Guines, with its magnificent scenery; the road from Matanzas to Cardenas; from Havana to Guanajay; to Batabano, etc. It was originally, I understood, the intention to have one long central road running the entire length of the island, with branches on each side extending to the principal towns; thus far it is only half finished; but, if ever completed, it will open a market for the lands and products of the interior, now almost debarred therefrom.

Most of the Cubans travel second-class, while the ladies and the *noblesse* travel first-class; and very easy, sociable people they are, too, *en voyage*. The gentlemen smoke their cigars, the ladies often their cigarettes, quite as a matter of course; and you will be deemed only a courteous caballero, if, on taking out your "papelito" (paper of cigarettes), you tender it to your lady neighbor, who accepts with a graceful, pleasant "Gracias, señor."

But the very poetry of traveling is to be enjoyed in making the trip by steamboat along the south coast of Cuba from Batabano to Santiago de Cuba, making stoppage at Trinidad as the only desirable and interesting point for the pleasure-seeker, unless, indeed, he have friends

at Cienfuegos, which in itself offers nothing in particular to attract the stranger, save that it is a small, active, pretty town in the midst of a beautiful country; but the steamer stops there long enough to permit the passengers to go ashore and spend several hours—quite long enough to see all there is.

My surprise was great on finding that these lines of steamers were run with regularity and care, the boats of the best line particularly being of the finest class, built either in Canada or the United States, and similar to our Long Island Sound boats.

It is the easiest, pleasantest life imaginable, this trip along the south coast. Leaving Havana at 5.45 in the cool of the morning, *viâ* railroad, at 8 o'clock one goes on board the steamer waiting at Batabano the arrival of the Havana train, and having secured a state-room, one is prepared to enjoy the perfect "dolce far niente" of this life. The trip direct to Santiago occupies from four to five days, and three days can be spent very pleasantly at Trinidad.

One day is much like another, full of quiet enjoyment, but varied by the constantly changing beauties of the scenery of the south coast; now sailing midst groups of verdure-clad islands, or again steaming through some beautiful bay; the shores of the main island constantly in view, with its hills and valleys, its little villages, or its bold, rocky shore, with the spray dashing in furious but futile efforts against it. The sea is calm as a summer lake, the weather deliciously balmy without heat, the sky a pure vault of blue, and then, leaning over the steamer's side, you find the water so wonderfully clear that thirty or forty feet beneath is distinctly seen the bottom of the ocean, now of pure white sand, then covered with sea-weed or glistening shells, or perhaps indented with rocky caves, tempting enough to be the home of the prettiest mermaid imagination has ever depicted. The company is pleasant, the table most bountifully and even elegantly supplied; or, if you prefer it, you recline under the awning on deck, sipping a cool "refresco," with a plea-

sant book and the fragrant cigar. What more pleasant life if one is satisfied to make but a dream of it? But it is this very laziness, this very ease of life, climate and habits of Cuba, that is so attractive to the overworked, restless or suffering American. Well may we exclaim, with the ardor of the tropics upon us, in Tennyson's lines—

Oh, hundred shores of happy climes,  
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark !  
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times  
With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;  
At times a craven craft would shoot  
From heavens hid in fairy bowers,  
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,  
But we nor paused for fruits nor flowers.

The Cubans as a class are a simple-hearted people, hospitable to all strangers, but for "los Americanos" nothing is too much for them to do. The men are, in the better classes, well bred and well educated, many of them having passed their younger years either in the United States or Europe, and even the peasantry have a kindness and courtliness of demeanor that might put to blush the boorish manners of some of our own people. Whether from the influences of the climate or the peculiarities of their government, which offers no paths of ambition to the aspiring youth, the men generally are listless, indifferent, and lacking in the energy peculiar to people farther north. Many of them are, however, highly accomplished either in art, science or literature ; and while Havana boasts of several scientific and artistic institutions and colleges, almost every small town possesses what is known as "El Liceo," an association of the young men of the place, at which are given and encouraged musical and theatrical representations, balls, lectures, etc., which form a most agreeable feature in the social attractions of the smaller places.

Concerning the honor and probity of the Cubans as a class, there is much dispute. I have often heard their sincerity called into question, doubtless on account of their extreme politeness in offering to you everything you may admire of theirs ; but this presupposes good breeding enough on the side of the party to whom the offer is made, to as

politely refuse it. "Esta á su disposicion," I take it, means nothing, but is merely a small coin passing current in good society ; but when a Cuban takes one's hand and adds to the above, with much emphasis, "frankly" (*francamente, señor*), in nine cases out of ten he means it, I think. I must confess I am not so prejudiced as a distinguished American General, who informed me he had received a key from a Cuban friend, and the invitation, "My house is subject to your order," but, upon going there, found all the locks had been changed !

It is well, however, that the traveler should understand one thing in Cuba, and that is, in shopping, never to pay what is asked by the storekeepers (generally Castilians), but from one-third to a half less.

"What's the price of this hat?" I asked.

"Seis pesos—muy barato." (Six dollars—very cheap).

"Whew !" with a long whistle. "I'll give you three."

"Couldn't take it, sir—cost me nearly six. May have it for five, though."

Starting to go out : "I'll give you three and a half."

"The señor may have it for *four*, and that (with unmistakable earnestness) is *the lowest*," whereupon I became the owner of the "sombbrero."

Women's relations in Cuba are very peculiar : they are absolute slaves to custom. They must never walk alone—and by no means male visitors alone ; no, not even a lover is allowed that privilege ; and he, if he ever is allowed such a liberty, must embrace his inamorata staring mamma in the face, or squeeze the loved one's hand behind the back of her chair. And then, too, poor things ! they are rarely or never educated ; and I think, during my whole stay on the island, I never saw a creole woman reading a book ; yet, what with their fine eyes, graceful persons, small hands and feet, and a certain facility of small talk, they manage to interest and captivate the susceptible stranger.

Their whole life is passed in listless

idleness, varied occasionally by a ball, a stroll of an evening at the "Retretta," or, if able, an airing in the volante on the Paseo. They begin their day by going to early morning mass, after which they pass the time lolling in rocking-chairs and fanning themselves, relieving the monotony perhaps by a "siesta," sucking an orange, or sipping a "refresco;" when, the afternoon (*tarde*) having arrived, they are taken possession of by their maids, their magnificent heads of hair elaborately "coiffeured," and donning their robes, they are ready to ride upon the Paseo, do a little shopping, or, when darkness arrives, receive their "caballeros" in the presence of the family, or possibly, if it is "Retretta" night, go up to the Plaza to hear the music and saunter around.

Cleanliness, according to our ideas, is not with them a virtue: they seldom or never bathe, having a perfect horror of cold water, and an abhorrence of the constant bathing and scrubbing processes to which our women submit, their ablutions being confined to moistening their faces with the corner of a towel soaked in rum (*aguardiente*), after which is applied the universally-used cosmetic, "cascarilla," a powdered chalk made from egg-shells.

Of course there are some charming exceptions to the above, particularly those ladies of wealthy families who have been educated abroad, and who have brought back with them the tastes and refinements of more enlightened countries.

I am at a loss, however, to imagine what the women of Cuba would do under the auspices of a free government, which, having no occasion for the troops, would not maintain the military bands that now, in every town and on almost every evening, discourse such "sweet music" in the plazas or public squares: this is the great attraction for the sex on those evenings, but probably a change like the above might result in their being forced to books and to cultivating their minds for amusement. "Quien sabe?"

Cuba certainly is fortunate in the possession of some of the most wonderful

medicinal mineral springs in the world, at which cures have been effected that are miraculous. At Madruga, near Matanzas, are several valuable springs, to which every season (Temperate) crowds resort to bathe and drink the water, esteemed good for palsy, rheumatism, debility and many other complaints. This is called the Cuban Saratoga, but no such accommodations are provided for visitors as at that famed resort.

Guanabacoa, fifteen minutes' ride from Havana, is the most convenient place for travelers, and boasts some well-kept, powerful medicinal springs.

San Diego, though, in the Vuelta Abajo, seems to be *par excellence* the place of great resort, to which people with every conceivable complaint flock, and, if you believe them, return completely cured. The discovery of this spring is attributed to a miracle, and the miracles have been kept up ever since. The accommodations there are good, society pleasant, the country beautiful, and it is easy of access by cars and boat from Havana.

The only place of this kind, however, that I am prepared to guarantee from personal experience, is Santa Fé, on the Island of Pines, which, for persons with pulmonary complaints, bronchial affections or diseases of the stomach, has effected cures that would appear incredible. It possesses some medicinal springs, used also for bathing, and the island, upon which the timber is mostly pine, is so situated that there is always a most delicious tonic in the form of a sea-breeze constantly blowing over pine lands, which, with the regimen prescribed, has served to make many a poor fellow return to his native land with health and joy who had left it sorrowful and sick. The accommodations there are very fair, though the life is quiet and monotonous: it can be reached from Havana after a delightful trip of twelve hours, via cars and boat.

Taking into consideration the nature of the climate of Cuba, and the profuse manner in which Nature has scattered her gifts upon the island, it will not be wondered at, perhaps, that the people are



indolent and lazy, particularly the free negro population. A day's labor will keep one of the latter class for ten days or two weeks upon the results: the weather is generally such that no protection is needed beyond a roof to keep off the rain and sun, and this, made of sticks and palm leaf, costs nothing. A "peteta" (20 cents) will buy as many "platanos" (bananas) as, when roasted, will afford them bread and meat for a week or ten days, and beyond this they have neither thought nor care.

The waters in and about the island afford a profusion of fish of the most delightful and varied kinds, prominent among which are the "camarones" (shrimp), which are delicious, wholesome and delicate, being particularly fine in salads: green turtle abound, and the oysters, though small, are very good.

Beef and mutton, though not as good as with us from ignorance and want of care in preparing them for market, are cheap, being supplied from the immense herds of cattle maintained at the "potreros" (corrals) in the interior of the island, and the hides from which afford a large article of export. Chickens and eggs are plenty and cheap, while of palatable and luscious fruits there is no limit to the quantity that can be raised: of small berries there seem to be none upon the island, if I except a few wild strawberries in the mountains; and the variety of vegetables is not quite so large as with us, nor are they so fine; still, they have abundance of the platano, sweet potato, tomato, lettuce, water-cress, cabbage, beans, and many smaller vegetables that we do not know even by name.

The bread of Cuba, like that of old Spain, is celebrated: it is never bad, but in every part of the island is of the best. Butter is not known, and really, after a little experience, not missed.

Wines now, under Spanish rule, are very cheap; and the native wine from Spain, "Vino Catalan," is found upon every table (in lieu of water, which is not much drank), being brought to the island in immense quantities and sold at a merely nominal price.

I have often been asked, What do

they eat? Are you not sickened with oil and garlic? As to the living, one can live as well there as anywhere, if he is anything of a "voyageur;" and I am sure I lost nothing in changing from "Victor's," in New Orleans, to the "Restaurant Français," in Cuba street, Havana, except in the price, I being much the gainer by the change. Oil and garlic are not unpleasantly, if ever, obtruded on the traveler, and in many cases the use of the former in cooking is a great advantage over lard or bad butter. To one who has suffered from the wretched living and cooking of most of our Western and Southern towns, the "cuisine" of Cuba is a paradise, even in its most humble "Fonda y Posada," for there they will give you what you want, if they have it, while West and South you pay and "take it or let it alone."

Of the clothing worn in Cuba: for most Americans linen all the year round would not be too cool, with an occasional change, when there is a norther blowing, of a light spring suit of woolen material; but even this is rarely needed.

I was much astonished to find there are no venomous snakes in Cuba; but this is made up, I presume, by the abundance of numerous smaller pests, in the shape of troublesome and venomous insects. The ubiquitous mosquito, the searching flea, the "jigger" (which gets under one's toe-nail and builds there unless removed), the venomous tarantula and the scorpion, all abound; but, with the exception of the first two, I never suffered any inconvenience from any of them: in fact, in a six months' residence, I have never even seen the latter two. It is, however, in the rainy season that the insects are most troublesome, running into the houses and participating in the food.

But my space is limited; and yet I cannot close my article—feeling as I do the chilling influences of the cold, searching winds of March now upon us—without suggesting to those of my readers, who with myself look forward to this trying month with dread, a pleasant little trip of thirty or sixty days in Cuba, for March and April can be very pleasantly

and safely passed there by any one. Taking a steamer direct to Havana, a week or ten days can be passed there very pleasantly. The Hotel Santa Isabel, on the Plaza, or the "Hotel Telégrafo," on the "Campo de Marte," will satisfy almost any one. The journey from Havana to Matanzas, by railroad viâ Regla, is easily accomplished in a beautiful ride of two hours; and the "Hotel Leon de Oro" affords pleasant accommodation, and has an English interpreter to simplify matters. Three to five days can be charmingly spent there in seeing the town, visiting the "Valley of Yumurri," the "Caves of Bellamar," and sailing up the "San Juan." Leaving Matanzas at 5.45 Wednesday morning, the traveler can take a train directly to Batabano, which place he reaches at eight o'clock, going directly on board the fine steamer "Rápido" for Trinidad, having his breakfast on the boat. At Trinidad three or four days can be spent very agreeably, though the hotel accommodations are not of the best. Madame Caroline's, and the Hotel Niagara (the former the best for ladies), are the only stopping-places. "La Vigia" (watch-tower) at sunrise and sunset, the magnificent place and garden of the Cantero family, the squares of "Carillo" and "Serrano," the "Loma del Puerto" and the "Campo de Marte," are all places well worth visiting. From Trinidad by first steamer to Santiago de Cuba, touching at several small points, the trip occupies three days very pleasantly. At Santiago de Cuba the hotel accommodations are excellent, either at Madame Adela Lescaille's or at "La Suss," French and Spanish being spoken indiscriminately there, as, in fact, they are in the whole town. Five or six days can be passed here very pleasantly, and, if time permits, the traveler is advised to visit the oldest mines of America worked by Europeans, known as the copper mines of the "Cobre," and easily reached either on horseback or *en volante*. The traveler can now either go back to Havana the way he came, or, taking steamer at Cuba for St. Thomas, return that way to the United States.

The recent announcement that it was the desire of our government to purchase Cuba has naturally caused much comment, and also much curiosity to know what, in such apparently improbable event, would be the feeling of the Cubans themselves. Apropos to this inquiry, I append a translation\* from a discussion between two prominent Cubans upon a similar question of annexation to the United States, which was printed in Cuba several years since:

"Would to God that this distinguished Cuban would not battle against the march of the times, nor disavow the true progress which is being extended to the human race under the propitious flag of American republicanism. The United States increase in wealth, civilization, industry and power in a manner unknown to the annals of the world. Their population doubles every twenty-five years, and a progression so stupendous foils human calculation as to what will be their power and influence in times to come among the nations of the earth. What monarchy, what empire, what confederacy or league, can so much as raise their eyes to measure such boundless power? What arm is strengthening, and where, to subdue at some future day this proud and living expression of political and industrial freedom? . . .

"Where is the model, the precedent, the resemblance to this great spectacle in the history of all the nations of the world? . . . Shall the Mississippi, I say, while expanding its waters in the wide Gulf, announce to the democracy of the world that the advantages and the glory of the American institutions will not press forward? that the Queen of the Antilles, fertile and great, and capable of presenting similar developments of productions and well-being, will stand in the way as a check to the powerful impetus? . . .

"Cuba is a wall that divides and interrupts their manifest growth. Commanding as she does the narrow channels of Yucatan and Florida, from Cape San Antonio to Maysi Point, were she to

\* Answer of Leon Fragua de Cabri to Don Antonio Saco, on annexation of Cuba to the United States.

belong to a nation strong in the seas, what disaster and ruin would it not be in her power to inflict on the American Union in case of war! The Americans know it, and the efforts of their government will multiply and become more en-

ergetic to obtain her annexation, in proportion as their own greatness increases and approaches the extreme South with their settlements, their arts, their wealth, their wants and their glory.'

### EXCISE TAXES UPON MANUFACTURES.

**I**N the presence of a national debt of great magnitude and large annual expenditures, the question of a public revenue, the manner in which it shall be assessed, collected and disbursed, becomes a matter of deep interest. Nor is this all: the influence of taxation upon production is a question of serious import at the present time.

Taxes vary greatly in their character: some are direct, others indirect, some upon income, others upon luxuries, some upon domestic, others upon foreign products; and these, in their effect upon industry, must of necessity differ widely: some must be more equitable and more favorable to the general interests of the country than others.

This statement presents a broad field of inquiry. A full examination of the incidence of each impost would fill a volume. We confine ourselves, therefore, to a small part of the general subject.

It is often assumed, at the present time, that excise taxes "impede" the national industry, "crush" the manufacturing interests of the country, and should therefore be greatly reduced, if not entirely abolished. This point we propose to examine.

As all wealth is produced by labor, acting in conjunction with capital, which itself is in fact but accumulated labor, if excise taxation interferes with the creation of wealth, it must be in one of three different ways:

1st. By restricting the power or diminishing the capacity of the laborer; or,

2d. By lessening or impairing his motives to labor; or,

3d. By destroying to a greater or less extent the means or capital by which labor is made effective.

In regard to the first proposition, it is presumed no one will maintain that taxation upon manufactures has any more tendency to impair or diminish the strength or skill of the laborer than any other form of government imposts. If he must contribute a certain share toward the public revenue, it will be a matter of indifference to him, in these respects, whether it be by excise upon domestic, or duties upon foreign, products. His ability to labor in either case will be the same.

Nor can these duties lessen the desires of men, either as laborers or managers of business operations, to create wealth, since neither can have any less motives to produce, that they may enjoy, in consequence of a government tax of two or five per cent. They will even have an additional incentive to labor, arising from the fact that they must produce a certain amount for public use, and therefore, if they would have the same enjoyment for themselves, they must obtain enough more to make up for all they part with in payment of taxes.

Nor have excise duties any tendency to destroy the means by which labor is made most productive. If government must have a given amount of money, how can it make the least difference to the capital of the country whether it be taken by excise or custom-house duties?

In both cases the burdens will fall upon articles designed for consumption.

Those who consume the taxed commodities will pay whatever amount is charged upon them, and the capital of the country cannot be affected by any difference caused by the particular kind of taxes imposed. If, then, neither of the three great classes into which society is economically divided—viz.: laborers, capitalists, and those who, as business men, manufacturers, merchants, etc., unite the two forces of labor and capital in production—will have less disposition or power to create wealth in consequence of excise duties, how can we assent to the doctrine that such taxes impair the industrial energies of the country? But we pass from the consideration of these abstract propositions to more practical views of the subject.

A cotton or woolen manufacturer, for example, must pay five per cent., and the boot and shoe manufacturer two per cent. upon the amount of their respective fabrics. This tax, it is contended, impedes their operations, and is the great cause of the present depression of these branches of industry.

Two facts are admitted: there is an excise upon all manufactures, and manufactures are now generally depressed; but can we properly assume that one is the cause of the other? Let us take the case of the boot and shoe manufacturer. He has all the necessary apparatus, the skill and the capital required in the production of articles in his line of trade. But government exacts a duty of two per cent. upon all he manufactures. What will he naturally do under such circumstances? He knows that his customers must have their usual supply—that the merchants will certainly find it necessary to replenish their stocks. Will he prepare for them or not? If he does, for every case of boots worth forty dollars, he must, after it is sold, pay eighty cents duty; upon every pair of brogans worth two and a half dollars he must pay five cents. How will he reason upon the case before him? Evidently, if he be a man of ordinary sagacity, he will decide that, since his commodities

will surely be wanted, and since every other manufacturer must pay the same tax as himself, he will be able to furnish them as cheaply as any of his competitors, and the tax he pays will simply be an addition of two per cent., to be charged upon the cost of his goods: it will make no more difference to him than an equal rise in his materials or labor; and therefore he may manufacture with the same confidence as before the tax was imposed, and produce just as many as he believes he can find a market for—as many as if no tax existed. He will supply all the demand in one case just as readily and as profitably as in the other; indeed, if he charges his profits *per centum* upon his goods, he will get a profit on the taxes he pays as well as on the cost of his materials and labor, and will make larger aggregate profits than if he paid no taxes at all. The only two questions of interest to him are, whether his goods are wanted, and whether he can produce them as cheaply as any one else. Satisfied upon these points, he goes forward without any reference to the cost.

The same is true of all commodities. What matters it to the manufacturer of cottons or woollens whether he pays half a cent or half a dollar per yard to the internal revenue, so that he has a ready sale for his goods? Nothing at all.

A strong confirmation of our position is found in the fact that during the war, and for twelve to eighteen months after its close, manufacturers, though subjected to far heavier excise duties than at present, carried on their operations as vigorously as possible. This alone is sufficient evidence of the correctness of what we have laid down. They made their goods because they could sell them at a profit; and this they will always do, entirely irrespective of internal or any other revenue duties.

On the other hand, how will this excise affect the consumers of the taxed articles? Will the farmer go without boots because upon a pair that costs four dollars he must pay eight cents? Will he go without a coat because it will cost him fifty cents or a dollar extra? We know he will not.

Of all articles indispensable to the consumer no less will be sold on account of the small per cent. of taxes the government imposes; but since whatever is paid in the form of taxes by any individual must be deducted from the whole amount he is able to expend, he must deny himself such luxuries as he can best dispense with.

But here it may be objected that heavy excise charges must diminish consumption, because, as prices advance, consumption must fall off. Undoubtedly that is a correct principle; but in the present case we must remember that the money must be raised, the people must pay the taxes in some form, and it can make no difference in the consumption of any person whether he pays fifty dollars per annum in additional price or fifty dollars in additional taxes. In either case, he will have just so much less with which to purchase commodities, and his consumption will be decreased to that extent. It is not, then, the excise that reduces his consumption, but the fact that he must pay a given amount into the public treasury.

If the manufacturer, then, will not be disposed to make any less goods because he pays a duty of two or five per cent., nor the consumer to purchase any less on that account, how can excise taxes depress manufactures? It is certainly, we think, incumbent on those who insist that such taxes bear oppressively upon the national industry to show that the considerations here presented are not appropriate and just—that they do not meet the case; otherwise we must believe that they are themselves mistaken.

There is, however, another important consideration to be here noticed. If \$265,000,000 are paid by the people in internal taxes, what becomes of the money? It is certain that what one man pays some other man must receive. If A pays one hundred dollars, and consequently must buy one hundred dollars' worth less of commodities, B, who receives the same amount for coupons, or services as an officer of government, is able to buy just as much more. The money that A pays is not lost to the

trade of the country, any more than if he had kept it in his own hands; and therefore, as this is an illustration of the effect of all taxation, we see that the amount collected does not necessarily reduce the consumption of the country by a dollar. The whole revenue is expended for commodities, or, so far as saved, added to the capital of the country, except the limited amount paid as interest to foreign bondholders.

The idea, however generally and honestly entertained, that excise taxes upon commodities impede production, any more than the same amount of taxation in some other form, must be a delusion. It is the sum total of taxation, not the particular form in which it is assessed, which mainly affects production at all unfavorably; and this only for the reason that a heavy taxation requires a large force of tax-gatherers, and other officials connected with its assessment, collection and disbursement; and all these are not only withdrawn from production, but consume that which others have created. All that is paid for their services is a dead loss to the general wealth of the country, beside the loss of their labor in productive employments. Such is the result of every kind of taxation. The fewer there are, therefore, of this class of persons, the more will those who actually produce wealth have for their own use. No country thrives by taxation, but any country may, if its productive powers be sufficient, thrive in spite of it. England is a notable example in point. A large, and, to a great extent, unnecessary taxation is thrown upon the people, yet such is her industrial energy that as a nation she is making constant progress, though not as great as if her taxation were twenty millions instead of seventy millions sterling per annum. Hence the duty of every government to reduce its expenditures to the lowest point consistent with the proper discharge of its functions.

But again: it may be urged in objection to all this that the manufacturers of the country are certainly much embarrassed, and are clamoring loudly for the removal of excise duties, and therefore they

should be abandoned. We admit the fact, but reject the inference. We confidently expected this precise state of things. When the duties were first laid, the currency was rapidly expanding, and prices as rapidly rising. The amount paid was charged upon the cost of the commodities, and the fact that such heavy duties were imposed, afforded the best argument possible that prices should be greatly advanced. Hence the manufacturer was able to get—and in the years 1864, 1865 and 1866 did get—greater aggregate profits than he would have done had he paid no excise charges whatever. He was therefore benefited by the tax when first levied; but the case is greatly changed at this time. Goods have been constantly declining in price, in consequence of increased supply and decreased demand, for two years past, and of course there has been little chance for profit, but continual danger of loss.

Now, the manufacturer feels the tax to be a burden, because it has to come out of his profits, if not sometimes, temporarily, out of his capital. This is the true cause of the present dissatisfaction. Mr. Wells, in his last report, pages 43 and 44, after giving the prices of cotton fabrics, which he tells us declined 36½ per cent. from December, 1866, to December, 1867, and of woollens, which declined in the mean time 19 per cent., goes on to say, "It is obvious, therefore, that in addition to the causes flowing from the war, and which have been operative since its conclusion, to render unsatisfactory the industrial and financial condition of the country, we have now another disturbing element in the very marked reduction of values above noted; and it is mainly, we believe, to the losses and paralysis of industry thus occasioned that the protest against taxation and contraction, and the demand for legislative relief, have now become more urgent than at any former period. It should, however, be borne in mind that severe as may be the shrinkage of values recently experienced, affecting alike the producer and exchanger, the process is not only a healthy one, but one which has long been foreseen to be inevitable. It is, in

fact, the transition from inflated to legitimate prices—a transition which must precede the re-establishment of industry on any sound and healthy basis." This is a just view of the case.

But the argument is often brought forward that all taxes ought to be taken off from manufactures and laid upon luxuries. This is a pleasant idea: let us examine it. Is it from foreign luxuries that we are to raise the additional revenue? These are already taxed as heavily as it is supposed they will bear, for it has been ascertained that when duties are too high, consumption will fall off to such an extent that the revenue will be more likely to be diminished than increased. Such has been the experience of Great Britain. It is entirely doubtful, therefore, whether any considerable addition could be made to the revenue by increasing the taxation of foreign luxuries.

Shall we tax domestic luxuries—costly furniture, carriages, jewelry, articles of dress and the like? These are American manufactures, from which we are called upon to remove all excise taxes. What luxuries have we then left on which to impose these taxes? Mainly, only two—tobacco and whisky. Shall we raise our revenue from these? On whisky we already have a tax of two dollars per gallon, and such is the amount of illicit distillation that the Special Commissioner assures us "the government has thus far succeeded in collecting the tax on somewhat less than one gallon to every three that have been manufactured," and therefore proposes to reduce the rate to fifty cents. Tobacco in its various forms is as difficult to tax as liquors. The amount collected from both these articles for 1867 was fifty millions. The Commissioner hopes, by a great reduction of the rates of taxation, to raise the amount to seventy-six millions; but the experiment must be regarded as a very doubtful one. If the difficulty now is, as he tells us, that the revenue officers collude with the distillers when the tax is two dollars per gallon, why will they not do the same when the duty is fifty cents? If officers are so

dishonest in one case, why will they not be in the other? The distiller, although he cannot afford so large a bribe as before, will still be able to offer one, for aught we can see, sufficient to answer his purpose. If the difficulty is in the morals of the officials, we do not perceive how a change of rate will change their characters, or put better men into their places. Can we then safely anticipate any considerable increase of revenue from a reduction of the rates of duties? However popular the idea that the revenue can be raised upon the luxuries instead of the necessities of life, such a scheme has always been found impracticable. Luxuries, in all wise and just governments, are taxed more severely than other commodities; but only a part of a large public revenue, like that indispensable in the United States at the present time, has ever been or can be raised by taxes upon mere luxuries. Vices will endure a heavy taxation, but the wholesome luxuries of life will bear but a limited amount of the public burdens.

The great cost of collecting the internal revenue is frequently urged as a reason why that form of taxation should be abandoned; yet it certainly costs but about one-third as much, *per centum*, to collect excise as custom-house duties. The Commissioner of the Internal Revenue states in his last report, page 11, that the cost of collection is less than three per cent. (2.85), while the actual expense of collecting custom-house duties has been estimated at two to three times that amount, or about seven to ten per cent.

The difference to the consumer is, in truth, still greater, but our limits forbid a particular examination of the relative expenses of these different forms of taxation.

Another consideration has been presented in favor of removing excise duties, viz.: that since they raise the cost of home products, competition with foreigners is made more difficult. How weighty this objection is may be seen in the fact that they are only from two to five per cent., while the custom-house duties are

from fifty to one hundred and over, besides forty per cent. in the gold premium. The small amount imposed upon domestic manufactures, compared with this immense protection, shows conclusively that the home article cannot be seriously affected by the taxes laid upon it.

A strong argument against any considerable reduction of the revenue is found in the fact that whatever amount of floating debt is paid off at the present time is liquidated in a currency greatly depreciated.

For the purchase of flour and many other commodities, a five-dollar note is at present worth only about two dollars and fifty cents, but for the payment of a debt it has its par value. A currency so defective is doubtless a serious injury to the country; but, since it exists, should it not be used in paying off as large a part of floating indebtedness—seven-thirties and compound-interest notes—as possible, rather than to fund them at six per cent. gold interest?

To do this, the general efficiency of the internal revenue system must be preserved, and the senseless clamor raised against it, as "crushing the industry of the country," must be silenced. To meet this fallacy, so frequently and loudly proclaimed, it is only necessary that those who utter it should be called upon to show, as they can easily do if it be true, *how* the payment of an excise duty prevents a manufacturer from making any article for which there is an actual demand; and *why* there will be any less demand for commodities than there would be if the same amount was collected in some other form. The present year may be regarded as the crisis of our internal revenue system. If it can be maintained and faithfully executed for a short period, there will be no difficulty whatever in preserving it thereafter. So soon as the business of the country has been restored to its natural condition, the duty of two or five per cent. on our manufactures will no longer be felt as a burden. The tax would then become as truly a calculable part of the cost of goods as any portion of the labor or stock required to produce them, and a large revenue would

thus be raised in an economical and efficient manner. Each and every part of the nation would, in so far as it made use of the taxed commodities, contribute its share toward the support of the general government.

A grand system of internal taxation has, at a great expense and labor, been inaugurated. With the exceptions above named, it has been made to work as satisfactorily as could have reasonably been expected, while the mode of assessment and collection is being improved with each succeeding year. If continued, it

will assuredly be found a most productive source of public income.

Looking at the subject, then, in all its bearings, are we not justified in regarding with apprehension and alarm the general onslaught made on the principal branch of the revenue at a time when the national treasury is incurring a monthly deficit and the credit of the government is declining, as shown by the advancing premium on gold? Is not any essential reduction of the national revenue at the present moment a fearful stride toward repudiation?

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FROM THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Down the tide my beauty goes,  
Wafed like a scentless rose;  
Dew-like on her rippling curls  
Shines my gift of wedding pearls.

I the torch of death must follow,  
Underneath the dismal hollow,  
Short delaying, briefer shrift,  
Blessing told with clerkly thrift,  
Naught to cheer the fainting sense  
But the heart of innocence.

Could she see where I look down,  
Loathing her false lily crown,  
She would quicker flit away,  
With a little coy dismay—  
With a question in her smile,  
If my wrath is worth the while.

Easy pardon will she gain,  
Helpful church will hide the stain,  
Open cunningly the door  
That kept out her paramour.

I have been o'erseen, o'erheard  
To pronounce a hasty word.  
One in yonder council dread  
Sets a price upon my head,  
Wins what I fling hotly down,  
Beauty, shorn of Beauty's crown.



I shall disappear, unknelled,  
 In a faint remembrance held.  
 Decent in her widow's weeds,  
 Who shall deem her husband bleeds?—  
 That a rival takes his place,  
 Soils the 'scutcheons of his race?

In this very depth of fate  
 Shun I shame more desperate:  
 Worse than any infamy  
 Were 't to owe my life to thee.

Should the priest who hears my shrift,  
 With his curdled face alift,  
 Bless in turn the wedding vows  
 That attach a future spouse,  
 What dark gift shall I bequeath  
 From the treasury of death?

Such forgiveness as doth wake  
 Tears in God, for pity's sake,  
 Conquering this invited woe—  
 "Be thyself, and perish so!"

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## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, edited by the Hon. John Bigelow from the original manuscript, is now for the first time published in full, and just as it came from the hand of its illustrious author. The manner in which our late Minister to France came into possession of the priceless autograph from which his edition is printed is detailed in the Introduction, and its genuineness is fully established. A collation with the edition of 1817, from which all subsequent editions, except the present, have been printed, revealed to Mr. Bigelow "the curious fact that more than twelve hundred separate and distinct changes had been made in the text; and, what is more remarkable, that the last eight pages of the manuscript, which are second in value to no other eight pages of the work, were omitted entirely." This lat-

ter portion treats of Dr. Franklin's visit to England, where he resided from 1757 to 1762 as agent for the Colony of Pennsylvania, his special business being to obtain the royal assent to an act of Assembly taxing the proprietary estate in common with other estates of the people. The following graphic account of the way Franklin succeeded in settling the question is interesting:

"When this act, however, came over, the proprietaries, counseled by Paris, determined to oppose its receiving the royal assent. Accordingly they petitioned the king in Council, and a hearing was appointed, in which two lawyers were employed by them against the act, and two by me in support of it. They alleged that the act was intended to load the proprietary estate in order to spare those of the people, and that if it were suffered to continue in force, and the proprietaries, who were in odium with the people,

left to their mercy in proportioning the taxes, they would inevitably be ruined. We replied that the act had no such intention, and would have no such effect. That the assessors were honest and discreet men, under an oath to assess fairly and equitably, and that any advantage each of them might expect in lessening his own tax by augmenting that of the proprietaries was too trifling to induce them to perjure themselves. This is the purport of what I remember as urged by both sides, except that we insisted strongly on the mischievous consequences that must attend a repeal, for that the money, £100,000, being printed and given to the king, expended in his service, and now spread among the people, the repeal would strike it dead in their hands, to the ruin of many and the total discouragement of future grants; and the selfishness of the proprietaries in soliciting such a general catastrophe, merely from a groundless fear of their estate being taxed too highly, was insisted on in the strongest terms. On this, Lord Mansfield, one of the counsel, rose while the lawyers were pleading, and beckoning me, took me into the clerk's chamber and asked me if I was really of opinion that no injury would be done the proprietary estate in the execution of the act. I said certainly. Then, says he, 'You can have little objection to enter into an engagement to assure that point.' I answered, 'none at all.' He then called in Paris, and after some discourse, his lordship's proposition was accepted on both sides; a paper to the purpose was drawn up by the clerk of the Council, which I signed with Mr. Charles, who was also an agent of the Province for their ordinary affairs, when Lord Mansfield returned to the Council chamber, where, finally, the law was allowed to pass."

While the promptitude with which Franklin assumed the responsibility then thrust upon him shows his tact and judgment, the fact that the proprietaries, through their counsel, signified to the Doctor a willingness that their lands should be taxed, provided *he* would pledge himself that the tax should be equitably imposed, is a proof of how highly they estimated the integrity of one whom they had long looked upon as an enemy.

One of the most interesting portions of Franklin's Autobiography is that in which he tells how he set up in business for himself as a printer. Speaking of

his first venture as a publisher, when, at the age of twenty-three, he bought out Keimer's *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Franklin remarks: "Our first papers made a quite different appearance from any before in the province; a better type, and better printed; but some spirited remarks of my writing, on the dispute then going on between Governor Burnet and the Massachusetts Assembly, struck the principal people, occasioned the paper and the manager of it to be much talked of, and in a few weeks brought them all to be our subscribers." In editing the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and afterward the *General Magazine*, the youthful printer felt the same difficulty in pleasing everybody which editors have not even yet fully overcome. His embarrassment shows itself sometimes with a charming quaintness. For instance, in his *Gazette* of November 4, 1731, he observes: "To oblige Subscribers, we are sometimes under a kind of necessity to insert some Things, which to serious People may not seem altogether proper." This apology is used to introduce a dialogue, in verse, between Apollo and Daphne, which, to oblige subscribers, we do *not* insert. But they form also a proper preface to some lines which we now quote, bringing them in as much for the sake of the Doctor's characteristic introduction as for the valuable moral they contain. Franklin commences his weekly paper of the date of September 24, 1730, in large type, thus:

"The following Lines are dedicated to the Service of our FAIR READERS; which, perhaps, may give them an useful Hint how to behave upon the like occasion:

" THE FRIGHT.

I.

"MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining *Blade*,  
And fix'd its Point against his *Breast*:  
Then gaz'd upon the wond'ring *Maid*,  
And thus his dire Resolve express'd.

II.

"Since, *Cruel Fair!* with cold *Disdain*  
You still return my raging *Love*,  
*Thought* is but *Madness*, *Life* is *Pain*:  
And thus—at once,—I *both* remove.

## III.

"O stay one moment!—CHLOE said,  
And, trembling, hasted to the Door:  
Here, Betty!—quick!—a Pail, dear Maid!  
This Madman else will stain the Floor."

The peculiar wit of these lines was, perhaps, as little to the taste of Franklin as to that of the more "serious" part of his readers, but he had shrewdness enough to know that in the conduct of a periodical all tastes must be consulted.

. . . A new mode of recommending a periodical to the public is adopted by the National Almanac for 1868, published in Greece. The editor says that the miscellaneous part of it, headed *Varieties*, will be found useful in procuring sleep, and refers to a Greek merchant, resident in London, who told him he took it regularly, and, by reading it just before going to bed, always managed to sleep well—a boon which the editor thinks cheap at fifteen francs. This is not so cheap, however, as to follow the advice given in Binns' *Anatomy of Sleep, or the art of procuring sound and refreshing slumber at will*, published in London in 1842. The principal feature of Binns' system is for the patient to fix his attention on his own breathing. "He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps." Having tried this system with success, we recommend it to such of our readers as are unable to procure the Greek National Almanac.

. . . *E pur si muove*, said Galileo of the physical world. We have seldom seen a more forcible illustration of the moral movement of the world than in the fact that the *Almanach de Gotha* (the essence of all that is aristocratic and exclusive), in its issue for this year, admits the Republic of Liberia into the

family of governments, and publishes, so far as it has the statistics, the status of that youngest of republics.

. . . The Poet Laureate seems to have been stimulated into unusual activity of late. It is true he has produced no poem important either for its length or value. Nothing that can take rank with the *Idyls of the King* or with *Locksley Hall* has appeared from his pen. But it is announced that he has been carefully correcting what he has already produced, and that he is about to issue a standard edition of his works in "four library volumes." Nor is this all. He seems desirous of appearing before the readers of periodical literature. He does not confine his favors to one magazine, but, with becoming impartiality, supplies poems to many. In January he contributed one short poem to *Once a Week*, and another to *Good Words*. In February, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* was fortunate enough to secure his name, and the same gentleman announced that for his March number he would be equally happy. So we have some ground for believing that every magazine will be favored in turn. These recent contributions to our poetic literature cannot have the effect of enhancing the popularity of Mr. Tennyson. They are meagre, enigmatical and unpoetical. The verses on a *Spiteful Letter* have done much to injure his reputation, and *Wages*, his most recent production, will not do much toward restoring it. To what class of readers the two stanzas, of which this much-advertised poem consists, are addressed, it is more than difficult to determine. The ordinary reader of *Macmillan* will find their meaning as obscure as the most obscure passage in the *Critical Essay on Blake*, recently given to the public by the laureate's fellow-poet, Mr. Swinburne. But being an admirer of Mr. Tennyson, the aforesaid ordinary reader feels he must admire all that Mr. Tennyson produces, and admires accordingly. Here are the stanzas:

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she :

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

"The wages of sin is death : if the wages of Virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky :

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

The prices received by authors and the number of copies sold of a popular work are subjects on which English paragraph-mongers and London correspondents of country newspapers love to dilate. There is generally no foundation for their statements ; but, even when the sums paid and the numbers sold are exaggerated beyond all reason, it is not to the interest of author or publisher to contradict the statements made. We read, for instance, that Mr. Tennyson received fifty guineas for the two stanzas that appear in *Macmillan's Magazine*. This statement is, of course, absurd.

. . . The numerous English travelers in this country during the past year not only learned to understand the United States better than they did when fresh from a perusal of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* or Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but by conversation and writing on their return, they make their fellow-countrymen understand us better too. Mr. John Morley, for example, whose charming social papers in the *Saturday Review* are highly appreciated in this country, and who made warm friends in this city during his visit last year, shows in his subsequent writings the good fruit of his observations. In a review of Maguire's *Irish in America*, in the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Morley has the following passage : "Englishmen, at any rate, have no right to point the moral of the corruption and inefficiency of democratic government by the outrageous scandals of the New York municipality. The Irish, who in that city and elsewhere do their best to spoil the great republican experiment,

are the direct products, not of the American republican, but of the English oligarchic, system. There is nothing more heroic about the Americans than the fortitude and resolution with which they encounter these annual floods of Irish, whom we send over, as a rule, without a shilling in their pockets or two civilized and orderly ideas in their heads." Here, in America, we all know that the Irish take as kindly to American institutions and manners as any other race, and that the faults which Mr. Morley justly attributes to centuries of British oppression are quite amenable, especially in the children of Irish parents, to the influences of education and civil and religious liberty.

Such just and generous remarks as those which have been common in English periodicals and newspapers since 1865, are well calculated to promote harmony between the people of Great Britain and America ; and it only needs an equitable settlement of the Alabama claims to enable the respective governments to come to a cordial understanding. Without such a settlement the enemies of peace between the two great branches of the English-speaking race will always have an ally in the sense of wrong unatoned for, which is felt in the heart of every true American. With it, whatever wars and convulsions may shake the rest of the world, the people of Great Britain, America and Australia will be secure in an alliance based upon mutual respect.

The author of a clever pamphlet published in this city, and entitled *Some Notes on America to be re-written*, suggests that Mr. Dickens, on his return to England, should write some fresh *Notes on America*, and point out therein the changes and improvements which have taken place here since his first visit. In urging his point, "The press, too," says the writer, himself an Englishman, addressing his fellow-countryman and speaking of his present visit—"the press that you came down upon, tooth and nail, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, have they not, almost without exception, behaved generously, aye, nobly?—few, if any,

casting a stone where the temptation was great." We hope Mr. Dickens will follow the advice tendered to him in this well-written *brochure*, for anything from a man of his genius will be welcome; but whether a volume of fresh *American Notes* be favorable or unfavorable to this country, the time has passed when the reading public here will care. We are getting some of that wholesome thickness of skin which distinguishes our Transatlantic cousins.

. . . Our American authors are apt, in middle age, to subside—or perhaps we should rather say, to rise—into the position of newspaper editors, much to the advantage of journalism. And when once in the harness, good-bye to authorship! All that remains for them in the way of book-making is to bring out new editions of their early writings. Our genial and scholarly Philadelphia writer, Mr. Charles G. Leland, is a case in point. He has found time, in the intervals of duty on the *Press*, to revise and materially improve his charming *Sketch Book of Meister Karl*, which will shortly be republished by W. S. Pooley, of New York.

. . . The following beautiful tribute to the divine character of the Bible occurs in the preface to Max Müller's learned and interesting *Chips from a German Workshop*:

"Never shall I forget the deep despondency of a Hindoo convert, a real martyr to his faith, who had pictured to himself, from the pages of the New Testament, what a Christian country must be, and who, when he came to Europe, found everything so different from what he had imagined in his lonely meditations at Benares! It was the Bible only that saved him from returning to his old religion, and helped him to discern, beneath theological futilities, accumulated during nearly two thousand years, beneath pharisaical hypocrisy, infidelity and want of charity, the buried but still living seed, committed to the earth by Christ and his Apostles."

. . . The primitive religions of Asia, the cradle of the white race, seem destined, at last, to yield up their mysterious secrets. Already the sacred hymns of the Brahmins, as preserved to us in the

oldest collection of religious poetry—the Rig-Veda-Sanhita—have been translated and explained by Max Müller; and now Dr. Haug, late Superintendent of Sanscrit Studies in the Poona College, announces that his "Religion of the Zoroastrians, as Contained in their Sacred Writings," is nearly ready for the press. The more the religions of the Aryan race are studied, the more radically different they are found to be from all others; the Chinese, for example, whose sacred books have now been translated at large by Mr. Legge. This fact is analogous to the radical difference between the Indo-Germanic languages and other groups.

There are numerous literary associations in Philadelphia organized for mutual improvement, besides such well-known ones as the Philosophical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Numismatic Society and the Shakespeare Society; but, as a rule, each is content to pursue the even tenor of its way, without trying to attract the attention of the public. At our Club, the other evening, a literary gentleman from another city was present, when the following conversation occurred. The visitor remarked:

"Of course you have a Mutual Admiration Society in Philadelphia?"

"No."

"You ought to have. Don't you think it would do good?"

"Yes; to the members."

"Why don't you get one up, then?"

"For a very simple reason."

"What?"

"*Nobody would join it!*"

Our Yankee friend was the first to laugh at this sally. Whether the *nil admirari* spirit which confessedly prevails in Philadelphia is one which it is desirable to cultivate is another question, which we will not now discuss.

A pleasant amusement for a casual evening party of young people may be found by setting all hands to imitate Hood's capital fun of making titles for the backs of unreal books. It is not

uncommon in England for a door opening out of a gentleman's library to have shelves on it, with sham volumes upon them, consisting of the backs of books only, and we know of two such doors in this city. Some have lettered these deceptive works with the names of the lost books of Livy, and so forth; and it will be remembered that the late Duke of Devonshire asked Hood for some titles to be used on such a door of the library at Chatsworth. Hood replied with a long list, of which the following are all we now recall:

Lamb's Recollections of Wolfe.

Malthus' Attack of Infantry.

Boyle on Steam.

Johnson's Contradictionary.

Cursory Remarks on Swearing.

The game, if such it may be called, was tried the other evening at a party of young ladies, with the promise that the best titles should be published in a certain Gossip; and here they are:

Michaux's Life of Forrest.

Burr's Life in Chestnut Street.

Emmet's Life of his Ant.

Drinker on Alcoholic Vapors.

The History of Old Maids. By a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Youatt on Dogmatism.

Cobb on the Corn Laws.

Longfellow on Life's Shortcomings.

Stringfellow on Capital Punishment.

Trotter's Walks through the United States.

Scraps from Bacon. By A. Fry.

Hogg's Tales. Appendix by Twist.

Elegant Extracts. By a Dentist.

Teaching Simplified. By Birch, with cuts.

Fish on Nett Profits.

The Quadroon. With a portrait in mezzotint.

Lumberman on the Art of Felling Timber. With wood cuts.

Reflections on Mirrors. By A. Mantell.

The Art of Book-keeping. (Not to be borrowed from this library).

Illustrations of Honesty. With steel engravings.

Fossil Footprints. With lithographs.

Maximilian: a poem. By Napoleon III.

We are permitted to make the following quotation from a private letter written to a friend in this city by a statesman who proved himself one of the best and most useful friends which the United States, their institutions and honor, had in Europe during the past seven years: "Can you tell me if there is any probability that the principal of the five-twenties will be paid off in greenbacks? The prospect of this danger has caused a great deal of feeling here. It would be a terrible stroke, aimed not only at the credit of America, but at its moral authority, and a real subject of grief to all the republicans of Europe." Our public men would do well to weigh these words of M. Louis Blanc (which were not intended for publication) before finally deciding on their financial policy; remembering also that the fathers of the republic did not hesitate, in the very act of making a Declaration of Independence, to avow "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

In estimating the mineral wealth of the far West, its coal-mines should not be passed lightly over, for, although we are not yet aware of their full value, we yet know enough to convince us of the extreme importance they are likely to be in the future.

Mr. Wm. M. Gabb, of the California Geological Survey, has published statistics, showing that between the years 1860 and 1866, inclusive, 358,921 tons of coal were brought into San Francisco from three of the domestic mines—those of Bellingham Bay, Coos Bay and Monte Diablo. The coal deposits are not, however, confined to California and its immediate vicinity, but seem to be scattered over regions with which we are not as yet so familiar.

Dr. John L. Le Conte, in a recent verbal communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences, made some remarks, illustrated by specimens, upon the cretaceous coal-beds of New Mexico, occurring in the vicinity of the Raton Moun-

tains, and the lower cretaceous coal-beds of the Rio Grande Valley. Both regions were regarded by him as capable of supplying abundant fuel for railroad, metallurgic and manufacturing purposes. He also mentioned beds in the vicinity of Denver City, from 11 to 16 feet in thickness, free from impurities, which he believed to be of the upper cretaceous age. Dr. Le Conte merely examined the eastern borders of these deposits: how far they may extend toward the west has not been yet determined.

Dr. F. V. Hayden has also reported very large and valuable coal deposits in Nebraska.

. . . A new quartz pulverizer has been invented by Mr. Varney, of California, which is expected to give value to mines heretofore not profitable to work, and to double the profits of those now worked, because the metal saved from loss is all profit. The machine resembles a conical paint mill. It is an inner cone of ribbed cast-iron working within an outer cone. The quartz rock, fed in sizes not larger than half-inch cubes, is discharged continuously, as in a flour mill, and the flour of quartz is as fine as the flour of wheat. The union of gold and silver with quartz being mechanical and not chemical, the finer the quartz is reduced the more atoms of metal are released and set free for the mercury to take up. Fifteen millions of dollars is a low estimate of the loss of gold and silver on the Pacific coast by imperfect milling, the greater part of which will be saved by the use of the Varney quartz pulverizer.

. . . The Giant Powder Works in San Francisco are completed. The powder resembles brick-dust in color and fine saw-dust in consistency; its ingredients are a secret even to the stockholders, and the price will be one dollar and fifty cents per pound, the cost being about twenty-five cents. It is supposed to be identical with Dr. Ehrhardt's anthracite gunpowder, which is represented as being much more valuable than ordinary powder for blasting purposes.

. . . The discovery, by an American whaler, of Wrangell's Land, situated within Behring Strait, seems to have

stimulated Arctic explorers once more. The French Geographical Society listened recently to an explanation by M. Lambert of his plan to penetrate the Arctic regions through Behring Strait, and thus to gain the open Polar Sea discovered by Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes. The expedition is to set out next year.

. . . The Aëronautical Society of Great Britain proposes to hold an exhibition, next month, of all things connected with ballooning and aërial navigation. They propose to offer a prize to be won by the successful aëronaut who comes in his balloon across the Channel and drops nearest to the place of exhibition. An additional prize is to be held out to any venturous aëronaut who essays to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, and succeeds in doing so.

In the death which took place Feb. 20, 1868, in the eighty-second year of his age, of the Hon. Joseph Reed Ingersoll, Philadelphia has lost the living presence of a gentleman of courtly manners and spotless character; the United States, a diplomatist who represented her at the Court of St. James with dignity and credit; and the literary world, a scholarly and accomplished writer. Mr. Ingersoll, though hardly to be called an author, left behind him, besides translations, a number of printed addresses and other pamphlets which do credit to his abilities. They are as follows: *Oration* before the Washington Benevolent Society (1813); *Annual Discourse* before the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania (1827); *Address* at the opening of the Wills' Hospital (1834); *Address* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Bowdoin College (1837); *Address* at the Franklin Institute (1848); *Eulogy* on Gen. Zachary Taylor (1850); *Obituary Notice* of Henry D. Gilpin, read before the Philosophical Society (1860); *Secession*, a folly and a crime (1862); and *Memoir* of Samuel Breck (1863). Mr. Ingersoll graduated at Princeton College in 1804, afterward receiving from it the degree of LL.D., while the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

A correspondent asks, "What is the meaning of the Spanish expression *sangre azul*, or 'blue blood,' as applied to the aristocracy of Castile and Arragon?" There is little doubt that it originated in the fact that the Gothic conquerors of Spain had fair complexions, blue eyes and light hair. Hence their veins appeared through the skin of a blue color, which was not the case with Moors, Negroes and Basques. Owing to intermarriage, there is very little genuine blue blood left in Spain, but a German colony in Paraguay is mentioned by Broca as having remained pure by non-intermixture since the days of Charles the Fifth; and a Spanish family remaining perfectly fair and purely Gothic, and holding position and rank for centuries, is to be found in Yucatan at the present day.

The genius of the literary men in France is so cramped in the direction of politics just now that it sports in the most eccentric way. A correspondent sends an example of the kind of *canards* which are now developed :

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

It is well known that at the Père la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cabochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription, which closes thus :

"His inconsolable widow dedicates this monument to his memory, and continues the same business at the old stand, 167 Rue Mouffetard."

Now a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago, a gentleman who had noticed the above inscription was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see the Widow Cabochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably dressed and full-bearded man, who asked what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I beg pardon, but I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, *I am* the Widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relic of the late Pierre Cabochard, whose monument I noticed yesterday at the Père la Chaise."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder. "Allow me to inform you that Pierre Cabochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomb you admired cost me a good deal of money, and although *no one is buried there*, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have had no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"

The above story belongs to the class of which the Italians are in the habit of saying, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*"

C.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Book of the Artists. American Artist Life: Comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists. Preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America. By Henry T. Tuckerman. With an Appendix, Containing an Account of Notable Pictures and Private Collections. New York: Putnam & Sons. 8vo. pp. 639.

The appearance of an American book on Art is a novelty; and we opened Mr. Tuckerman's "Book" with anticipations of no ordinary pleasure. Much as we publish and republish in this country on every variety of subject, on this one the press is almost silent. Our Art literature is confined to the

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reproduction of the writings of Palgrave, Ruskin, and a few other writers in England, and to an occasional criticism in the daily or weekly papers, elicited by the exhibition of a new painting or the annual opening of our academies. Since the publication of Jarvis' "Art Studies" and "Art Idea" no original work on Art has issued from our press. Samson's "Elements of Art Criticism" can hardly be said to be an exception to this remark, it being a compilation for the use of schools. Why this is the case it is difficult to say, for the large sales and great popularity of Mrs. Jameson's "Art Writings" and Mr. Ruskin's noble works would seem to



vince a disposition, on the part of our countrymen, to enlighten themselves on subjects connected with the Arts, and an appreciation of the earnestness and ability of the writers. It can hardly be that Art has no hold in the American heart, for in no country is a love for its products so widely spread: no house is so poor as not to have its engravings, and none so wealthy but has its walls graced, or disgraced, by its pictures. In Art biography we are particularly deficient. There appears to be a lack of interest in the lives of those who thus toil for our gratification (and, if understood aright, for our culture and improvement), while we are generous to a fault in our demonstrations of respect for the successful laborer in every other calling.

Mr. Tuckerman, in writing the "Book of the Artists," has undertaken a good thing, and we only wish it were as well done as, from his acknowledged ability, we had a right to expect. As far as the biographies go, they are well executed—probably no other man in the United States could have made so readable a book out of materials so monotonous. There may be a trifle too much of personal history and family detail, but this time will decide. With what avidity do we seek for the incidents of the lives of Leonardo or Raphael—what prying into ancient MSS. and mouldy archives to find the date of a journey or of the production of a picture! The opening essay is well conceived, and, in a literary point of view, well executed: it is very pleasant reading, if neither very deep nor comprehensive. Its fault is a discursiveness and want of point: its suggestions are good, but the author seems to fear handling his subject with the vigor which it requires, and of which he has been pronounced capable.

But the objectionable feature of the book is the utter absence of genuine, intelligent criticism, such as Ruskin and Rosetti and Palgrave and St. Beuve and Chesneau set before their readers, and the substitution thereof of praise, indiscriminate and unthinking, of almost every artist mentioned, or superficial, and often unjust, censure. The author falls into the very error he denounces in the introduction—"exaggerated praise"—and never comes up to his own standard of our need—"more definite eulogium, more measured commendation—the why and wherefore of excellence and defect." Indeed, the character of the whole introduction is singularly at variance with the execution of the biographies; nor do we believe

there is a single true artist in this country who is satisfied with—nay, not offended by—the criticism of his work in Mr. Tuckerman's book. A foreigner, aware of Mr. Tuckerman's opportunities and real abilities for the successful performance of his work, would at once conclude, after a perusal of the "Book of the Artists," that Art in America now was in a state no less flourishing than it was in Italy under Leo X. But how disappointed would he be after inspection of the work so lauded! A celebrated French painter said of our men, as seen in their work sent to the Exposition, "Clever rogues" (gamins); but, without going quite so far as this, we assert that, with two or three honorable exceptions, none of our living painters have mastered more than the rudiments of the art of painting; by which we mean the knowledge of the resources of color and the power of expression in contradistinction to the faculty of conception. Our artists are thoroughly in earnest. They have grand ideas to express, but the cultivation, by which alone they can do justice to themselves and their themes, is wanting. Were one half the praise so liberally dispensed by Mr. Tuckerman true or discriminately placed, we should fear no rivals, ancient or modern. The great object of criticism in Art is to enable the unprofessional spectator to understand the idea of the artist and the aim and purport of his work, and to awaken intelligent and appreciative sympathy between artist and public. Such criticism as Mr. T. has given us is an injustice alike to public and artist, because it lowers the standard of Art and misleads the public taste. It will not hurt the earnest artist. In no case does Mr. Tuckerman enlighten us as to the end or aim of the artist's work, as to his idiosyncrasy or peculiar interpretation of nature, or in how great a degree he has succeeded in expressing himself. He has apparently no standard in art. He makes no comparisons (necessary for the elucidation of character) between the men of our country and those of Europe, who, working with similar aims, are using different means. He seems afraid to meet his subject fairly and squarely, and, whenever he can, resorts to quotation from the criticism of others or wanders off into mere generalities or commonplace.

In many instances the author seems to be very imperfectly acquainted with the works of the men he criticises, and has seen only detached studies or hasty sketches. Some names are lugged in because the artists were

born in America, though they have naught in common with American Art. Others, born and educated abroad, are introduced to give additional lustre to our roll of honor.

Strange to say, the name of Paul Weber, whose influence upon landscape art in this city was and is great, is only mentioned in passing. Mr. Schussele is in the same manner omitted. Indeed, Mr. Tuckerman seems very reticent in regard to our Philadelphia artists. The Morans receive a very trifling notice: W. T. Richards fares no better. G. C. Lambdin, ditto; E. D. Lewis, Willcox, Wood, and many others are simply named or omitted entirely. We are happy, however, to understand that the deficiency, caused by no desire to depreciate Philadelphia artists, will be supplied in the second edition which has been called for.

In the mean time, a few words with regard to some of those artists may not be amiss. Thomas Moran aims not at reproducing any scene in nature literally, but so to combine and arrange his studies as to give an idealized and poetical impression of its beauties. He starts with the idea that all merely imitative art is base—that it is subjective, not objective, realization which high Art calls for—and his purpose is to make his color-language take the place of the noblest and best-sustained efforts of our best poets. As to his successful accomplishment of his purpose, his design and composition are vigorous, but his light and shade, not being sufficiently massed, often neutralize his really good and powerful color. He works somewhat as Turner worked: taking a literal view or sketch as a motive or starting-point, he treats it ideally, drawing largely upon his previous study, his knowledge of nature, and his skill in the manipulation of his material for his effects. His technical knowledge is great, and in his charcoal drawing he is without a rival. Mr. T. Moran's important works are the "Track of the Storm," "The Last Arrow," "A Wood Scene," "The Juniata," "Autumn on the Wissahickon," "Rome from the Campagna," "Bay and Castle of Baiæ," "Illustration of Shelley's Alastor," "Haunted House," "Lake Como," "Forest of Fontainebleau," "Alpine Mountain Gorge," etc., etc. His copies from Turner were pronounced in London the best yet produced. The subject of a large picture now on his easel is, "The Groves were God's First Temples."

Ed. Moran, brother of the above, is hardly treated fairly by Mr. Tuckerman, as he has

evidently not seen the best and most important works of the artist, and only refers to a few early sketches in the possession of Mr. Fales; so that his criticism, although favorable, amounts to nothing. Mr. E. Moran's aim is to reproduce the broad, grand and picturesque effect rather than the quiet repose of nature. He finds his most congenial themes in the restless, ever-changing incidents of sea, cloud and mountain; and the expression of the sentiment inspired by Nature in her grandest moods is his fondest aspiration. His composition is good, his selection of motive excellent, his execution large and broad, his color vigorous, and, in his skies, sometimes very tender. He is a remarkably progressive artist, and with his abiding faith in the possibilities of his art, coupled with great industry and facility of execution, he cannot fail to make his mark in the world. He is one of our most rapid and graceful sketchers, and, like his brother Thomas, is remarkable for his versatility. His chief works are, "A Shipwreck," "Newcastle, on the Delaware," "Children on the Beach," "A View of Philadelphia," "Sea Shore," "The Last Gleam," "Tilbury Fort," "Jersey Shore," "The Morning after the Storm," "Launching of the Life Boat" (probably one of his greatest efforts), "The Wreckers," "Illustration of a Passage in Tennyson's Palace of Art," "View of Windmill Point, Lake Erie," "Windsor Castle," etc., etc.

William T. Richards is an artist who has received but a scanty notice from Mr. Tuckerman, and as he has been called the head of the pre-Raphaelites in this country, and lauded as much as censured for his peculiar style in this city and in New York, a few words as to his position and aim may not be out of place. Mr. Richards' early impulse was to produce some work that, for finish and completeness of expression, should compare favorably with the works of our best authors. After some years of study and practice, he found himself ignorant of what may be called the dictionary of the language in which he sought expression. He found he knew a few words, it is true, but not the full or complete significance of even these. Accordingly he commenced at the beginning of his art, casting aside the result of his previous training, and, from the choice and treatment of his subject, was called the pre-Raphaelite long before the existence of such a school in this country. He early recognized the fact of a noble and ignoble side to every object in nature; that the ignoble was

the easiest to portray, but altogether useless for the purposes of high Art; that the mind, through the imagination, could lift its subject into some nobler aspect, set it in its true relation and seize its right uses as a means of artistic expression.

Here diverged his path from that of the pre-Raphaelites. They both agreed that external nature is the source of all our means of poetic and artistic expression; but they maintained that as the search for the *beautiful alone* had emasculated and almost ruined British Art, the truest means of expression lay in the characteristics of things. Richards believes that the beautiful and the characteristic cannot be divorced without injury to both, and that in the study of nature, the beautiful, noble and heroic are what concern the artist. As the sole pursuit of beauty leads to affectation and mere prettiness, so the sole pursuit of the characteristic leads to caricature and ugliness. This is abundantly proved by the work of the prominent pre-Raphaelites in England, and some of them have even gone so far as to pronounce no Art good which does not recognize the principle of actual decay and death which underlies all nature. The idea of the pre-Raphaelites appears to be, to start as the painters before Raphael did, and by the same methods of study to attain to Raphael's excellence. Richards is striving, by a thorough training of hand and eye, and, as far as may be, by the mastery of the secrets of nature, to prepare himself at some future time for the adequate and intelligible expression (to those to whom nature herself is intelligible) of the noblest and most pathetic emotions of our being. The pre-Raphaelites aim to rival Raphael. Richards seeks a mastery of material (since imagination cannot act independently of outward form), whereby to express and embody his thoughts, feelings and emotions in a manner worthy the progressive spirit of the age, and with a profound belief in the adequacy of landscape art to the embodiment and culture of the best and truest feelings of our nature. Richards' choice of subject is apparently a protest against the extravagance into which immature Art is apt to run, and an assertion of the special value, at the present stage of Art in this country, of the truth and poetry of the simpler transcripts of nature. As a draughtsman, Mr. Richards has no equal in this country, and the excellence he has attained in this particular branch has misled Mr. Tuckerman into the belief that direct and servile imitation was the end which he proposed in his study of natural

objects. Mr. Richards is equally at home on the sea-coast as in the forest, and his marines are characterized by the same delicacy of touch in portraying the subtle lines of moving water as we find in his handling of a tree-trunk or a waving branch. He works not to show his skill to men, but to evince his profound sense of the beauty of nature, and his gratitude to nature's God in surrounding us by so many revelations of His divine love. Mr. Richards' most important works are "Illustrations of the Parable of the Sower," "Path in the Woods," "Pleasant Valley," "Study of Tulip Trees," "Woods in June" (exposition picture), "The Four Seasons" (Whitney), "Midsummer" and "Early Autumn" (Blodget), "Valley of Boguet" (Belmont), "Autumnal Wood" (Roberts), and a large work now on his easel—"Marine from Nantucket," and another on "Mt. Desert."

The space allowed us will not permit a detailed examination of the works of Lambdin, Lewis, Knight, Rothermel, the Bensells, Bispham, Peter Moran, and a number of other Philadelphia artists. We were led from the title of Mr. T.'s book, and the ample opportunities he has enjoyed in a free intercourse with the leading artists of America, to expect some discussion of the collective scope and aim of their work, and of the probabilities of the formation of an American school of Art. While England, France and Germany are divided upon the great Art questions of the day, and their presses teem with disquisitions on schools, aims and tendency, not a syllable to the point does Mr. Tuckerman offer on this most important subject, in this, a history of American Art and artists. There are not less than seven hundred earnest, hard-working men in our country devoting themselves to the pursuit of Art. Have they no influence upon the public? Is there among them no common end? Have they no distinctive character? Here Mr. Tuckerman is silent. Is there an American school of Art, in the sense of a Venetian or Umbrian school? As to the foundation and development of such a school, we must be guided to a solution of the problem by a scrutiny and study, not only of our Art, but of our people. If we find the former, beside being the individual expression of the artist, corresponds with the character of the masses, and finds a ready and appreciative sympathy in their hearts and minds, then we may conclude that at no very distant day a permanent and distinctive school of Art will exist in America. Already our landscape Art is strongly characterized. Our artists, in com-

parison with those of Europe, are fresher (often, it is true, wanting in depth and completeness) and more untrammelled by the conventionalities of Art than their Transatlantic brethren. In this they resemble the pre-Raphaelites of England, with this difference, that the pre-Raphaelites voluntarily abandon the advantages (?) of tradition and academical precept, while our artists do not use them, because we have no such training-schools in this country. They go fresh to nature, ignorant for the most part of all academical rule and example, and each for himself is earnestly working out the mysterious problem of expression.

The love for landscape is a feeling wholly modern, and we think it is, to a great degree, the birthright of the Teutonic race. This is evinced by our poets in a remarkable manner: from Chaucer to Tennyson we have an unbroken chain of enthusiastic descriptions of country life and landscape in all its forms and varieties of aspect. Not so with the continental poets: the old Latin idea, which invests with superstitious dread and qualifies by the epithet "horridus" the grandest scenes in nature, still prevails. We, as a people, seem to be more reflective than passionate; in other words, to lack that dramatic instinct so characteristic of the Latin races. The difference in their music illustrates this: that of the latter is passion itself; of the former, descriptive of passion. Love, hatred, revenge, remorse, joy, sorrow, religious emotion, speak out in tones and numbers unmistakable in the one: in the other we have a plaintive reminiscence of past feeling, and a great and peculiar susceptibility to refined emotion, accompanied by a vague longing for and sympathy with the future. The pathos of these vague spiritual movements takes the place of the tragic or dramatic element with us, and we seek refreshment and satisfaction for our mental and emotional nature, not in the strife of men and the exhibition of their passions, but in the calming and purifying association with out-door nature. Under these influences, a love for landscape is one of the strongest traits of American character. The landscapists among us are largely in the majority (leaving out those with whom portraiture is simply a business), and *success is to be achieved and a school formed by us in this department of Art, if at all.* Our landscape painters have already distinguished themselves, even when undergoing the ordeal of the fastidious criticism of Europe, and we may be justly proud of their successful competition with the great

masters of the Art abroad. What we have is honesty of purpose; what we lack, cultivation and knowledge adequate to the expression of our purpose. The public too, requires education, and to this end nothing is so conducive as the exhibition of the best and most earnest work of our best and most earnest men, popularized and accompanied, as recently were the works of Mr. Maddox Brown exhibited in London, by a descriptive catalogue *by the artist*, thus placing at once the public *en rapport* with him as to his aim, thought and meaning. Instead of this, we have our streets and houses filled with foreign trash, bought at auction—gaudy, ill-drawn, meaningless abortions, ruinous alike to the development of sound taste in the public, and to the interests of our own Art and artists. Of course, we are speaking now of the people at large: we have among us noble works of Art in private collections, but they are not open to the public or accessible to the artist for the purpose of study. Let us by all means have foreign Art, but let it be *the best*: upon all other let Congress place a prohibitory tax, and but a few years will elapse before the improvement in our popular taste will be the best spur to the rapid progress of our artists.

In closing this already too lengthy notice, we would say that Mr. Tuckerman's labor, if not the best, is still in the right direction. But we think a "Critical Sketch of American Art" is yet to be written. In the mean time, let our artists endeavor to deserve the eulogium of Mr. Tuckerman and take away our reproach before men.

In justice to Mr. Tuckerman, we would not conceal our conviction that he has both the knowledge and the ability for the successful prosecution of such a task as he has undertaken in this book. We firmly believe that his present deficiencies arise not from want of right convictions, nor yet from ignorance. His are the faults of an easy-tempered critic. He undoubtedly appreciates the defects in our artists, but his generous nature prefers to dwell upon their excellencies, and to give to the latter what we consider undue prominence.

The American Beaver and His Works. By Lewis H. Morgan, author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 330.

It is rare that a work on any branch of Natural History is written at first hand. The descriptions of the beaver, for example, found in the ordinary works of reference, are mostly taken from Hearne's "Journey to the North-

ern Ocean," published in London in 1795; so that a separate work or monograph, based on actual observation and study, and giving a complete description of the beaver, its habits, characteristics and works, was much wanted; and it is highly creditable to Mr. Morgan that he has supplied the desideratum so completely as he has done in the work before us.

After preliminary chapters on the characteristics and habitat of the beaver and his anatomy, the author gives a most interesting account of beaver-dams, lodges and burrows, and throws a flood of light upon a subject in regard to which but little was previously known. The food of the beaver being exclusively the bark and wood of trees and bushes, it is necessary in our North-western States and Territories, where Mr. Morgan studied his habits, for him to lay up in summer a large store of this provision against the long and dreary winter of that climate. He does this by felling trees and cutting the smaller branches into short lengths, which he floats in the water to a convenient place, sinking them in piles. In the winter-time he sallies out from his burrow or lodge (the latter being an enlargement of the burrow), and swimming to the piles of cuttings at the bottom of the pond or river, returns to his hole with a billet. The habits of the muskrat, a congener of the beaver, are much like those of his fellow-rodent. Both animals use the pond, the burrow and the lodge; and both find safety from their enemies by having the entrances to their dwellings under water. This latter peculiarity accounts for the propensity of the beaver to make artificial dams. It is necessary that the water into which his habitation opens should be always of just about the same depth. If it rises greatly, his burrow or lodge is flooded: if it falls below a certain point, the entrance is exposed. The requisite depth is maintained by constructing a dam; and the maintenance of their dams becomes, therefore, to the beavers, a matter of constant supervision and perpetual labor.

The Indian, a close observer of the habits of animals, without hesitation places the beaver in the highest rank among them for intelligence and sagacity; and the author remarks that "in choosing the sites of their lodges, so as to be assured of water, in their entrances and at their places of exit, too deep to be frozen to the bottom; in the adjustment of the floors of their chambers to the level of the ponds; and in their appreciation of the causes of a change of level in those ponds, as well as of the remedy, decisive evi-

dence seems to be furnished of their possession of a *free intelligence* as well as of constructive skill." But there is another artificial work of the beaver in which a still higher act of intelligence and knowledge is performed. "Remarkable as the dam may well be considered, from its structure and objects, it scarcely surpasses, if it may be said to equal, those water-ways, here called canals, which are excavated through the lowlands bordering on their ponds, for the purpose of reaching the hard wood, and of affording a channel for its transportation to their lodges." These canals are about three feet wide and about three feet deep, with a depth of water varying from fifteen to thirty inches. Among those described by the author is one five hundred and forty-nine feet long.

The chapter on the mode of trapping beaver is full of interest, and the work concludes with an essay on animal psychology, in which the author, rejecting the word instinct, maintains that the mutes, as he calls dumb animals, possess a mental principle similar in kind to that of man.

On the whole, this is one of the most thorough and satisfactory books of its kind ever written, and it must continue, long after the beaver shall have been exterminated in America, to be the standard work on the subject.

*The Science of Wealth: a Manual of Political Economy, embracing the laws of Trade, Currency and Finance.* By Amasa Walker, LL. D., Lecturer on Public Economy in Amherst College. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo. pp. 496.

Political economy is no longer a dry and uninteresting science. It comes home now-a-days to every man's pocket, and a knowledge of the laws of currency, especially, is found to be so important in the conduct of business that the public are more and more anxious to acquire correct information, from whatever source. Four editions of Professor Walker's *Science of Wealth* have been called for in less than two years, and it seems likely to take the position of a standard text-book in American colleges and universities. The author was for twenty years engaged in trade and manufacturing, while as a bank director he gained a practical knowledge of finance. This experience gives him great advantages in treating of the theory of public wealth over mere students like Mill, just as Gibbon found that even the short time he served in the militia helped him greatly to un-

derstand the composition of the Roman phalanx.

Prof. Walker divides his subject into the four great branches of Production, Exchange, Distribution and Consumption, but the portions of the book more immediately interesting just now are those which treat of the currency. The author is an uncompromising hard-money man, and his general conclusions on the subject are so opportune that we present them in full :

"Those nations that produce gold *lose* by all substitutes used instead of it, either by themselves or others.

"Those nations that have no such substitutes gain in commerce all that is thus lost by others.

"Every community that introduces anything but gold or silver into its currency violates the law of value, and disturbs the commerce of the world.

"Other things equal, the industry of each country is effective just in proportion to the accuracy of the *standard* by which its products are measured ; that is, as *it corresponds* with the universal measure of value.

"The peoples of the earth, collectively, gain little in *utilities* by increasing the quantity of the precious metals, so far as used as currency ; the larger quantity having no more power in exchange than the smaller one.

"The gold-producer in any country is injured by the use of either mixed or credit currency in every part of the world, since every substitute for gold as currency diminishes the natural value of his product ; but he is more especially injured by its use in his own country.

"When gold ceases to be the only legal currency of a country, it is demonetized, and no longer measures values.

"The general production of wealth cannot be essentially increased by additions made to the coin and bullion of the world.

"Gold-mining no more increases the ability of a government to discharge a national debt, than any other branch of industry equally productive or profitable."

These views are in the teeth of those entertained by some of our speech-makers at Washington, but they agree with common sense, and must, in the end, prevail.

Mr. Walker shows that the continuance of a currency composed of irredeemable paper, so far from being a benefit, as commonly supposed, is really an injury to the nation at large ; and that it is the duty of Congress in their legislation to keep steadily in view a restoration of the standard of value.

Joseph H. Kennard, D.D. A Memorial.  
By J. Spencer Kennard. Philadelphia :  
American Baptist Publication Society.  
12mo. pp. 297.

The Society, of which Dr. Kennard was an honored and useful member for many years, has done well to give us this Memoir.

Its subject is spoken of by many as a model pastor, and the beneficent results of his forty years' Christian labor in this city were abundant. He was a man of strongly-marked traits : he carved out an independent career for himself from the time that, at nine years of age, he was thrown on his own resources to fight the battle of life. His character was pre-eminently benevolent and self-sacrificing.

Believing men to be in a state of alienation from God, and estranged from the way of true happiness, he gave himself to the work of restoring them to their allegiance to heaven and to a diviner life with a zeal and affection that never flagged. For many years, and till the time of his death, he drew the largest congregation of his own denomination in the city, while his church, though but young in years, was the means of planting several of the most flourishing Baptist churches in the northern part of the city. Through his preaching, which was strong in its simplicity, many hundreds were converted, and many hundreds more have been comforted by the private ministrations in which he excelled. Such men are the salt of the earth, and their memory should not be allowed to perish.

Half-yearly Compendium of Medical Science.  
Edited by S. W. Butler, M. D., and D. G.  
Brinton, M. D. Part I. Philadelphia : 1868.  
8vo. pp. 272.

This new venture includes departments, such as those of Comparative Anatomy, History of Medicine, Dentistry and Veterinary Medicine, which are not touched upon in any similar work in our tongue. It has an able editorial staff, with collaborators both in the United States and in Europe, and every important fact or discovery in medical science will be noticed in its pages.

With Maximilian in Mexico. From the Note-book of a Mexican Officer. By Max, Baron von Alvensleben, late Lieutenant in the Imperial Mexican Army. London : Longmans. 12mo. pp. 289.

This baron writes a good deal like Baron Munchausen. His exploits with sword and pistol are marvelous, but he throws little light on the history of the late usurpation in Mexico.

*Books Received.*

- La Littérature Française Contemporaine.** Recueil en Prose et en Vers de morceaux empuantés aux écrivains les plus renommés du XIXe. Siècle. Avec des Notices Biographiques et Littéraires tirées des ouvrages de P. Voitevin, M. Roche, L. Grangier, G. Vapreau, etc., etc. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 310.
- The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism.** By John P. Brown, Secretary and Dragoman of the Legation of the United States of America at Constantinople. With twenty-four illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 415.
- Leçons de Littérature Française Classique,** Précédées de leçons de Littérature Française depuis ses origines. Tirées des "Matinées Littéraires" d'Edouard Mennechet. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 390.
- A French Country Family.** By Mad. De Witt, née Guizot. Translated by Dinah Mulock Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 216.
- History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609.** By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 632.
- Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne.** Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland on the Laws of Work. By John Ruskin, LL.D. New York: John Wiley & Son. 12mo. pp. 210.
- The College, the Market and the Court; or, Woman's Relations to Education, Labor and Law.** By Caroline H. Dall, author of "Historical Sketches," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo. pp. 512.
- A Short Description of Pennsylvania.** By Richard Frame. Reprinted from the supposed unique copy in the Philadelphia Library. Philadelphia: Oakwood Press. 8vo. pp. 16.
- Queen Victoria's Journal.** Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861. Edited by Arthur Helps. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 287.
- Bacon's Essays.** With Annotations by Richard Whately, D.D., and Notes and a Glossarial Index by Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo. pp. 641.
- The American Cyclops, the Hero of New Orleans and Spoiler of Silver Spoons, Dubbed LL.D.** By Pasquino. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 4to. pp. 27.
- Arthur's Home Magazine.** Philadelphia: Published monthly.
- The Science of Knowledge.** By J. G. Fichté. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 377.
- Antoine de Bonneval. A Tale of Paris in the Days of St. Vincent de Paul.** By Rev. W. H. Anderson. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 12mo. pp. 299.
- Paris in '67, or the Great Exposition, its Side-Shows and Excursions.** By Henry Morford. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 395.
- A Rejoinder to Mr. Bancroft's Historical Essay on President Reed.** By William B. Reed. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author. 8vo. pp. 114.
- Petersons' Cheap Edition of Dickens' Works.** "Our Mutual Friend," "Sketches by Boz." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 8vo.
- People's Edition of Dickens' Works.** Illustrated. "Martin Chuzzlewit," "New Stories." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo.
- Annals of the United States Christian Commission.** By Rev. Lemuel Moss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 752.
- Letters on International Copyright.** By Henry C. Carey. Second Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 8vo. pp. 88.
- Beechenbrook.** A Rhyme of the War. By Margaret J. Preston. Seventh Edition. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 8vo. pp. 106.
- The Children's Hour.** A Magazine for Little Ones. Edited by T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: Published monthly. pp. 40.
- One of the Family.** A Novel. By the author of "Carylon's Year." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.
- The American Colony in Paris in 1867.** From the French of Andre Leo. Boston: Loring. 8vo. pp. 12.
- Gemma.** A Novel. By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 443.
- Randolph Honor.** By the author of "Ingemisco." New York: Richardson & Co. 12mo. pp. 382.
- Colton's Journal of Geography.** Vol. I., No. 1. New York: American News Co. 8vo. pp. 15.
- Margaret's Engagement.** A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 112.
- Brownlows.** A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.
- The New Ledger Building.** Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 8vo. pp. 56.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER XV.

COLONEL LADDOUN, seeing the figure coming toward him from the inn, pulled up the mare, and sat stiffly erect in the saddle. This fellow should stand, like the beggar that he was, at his stirrup. This fellow—whom he had taken from the dunghill, and to whom family and rank and an estate like a principality came and waited until he should choose to claim them. Luck might be on his side, but he should see that Laddoun was still master.

He swelled, he puffed, he played with Bill Thorp's riding-whip as though it had been a sceptre, his red lips growing redder, and his black eyes arrogant and defiant under the thick lids, as he watched Dallas coming nearer.

The twilight was distinct enough for him to see him clearly. By George! how pale the fellow was! Five years of living on prison-broth and stewed cocoa-shells. And Dallas used to dearly love a good square meal, and would share it with even a nigger! The boy had hard lines to pull, after all! Laddoun burst into a good-humored laugh, his face softening as he glanced downward over the baggily-clothed figure. Poor Dall! Where had he picked up that coat? No-

body with gentlemanly instincts could be tricked into making such a guy of himself; but Galbraith was always ready to be duped like a child; and as for dress—but, poor devil, it was not his fault if he had no fine perceptions.

He grew uneasy after that as he waited. Not with remorse that he himself had laid down the hard lines for the boy's life, nor with gratitude because the lad had put out his hand to save him from the gulf into which he had fallen. But he did remember, with a sudden spasm of the heart under his velvet waistcoat, how Dall used to admire his fashionable clothes, his bow, his princely manner—what a slave the fellow had been to him from sheer affection. "He loved me like a dog—Dallas. And he never made me ridiculous trying to copy me, either, like that idiot, McGill!"

He was within half-a-dozen yards of him now. It was the same old Dall! The steady, loping gait: mouth and nose still too big for the man's face as they had been for the boy's: the same inscrutable expression. A thousand remembrances swarmed up unbidden at the sight of him—of the journeys, the fun, the scrapes they had shared in the long, every-day life together: of Lizzy, who had been fond of the boy. Laddoun's face

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kindled into that affectionate, generous glow which his admirers so well knew. He got down with a certain hesitation from his horse, holding one hand out while the other rested on the saddle, as Galbraith came swiftly toward him. He stopped short, and they stood for a moment silent in the twilight, intently regarding each other.

Laddoun broke into a loud, uncertain laugh: "Why, Dallas, old fellow! I—I'm devilish glad to see you! 'Pon my soul I am. It makes me feel like a woman. Shake hands?"

Galbraith glanced from the florid, excited face down to the fat, outstretched hand, but made no other reply.

"You don't mean to bluff me off? As you please: George Laddoun never offers his hand twice," drawing back haughtily. He could not comprehend the silence of the other man, nor the tense compression about his nostrils and jaws. Was he afraid? Or did he mean mischief?

"Now, Dallas, you're keeping malice," he broke out, frankly. "There's nothing of that in me. I've got no account of old grudges. I came here to do you a kindness. I came clear from California to be on hand when you got free, and give you a helping hand. I followed you out here for that. George Laddoun's not the sort to forget old friends. I'd have walked the streets of Albany with you in your prison-clothes, and knocked down any man who insulted you."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then you need not stand off, weighing and measuring me. You'll find me the same jolly brick—old Laddoun. More heart than head about me, as every body knows. 'Pon my soul, the sight of you brought up things I've not thought of for years! There was Lizzy—now. Well," after a moment's pause, "my taste in women has changed, of course. But there's nothing like love's young dream. 'Twas odor fled, As soon as shed.' But you never cared for the sex." He felt, as he rattled over this uneasily, that his hold had slipped from the lad, never to be regained: his old dupe stood farther outside and apart from

him than any other man, and the knowledge cost Laddoun, who was everybody's friend, a sentimental, unaffected pang. He hesitated, then cried impetuously:

"Come, Galbraith, there's my hand. Friend or enemy, as you choose. You know me,"

"Yes, I know you, George Laddoun. But keep back. Don't touch me," drawing back as the other approached, his hands clasped tightly behind him.

Laddoun was startled out of his perpetual applause and patting of himself: he took a quick, keen survey of Galbraith. There was a sudden qualm of fear in his soggy, dull heart—something in the face before him reminded him that the man had had five years of solitude in which "to think it over."

The road was narrow and ran along the edge of a precipice. Galbraith was the more athletic and better built of the two. He had not spoken a word of the wrong done to him; and that looked dangerous.

"If I thrust my friendship on him, it will let loose the devil that he's trying to hold down," the Colonel judged shrewdly in the paralyzed instant that followed. Then he put his foot in the stirrup and slowly swung himself heavily up, keeping a guarded watch on Dallas. There was an aggrieved sense of injury in his manner. He was quite conscious that all the good feeling which had brought him from California had been thrown back in his face: he was not so conscious, to do him justice, of his disappointment in his plans of leeching the heir of the Galbraiths, though the disappointment was there.

Up on the mare's back, he looked about at the darkening twilight and down at the pale, controlled face of the man leaning back against the rocks, as from a vantage-ground of safety. It was but a boy's credulous face after all—never would be anything else: there was not a line of shrewdness or self-confidence in it.

Laddoun pressed his horse closer toward him. "Keep back from you, eh? It's on the cards," half closing his eyes, speculatively, "whether I leave you or

not to shift for yourself, Galbraith. I can make or unmake you as I please," measuring his words deliberately. "I can bring you in heir of this very land you stand on, or I can speak a word that would cause your own mother to cast you off. You've marked out a straight road for yourself? Very well! Do you think Pritchard would take *you* as his companion if I choose to tell him what you are? Do you think that stupid Beck and his wife would keep you under their roof—let their boy go wandering about with a jail-bird? You cannot wash yourself clear of that."

He waited for an answer, but Galbraith was motionless. At the mention of the child he had only clasped his hands more closely behind him, the fingers strained until they were bloodless, and, turning from Laddoun, fixed his eyes steadily on the ground.

The fellow was insensate as a stone!

"I hold you and your fate there, sir—there!" cried Laddoun, loudly, holding out his soft, open hand and patting it with his forefinger. "You may scheme and work to build yourself up as you please. But if you throw off George Laddoun like a pauper and scoff at his friendship, it will cost me no more than the closing of my palm to crush you like a worm."

Galbraith made a sudden step forward. Standing in front of the horse's breast, he grasped the bridle. Whatever control he had held over himself was gone: his face was set and his eyes shone like those of a wild beast. But his voice was curiously quiet:

"I never mean to punish you for what you did to me. I let that go. But I am going to lead a new life. It is in my own hands, and I warn you that it will be safer not to stand in my way."

"I'd have been your friend, if you had chosen," sullenly. "You're the first man that ever chose George Laddoun as an enemy. You never can shake me off now. I'll show you to-morrow what your new life is worth."

Galbraith pressed closer on him. "Then I'll be free of you!" he said, slowly. "I am a better man than you. I count it no more crime to put you out

of my way than a snake that bit me. Look out, Laddoun!"

His sudden onslaught wrenched a half whine, half cry from the Colonel: he grew deadly pale as he wheeled his horse about, throwing Galbraith on the ground. "The boy is mad," urging the powerful beast full on him. "I could ride you down like a dog. And I am armed. Stand back! Stand back, I say!" He brought down the revolver, covering Galbraith's breast.

Dallas stood one instant, watchful as a panther. "If you've a pistol, you are even with me," he muttered, and made the spring. Catching the bridle close by the horse's nostrils, he dragged her by sheer strength across the road to the edge of the precipice and held her there. The brute's terrible cry and Laddoun's yell rose together: her pawing hind-hoofs struck the pebbles down into the chasm. In that moment Laddoun, leaning forward, uncocked his pistol and threw it on the ground.

"I'd not kill *you*, Dallas!" he gasped.

Galbraith glanced at the pistol lying at his feet, and up at the mare and her rider, the insanity going out of his eyes, like a man from whom a physical spasm is passing. He pulled the horse up on level ground again with difficulty, for the strength given by his fury was gone, and held it steady until the Colonel, trembling and sopping the sweat from his face, had slowly alighted and crept across the road to where the pistol lay. Galbraith did not heed him: he stood mechanically stroking down the shivering, terrified animal.

"I am the worse devil of the two. There's not been a day for years when I would not have been glad to see him dead. And he—spared my life—spared my life."

Laddoun picked up the pistol and brushed it on his sleeve with an odd chuckle.

"Say, Dallas, come to yourself, hey? Now, I meant you nothing but good, as you might have known. I'll hold no grudge against you for this bout, boy. Nobody can say George Laddoun keeps malice;" and he held out his hand to the

man who had tried a moment ago to murder him, with a frank smile.

But Dallas shook his head. "I'm no hypocrite. You're no friend of mine, Laddoun. No. You never shall be."

The Colonel took off his hat and pushed his hair back, doubtfully. The boy, like most half-witted people, was obstinate as a mule—hard to manage. Was the game worth the chase? He had a half mind to mount, and, washing his hands of the whole matter, start back to California in the morning. But then he glanced up at the mountains, rich in minerals, down at the broad river, through the grazing valley. It was the estate of a prince: some day to settle down as perpetual prime minister to the ruler of it would be no ill ending to his vagabondage. It was worth another trial, at any rate.

"Let us talk the matter over quietly, Dallas," he said, earnestly. "Look at it coolly. You are beginning your career: circumstances have so chanced that you have singularly little knowledge of the world, while few men have had my opportunity for mastering its ways to success. I offer you my help out of sheer regard for old friendship, and it seems to me you are but a headstrong, hot-headed fool to put it from you. That's how I look at the thing. You may have another view of the subject." He took out a cigar, and, striking a match across his boot, lighted it.

Galbraith, who had patted and soothed the mare into quiet, handed the bridle back to him. "I have no confidences to make to you. I am going with Doctor Pritchard, as you know, no doubt. It would be wiser in you not to interfere with me. I acted like a beast to-night, and I may do it again. I haven't the control of myself that you have—that any man has, I suppose." He turned away abruptly to go down the hill, with no word of leave-taking.

There had been a bitter, humiliated tone in his voice, which, Laddoun felt, came from some depth in the man's nature which he could not sound. He watched him as he went slowly down the hill with the amused admiration

which he might give to a bull-headed, courageous dog.

"Now, that fellow," he thought, as he critically bit the end of his cigar, "knows that I did the job for which he was punished, yet he never blew on me, nor even taunted me with it to-night. He's too cursedly proud. Turns his broad back on me now, not caring to think what a target it is if I chose to put a bullet through it! I'll have another tug with him. I think I know how to fetch him down. Hi! Galbraith!" Finding that he did not turn, he sprang on the horse and cantered after him; but slowly, in order to allow Dallas to almost reach the Indian Queen before he joined him.

Galbraith paid no attention to the horse's tramp behind him: an utter, overwhelming sense of defeat seemed to shut him out from the world. Not an hour ago, walking up and down in the twilight, he had been picturing to himself the place which an educated gentleman, strong and kindly, could take in life—a follower of One whom Dallas, with the reverence of a child or a savage, never named aloud: thinking of this ideal hero, vaguely and in strange connections: with miserable, vicious little children, and with a pure young girl: wondering what chance there would be for him in this expedition with Pritchard to train himself into the likeness of such an one. This was but an hour ago; now, his hands would be stained with murder but for the manliness of George Laddoun: no brute could have wallowed in more besotted depth of blind passion than he had done to-night. He had gone to find the something that had always been against him in Laddoun yonder, and the stronger, viler foe in his own breast had risen and dragged him down. When the Colonel rode up beside him again he glanced at him indifferently, as if he and his malice were almost forgotten.

"I—I have had a long ride, Galbraith," said Laddoun, with well-acted hesitation, "and—well, to be honest, I'm hungry. I suppose your landlady can give me a bite of supper?"

Dallas' color rose, and he quickened his steps without looking up. "You'll

be my guest, Laddoun?" he said, civilly, with an effort which the other took care not to notice.

"With pleasure, my boy!" heartily. "You were always a hospitable fellow. The old times have come back, eh?"

Dallas made no answer: but presently as he walked he loosened his cravat as though straitened for breath. They went down the road in silence, Laddoun tranquilly puffing at his cigar, a twinkle of amusement in his black eyes.

"Say, Galbraith! 'Pon my soul it's too good a joke to keep!" he broke out at last. "I sold you, out and out, up on the hill yonder. I know you so well, you see. When I threw down the pistol at your feet, it wa'n't loaded! Lord!" with a hearty laugh, "I'd have made another use of it if it had been. Though I'd be sorry to hurt a hair of your head, Dall. But you didn't suspect me, eh?"

"No, I did not suspect you," calmly, and with no sign of surprise or irritation.

"Well, your skull was always thick, boy. But it was a neat hit to make in the very jaws of death, as one might say," caressing his jetty beard for a long time afterward, and smiling to himself. The matter, on the contrary, seemed to pass out of Galbraith's mind at once. It mattered nothing to him what tricks Laddoun played on him: it was some ghastly power tugging at his heart within which he wrestled in silence.

"Hallo! here we are," called the Colonel, pulling up before the porch and alighting. "And this is Mrs. Beck, eh?" taking his hat quite off as he went up the steps. "My friend Mr. Galbraith has promised me that you will give me a morsel of supper, madam. Pie, bread and cheese, anything you have. A slice of Sunday's roast goose, say."

"We *had* a goose for dinner," said Peggy, getting up in quite a flutter. "How could you guess that now, Mr.—?"

"Laddoun. Colonel Laddoun. This is your boy?" drawing Matt up to his knee, for he had entered the little living-room, and already seemed to pre-empt and fill it. But Matt pulled away, and went out whining to Dallas, who, after a few words to Mrs. Beck, paced slowly

up and down the porch. The child took his hand, and looked up in his face, but Dallas avoided his eye.

It needed only a few moments for Peggy to spread an appetizing cold supper before the Colonel from the shelves of her clean little pantry, chattering, as she went in and out, of Dallas and the victuals alternately, while Laddoun listened, with a smile on his red lips under the moustache; but there was no smile in the keen, black eyes fixed on Galbraith, who, as yet, had made no motion to join him at the table. He knew Dallas had an Arab sense of hospitality: if he broke bread with him, he had ceased to count him as an enemy. But Laddoun made no effort to bring him in: it was a good test to show how they stood toward each other.

When the supper was ready, therefore, he ate of it alone, though every mouthful choked him, feeling like a dog to whom a bone had been thrown in charity. Dallas came to the door as he pushed his chair back and stood up.

"Try some of this old Monongahela, Galbraith?" eagerly—"to our better understanding of each other. Come."

"I will not drink with you, Laddoun. You are no friend to me."

Laddoun put down the untasted glass with a heat on his face which Galbraith's attempt at murder had not roused in him.

"As you will. You're implacable in a way that I cannot understand. It's not in my nature, thank God!" He closed the door and came up to Dallas, who stood leaning on the mantel-shelf. Laddoun hesitated and stammered before the steady, blue eyes, doubtful how to begin his last attack.

"I thought we could patch up our old break over a meal together," he said at last. "You used to be the prince of good fellows, Dallas. I came here to-night with the best intentions toward you, as I said. I have discovered a certain matter about you, of which I think you are not aware." He paused, but Dallas stood silent.

The Colonel paced slowly up and down; Mrs. Beck, outside, listening to

the ponderous tread that shook the little house, with the respect due to affability when found encased in such superfine clothes and chains of Californian gold.

"It don't matter whether we are friends or foes," his sonorous bass voice rising into a sort of frank, heroic rhythm. "I'll do what I can for you, and then, if you say the word, I'll leave you to enjoy your good fortune alone. I have discovered who you are, Galbraith," with a melodramatic wave of the hand.

Dallas nodded, indifferently.

"You see those hills filled with mineral wealth, the arable slopes, the water-power in those creeks?" pointing out of the window, and rolling the words like a sweet morsel under his tongue. "You are the heir of this estate, Dallas Galbraith," with an unction as though he had declared the triumph his own. "You are the heir!"

"I know it," quietly.

Laddoun stopped short with amazement. "You know it? And you are going with Pritchard without putting in your claim? Do you mean never to take your rightful place?"

"I do not say that," said Dallas, hesitating. "I may come back to them when I am fit for that place. Not until then."

"When you've washed off the Albany smell, eh?" with a loud laugh. "A whiff of that would be damnation to your cause down in the Galbraith house, I fancy. The old fellow and his niece are narrow, religious bigots, and the old madam would cut off her own right hand if it had touched that of a felon's. I know the whole party well," his voice swelling perceptibly. "Pritchard and old James Galbraith and I are chums, in fact. He's got a capital run of sherry, your grandfather; but I forgot: you don't know much about wines," with a smothered laugh. "As for the little Dundas girl," putting on the leer with which he was used to fascinate women, "she's a nice little creature." He stopped short, seeing a great and uncontrollable change in Galbraith's face, and then continued, more deliberately:

"In my younger days I might have been tempted, perhaps. But George Laddoun's too old a bird to catch now."

He waited in vain for any reply.

"How long will you be gone with Pritchard?"

"I do not know. One or four years."

"The devil!" He could not conceal his chagrin and anger; bit his under lip, and then whistled, as he walked rapidly up and down, to keep himself silent. Even one year to a man who crowded his life as he did, meant an utter change of his base and relations. What was his secret hold on Galbraith worth if it was to be half a lifetime before he could bring his lever to bear?

"Tut, boy! What folly is this? I—you may be six foot under ground in as many months. Why should a young, hearty fellow like you thrust off your Luck even for a day when it comes to force good fortune on you? A year! You will come back in a year to find your grandfather dead, most likely, and the estate given over to that sober little Honora. And she," watching him shrewdly, "the property of some clever chap who knows how to pick up a good thing when he sees it."

Dallas raised himself up from the lounging attitude in which he had listened. "We have gone far enough," he said. "My mind was made up to go with Doctor Pritchard. You are wasting time with me. I shall not alter it."

Laddoun listened attentively, remaining thoughtful and silent a moment after Dallas had done speaking, slowly looping the tassel-buttons of his overcoat. His face suddenly cleared.

"Well, I throw the matter up. You will not take even fortune and a bride, if it be my hand that points the way to them. I'll bid you good-bye, Galbraith, and hope you may have another friend as willing and ready when you need him. As for me, I will not cross your path again."

"You have not pointed the way to fortune nor kept me back from it, Laddoun," said Dallas, with a half smile. "Your coming to-night has not altered my plans or position a whit. The time is over for you to affect my fortune in any way. I see that. If there are any enemies for me to fight, they must come

nearer and be more akin to me than you are to do me harm."

The Colonel measured the cool, undemonstrative face and figure before him speculatively for a moment: then he relaxed into his usual good-humored nonchalance. "You will neither suffer me to be foe nor friend," he said, with a laugh. "So be it. Good-night. And good luck, Dallas!" and swinging on his glossy beaver with a half-cordial, half-mocking bow, he sallied out of the room, and in a moment had brought Peggy, Beck and Wash about him, eager and garrulous.

Dallas listened to his loud, musical, hearty voice answering, flinging back some parting jest to them after he had mounted, and his horse's hoofs began to ring down the rocky path. It sounded to Galbraith like a hateful, unmeaning refrain to which the words of his early life had been set. To-night he found that it had lost all power over him—had died utterly out of his life; and listening to it, a light-hearted sense of boyish freedom altogether new to him began to brighten the world. This bugbear of his youth proved, when fairly met, to be but a paltry sham; and then a broad, easy road to the best manhood had opened itself before him. As for the foe within, Dallas did just as we all do, and put it comfortably out of sight. Original sin, or taint of the prison, or whatever it was, there was a long life before him in which to subdue it. That was an easy matter!

What were those words of Laddoun's? "Fortune and a bride?"

The usually grave, composed young fellow took Matt nervously up on his knee, and sat glowering into the red cinders late into the night, deaf to that small man's efforts at conversation, until the fire burned out, and Matt, in despair, fell asleep and snored like a trumpeter. If Doctor Pritchard started during the next week, Galbraith must find some means to see his mother again, himself unseen. It was this visit which he thought he was planning now, fancying a casual meeting with her on the road. She would not be alone—it was not likely

she would be alone. Well, and then? Lizzy would have thought her favorite an idiot if she had known his wild, incredible fancies that night: the years—the long, beautiful, healthy life from youth to far-off death—which he built out of that *then*: the chance that she would not be alone.

Laddoun, meanwhile, rode briskly back on the road by which he came. He wanted to sleep somewhere near the Stone-post Farm, that he could be there bright and early in the morning. If Galbraith chose to put off his chances for years, he (Laddoun) would put up with no such folly. He meant to take the fellow and his fortune in hand at once, and work them as puppets to what end he chose. He would begin the job to-morrow: he had no time to lose. There was a pig-headed stupidity in Dallas and these Western kinsfolk of his which would bring the boy's affairs into a hopeless muddle unless some man of ability would take them up and make what profit he could out of them for Galbraith and himself.

He was in high spirits when he reached Thorp's and called Bill out to take the mare. "Not a hair turned, Billy, though I put her to her mettle."

"You've got urgent business on hand, it seems, Colonel?"

"I have that!" emphatically. "I'm going to put a young fellow through in a way that'll astonish the folks in these parts. Going to see that he gets his rights, or I'll take the wind out of the sails of a certain party that I know. I hate oppression, Bill."

"A young fellow in these parts, eh? You couldn't give names, I reckon?" rubbing down the mare reflectively.

"Well, no, Billy, I couldn't. But you wait. When George Laddoun's about, justice 'll be done. That's my way. When any of the boys want a lift down in San Francisco, Colonel's the man. I don't say it boastfully. It's my nature, and I can't help it. Better for me if I could." He went off soon after, Thorp looking after him almost as much kindled with admiration for his generosity as Laddoun was for it himself.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was a bunch of flowers, in a little vase, on Madam Galbraith's breakfast-table next morning—a crimson camellia, with a snowy edging of violets. Gerty saw it the instant she came in. Mr. Dour had been down at the village last night, and there was a hot-house in the truck-garden there, and the bouquet was beside Honora's plate. Hers was on the opposite side of the table. A lump rose in her throat, choking her, and the dry tears began to burn in her eyes. Walking home from church yesterday, Paul had been barely civil to her, and was it any wonder? She had but two dresses in which to make herself look decent—the blue poplin and red merino—while Honora had a costume for every fresh humor and whim. Yet Mr. Dour thought that she was his own soul's true mate: he had said as much one day, and quoted Plato about it. She did not know much about Plato, but she did know that she would be glad to be his servant, to black his shoes if need were; and if he would make her his wife they could live nicely on—well, just next to nothing: she was a different sort of housekeeper from Miss Dundas. The poor fellow would never have to go about then with unhemmed cravats and ragged shirt-cuffs. But there was no hope of that! She believed Madam Galbraith had brought him there expressly to marry Honora, and they had him in their toils now; and as for her, she was growing old and shabby. There was quite a wrinkle between her eyes lately; and how miserable the ruffle of cotton lace looked about her neck beside Honora's lovely worked linen chemisettes!

She could not eat her muffin or chop at all, but merely sipped wretchedly at her coffee. Mr. Dour sat near her, but she would not turn so much as a glance toward him. She hoped she knew her duty as a woman. Miss Dundas came in late, just as her pony-chaise was driven in front of the windows. She wore a gray dress, edged with fur, and carried her little fur cap and gloves in her hand—all delicate and picturesque

and winning, oddly suiting the dewy, clear eyes and fresh, emphatic little face: how could one ever make anything out of a stiff poplin look like that? Honora looked soberly at the flowers a moment.

"Jane," she said—"Jane, there is a mistake here. These flowers cannot be intended for me;" and began to chip her egg in severe silence. Mr. Dour scowled at her, but said nothing, old Madam Galbraith's eyes being on him; and the vase was carried by Jane ignominiously to the mantel-shelf, where the camellia began to wilt, and finally fell in the ashes.

"You are going to drive, Honora?" asked Mrs. Duffield, who was looking lazily over the last week's paper.

"Yes, down to the village."

"Alone? Your ponies look mettlesome, child."

"I am going alone." Miss Dundas' tones were without doubt cross: the flowers had made her heart beat more than she chose to perceive. She could not shut her eyes any longer to Mr. Dour's proceedings. Poor Gerty! It was a shame! a shame! And yet what must it be to be loved—to love?

Whatever might be the ogre or angel who made pictures before the young woman's brain just then, they kept her sitting at the table alone after every one else was gone—eating dry toast mechanically, quite unconscious of her pawing ponies, and of even Mr. Dour, who had held his eyes upon her during the whole course of the meal. She passed him, when she did rise from her breakfast, with such an indifferent nod, that he turned straight to the well-known blue dress in an arm-chair by the fire. But little Gerty did not even nod to him: indeed, her big eyes, patient and sorrowful as a cow's, were so intent on her tatting that she did not seem to feel him touch her arm. He turned from her.

"My poor camellia!" in a half whisper, picking it up from the fender. "It went far astray this morning. As the heart of its owner," with a deep breath.

The tatting went all wrong: the curled lashes trembled on the chubby cheeks.

"You did not mean to give it to Miss Dundas, then?"

"No."

She looked closer at her shuttle: two big tears rolled from under the lashes. They were too much for Paul Dour. "I meant to give nothing to Miss Dundas, Gerty," bending over her.

"I am sure it does not matter to me if you gave her all the flowers in the world," said Miss Rattlin, drawing herself suddenly up with the dignity of a partridge. "Why should it?"

Paul stared down at her and crumbled the burned flower into bits. "To be sure, why should it?" he said vacantly, and putting on his cap directly afterward, he went out to look for quails, followed by a saucy laugh from the fireside. He was out of temper with himself. What did it concern him if this silly little village girl was full of vagaries? He had taken the first honors of his year: he had made a pilgrimage to Concord to visit Emerson, believing that he stood on the foremost ramparts of thought, side by side with that great seer. Sometimes (especially after reading the books of that great master) he was conscious of original power in his own brain enough to make this whole fallow country fruitful with ideas. And this little jilt treated him as though he were a penny whistle, on which she could blow what tune she pleased. She was nothing to him.

What the devil did she mean just now? Was it possible she did not care for him?

"What are you so glum about, Dour?" asked Colonel Pervis, who was with him. "A woman, I'll wager."

"Oh, I've done with women, long ago," sourly. "I've outgrown that folly. Nobody ever did understand them since the old Serpent when he managed Eve."

"And even he got the worst of it at last—eh?"

Gerty, for some reason, was by this time quite rosy and radiant over her shuttling. She made half-a-dozen puns, at which Mrs. Duffield lifted her delicate brows in astonishment and smiled faintly. She grew very caressing to Honora, put on her cap for her, and called her a dear

little thing, patronizingly, at the end of every sentence.

"What a queer dress, you dear little thing! Quite Polish, isn't it, though? Gentlemen don't like anything so pronounced, I think. Why don't you wear blue? But you can't—I forgot. Your skin won't bear it. I think this is a sweet shade in my poplin. 'Tender and true,' that's the meaning of the color. A gentleman told me so last week."

"Letters!" called Madam Galbraith, taking a black leather bag from a man at the door. "Half a dozen for your sister, Gertrude. All from young men. Tut! tut! Girls nowadays pass about their ideas and feelings at such a rate that they must be tolerably well-worn coin when a husband comes to get them. Here is a letter for Elizabeth, Honora. I wish you would take it to her, child. And speak to her of that matter," lowering her voice. "I will not have her go, d'ye understand? I want to hear no more of it. It's sheer temper in Elizabeth. And the woman has no home but this. I know it."

Honora obeyed quickly, as though the errand pleased her. She looked, as she went, at the big, square yellow envelope, with its direction in a man's crabbed hand, and the queer, written postmark—*Manasquan*. "It's a love-letter," with an authoritative nod. "Maybe she has another home than this, after all." Honora was as nervous and curious in this matter of love to-day as a traveler might be about a new country of which his feet had just touched the shore.

"I've something for you, Lizzy," she cried, tapping at the door of the house-keeper's prim little room and going in. "News from a friend. The best friend, perhaps," holding it over her head and looking archly at Lizzy as she rose soberly, brushing the bits of thread from her dress before she took the letter and looked at it. Surely she blushed!

"Sit down, Honora," gravely placing a chair. She always treated her like a willful child, but Nora spent a large share of her time in Lizzy's room, knowing by instinct how welcome she was to the lonely woman. Honora was the only



one in the house who had always treated her as an equal.

"It's a letter from Manasquan," she said, after she had glanced over it, folding it hurriedly. "My old home, you know. It's from a friend of mine—James Van Zeldt; or he's an agent, rather, I ought to say. I have a little house and a lot there, and he rents them for me, and twice a year he writes about them."

"Oh!" with a disappointed shrug. "Now, I had made up my mind it was from a lover, Lizzy. Everybody has a lover."

"He is only an agent, I assure you, Honora," without a smile. "Wait; here is his letter. There is no reason why I should keep Jim's letters secret, as if they mattered anything to me," earnestly, pulling it out of her pocket. "Do take it, Honora. I wish you to read it."

"Well, I will then," ensconcing herself comfortably on the low window-seat. The room was on the ground floor, and the road leading to the door wound past the low windows. The sun shone in pleasantly through the frosted bushes which overgrew the panes, over Honora's bent head. Lizzy stood, square and sober, facing her, looking beyond her down the outside slope. Nora opened the letter slowly.

"I suppose you are thinking of going back to Manasquan, Miss Byrne," she said, her color rising diffidently. "But my aunt bade me tell you you must not say one other word of leaving us. She cannot do without you, Lizzy, and neither can I."

Lizzy touched a bit of the girl's soft brown hair, which hung loose, gently, and then drew her hand hastily away. "I did not think anybody here would care for my going," she said, with a pleased heat and flurry. "It has come to be really like home to me," glancing round at the neat little bed, the rocking-chair, the teapot and solitary cup and saucer beside the fire. She was thinking that it would be good if she could wait here until her boy Dallas came back to claim his own. It would be a very hard wrench to part with Honora. She was fonder than she knew of the girl.

"But I never would go back to Manasquan unless just to die there," she said, solemnly, at which Honora looked up at her with her liquid, dark eyes instantly full of sympathy. She understood it all. Poor Lizzy had buried something out of her life in the old home for which there was no resurrection.

"You will stay with us, and we won't talk of Manasquan any more," she said, gently, and was purposely a long time in opening the envelope and taking out Jim's awkward letter, while Lizzy stood motionless. It was not altogether disagreeable for her to look out into the pleasant sunshine and think that her life had been a sacrifice. She might be homely and sedate and middle-aged, but she was a heroine! Quite as much as the ideal woman of any novel she had ever read. She had acted from the inner truth of things to help others. Now, all hope for herself here was over—all over. She had grown old. She knew "the purple glory of the morning faded."

Since she found she could do nothing more for Dallas at the Stone-post Farm, she naturally had looked about the world for a place to which to go. It must never be to Manasquan. She had been young there and beloved. Her walks with Laddoun on the sands in the moonlight, with the eternal moan of the sea making rhythm for the song in her heart, came back to her. Whatever Laddoun might be, that was the one gleam of poetry in her life. No true woman could love or be happy twice. Some day, perhaps, when she felt the last hour was very near, she would go back to the quiet old village, and, with the moan of the sea sounding in her ears, and the moonlight perhaps shining down on her changed face, make a fit ending to her sad story. For Lizzy, like most women, had drawn much of her idea of the eternal fitness of things from the poems and semi-religious novels which she read.

When she found Honora had opened the letter, she said, apologetically: "It is a very plain letter that Jim writes, and I'm not so sure about the spelling. But he is a good, kind fellow, for all."

He seemed so far outside and below

the living poem in which the sea and her forsaken home and the music of Laddoun's deceiving tongue had share. And yet—

"It is a very good letter," said Honora, gravely, after a while. "I think I would like your James Van Zeldt more than you do." Turning to the first page, she read it again aloud :

"MANASQUAN, *October 30.*

"RESPECTED FRIEND: I take the liberty of stating to you, that the House is lett : to the same parties as heretofore. I remit the rent due. With regard to your inquirers as to repairs : I have to say there is none needed : a new Roof was put on by some of the Neighbors : same as regards a Pump : they desire their names not to mentioned : But that it would be strange if you would wish to make payment therfor : they have not forgot old times, though they fear greatly that you have so done. There is no changes in Manasquan, since I wrote last, except that one or two is gone. Aaron Bent and the mother of your old friend George. She grew feebler for two years, going up and down the beach incessant ; watching the far-off sails, thinking they would bring one of her boys : We found her lying quite still there one morning, the sand blown over her : We have not heard news of her son George since you went away five years ago last April : his property was sold out then : I have thought of asking you if you knew of his whereabouts. There have been times when I thought I would ask you to tell me if your relations to him had changed : but I would not hurt you, Lizzy, no matter what my feelings may be. You ask me about my own affairs. They is prosperous. I have a comfortable House and Farm. I have the best poultry-yard in these parts. I find it lonesome at times but I am in no mind to marry, any young girl hereabouts as you proposed to me once. I have no more to say except that if you are minded to come back you'll find them as was friends—friends still. Your taking part with that unfortunate Boy will not set any one against

you. Least of all, me. But I suppose you are among fashionable folk and know the World. It is a long time since you went away. Five years last April. I often wonder if you know how long. I am with respect, your friend and well-wisher,  
JAMES VAN ZELDT."

"I am not so sure as to what you would call a love-letter," said Honora, meaningly, patting the letter on her hand. "But he was a very genuine man who wrote that, I think."

"Oh, Jim is a very honest fellow. But—"

"I would like to see his farm and house."

"It would not differ in any way from any small plot about here. Jim is very commonplace, and so are all his belongings ;" comparing, as she said it, little Van Zeldt, his house and poultry-yard, with the flood of moonlight on the great, ebbing tide, and the tender grace and glamour of Laddoun's presence—a presence which had grown very real to Lizzy lately, as she had fallen into the habit of bringing it before her, after the fashion of women, to make more bitter the consciousness that her idol had been but clay. It came so strongly before her now that she scarcely heeded Honora as she rose and gave her the letter, turning to the little oval mirror on the wall to adjust her cap and hair.

"I am going now, Lizzy. I mean to drive down to the village."

"It is a good morning for— What is that ?" with a sudden cry.

"Why, Lizzy !" Honora caught her arm. "I heard nothing. Do you see ghosts in daylight ? What frightened you ?" placing her on a chair.

"I will not sit down. It was a voice I have not heard for years."

"I hear Sam whistling : he is raking the leaves from the path. There is nobody else there," going to the window. "Your letter has put you *en rapport* with somebody who is gone, as the mediums would say, or made you nervous. That is it."

"I could not be deceived !" said Lizzy, huskily, straining her eyes across the

field. Her pale, thick skin was damp and her mouth set firmly. "What shall I do if he comes here, Honora? It is all over between us—all over."

Mrs. Duffield's doubt of Lizzy's sanity came to Nora's mind. "I do not think there was any one there, dear Miss Byrne," she said, soothingly. "However, I will go and look."

When she left the room the old musical voice rang out again suddenly and close at hand. The gardener's mumbling tones were heard in reply. Lizzy threw up the window, leaning on the sill with both hands, and waited.

"Get from under the horse's feet, fellow!" cried Laddoun, loudly, snapping his whip over the horse's ear. "Tell old James Galbraith and his wife I want them—both of 'em—without loss of time."

"And who'll I say wants them?" deliberately, dragging a mass of leaves across the road.

"One that can put you and them to the right-about when he chooses," sternly. "One that will be met in this house in a different sort of fashion a year from now, I fancy."

How princely the sternness and courage in his voice used to seem to her! She was older now. She only thought that he must have been drinking, early as it was in the day. The old gardener shuffled by, grumbling and stopping to rake as he went. The horse's slow footfalls came nearer on the graveled road beside her, so near that Moro, the old house-dog, ran lazily by out of his way. She could not draw her breath in all the cold, fresh air. There was a moment's silence, and then, in the full morning sunshine, Laddoun rode up the path. The lover of her youth, with no tender glamour of grace and youth about him, but overgrown and well-to-do; oily and coarse with low successes: vulgar chains strung over his gaudy waistcoat, and a vulgar leer under his thick eyelids. He had set his hat on one side, curbed his horse, and rode with a sort of triumphant pomp for his own delectation, with the bearing which he imagined would be that of a crown prince entering on possession of his kingdom. True, Dallas was the heir,

but what would Dallas ever be but his tool? He lifted his eyes with a haughty indifference.

Lizzy stood in the low window beside him.

She was squarer and more sober and matter-of-fact than ever. There was the very brown stuff dress which she wore at Manasquan, and her knitting stuck in its sheath. She and Dallas, of all the world, alone knew him to be a forger and a villain.

He put out both hands before him, dropping the bridle, breathless and silent for a moment. Then he hurled an oath at her full of fury, as readily as if he had been her husband all these years.

"Why did you come in my way? What are you here for?"

There was no reply. The bright morning sunshine fell about them. The crackling of the twigs under his horse's feet sounded loud and jarring in the intense silence, and his watch ticked noisily.

Lizzy put her hands to her throat. "Is it Dallas?" she cried, under her breath. "Do you want him? How could you think I would harm you, Laddoun! If only for the sake of old times—"

"Bah!" gathering up the rein with a snort of anger and disdain. "What are old times to me?"

No matter what his loss might be, Laddoun, with men, never lost his temper when the cards were against him. But this was only a woman, and the game had been so nearly won! He adjusted the bridle a moment, controlling himself, and then pushing the horse into the bushes which separated them, scanned her from head to foot with a cool, deliberate stare, which took note of, and taunted her, as she well understood, with every mark of age or homeliness.

"Old times have no significance to me, Lizzy," he said. "You forget that I have been abroad in the world, and seen many other women since then, differing from those of Manasquan."

She drew back: the quick change in her face made him suddenly pause.

"I had no wish to remind you of Manasquan, George," she said, with un-

natural quietness. "I said the remembrance of it would keep me from doing you harm. It has not lost its significance to me."

But there was a different meaning in these words, he fancied. A covert threat; and Laddoun secretly covered before it. He thought, too, he understood her game. "There is no room here for you and me both to work," he said, coarsely, "and you've been beforehand with me. You always had 'capacity,' as the Yankees say. You've got the whip-hand of me with Dallas now."

"Dallas is going: he will not be in your way," she cried. "Let the boy alone, for God's sake, George! You've done him harm enough."

Laddoun looked at her keenly in silence. She was not levying black-mail off Galbraith then? At least not for the present. There might yet be time to play his last card.

"You are going to let him start on this wild-goose chase then? The more fool you. Well, my game is up. So, so!" snapping his fingers with a shrug which he had caught from the Mexicans, his manner always being a thing of shreds and patches, gathering as he went.

"Good-bye, Lizzy," lifting his hat and fixing his bold, black eyes on her. "It was but yesterday Dall and I spoke of you. But you've altered. Time tells on us all, eh?"

She was bending forward, her hands resting on the window-sill, steadily looking into his red, excited face. Laddoun moved uneasily. "Do you see that it is the same man as your old lover?" with a forced laugh.

"I see that it is the same."

"Yes, I'm the same old Laddoun. Good-bye, Lizzy." But he bowed again, and glanced back uncomfortably once or twice at the motionless figure as he rode away. He thought that he had played his hand badly. She might have stood his friend. "I fancied the old fire had not altogether burned out when she looked at me first. But Talleyrand was right. She is my enemy now for life. I have called her ugly and old."

## CHAPTER XVII.

HONORA came back in a few moments: "I knew you were mistaken, Lizzy. There is no one in sight whom you could possibly know. There is a horseman going down the avenue, a stout, over-dressed man, whose very shoulders assert themselves: I think it is a Colonel Laddoun, whom we met yesterday coming home from church. He is—" an indescribable contemptuous shrug finished the sentence. "He could be nothing to you, Lizzy."

"No," said Lizzy, "he is nothing to me."

"You're dreadfully shaken by that letter, poor thing. I did not think you had been so nervous. Come out with me: the cold air will make you feel as if you were freshly born."

"No. I'll lie down by the fire, and take some tea. That is the remedy for all middle-aged people," glancing with a miserable smile over the girl's shoulder into the little mirror.

"Middle-aged, indeed! Why look at this," and Honora, with ready tact, pulled down Lizzy's beautiful hair, and let the black, glossy masses fall about her until they touched the floor. "What would I not give for it? Talk of your youth being gone while you have that, and your smooth, pure skin! If you'd only drink less tea, and brood less over the fire, your color would come back; and you ought to take care of your looks for the sake of—your 'friends and well-wishers,'" with a meaning twinkle in her eyes.

But Lizzy refused to smile, cowering on a stool wretchedly over the fire, paler even than before. Honora began to draw on her gloves, watching her doubtfully.

"Elizabeth," she said, with an authoritative nod, measuring her words in a miniature imitation of Madam Galbraith, "there is one sentence in that letter about which I think it is my duty to speak to you. I believe that I see in it the cause of your troubles. I inferred from it that you had allowed yourself to become entangled in the fortunes of some

desperate character—some abandoned wretch. I think that—well, I think it very imprudent, Elizabeth.”

Lizzy turned and looked up at her with a sudden, inexplicable meaning on her face. “You saw the abandoned wretch, Honora, for whom I sacrificed my life. You gave him your hand, and told him you believed in him. He will not soon forget it. The touch of your hand counted for more to him than the work of many of my years.”

“Oh, the convict! I remember,” growing violently hot and red. “I could not help that. Something in the man’s words carried me out of myself for the time. But I draw a line,” her slight, stately figure rising to its height: the training and creed of her whole life starting up to give fluency and force to the words. “It is our duty as Christians to hold out a helping hand and to speak encouraging words to that class of people, but to consort with them and make them companions!—It is to touch pitch and to be defiled.”

“You forget your Master’s work,” rising. “He made friends of publicans and sinners.”

“That is a different matter,” sharply. The little lady, with all her radicalism, did not choose that her housekeeper should argue with her. “He could not be tainted by contact, but a woman like me or you, Elizabeth, should keep herself pure and apart. The Church’s ministers were left to preach His gospel,” sententiously. “We are to teach it too, but more by example than directly: surely not by mixing ourselves up with the every-day life of vulgar and vile people. I will be very sorry, Lizzy, if I find you have been drawn into any such connection. My uncle and aunt would be very sorry,” buttoning her gloves decisively.

“The convict, as you call him, was not guilty. He was punished unjustly.”

“That may be,” more dogmatically, as Lizzy appeared to yield. “But your own common sense must teach you that five years of prison life would render him unfit for an hour’s companionship with women of our position. Think of the

vileness which he must have drawn in from the very air! And I think a man should be as pure and carefully taught and religious as a woman. Like my uncle, for instance. You need not say a word, Lizzy. Give the unfortunate man money, or whatever kindness you please; but if you lower yourself by associating with him, for however short a time, you are unjust to Mr. Van Zeldt, whose wife you will some time be.”

“I will never be his wife! And for the unfortunate man, Honora—” Lizzy stopped abruptly, the indignant, speechless tears rushing into her eyes as she looked at the girl who had usurped Dallas’ place; scanning fiercely the delicate figure, the flushed, high-bred face, and the sunshine all about her. “You would give him money and kindness? You!”

Honora drew back quickly as if she had been struck, and was silent for a moment. “You forget yourself, Elizabeth,” she said, gently. “I will leave you to rest a while,” and went quickly out of the room, without suffering her to reply; while Lizzy sat down on her stool again, her hands clasped about her knees, her back to the window, that she might not see the dainty equipage and the radiant, picturesque little heiress driving off triumphant. She muttered to herself something about bigotry and Pharisaism, and then she turned so that she could look into the mirror; and, twisting up her hair and taking off her collar to leave the yellow crowsfeet in her throat bare, she studied her own age and ugliness, almost forgetting Dallas. She yawned nervously, chafed her wrists, cold and hot shivers creeping out from one spot in her side through her whole body, weak tears dribbling over her cheeks unconsciously; going, in short, through the whole process by which nature seeks to relieve hysteric women of pain which might else be mortal.

And Lizzy’s life had suffered an amputation that day worse for a woman than the loss of leg or arm. Back yonder, in the youth to which she had looked steadily for years, there was a gap never to be filled. Moonlight and ebbing tide and the voice whose sorcery had made enchantment of

them, and all that these things meant to her, were gone for ever. Instead, there was coarse, every-day sand, a silly girl and a vulgar braggart.

Yet, underneath all, there was deeper dread of another loss. The people at Manasquan had not seen her for five years: would they all think her homely and middle-aged?

Perhaps Jim Van Zeldt had met "other and different women."

Presently she shook out her mass of hair until the sun touched it: it was finer and heavier than Mrs. Duffield's—than even Madam Galbraith's magnificent gray mane; and her skin, too, as Honora said, was smooth as a child's, passing her forefinger over her cheek. After all, Honora was an affectionate, fine-natured little thing, toned on too high a key by those foolish old people, but with wonderfully just perceptions for her years. She was sorry she had vexed her. It was not her fault that she had taken Dallas' place, and as for her antipathy to what she chose to consider vulgar and vile, the child had sucked in such prejudices with her mother's milk: they were a part of her as much as her blood or voice: she would never lose them while she lived.

Honora, meanwhile, being angry, walked her ponies at a funeral pace, aggravating to them and herself. She was not going to be suspected of venting her temper on them! Her uncle, coming through a cornfield up to the road, thought she would make a curious study for an artist as she passed through the solitary landscape, sitting erect in the low chaise in her odd, furred costume, the reins loose in her hands, her face fixed and intent. He had never seen the power in the child's face before. She was a something singularly discordant and out of harmony with the faded November day, in which both the chilly earth and sky betrayed their weariness and lack of strength. The fanciful old man thought that the girl might have better typified some cool spring morning, behind whose faint, beautiful heats and dews lay prophecy of all the passion and storms of the year to come. He leaned over the fence unnoticed, marking

the nervous strength of her grasp, the broad, white forehead, the steady, brilliant eyes, the red heat on her cheeks that burned and faded with her thoughts: reading, as a skillful botanist would in a yet flowerless weed, possibilities of which the plant itself knew nothing and which perhaps might never be developed.

As for Honora, she was only conscious that the world had turned the wrong side to her to-day, like a grand piece of embroidery of which she saw only the knots and tangled ends of threads, or like a wonderful harmony, whose shrill treble and dissonant bass only reached her. In church, or after reading certain books, it was very easy to plan out a part for herself in it that would be like a sweet, perfect symphony; oh, very easy: she was quite sure, if she had the chance, she was capable to-day of any of the heroic acts of greatly good women from Madam Roland down.

But when she came out of her shell for a moment, and was even as good and self-reliant as other girls, see the miserable muddles into which she ran! Madam Galbraith scolded her, or Mr. Dour made absurd love to her, or Lizzy insulted her gratuitously, or—and then the angry heat faded into a more meaning pallor. That any convict who had been in contact for years with thieves and murderers should boast of the touch of her hand! "It counted for much to him." There had been a meaning smile on Lizzy's face when she said this, that maddened her: her pity must have made her beside herself, not to see that the man was young. Honora, alone on the road, took off her glove and wiped her little white fingers vehemently. After this she would live to herself. Nobody understood her but her uncle, or if any one came in her way who seemed worth knowing—as a mere study of human nature—they took no note of her. Not as much as if she were a bit of coal or a root, and went away, leaving the dull, commonplace world just as it was before. There was small room for heroism or grand, sweet symphonies of lives there! Plod on, plod on to the end.

But Honora had tried the world through only nineteen clean, sweet-aired years: her melancholy and despair were, after all, rather appetizing: a not unwholesome training with which Nature ordinarily exercises the brains of girls. She suffered her ponies to break into a trot, which grew faster and faster as they reached a level stretch of road, both her eyes and theirs beginning to sparkle. Then the sun came out behind the watery yellow sky: presently she halted, detecting an odd change in the scents of the stubble-fields: then she drove up to the rocks to reach a flaming branch of a gum-tree, taking off her cap to put in a leaf or two. The bit of color suited her altered mood: the road being lonely, she sang to herself some broken snatches of a cheery song to which the flashing hoofs of the ponies kept time. She reached the mile-post in the road where it separated—a by-way turning lonesomely up into the hills, while the common broad plank-road went straight down to the village.

Honora drew her reins and hesitated. She was in no mood for the village women's questions or gossip; or, perhaps (still lashing herself for her sins), she was not fit for it. She had better live alone in future, as far as was possible. The solitary mountain road, shut in by leafless hickory woods, tempted her. She waited, uncertain, a moment, and then turned into it; changing, it may be, as she did so, the whole current of her life. For, jogging down the path, a quarter of a mile in advance, rode Laddoun; and when he saw her coming far behind him, he drew into the shelter of the bushes on one side and waited for her. He had set his face to California on leaving Lizzy. His game was up at the Stone-post Farm, with her there to proclaim him a cheat and forger to the old people. Galbraith might play out the play as suited him. He was on his way to his inn, there to take passage in the evening coach for New York, when he saw the glittering wheels and fiery black ponies coming swiftly up the road, and the slight gray figure guiding them.

He only meant, when he drew off, be-

ing a connoisseur in women, to treat himself to a farewell look at the girl, who had a witchery and freshness about her beside which mere beauty was tame. But in the moment of waiting, a sudden inspiration came to him—a scheme which he welcomed as complete and sure of success. Now, Laddoun was a confirmed theatre-goer; his brain was full of hackneyed plots; the garish light of the stage colored all his ideas as thoroughly as religion would those of Honora. When he fell on this plan, therefore, utterly melodramatic and impracticable to anybody else, he took a firmer seat in his saddle, and set his hat confidently upon his oily curls again, his sanguine face beaming with delight and self-complacency.

In the brief space which elapsed before Honora's chaise came up abreast with him, he had to elaborate his plan. Given, a mystery and the chance of being a heroine, and any woman living was ready to throw herself soul and body into the part: he would tell the girl the secret of Galbraith's birth, and either out of love of romance or the chance of winning Dallas, and so saving a share of the spoils for herself, she would seek the boy out.

"Let him meet her again," thought Laddoun, "and the work's done. I saw how he held himself as with an iron curb at the thought of her yesterday. Slow, cold fellows like Dallas come to a white heat under a woman's influence, which men like me never reach. Let him be fairly in love with the girl, and, with all his boasted honesty, I'll wager there'll be no word spoken of Albany to the Galbraiths! That little episode will sink out of the young man's remembrance as if a volcano swallowed it. So? so? When they have been married a few months, it will be time for me, with that bit of knowledge in my hand, to put on the screws."

Honora came closer: the Colonel, unseen, watched her through the hickory boughs. She seemed very untainted and childlike to the jaded roué; and her face, or the healthy mountain air or the pleasant sunshine about him, gave him a sudden twinge of disgust for the

job he had taken in hand. "I'd better be off to the ranches and McGill, and let the dirty work alone." But the next moment brought a subtler counselor. "Where's the harm? Dallas is a clever dog and I'm throwing a fortune and a good wife at his feet. There's nobody else would do it for him. Curse it, if I think he deserves it at my hands! Wouldn't drink with me when I took him out of the very gutter, eh? Curse it, if I haven't a mind to throw up the whole business and let him shift for himself! If I do bring him in such a haul as this, he'll hardly begrudge me my—commission. No: Dall's not mean. Commission: that's what it is."

By the time the ponies passed him, therefore, in a slow trot, for the descent was steep, it was with the gracious feeling of a lordly benefactor, and quite the benign air of one, that he sallied out to overtake them.

"You drive well, Miss Dundas," bowing to his saddle as he came up beside her. "Your finger is as gentle and steady as a man's on the rein."

Honora had given a start of annoyance at the first sight of him, but she bowed civilly. "I have always been accustomed to horses," she said, formally, drawing back to one side of the narrow lane and motioning for him to pass her—a motion to which the Colonel was blind, though he smiled under his moustache, reining in his horse close by her seat.

"You are a lover of nature, I see?" with a profound respect in his tone and manner which was unaffected. "So am I—so am I. Though the zest of the matter to me is, that we can put our hand on mountains and sea and say, 'The lord of this is man.' I beg your pardon, but the girth of the off-horse—it is a little loose. Permit me?"

"It is quite secure, I think," said Miss Dundas, dryly.

Laddoun was silent a moment, then began a fresh attack. "What magnificent pasturage this is! I suppose you do not know whether it is included in the Galbraith domain? The estate which you will inherit, Miss Dundas," with

another bow, "is larger than many a German duchy, did you know?"

"No, I did not know. The land is my uncle's." Honora's brows were contracting: her temper would bear but little strain this morning. Besides, all the formal reserve in which she had been reared protested against this forced companionship; and there was about Laddoun that insensible air of impurity which surrounds some men, which women breathe with difficulty. He made one or two efforts to talk to her, and was met by cold and colder monosyllables. His black eyes glittered at the unwonted rebuff: he fingered nervously the gold eagles strung over his breast. There was no use in delay, nor reason why he should submit to the insolence of this petted girl: his business with her could be brought to a speedy end: a few sharp words would settle it.

"You prefer that I should ride on, Miss Dundas?" with a sudden change of voice.

Honora blushed when her rudeness was thus brought before her. "I was out of temper this morning, I'm afraid," forcing a courteous smile, "and I came here for a solitary drive to cure myself. I am unattended, as you see."

"Yes, I saw that," coolly. "You will be the better able to attend to a few words which I have to say to you." He turned his horse rapidly, so as to face her, and laid his fat hand on the reins.

Her horses stopped. Honora gave one quick glance down the lonely road, up the mountain-side, growing slowly deathly pale. Then she sat erect and looked him steadily in the eye. "I know of no subject in common between Colonel Laddoun and me. If there be one, this is not the place to discuss it," she managed to say, though her heart was quaking horribly under the Polish jacket, and her own voice deafened her.

"This is the place I choose," he rejoined, insolently. He stopped in genuine admiration, magnetized by the wide eyes, dark with terror and defiance, and the colorless face which the extremity of the moment had vivified with a rare and tragic beauty.



"I did not think there was so much power in you," he said, good-humoredly, after a pause. "Now, see, Miss Dundas," leaning on the edge of the little carriage. "There's no need to be frightened. I'm one that goes straight to the point. I have a hard blow to give you, but I'll make it as easy as I can. I mean well in the end by you, as you'll acknowledge some day."

She motioned for him to go on, not speaking.

"I think it will be a wholesome lesson for you. You carry yourself in a way hardly befitting society in a country where there is no such thing as rank. You learned that from your uncle, I suppose. But that air of distance and hauteur wouldn't go down with an old traveler like George Laddoun!" with an angry pause. "And it is especially unbecoming in you, because you base it on a heritage to which you have no claim. You are the heir of the Galbraiths, the country people say. But if Dallas Galbraith should come to light, what are you then?"

"Dallas Galbraith?" with a long, bewildered breath. "The boy who is dead?"

"What are you then?" persistently. "A poor relation reared by charity. Dallas Galbraith is not dead," his voice rising. "And I—George Laddoun—know the secret of his life. He has been left to work in the coal-pits at Scranton; to— But the rest of his life doesn't matter. He has suffered from hunger and cold while you slept soft and lived warm, holding his place—a place which even now he won't rob you of, humble fool that he is. If you were a man, now that you know the truth, you would bring the boy back to his place. But the usual rules of honor don't obtain with lovely woman," with an uneasy sneer, for he began to fear he had counted too largely on her readiness for heroism.

Miss Dundas paid no more attention to his stream of words than to the neighing of her ponies. She did not seem conscious, either, that he had ceased to speak and was watching keenly her pale face and uncertain breathing.

"Do you mean," turning to him at last, and speaking slowly, "that Tom Galbraith's son is alive—that I can bring him back to my uncle?"

"You've Colonel Laddoun's word for it that he is alive. You can bring him back to-day, if you mean to do it."

She paused a moment, and then gave the reins a fierce little jerk, breaking the horses into a break-neck pace down the hill, bidding him follow by a commanding glance. The girl, Laddoun saw, scarcely knew what she was doing. She was not much better fitted than a baby to master the emergency in which she was placed. He was not at all surprised to find, therefore, when he had urged his horse again abreast of her, that the tears were running down her cheeks, and that she was brushing them off and lashing the ponies alternately with feeble strokes. "They're so slow!" choking back a sob. "They don't heed me a bit to-day."

"Wouldn't it be better to inquire where to go, Miss Dundas?" smothering a laugh, for her energy had put him in high good-humor. "We'll take it leisurely. There's ample time to find Galbraith. He has waited all his life: an hour or two more won't matter, I reckon."

"I wasn't thinking of *him*. I know nothing about him. But he will go to the house if he is so near, and I want to bring him to my uncle. I thought, when you told me, What if *I* could take Tom's son to him? That is, if you are telling me the truth."

"I am telling you the truth, Miss Dundas," gently, looking steadily into the glowing, wet little face. The look of pathetic tenderness in it belonged to a world outside of Laddoun's experience. Nobody but the old man who was so dear to her had ever seen it there before. He did not speak to her again as they rode on for some distance together. It touched even him that her sole thought at the time should be of the only friend and companion she had ever had.

"I suppose, now, the death of his boy was the one great loss of your uncle's life?" ventured the Colonel, sympathizingly.

Honora started and looked at him, on guard on the instant. "I never have heard my uncle speak of his son," she said, quietly, gathering up the reins into a steadier hold. The road which they traversed had narrowed into a mere lane, which opened, a few rods further on, into a wide stretch of pasture-land sloping down to the creek. On the other side the hills were cut by a winding cattle-path. Honora looked at her watch.

"Have we far to go?" she asked, uneasily. "Mr. Galbraith has an appointment in the village at noon, and if he should meet his grandson, he will certainly know him. I shall be too late."

"Dallas is not in the village. Besides, I cannot go with you to find him at all, Miss Dundas. We're not on good terms, exactly. To tell you the truth, he has treated me so shabbily that any other man than I would give him the go-by for life. I'm going to California to-morrow, but I thought I'd do him this good turn before I left. That's my way."

Honora looked at him scrutinizingly, but made no reply. He began to doubt whether the little girl who guided her horses with such a firm hand was altogether the baby he had supposed, or whether, if her uncle had not been brought into question, she would not have been plucky enough to master any crisis in life. He had a mean desire to bring out some fresh emotion, to play on her again as on an instrument.

"Say, Miss Dundas! You are regarded as the heir of the old people yonder. Your position will be altered. You've forgotten your own part in the matter."

"No; I have not forgotten," calmly.

"Umph!" after a pause. "Will you go on alone to find Dallas?"

"Alone! Yes. Where is he? How shall I know him? I wish to take him back before four o'clock if possible. My uncle will be alone then."

"By George! You do mean to block your own game, then?" with a burst of admiration. "There's no compulsion, you understand? Dall 'll never claim the place unless you go after him."

"Where am I to go, Colonel Laddoun?" coldly. "My time is short."

"So is mine. I've to reach the lower ford inn by noon. You know Dallas," his eyes fixed on her face. "You met him once by the quarry in the mountains. A tall, powerful young fellow, with his mind set on slates and coal, I'll wager, far more than on a pretty face."

Miss Dundas drew the reins suddenly, so sharply that the ponies came to a dead halt. She betrayed no other sign of emotion. But she did not speak. "That was Dallas Galbraith, was it? Dallas Galbraith?" she said, at last, to herself.

Laddoun did not answer her. He was peering into her dark eyes breathlessly. So much of his chances for life hung on the thought going on just now in this silly girl's brain. But the face was as inscrutable as Dallas' own. These Galbraiths all had the rare knowledge of when not to speak or act—a tremendous staying-power, in the language of the turf. Laddoun drew back, and put his horse in a trot, baffled. The ponies kept even pace with him.

"You will take the road to the right," he said, when they came to the end of the lane, turning to her. "That will lead you to the Indian Queen. I must bid you good-bye, here, Miss Dundas. Perhaps I may meet you again before next year—who knows? But I'm off to the gold regions now: I'll let things take their course: I can neither let nor forward them any further. You'll find Dallas Galbraith at the Indian Queen."

Miss Dundas bowed—a statelier bow than she ever could have learned from Madam Galbraith.

"I am very much obliged to you, Colonel Laddoun. You have done Mr. Galbraith a great service, and I can answer for his gratitude if you ever choose to claim it. I will inform my uncle of the place where you say he will find his grandson."

"You will not go for Dallas?"

"No;" and with a sudden motion of farewell she turned her horses toward the open common and drove rapidly

away. Laddoun looked after her in appalled dismay: then he burst into a loud laugh:

“By the Lord! The fellow’s more to her than I guessed! She is afraid to meet him!”

The air grew fresh to Honora when she had left him, but the short saffron grass and zig-zag fences whirled past her blinded eyes. She heard with a feeble terror voices approaching. She was not sure of herself—of a look or word which she would give: the very house at home and the life there this morning seemed far off to her, and never to be regained.

One thing she knew. She had a word to say to her uncle which would heal that old wound in his soul for ever. No one but she ever had known what his dead son had been to him. She was

glad that she had never spoken that son’s name to him. If she could have been the one to bring his boy to him!—

But— And Honora, being alone, let fall the reins and covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out from her own consciousness the burning heat that rose from her bosom up to her forehead.

Presently she turned her ponies swiftly into the hill road. It was a lonely and direct route toward the Galbraith house. She must lose no time in finding her uncle there.

But fate was against her; for when she had driven some fifty rods into the narrow defile she looked up, and there, coming rapidly toward her in his workman’s blouse of gray flannel, was Dallas Galbraith.

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### PASSING BEYOND.

On yon far crag a beacon veers:  
 The wintry ocean booms and heaves,  
 The naked boughs are strung with tears,  
 And brittle hang the icy spears  
 Along the eaves.

And down upon the garden snow  
 The glimmer of a night-lamp falls,  
 And shadows past the curtain go,  
 And they within the chamber know  
 The Voice that calls.

They bend to watch the dying eyes,  
 They hear the lonely billows boom;  
 And out across the unclouded skies  
 A noiseless golden meteor flies  
 From gloom to gloom!

## JOHN NEAGLE, THE ARTIST.

MORE than two years have passed since this eminent portrait painter died in Philadelphia; and, as no life of him has appeared to gratify public curiosity, a sketch of his career, some of his opinions on art and artists, with mention of his chief works, and an anecdote or two, cannot be unacceptable to the public. The writer's acquaintance with Mr. Neagle covered a period of a quarter of a century.

John Neagle was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 4, 1796, while his parents were on a visit to that city. He first saw the light of day in the Marlborough House, Marlborough street, then a hotel of some pretensions. Shortly thereafter he was baptized in the Catholic church, Boston. Just as the ceremony was about to commence, an alarm of fire set the town in commotion, and the male sponsor stepped out to see where the fire was, and found it near his own residence. Not returning in time, Bishop Chevereux said, "Well, he is a nice boy, and, if you will allow me, I will become the sponsor." This graciousness greatly pleased the father and mother. They started in a few days with the future artist for Philadelphia. In the course of time he was placed at school, and at the age of fourteen apprenticed to Thomas Wilson, coach painter and ornamenteer, in Library street. Before entering upon his apprenticeship he took lessons of Peter Ancora, a well-known teacher of drawing. Early he exhibited a taste for the arts. He was constantly sketching upon the walls and woodwork of the house. At Ancora's he met Wilson, who witnessed his proficiency, and induced him to become an apprentice. He remained with Wilson until his eighteenth year, when he purchased the remainder of his time. Finding he had made a mistake in undertaking coach ornamenting, he resolved to begin portrait painting.

From Bass Otis he received about a month's lessons, which was all the direct instruction he obtained from any artist. With Otis he began drawing the eye, the nose and the mouth, and then proceeded to more enlarged studies. He set up his easel in his mother's house at Almond and Front streets. It must be understood that his leisure moments for several years had been devoted to the study of painting. While in Wilson's shop all the ornamenting fell to him. He was industrious and faithful, and often earned from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week for his master. His good habits, general intelligence and ambition attracted the notice and elicited the praise of the community.

Shortly after the purchase of the remaining year and a half of his apprenticeship, Neagle resolved to go to Lexington, Kentucky, and take charge of the painting department of a large coach-making establishment. He went out there and was installed in his office, and, among other things, painted ornaments for coaches, which drew the attention of the people of Lexington, and also of an English coach painter who had considerable reputation in that place; and, although he had never seen this competitor in his branch, he acknowledged himself outdone by Neagle, whom he pronounced the most skillful painter of coach ornaments in America. Neagle, finding the place not suited to his tastes, and wishing to pursue the legitimate art, became listless and decided to leave.

About this time a coach painter from Philadelphia arrived in Lexington with his family, and, being short of funds, applied to the heads of the coach establishment for work, and out of kindness they gave him a piece of plain work to execute, telling Neagle not to be offended. While he was thus employed the dinner-bell rang. Neagle availed himself of the opportunity to ask him whether he would like to fill the situation that he (Neagle)

then filled. He said he should be the happiest man alive if he could secure Neagle's place. Neagle, instead of going to dinner, begged the man to take him to his hotel and let him see his family. This was done, and Neagle then offered him the situation, provided the heads of the house would accept him as a substitute. They consented to let Neagle go, inasmuch as he was too unwell to remain. They paid him what was due, and he set off toward Frankfort, on the way down to New Orleans. While waiting for the stage he was accosted by a townsman, named Joseph Burns, saying:

"Is not this John Neagle, of Philadelphia?"

"My name is Neagle, sir," was the reply.

"Which way are you going?" asked Burns.

"I hardly know," said Neagle; "but I had some thought of trying to make my way to New Orleans."

"God bless you! I am going the same way. Meeting a man from Philadelphia is like meeting a friend. We will go together."

They went as far as Louisville and stopped at the same inn. Burns took Neagle to a place then called Shippingsport, on the Ohio river, where two steamboats were getting ready to start for New Orleans. The price of passage in the large boat was seventy-five dollars, and in the small one fifty dollars. They visited both boats, and, for a reason best known to himself—namely, pressure in the money market—Neagle decided upon taking the small boat, to the disappointment of Burns, who preferred the large one, having plenty of money to pay his way. They returned to their tavern, and Neagle, having paid his bill, found he had but forty-seven dollars left. Here was a strait for our young artist, who was gloomy at the trouble which surrounded him. Burns did not suspect the real cause of his depression. At last, thinking Neagle *might* be in pecuniary difficulty, he invited him to go up to his room, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket.

"Now," said Burns, "I want you to

tell me what is the matter with you? Why do you prefer the small boat to the large one? Why do you give the preference to bacon and greens over poultry and all the et-ceteras provided on the large boat?"

For a time Neagle was silent. At length he said:

"If the truth must be told, all the money I have is forty-seven dollars, which is three dollars short of the passage."

"Oh!" exclaimed Burns; "is that all? If that is the cause of your depression, cheer up, my boy, for I am loaded with money. Look at this," and he drew forth a purse filled with gold. "While this lasts I will share with you: therefore make your mind easy, and let us have a bottle of champagne to bind the bargain."

They were too late, however, for the large boat, and, much to the disappointment of Burns, were compelled to take passage in the small one. On the way down Neagle became acquainted with the captain, and sold him a coat, some vests, and some of his shirts, for which he received twenty-two dollars. This was done without the knowledge of Burns, who was sorely put out when he heard of it. On their arrival at New Orleans, Burns procured a dozen portraits for Neagle to paint, and the hospitable people of that city to whom he was introduced united in expressions of satisfaction that he had come among them, and hoped he would remain; but Neagle told a Mr. Edward Hall, of the firm of Hawkins & Hall, of Philadelphia, that his greatest wish was to get back to Philadelphia. Mr. Hall owned a vessel which was about to sail to New York, and he invited Neagle and Burns on board, where he gave them an entertainment. Here Neagle exhibited a portrait of Washington, after Stuart, which he had brought with him. Mr. Hall took a fancy to this picture, and begged Neagle to set a price upon it.

"If you will give me a passage to New York in your schooner, the picture shall be yours," said Neagle.

"Done," replied Hall, "and I will do more: I will give you a handsome outfit

into the bargain"—an offer which was gratefully accepted.

While at Lexington he made the acquaintance of Mr. Jouett, a student of Stuart's, and by all odds the finest painter west of the mountains. An inspection of this artist's works convinced Neagle that he had yet much to learn before he could hope successfully to practice his art, and entirely dissipated the notion that there were no genuine artists in the Western country. For this reason he was more anxious to go home and enter upon the careful study of his profession. It will be understood that his early attempts at painting were crude, but all his likenesses were remarkable. He had a wonderful faculty of catching the expression and character of his subject. At this time he charged for portraits from eight to ten dollars. This continued for a year or two, when his pictures began to attract the attention of judges of the art. His first decided success was a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, a distinguished Methodist clergyman, who came here with Whitefield. Afterward Dr. Pilmore became an Episcopalian, and at the time of his death was rector of St. Paul's Church, Third street, Philadelphia. This portrait is now in the possession of the St. George's Society, and is still considered a remarkably fine picture. It is based upon the plan of his studies—first to secure character and light and shadow, as a basis of pictorial effect. This picture was exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and was highly praised.

From this time forward Neagle never lacked sitters. The public saw evidence of good taste and power, and a knowledge of the arts surprising in one so young and whose advantages had been so meagre. His most prominent sitter was Robert Walsh, editor of the old *National Gazette*. This was likewise a success. It was larger than a kitcat (a full half-length), representing him at his editorial desk, surrounded by books, papers, pens, etc. His next prominent sitter was the Rev. Dr. Wylie, Vice-Provost of the University. This brought crowds of sitters from among the most distin-

guished people in the city. Among them, Commander Barron, Commander Elliott,\* Colonel Linnard of the army, and others. In the mean time, finding himself so far from the centre of the city, he removed his studio to Walnut street, below Fifth, where he finished the portrait of Matthew Carey, the well-known bookseller and author. This picture won compliments from our ablest artists. The celebrated Gilbert Stuart said, on looking at it in Boston: "I know that man, though I have not seen him for fifty years." He first saw him in Dublin, in a printing-office—a merry, mischievous, bright lad, always in scrapes, full of Irish pluck, and prone to fights. When Mr. Stuart saw the portrait, he said, "That is a bobbish picture." Neagle did not understand the term "bobbish," and upon asking Mrs. Stuart what it meant, she answered:

"Did he call your picture 'bobbish'?"

"Yes," said Neagle, "and I am afraid he does not like it."

"Quiet your fears," she replied, "for, if that is what he said, he paid you a high compliment. With him, 'bobbish' is synonymous with 'remarkably fine!'"

Allston also praised it highly, saying it was better than any head of Leslie's he had seen, except one—the head of Sir Walter Scott (then hanging in the parlor of a gentleman in Boston). Mr. Neagle, it must be understood, had gone to Boston with letters to Allston and Stuart, for the purpose of making the acquaintance of those eminent artists, and asking their opinion of his portrait of Carey, which he had taken with him as a specimen of what he could do. While in Boston, Mr. Stuart sat to him for his own portrait, which Neagle thought the greatest compliment ever paid him, Stuart having refused to sit to many others. This picture is now hanging in the Athenæum at Boston. While he was painting it, Mr. Allston called at the studio of Mr. Stuart and compared the picture with the life, and gave high approbation of its likeness and effect. He was particu-

\* Elliott, afterward Commodore Elliott, born in Maryland, 1782, died in Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1845.

larly pleased with the color and the manner in which the artist had used "Naples yellow" in the lights of the flesh. Mr. Neagle remained in Boston about a month, visiting the different collections, and met everywhere with the hospitality for which that city is renowned. The portrait of Stuart was handsomely noticed in two or three of the leading newspapers, and he came home highly gratified and much improved by his visit.

Shortly after his return to Philadelphia (1825), while at work one day in his studio, Pat Lyon, the celebrated retired blacksmith, called, and seeing Neagle, said:

"This, I presume, is Mr. Neagle?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"I wish you, sir, to paint me at full length, the size of life, representing me at the smithery, with my bellows-blower, hammers, and all the et-ceteras of the shop around me."

Thinking he did not know the expense of a large picture, with two figures and all the surroundings, our artist said:

"This, sir, will be a large and difficult work, and the expense considerable."

Mr. Lyon replied, "D—n the expense!" upon which Neagle added—

"Even the canvas will cost several dollars."

"Here is the money; go ahead," Lyon said: "how much more will you have to start on?" Presently, he added, "I wish you to understand clearly, Mr. Neagle, that I do not desire to be represented in the picture as a gentleman—to which character I have no pretension. I want you to paint me at work at my anvil, with my sleeves rolled up and a leather apron on. I have had my eye upon you. I have seen your pictures, and you are the very man for the work."

An arrangement was then made for the first sitting, which was a mere head, to try the likeness. This was so satisfactory to Mr. Lyon and his friends that the full length was immediately proceeded with. During the progress the painter visited the blacksmith-shop in the Navy Yard, and other shops throughout the city, and made a number of sketches, in order to become acquainted with the

detail of the business. On one occasion Neagle made a sketch of a man with a paper cap on his head.

"What are you doing?" said Lyon.

"I am sketching this man for a bellows-blower."

"Pooh! pooh! do not do anything so absurd. No blacksmith was ever seen with a paper cap on his head while at work."

Afterward, Neagle showed him a sketch of an anvil, hooped around with an iron band looped in a manner to receive the tools.

Lyon laughed at this, saying: "Put no such thing in my picture, for truth's sake! A genuine blacksmith would scorn such a thing! Horse-shoers only, who strike and do their own blowing, would descend to such a thing! Why, my dear sir, you will always find that a legitimate blacksmith has his tools placed in a framework around the bellows. He calls for each tool wanted, and it is handed to him by the bellows-blower."

Lyon was a remarkable man in more respects than one: he had a fine mathematical mind, and worked his problems out on paper before he cut his iron. He was renowned as a blacksmith. He built the Diligent fire engine, and it remained the best of Philadelphia engines for forty years after his death. It was a machine of remarkable power and singular accuracy and skill. Lyon was noted likewise as a manufacturer of hydraulic engines, locks, and everything relating to his business. A characteristic anecdote is related of him: An iron chest in one of the banks could not be opened on account of the key having been mislaid. Lyon was sent for to pick the lock. He came and opened it.

"What is your charge?" asked the president.

"Ten dollars," answered Lyon.

"That is exorbitant," said the other.

"Very well," replied Lyon, shutting down the lid again, "perhaps some one will do it for you more cheaply." He then walked away.

One or two other persons were applied to and failed in their attempts to open the chest, so it became necessary

to send for Lyon again, who came and reopened it.

"Here is your ten dollars," said the president.

"No," replied Lyon, "it must now be twenty."

"I will not give it," exclaimed the president, putting his hands on the lid of the chest, and attempting to force it entirely open.

"Take your hands away!" shouted Lyon, "or I will smash them," and the hands were instantly withdrawn and the lid shut down. It was a case of great urgency, and, cost what it might, the chest must be opened; so they concluded they had better give him the twenty dollars, for Lyon said he would charge them ten dollars for each visit. Thereupon the money was paid, and Lyon departed, considerably elated at having triumphed over the meanness of the president.

But to return to the painting: the old prison, which stood at the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, facing Independence Square, with its western side to Potter's Field (now known as Washington Square); was introduced into the picture at Lyon's request. It was seen with its cupola through the window of his shop, which stood in Library street, where Goldsmiths' Hall now stands. This was a whim of Lyon, to commemorate his unjust imprisonment in the building on the charge of picking the locks of the old Bank of Pennsylvania and robbing it of a large amount of money. Many objected to the introduction of the prison into the picture, but Judge Hopkinson, who, with Alexander J. Dallas, was his counsel in this very interesting trial, approved of the whim, saying:

"That is right, Lyon: preserve the recollection of the old prison, as it is a very important part of your history."

#### NEAGLE AND KEAN.

Neagle was married on the 28th of May, 1826, to Miss Mary Chester Sully,\* the step-daughter of Thomas Sully, the great artist. She bore him ten children: Maurice, Elizabeth, Garret, Sallie, Susan, John, Mary, Jenny, Margaret and

\* Mrs. Neagle died on the 4th of March, 1845.  
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Ellen. Immediately after his marriage, Neagle went to New York on a visit of business and pleasure. He had received a commission from Wemyss and Lopez to paint rapid portraits of certain distinguished actors in New York; among them, Kean, Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Thayer, and others. While there, he was invited to a dinner-party at the house of Mr. Foot, two or three miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson. A number of gentlemen were present, and after the cloth had been removed, it was proposed that Mr. Kean should give Neagle a sitting, the artist having taken his materials with him for that purpose. The character chosen was Richard III., and the passage to be illustrated was, "I can smile, and smile, and murder while I smile." Mr. Kean, being about to leave New York for some engagement, had all his things packed. The artist was placed immediately opposite to him at the dinner-table, that he might have an opportunity of studying the countenance of the great tragedian. Mr. Wemyss was present and suggested the sitting. Kean called his servant to unstrap his trunks and get out his dress and ornaments for the character. Meanwhile, Neagle had prepared his paints and canvas, and asked Kean to have the goodness to call up a look expressive of the sentiment of the part. With every desire to aid the artist, Kean felt great embarrassment at the emergency, declaring that he could not do it, and saying to Neagle, "Let us have a glass of brandy and water together." After which, he made an effort or two, and failing, he remarked: "I'll be d—d if I could ever stand up like a school-boy and recite a passage detached from its meaning or connection."

Neagle seemed surprised at this, and observed: "Sir, you have been accustomed to face immense houses in Europe and in this country: what is the reason you cannot call up the requisite expression in this small circle?"

The actor replied: "It is not affectation, sir: the simple truth is, I cannot express what I do not feel. Let us have some more brandy and water."



But the artist, realizing the task before him, touched the brandy lightly. That raised a laugh. Neagle then said to Kean: "With Hamlet and Othello I am well acquainted, but with Richard I am at a loss. Where is your book?"

"Bring the book," said Kean to his attendant, and opening it and reading to himself a page or two, he at once entered into the feeling of the part, and threw himself into a superb attitude, repeating the words with admirable effect, and eliciting applause from all present. This posture he held for twenty minutes, during which time the artist worked for dear life. Then Kean said: "Let us have a little more brandy." He took the posture again, three times, twenty minutes each, and that concluded the sketch. This was the only sitting Kean gave to an artist in this country.\* The gentlemen resumed their seats at the table, and the conversation became general until the party broke up. When Kean's carriage drove up, he sprang into the coachman's seat.

"What are you doing there?" inquired Foot.

Kean replied: "I am going to drive Neagle to town."

"No, no," said Foot: "the coachman is here, and you shall not do it."

"But I will, though," replied Kean: "I am on the box, with the ribbons and the whip; so good-night to you all." And crack went the whip, and away rolled Kean and his friend Neagle. This was the eve of the Fourth of July, and the town was alive with boys and men, shooting off fire-crackers, pistols and squibs of all kinds, greatly to the alarm of the horses. On their arrival in the vicinity of the Park, the horses reared and plunged at a frightful rate, but Kean, skillful and self-possessed, piloted them through the throngs of excited humanity, and finally reached the hotel—Clark & Brown's—at the junction of Maiden lane and Liberty street. This was long a famous resort for the business men of New York, and is still a popular dining-

\* This picture is now in the possession of Mr. John E. Owens, the comedian, of Baltimore. It was sold to him by the writer.

house. On their arrival at the hotel, Kean insisted upon Neagle's going in with him. "Come," said he, "the great Fourth of July will be to-morrow, and we will make a night of it."

"No, no," replied Neagle. "My wife is waiting for me, and I cannot stay."

"But you shall," said Kean. "Come in: we will have a bottle of wine and a grand supper. What do you like best? Come, now—if there is any delicacy to be had for love or money, we will have it." Neagle, however, with a great deal of difficulty, begged off, and returned to his young wife.

The next day, by appointment, Neagle, with a friend, called upon Kean, who had promised to give him a second sitting. He found him alone and looking out of the window. "Come," said Neagle, "let us have the second sitting."

"What!" exclaimed Kean, "a sitting on the Fourth of July? Are you an American and a patriot? Nonsense, man: we will have no sitting to-day, except the sitting at a fine dinner, in which you and your friend must participate, for I expect a number of the most distinguished *literati* here to dine with me, and I want you to be of the party." Neagle, however, excused himself.

In conversation, on another occasion, on Kean's style of acting, particularly in Othello, Neagle said: "Allow me, sir, to ask you why you make yourself so monotonous in your soliloquies? I know you have a reason for it, and I wish you would give it to me?"

His reply was: "Shakespeare never intended that those soliloquies should be great points in the hands of the actor. A play is like a picture—you, as an artist, know that: the same principles govern both. I see, from your own pictures, you do not put everything in a bright light. I ask you, sir, do you not require bright lights for some portions, lesser lights for others, and obscurity for others?"

The artist said: "Yes; no pictorial effect can be produced without attention to these important principles."

Kean then resumed: "I know the compass of my own voice; I know the

notes that are good, and those which are indifferent: were I to throw the whole power of my voice upon those soliloquies, which are often merely explanatory, I should certainly fail when I arrived at some leading point of the author; for the author must give his principal characters, and secondary characters, and supernumeraries to make a whole. So, also, does he give you principal parts of a principal character, which should receive the brightest lights, and secondary parts to be under some subordination of light, with portions, also, to be thrown into partial obscurity." Again he said: "These bright lights are the proper emphasis to produce an effect. We should cease to be astonished at the thunder if it thundered all the time."

#### A SPOT OF BLUE.

Allston, looking at Neagle's portrait of Stuart, said that in every good painting a spot of blue, be it ever so small, should be introduced—that blue was the grand corrector of all the colors. Neagle thought this was as true as truth itself. He often put a spot of blue in his portraits.

#### LORD HEATHFIELD AND MRS. SIDDONS.

Neagle said Reynolds was noble in his backgrounds, which afford a study for any artist. His portraits of men possess a senatorial dignity seldom encountered, while some of his women are touchingly sweet and gentle. His Lord Heathfield, holding in his hands the keys of Gibraltar, is a grand production, worthy of being placed beside Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—proving the artist equally great as a painter of men and women.

#### NEAGLE AND EICKHOLTZ.

Some years since, Col. Perkins, of Boston (a gentleman of great liberality, fine intelligence and unbounded benevolence), sent to the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts a copy of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," from the original in the Cathedral at Antwerp (one of the three great pictures of the world—the other two being the "Com-

munion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, and the "Transfiguration," by Raphael). One morning, during the exhibition, Mr. Neagle visited the Academy, where he met Mr. Eickholtz, an artist lately from Lancaster, Pa.

Seeing Neagle rapt before the picture, Eickholtz exclaimed: "What, Neagle! are you one of those who go into raptures over this picture?"

"Yes," exclaimed Neagle, "I thank God I have the faculty to enjoy so fine a work. I imagine I can see the original even through the copy."

"Humph!" exclaimed Eickholtz; "do you call that a well-painted foot?" indicating the foot of St. John.

"No: as a specimen of a foot, I do not think it well painted."

"Do you think that drapery on the female at the foot of the cross is in good taste?"

"No: it is Flemish in its form and fashion."

"Well, do you call that a good hand?"

"No, not remarkably good as a hand."

"Do you think that black sky is natural?"

"No, not as an every-day sky—nor is it so intended."

"Do you think that brute at the top of the cross, who holds the sheet in his teeth, furnishes fine expression? Do you think his head affords fine character?"

"Not refined character, certainly; but the expression is eminently just, all things considered."

"Well, then, if the hand is not good, nor the foot, nor the sky, nor the Flemish petticoat, nor the head with the sheet between its teeth, how can it be a good picture with so many faults?"

"My dear sir," said Neagle, "we view this work from different stand-points. I judge it as a whole, and not by parts. I look upon it as masterly—gloriously so. Rubens could have painted a better foot or hand, and a more natural sky; but his genius was too impetuous on so sublime a subject to stoop to unimportant details—to unessential points. Now, look at this picture—so grand, so broad,

so impressive! Can't you see the Divinity of Christ? Do you not perceive and feel the power of the great conception of the artist? Can't you see the heaviness of death in our Saviour? Observe the breadth, the union of the body of Christ with the massive white sheet. Observe the tremendous vigor and harmony of color throughout—the unapproachable light and shadow—the immensity and unity of the masses. That savage at the top of the cross, with his brutish force and bestial character, is an inspiration to contrast with the meekness, the gentleness and patient suffering of the Redeemer. The sky, of which you complain, is most appropriate and true to the story.”

“Come, now, Mr. Neagle,” exclaimed Eickholtz, “are you not influenced by the great name of Rubens?”

“Not at all. I take the work as I see it.”

“What would you say if you had never heard of this picture or its author, and were told that it was painted by me?”

Neagle, feeling a delicacy, hesitated in his reply. He was urged by Eickholtz to speak—to tell him exactly what he thought—to call (as was his wont) things by their right names.

“I am reluctant to speak,” replied Neagle; “but, as you urge, I must tell you that my opinion would be that our heavenly Father had inspired you in the most miraculous manner; for nothing but a miracle direct from God himself could have produced such a result through such a medium.”

Quite dumbfounded, Eickholtz did not know what to say, but he stammered: “To me this picture is like an unknown tongue—I cannot read or understand it. Come to my house, where we can smoke a cigar and finish our conversation.” They walked to the house of Eickholtz.

“Now, Neagle,” said he, “for the life of me I cannot understand what you mean by harmony of color. Look at my portraits here, and tell me if you see any deficiency of harmony or any violation of the rules of good coloring?”

“Shall I speak as I think?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, then, my friend, there is a portrait of a woman on your easel, draped in brimstone-color, with staring sky-blue gloves. It is plain to me that you have no eye for color or harmony, or you would never have so treated your subject.”

“But what would you do if it is so ordered by the sitter?”

“Sir, I would hold the artist accountable for every violation of good taste and harmony. If the sitter will have brimstone dresses and sky-blue gloves, the painter should introduce some intermediate color, shadow or the like—any resource of his art that will create harmony—for the purpose of preventing the violence done to the eye; just as the musician is careful not to offend the ear by discordant notes. A true artist owes something to society. The public take the key-note from him. If a picture is false in color, badly drawn, or deficient in character and truth, the public are misled, because they are misinformed. Every painter should feel the importance of his vocation; and, if he so feel, he will paint, not for dollars and cents, but for reputation and posterity. Why do we hold annual exhibitions?—or, to come back to our starting-point, why did that most exemplary gentleman, Col. Perkins, send this copy of the ‘Descent from the Cross’ to our exhibition? Simply that it might be seen and studied, and that artists and others should derive benefit from it. For my own part, I confess that the picture has been to me a great joy—a fountain of inspiration! I look at it with wonder and admiration, and I shall never cease to feel grateful to the good man who has afforded me the opportunity of seeing it.”\*

#### NEAGLE AND FORREST.

Mr. Forrest's portrait was one selected by Lopez & Wemyss to adorn their *Acting American Theatre*. This was in 1826. Neagle had fitted up a sort of

\* In a marginal note to Dunlap's *History of the Arts*, Neagle says: “Eickholtz has painted some strong, matter-of-fact likenesses, but his coloring is crude and inharmonious, and he has no very highly elevated notions of the intellectual part of the art. His manual dexterity is surprising; his shadows in flesh are all of the same color; and he has but one process for painting draperies, flesh, etc.”

studio in the upper loft (the fifth or sixth story) of Peale's old Museum, on the west side of Broadway, opposite the Park, New York. The weather was warm, and the painter had been waiting for some time for Mr. Forrest to make his appearance agreeably to appointment. Presently his strong, resolute step was heard on the stairs, and soon he dashed into the room with a loud, theatrical "Whew! I say, Neagle, but it *is* hot, and these stairs are a breather, indeed, for a fellow who has worked as hard as I worked last night! By Jove!" (gasping spasmodically) "I feel as if I was going to have a rush of blood to the head;" and he had scarcely taken his seat before he rolled off the chair in a fit. Poor Neagle was filled with consternation. With palette on thumb and brushes in his left hand, he set about untying the tragedian's cravat. "What if he should die?" he thought; and he added, mentally, "They may say I murdered him!" His fright was so great that for a while he made but little headway. There lay the stalwart and handsome actor, then in his twenty-second year, and his breathing was so thick and choked that it looked as if that hour might be his last. While trying to raise his head, one of the artist's brushes accidentally entered the tragedian's nostril. The brush was full of turpentine, which caused Forrest to snort in the most approved style of the histrion's art. Soon consciousness returned, and the tragedian stood up, shook himself, washed his face and took his chair for the sitting. Query: Is turpentine, thus administered, good for fits?

## REYNOLDS AND LAWRENCE.

Speaking of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, Neagle said he could see and feel their beauties. Both displayed great qualities. Allston, Neagle remarked, was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Joshua. He said he was a great painter—great in everything but drawing, in which he was sometimes imperfect, but he never missed his sentiment. Allston said Lawrence was a distinguished artist, but Reynolds was a great one.

This was uttered without a comparison being intended.

## STUART.

Neagle thought Stuart a great painter. He said there was not much variety in his positions or effects—he was not a master of *chiaro-oscuro*, like Rembrandt, but his male heads were remarkable for truthfulness of character and fine flesh color.

## REYNOLDS.

Neagle used to say Sir Joshua Reynolds had advantages over other artists in this: that he kept the best of company, the best in England, such as Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, etc. He was a very sensible man, and constantly availed himself of the brilliancy which gathered at his table. He had, like Moses, but to strike the rock, and a stream of intellect would pour upon him from his immediate surroundings. No doubt he was often indebted to his friends for valuable suggestions.

## ALLSTON.

Neagle, when in Boston, often saw Allston, who said on one occasion that he never saw a representation of a tree in a picture that looked as if the air prevailed through the leaves, and as if a bird could fly through it. He further said that, in order to paint the human knee, he could not get a thorough understanding of the anatomy until he had modeled it.

## TOUCHING BIT OF CRITICISM.

Robert Walsh brought his wife and child to Neagle's studio, to see his portrait after it was finished. Instantly the child ran up to the picture, exclaiming, "Oh, there's pa!" and the little rogue drew his fingers from the head to the cravat, smearing the black paint of the hair over the flesh tints of the face and through the white cravat.

"Holy St. Patrick!" exclaimed Mr. Walsh; "what have you done, my child?"

"Never mind, sir," said the artist: "the compliment more than compensates for the trouble the child has given me.

I will restore it with great pleasure if you will give me another sitting."

SERGEANT WALLACE.

One of Neagle's best works is the portrait of Sergeant Wallace of the Revolutionary army, then in his 101st year. During the sittings, the artist, with his usual tact, elicited the personal history of his subject. While giving the finishing touches, Neagle said: "Sergeant Wallace, you are in fine condition; your complexion is clear, your eye bright, your step firm, your carriage erect: to what do you attribute this remarkable preservation?"

The old soldier replied, "To moderation, sir."

"Ah!" mused the artist; "yet you say you were a free liver until near fifty?"

"Yes."

"And you have had six wives?"

"Yes."

"And thirty-four children?"

"Yes."

"Do you call that moderation?"

The sergeant had nothing more to say.

FITNESS AND PROPRIETY.

Fitness and propriety, said Neagle, are the basis of everything good in every department of Art; in Architecture, Literature, Sculpture, Painting, Music, etc. For instance, look at Powers' Greek Slave; observe the attitude: the back is straight as a ramrod, and the expression is brazen and defiant. Contrast this with the Medicean Venus. Note the graceful curve of the back, the womanly shrinking, the timidity, reserve and self-respect. One is a true woman, refined, gentle, modest; the other is meretricious. All true women shrink from exposure, even in the secure privacy of their own apartments. Of course there is neither fitness nor propriety in Powers' Greek Slave: it is false where it should be true, and is unworthy of the praise it has received. It fails entirely in ideality. She was a slave in the market, and she has not one particle of modesty or shame. In further illustration of the fact that fitness and propriety were the basis of everything good in

art, Neagle called attention to St. Andrew's Church, in Eighth street, above Spruce, Philadelphia, which was modeled after a temple to Bacchus. He laughed at the very large and massive doors, proper enough in the original (for the admission of processions, banners, devices, etc.), but absurd in a temple devoted to quiet Christian observances. He strenuously objected to all servile imitation. The railings, decorated with the head of the drunken god, vine-leaves, etc., were likewise severely animadverted upon. This want of fitness and propriety is seen in all our surroundings.

LYDIA KELLEY.

In Lopez and Wemyss' *American Theatre* will be found a portrait of Miss Lydia Kelley, as Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing." Although the picture from which it is engraved was painted in 1826, it is one of Neagle's best works. Miss Kelley is dressed in white satin, with a great deal of puffing; her head-dress consists of three large ostrich feathers, so well managed and tasteful as to be exceedingly stylish: a bit of blue sky and an indication of red curtain give it tone. The toss of the head is graceful and the general effect admirable. The arms are painted with the armlet gloves which were fashionable forty years ago. The picture, in an excellent state of preservation, is in possession of the writer. Mr. Sully regards it as one of Neagle's finest works, perhaps superior to Mrs. Wood as *Amina* in "Somnambula," owned by the Musical Fund Society. In 1855 the writer sat to Neagle, who produced one of his most elaborate and successful portraits. The artist considered it such himself, and during the last six years of his life he frequently alluded to it modestly as one of his "good pictures."

"There," said Rothermel, pointing to one of Neagle's portraits, "is one of the finest heads ever painted. Stick a pin in that cheek and it will bleed!"

SECOND MARRIAGES.

Neagle loved his wife and children

devotedly. The anniversary of his wife's death was always sacredly kept—in complete withdrawal from business—in silence, sorrow and fasting. On these occasions he held no intercourse with the world, and very little with his immediate family. He often spoke of his wife—of her virtues, her amiability, her gentleness, loving-kindness, devotion, self-denial, etc. "Second marriages," he would say, "are but a patching up of a man's domestic happiness: they rarely make amends (if I may judge from what I read, and hear, and see) for the first great loss. I'll not take the risk." He was often urged to marry again, but steadily resisted. "It is no small matter," he once replied, "to marry a second time; and woe betide the middle-aged man who takes a young wife! His habits are formed—he has grown tired of the theatre, the opera, the party, the drive, the sail, the pic-nic: in point of fact, he has seen everything, and is ready to exclaim with Solomon, 'All is vanity.' The young wife, however, 'will not be answered so:' she must (like all who have gone before her) learn from experience; and the poor husband is well-nigh heart, health and pocket broken during the five or ten years the second wife is acquiring her experience. When people marry young, they grow old gradually, imperceptibly, unconsciously together. They soon learn (if they are sensible) to understand and make allowances for each other, and by the time they reach middle life they are a well-contented and tolerably happy couple—especially if they are blessed with children. No, no; there should be no second marriages, unless the parties are very nearly the same age, and have the highest respect and admiration for each other—a regard founded upon long acquaintance and well-known good character. Even then, I would," continued Neagle, "make second marriages very rare—very."

#### SELECT A MODEL.

Neagle thought every young man, whether painter, writer, sculptor, etc., should select a model from among the

great in his profession, and it should be his aim to write or paint up to that model. He had studied Sir Joshua Reynolds very closely, had read and pondered his writings, and said his views ought to be impressed upon all students.

#### PRINCIPLES.

Neagle had studied thoroughly the principles of his art, and could give a reason for everything he did. A knowledge of principles, he would say, no matter what the profession, is necessary to insure permanent success. When he painted Prof. Gibson, that distinguished anatomist requested him to paint in large letters upon one of the columns in the picture—

Principles!

Principles!!

Principles!!!

#### WHIST.

Neagle was fond of a game of whist, and for many years amused himself at least one evening in the week in this way. He often played with old Benjamin Cross, Thomas Sully (the artist), Frederick Hupfeld, E. P. Mitchell, J. R. Welsh, J. S. Natt, Gen. Tyndale, Jesse Lee, W. B. Hill, Croome (the artist), G. W. Homes (the artist), John Huneker, I. L. Williams (the artist), Hewitt (the artist), Rothermel (the artist), William Rudman (the brewer), and others—all good players.

Neagle took snuff and played whist because Sir Joshua Reynolds was particularly given to both. He was convivial in his habits, but never passed the bounds of propriety in eating, drinking or language.

#### A GOOD TALKER.

A few years before the death of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, that gentleman, meeting Neagle, said:

"I heard you highly complimented, Neagle, last evening, at a Wistar party."

"Indeed, how?"

"I asked Bishop Meade whether your portrait of him gave promise of success, and he said he could not judge of the likeness, but he thought the composition,

color and effect very fine. He added, that if you were half as good a painter as you are a talker, you would make a splendid work of it."

#### ENGRAVERS AT FAULT.

Engravers (remarked Neagle) generally do not understand the masses of a broad painter. They copy the lines and the proportions, but they do not share the feelings of the painter in regard to the breadth and force of his masses. They may give all the details of the picture, and yet lose the pictorial effect by neglecting the strength and breadth of his masses. Engraving is not a copy, but a translation from color to black and white, and, in order to make it successful, the engraver should enter into the spirit and feeling of the painter. An engraver should always, if possible, consult the painter.

#### ROTHERMEL.

In Philadelphia, as in New York and Boston, there are hypercritical people. One evening Neagle encountered two or three of these gentlemen standing in front of one of Rothermel's pictures in the Academy of the Fine Arts. Our historical painter was not so strong then as he is now, nor was his position so well assured.

"Ah," exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "here comes an authority: let him decide for us."

"What is the question?" asked Neagle.

One of the gentlemen replied: "We are discussing in a friendly way Rothermel's claims to consideration as an historical painter. Now, I contend that he is deficient in expression and drawing, and he is too theatrical."

Neagle answered: "Do you call that kind of criticism *friendly*?" With marked emphasis on the word "friendly." "Look you, gentlemen, none of us are perfect. Perhaps Rothermel has faults, but his good qualities are so strong that I perceive them only. He is a master in composition, his color is glorious, he always tells his story well, and he is altogether the best historical painter we have. What more do you want?"

Somewhat abashed, Hypercriticism walked away.

#### ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

Neagle was one of the originators of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia, and was re-elected president nine years consecutively, when he resigned, after which the Society languished and fell into decay. He served one year as director of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and declined further election.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF SITTERS.

"While a portrait painter," remarked Neagle, "is expected to make a likeness, it is not necessary that he should be literal, especially if his subject is mean. I would scorn to copy a wart to make my likeness more formidable. Character is the great thing. Now, all men—and women too, for that matter—are actors, and, especially when sitting to an artist, are apt to become artificial. They affect airs and graces. It is the artist's duty to penetrate this disguise and discover the truth—the real manner and character of the sitter. An experienced artist, in the course of a sitting, will so play upon the feelings of his sitter that he will lay his character open as day to inspection, and this, too, without the knowledge of the sitter." By a series of apparently casual questions, Neagle would discover the prominent points of character in each sitter. His conversational powers were remarkable. Long practice as a talker with the most distinguished scholars in science, literature and art had made him a master in this delightful specialty. A constant reader and thinker, always ambitious to excel in rhetoric, almost pedantic in pronunciation, he shone conspicuously at the gatherings of the social whist club, the Wistar party or the musical soirée.

#### CLERGYMEN AND ACTORS.

Neagle used to say that the vainest men he ever painted were clergymen and actors. In his opinion, both were vain to a painful degree. He gave several instances—naming a dozen or two parsons and as many actors who had sat to

him or with whom he was acquainted—all meanly proud and ostentatious. Of course there are striking exceptions to this sweeping charge. Dr. Wylie was a marked exception. He was as simple as a child: he was a great linguist, a sincere Christian and a wise man. Rev. Dr. Mayer was another exception. A Roman Catholic priest (Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold) was another glorious exception. Dr. Archibald Alexander told Neagle he never knew what true pulpit oratory was until he had heard Harold: he said his logic, rhetoric, diction, grace, were all superlative. Neagle painted Dr. Alexander at Princeton; also Dr. Miller.

#### NEAGLE'S BEST PICTURES.

Pat Lyon, Dr. Wylie, Sergeant Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Earle, Henry Clay, Thomas Birch, Lydia Kelley, Mrs. Wood, Robert Walsh, Dr. Pilmore, Matthew Carey, Gilbert Stuart, Bishop Meade, Henry C. Carey, Rev. Dr. Mayer, John Grigg, Col. Messchert and Mrs. Messchert, Prof. Gibson, David Paul Brown, Joseph Taggart, former president Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank; Morton McMichael, Judges Hopkinson, Tilghman, Stroud and Sharswood, John Sargeant, Thomas C. Rockhill, Wm. D. Lewis, T. P. Remington, Drs. Gardette, Chapman, Horner, Gibson, Dewees, Meigs, McClellan, Harris, Patterson, John Vaughan, Elliot Cresson, Thomas P. Cope, General Patterson, Bishops Delancey and Clarke, H. C. Corbit, Thomas Parke and others.

#### CANDOR AND KINDNESS.

Mr. Neagle was ever kind and considerate to young artists. He answered their questions frankly, and gave them advice freely when they sought it. His candor amounted nearly to a fault, but none who knew him took offence at it. If pressed to give an opinion, he kindly but unreservedly pronounced it, however sorely it might grate upon the ear. But he had the rare merit of telling a young artist how he might improve his pictures. No man could talk more simply and plainly upon art. He could always give a satisfactory reason for everything he did.

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#### HANDS OFF!

Neagle shrank from familiarity, and nothing vexed him more than to have a visitor enter his studio and turn the unfinished pictures which faced the wall. "So-and-so," he would say, "is impertinently familiar: he stalks into my room like a dragoon, and turns my pictures without a word of apology, and with the least possible show of good breeding. He might, with as much propriety, read my half-finished letters."

He was a student to the close of his life, but he could not and would not paint unless in the humor. He said he must feel like it, or work was irksome. It was his custom to think long over his subject, and when in the vein for manipulation, he wrought with a zeal that bordered on enthusiasm.

#### NEAGLE AS A WRITER.

Neagle wrote with ease and elegance. Occasionally he contributed to the newspapers. During the fall of 1856, Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, then president of the Academy of the Fine Arts, wished him to write and deliver a Lecture on Art, and Mr. Rothermel, at the request of the directors of the Academy, waited upon him for this purpose; and it is to be regretted that he declined, as he possessed a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of his profession.

#### AN ACADEMY INDEED.

Speaking of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, he thought it would have greatly advanced true art if one or two able artists had been engaged, at liberal salaries, to give instruction to students. Such a course would have made our city the home of the arts, and pupils would have come hither from all parts of the country. Thus our institution would have become an academy indeed, instead of a place of deposit simply. Beginners need an able head to direct their studies.

#### COMMON SENSE.

None but a man of good common sense, said Neagle, ever becomes a good painter. The reason is obvious: every



picture is an argument, and if it is well stated on canvas, it carries conviction with it. Every good picture is a compromise, in which secondary objects are sacrificed to the leading points. He quoted Haydon's "Creation" as a case in point: it possesses wonderful artistic merit; the contrasts are tremendous; none but a great master could have painted it.

Few of our young men, continued Neagle, study properly. Truth is the basis of art. Give a student a head to copy, and ten to one he will try to improve it: he will flourish like a school-boy, and in this way will fall into habits which he can never correct. Such was not the fashion of Rubens, or Raphael, or Sir Joshua Reynolds. These great men "followed copy"—they were truthful and conscientious in all that related to art.

We should always view a work of art as a whole. No correct opinion can be formed of the bits. They may be good as bits, nothing more.

#### RUSSELL SMITH.

At a private view, a sharp critic said to Neagle, "Don't you think Russell Smith's foregrounds a little weak?"

Neagle replied, "Never when they should be strong!"

"You like his pictures, then?"

"Very much, sir—very much, indeed: he possesses a high order of ability, and he is a quiet, sensitive, observant, modest gentleman."

"Ah, yes, you are quite right," responded the critic, edging off.

#### NEAGLE ON HAMILTON.

About the year 1848, when Hamilton was beginning to attract the attention of the town, Neagle made a prediction about him which has been fully verified. One evening during the exhibition a half dozen artists were gathered in front of one of Hamilton's most ambitious attempts. The work was large and crude, although characteristically bold.

"What are you laughing at, gentlemen?" inquired Neagle, coming in upon the group. They pointed to the large

and pretentious canvas. "Ah, well," replied Neagle, "laugh if you like; but mark what I tell you: Hamilton will make you laugh on the other side of your faces one of these days. Depend upon it, gentlemen, he is destined to shine. At present he is in the mists of doubt and uncertainty: he is groping after his ideal; but he will come out all right. He possesses imagination, power and industry: put these together, gentlemen, and you have genius. Laugh while you may: it will be his turn a few years hence." Hamilton has justified this generous prediction, which brought the big tears to his eyes when he first heard of it.

#### BACKGROUNDS.

Allston once told Neagle that he never could paint a background to a portrait to please himself, although he could paint one to a large historical picture with comparative ease. A background to a portrait, in his opinion, was the most difficult thing in the whole range of painting.

#### AN ANGEL.

One night Neagle and three or four friends were returning from a whist party, when they met a gentleman who was likewise on his way home, and who insisted that the whole party should go with him to his residence and take a glass of champagne. Neagle objected on account of the lateness of the hour, but the gentleman insisted, assuring the party that his wife was an angel, and would be delighted to see them. When they arrived at the house the gentleman opened the door with his night-key, and was marching them into the parlor, when from the head of the stairs was heard a voice screaming:

"Is that you, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_?"

"It is, my dear," was the soft response of the husband.

"Well, who are those night-birds with you? Isn't this a pretty hour to be bringing company home? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves!" The poor fellow had not a word to say, and Neagle and friends stole out on tip-toe, without so much as a "good-night."

## MRS. INGERSOLL GARA.

Some years before his death Neagle gave lessons to Mrs. Ingersoll Gara, a lady of real talent, whose husband is Deputy Secretary of State of Pennsylvania. Advised by her master, she sent a picture to the exhibition, which was flippantly criticised by some young gentleman of the press. With tears in her eyes she ran to Neagle with the paper.

"Well," said the master, "and what does this signify? The writer, who probably knows nothing of art, says your work is indifferent. I say it is good. Will you believe him or me?"

"But, Mr. Neagle, you are partial, because I am your pupil."

"No, I am just. I have examined your picture critically, and I pronounce it very good—correct in drawing, brilliant in color, refined in sentiment, strong in likeness. Be patient, madam: some of these writers must find fault. They would criticise Raphael, or Rubens, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, and annihilate all three! You don't know them as well as I do. Take courage. You have real ability. Study, work, exhibit. All will come right one of these days."

## COL. CHAS. J. BIDDLE.

Neagle once said that the most brilliant and most polite person he had ever met was Col. Chas. J. Biddle. This compliment was paid just after the war with Mexico, in which Biddle had won distinction by his gallantry.

## ELOCUTION.

Neagle prided himself upon the accuracy and good taste of his pronunciation. He studied elocution with Prof. Lemuel G. White, who taught Forrest, Murdoch, Roberts and others of the stage, and who has given lessons to all our distinguished clergymen and lawyers. Prof. White, who is still living and working, claims that he, being then a painter and in partnership with Bass Otis, gave Neagle his first regular lessons in painting. White

afterward went on the stage, and played successfully under Wm. B. Wood, who mentions him in his *Personal Recollections*. He was a pupil of Fennell, an actor of careful culture, and well qualified for the office of instructor. Prof. White published a little *Pronouncing Dictionary* in 1823, "in which all those words subject to incorrect pronunciation are brought directly into view." When the elder Kean came to this country, White gave him fifteen or twenty words which he pronounced incorrectly in "Othello." He likewise gave a number of words to Macready and to others. Although without a rival, and an enthusiast, he has not succeeded in accumulating a store of this world's goods. Neagle held him in high estimation, and often quoted his opinions.

## NEAGLE.

In his prime he was about five feet eight inches in height. He was erect in his carriage, courteous in manners, always smartly dressed, prepossessing in appearance, and a strict observer of the etiquette of life. He had a swarthy complexion, keen black eyes, black straight hair, and a somewhat Indian-like expression of face. His conversation was intelligent and interesting. With literature, science and music he was well acquainted, and on all subjects connected with his art he had a large store of information and anecdote. His individuality was remarkable. I knew of no man who resembled him.

While giving the finishing touches to his last great portrait—that of John Grigg—Neagle was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered. He continued to paint for several years, but he complained of his inability to carry out his conceptions. "My mind is as clear as ever," he would say: "I know exactly what to do, but my hand is slow and awkward to execute." The shadows were slowly but surely gathering about the great artist. He died in Philadelphia, September 17, 1865.

## VALDEMAR THE HAPPY.

Favored in love, and first in war,  
Ever had been King Valdemar.

Bards had written heroic lays,  
Minstrels had sung in Valdemar's praise.

Mothers had taught their babes his name,  
Maidens had dreamed it: this is fame.

Beautiful eyes grew soft and meek  
When Valdemar opened his mouth to speak.

Warriors grim obeyed his word,  
Nobles were proud to call him lord.

"Favored in love, and famed in war,  
Happy must be King Valdemar!"

So, as he swept along in state,  
Muttered the crone at the palace gate,

Laughing, to clasp in her withered palms  
The merry monarch's golden alms.

Home at evening, for rest is sweet,  
Tottered the beggar's weary feet.

Home at evening from chase and ring,  
Buoyant and brave, came court and king.

Flickered the lamp in the cottage room,  
Flickered the lamp in the castle's gloom.

One went forth at the break of day,  
Asking alms on the king's highway.

One lay still at the break of day—  
A king uncrowned—a heap of clay.

For swiftly, suddenly, in the night,  
A wind of death had put out the light,

And never again might Valdemar,  
Strike lance for love, or lance for war.

Silent, as if on holy ground,  
The weeping courtiers throng around.

Tenderly, as his mother might,  
They turn the face to the morning light,

Loose his garments at throat and wrist,  
Softly the silken sash untwist.

Under the linen soft and white,  
What surprises their aching sight?

Fretting against the pallid breast,  
Find they a penitent's sackcloth vest.

Seamed and furrowed and stained and scarred,  
Sadly the flesh of the king is marred.

Never had monk under serge and rope,  
Never had priest under alb and cope,

Hidden away with closer art  
The passion and pain of a weary heart,

Than had he whose secret torture lay  
Openly shown in the light of day.

At the lips all pale, and the close-shut eyes,  
Long they gazed, in their mute surprise—

Eyes once lit with the fire of youth,  
Lips that had spoken words of truth.

From each to each there floated a sigh,  
"Had this man reason? then what am I?"

Oh, friend! think not that stately step,  
That lifted brow, or that smiling lip,

That sweep of velvet or fall of lace,  
Or robes that cling with regal grace,

Are signs that tell of a soul at rest:  
Peace seldom hides in a Valdemar's breast.

She shrinks away from the palace glare  
To the peasant's hut and the mountain air,

And kisses the crone at the palace gate,  
While the poor, proud king is desolate.

## A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

**E**VEN the outside of a German village school is generally a prepossessing sight. It is often the best and largest house in the village; it has an airy site; all round it is cleaned and well cared for. One can see from the outside that the health of the inmates has been well considered: the windows are large, with convenient openings—one below to let fresh air in, and one above to let hot air out; and the height of the two-storied building shows that the school-rooms must be large and the ceilings lofty. In the case of the school I am about to describe—the village consisting of some two thousand four hundred persons—the building comprises two wings, united by a centre. The centre serves for various village purposes: the schools are in the wings, each of which is lighted by ten large windows at the sides and four at the end. This school has six salaried teachers, and more than three hundred scholars. Where is there a village in New England—I say New England, for the reason that schools are more numerous there than in any other section of our country—with that population, with such means of education? All the children of the village go to school at the age of six. There are six classes of elementary teaching, meant for each successive year of the pupils' age up to twelve, when their course is finished. But it is judiciously provided that each child shall be classed according to ability and proficiency, and not age.

The extent and excellence of the teaching, its systematic character and its practical usefulness, amply justify the provisions made for it. The following are the subjects taught to all the children in the elementary classes: Religion, reading, writing and counting, mental arithmetic, writing to dictation, singing, grammar, repeating prose and poetry by heart, drawing, natural history, botany and geography. Of course they are not

taught all at once, but the children are brought forward in them gradually. By the time they are in the highest class, and about to leave the elementary school, their proficiency is something surprising. Two years ago I had the pleasure of attending one of their examinations, and I must confess that, with some experience, I have never seen such proficiency extended so widely, and given so thoroughly and with so little appearance of cram, as in the village school I speak of.

In the German schools the religious difficulty is solved, and education rendered systematic and effectual, by the simple admission of the religious sects to educational equality. There has been no attempt to neutralize religious sectarianism, nor to secularize school education. The spirit of sect is in Germany, as with us, too bitter to be left out of reckoning; and the spirit of religion is too deep-seated in the nature of the German people to allow of either a neutral or a colorless religion being taught, or of Christianity being omitted from the schools. The particular school I speak of in this article is not only eminently Christian, but zealously sectarian.

The organization by which this is accomplished is as follows: There are in the village three, if not four, religious parties. First, there are Lutherans, high and low; second, there are Roman Catholics; third, there are Jews. The Christian sects hate each other as cordially as Christians, alas! too frequently, do. But the number of the masters in the school renders sectarian equality and co-operation practicable. The Protestants are to the Catholics as two to one; the Jews are a small minority. The six school-masters are divided, therefore, in this proportion: two Catholic masters and four Protestants.

Religion is taught early in the morning, during the first hour of school. It

is not a sham or a form, but apparently a real, earnest hour of religious inculcation. The master prays with the children, reads with them, sings with them, and converses on this life and the next, on the daily duties, wants, trials, hopes and fears of a young Christian, on the resources of faith and prayer, on truth and love, soberness and watchfulness, the love of God and the sacrifice of Christ. This goes on in two of the school-rooms at once: in one a Protestant schoolmaster, in another a Catholic schoolmaster, performs the religious duty. When the children return from the room of their own sect, where they have been taught belief in their special creed, classification breaks up: they now go to one or other of the six masters in the six school-rooms which compose the school, and enter on the secular duties of the day. For the remainder of the day the difference between Protestant and Catholic is unknown.

It is difficult to say anything against the wisdom or the practical advantage of this arrangement. Who is the worse for it? Not the Protestants—they do not feel hurt by it; not the Catholics—they cheerfully use it: perhaps the Jews. They are in an insignificant minority. Nevertheless, for them the arrangement is so well planned that they do not suffer. As there is no Jewish rabbi in this particular school, and hardly enough for one to do in the service of the village synagogue, all that the Jews have to do is to send their children to school one hour later. They thus avoid attempts at proselytism, and whatever religious education they choose to provide for their children can be given by the Jewish parents during that hour. If they amounted to one-sixth of the population, the difficulty would be solved even more successfully; for they would then have one Jewish rabbi out of the six masters to teach Judaism in school-room No. 3.

It is an excellent feature in this village teaching that it is good and brief. The children are active all the time, but not fatigued. The teaching is over at eleven o'clock in the morning, for the most part.

All the rest of the day may be spent at home and in help to their parents. They go to school at seven in the morning, have one hour of religious and three hours of active secular teaching, and then school is over. There is no sham teaching or dawdling over books. The masters are all the time fresh for work, and so are the pupils.

As to the instruction given in this school, I venture to say that it is of a very high order: the method strengthens the mind, imparts knowledge, and makes learning a pleasure. The way in which arithmetic is taught may be taken as a test and example. Arithmetic may be the driest and most irksome branch of education. Only give children the multiplication table to learn by heart and repeat by rote, only give them long pages of figures to add and long sums in division to do, and you may fill slates and hours with dreary drudgery, sending away your scholars dull, stupefied, worn out. The teaching of figures in the German school is all life, earnestness, eagerness, and even fun. There is no formality in it: the master inculcates no rules, insists on no tables, does nothing by rote. The children have to create their own rules, make their own processes, invent their own short-cuts to knowledge. To learn to reckon, the children have to count their fingers, or tell the number of children on each bench, or the number of panes of glass in the windows of the school-room, or the number of books on the shelves of the library, or the number of steps each can take in the length of the room. To learn to multiply is no work of memory there: it is seen to be a happy short-cut to save addition. Add 12 to 12, says the master; they add, and slowly get to 22? 25? 23? But at last all the school agree that it must be 24. This is set down as a happy discovery, and chalked up on the board by the children as something never to be forgotten. The next thing is to show how this knowledge may be used as a starting-point in more extended calculations, such as 3 or 4 times 12. Then the teacher practises the pupils in the transactions of ordinary

life—imagines a purchase of apples or chestnuts, and requires the children to calculate what will be the price of such a quantity, and how much change he should get back for a thaler or other coin—the whole class being called into consultation on each item of the amount, and a great deal of fun being got out of the incidents of the bargain. Writing, again, is taught so as to include much more than mere penmanship. One of the last things an American boy can do when he leaves school is to compose a letter; but this is made a familiar study at the German village school.

The class being ranged, with slates and pencils in their hands, the master propounds a subject. "Let me see," he will say, "to-day is market day. You live, we will say, not here, but in the little house just beyond the village, three miles away. Mother sends you to market with something to sell and something to buy; but you are not to go home to her to-night, and so you want to write a letter, telling her what you have done. Now then begin. What shall we write down first?" "I have sold the three hens for—" shouts a little, fat, white-haired boy, who plainly is used to selling his mother's farm produce. "Stop!" says the master: "you are too fast. That's not the way to begin, we will come to that after." Here several rise and ask to be heard. A little girl shouts out, "My dear mother!" "No," says the Herr; "that is good, it will come later. Another?" "To-day is Friday!" "That is right! but there is more to add." At last it is settled that the name of the place and the day of the month, and perhaps the hour of the day, if need be, shall all be set down first, and at the right hand of the letter, before anything else be done. Having settled now what is first to be done, next come the question how to do it, and the competition who shall do it best. The end of the room has huge black-boards, sponges and chalk and towels, with little long rows of steps for the little ones to climb up. The letter has first to be written out (in draft) on the black-board, corrected and settled finally before it is

allowed to be written with ink on paper. Now, then, a pretty little child is called out to write out (one on each board) at the right-hand corner the name of, say Rottenburg; the day, Friday; the date, Sept. 20, 1866. The arrangement of this gives rise to variety of opinion and discussion. Shall "Rottenburg" go down as two words or one? Shall "burg" have a capital letter to commence with? shall a stroke part the words? or shall the whole be written together? Shall "Friday" go below or on the line? Shall we write 20 Sept., or 20 September, or September 20? Shall we put 1866 below or on the line? Shall we begin near the top of the board, or lower, or more right or left—write on three lines, two lines, or one line? At last the test is settled, and the master asks the cleverest girl to write out the pattern agreed, dating at the right-hand corner, with the proper margin all round; and this is now copied over by each on the slate as the right heading. "My Dear Mother" is rightly placed at last the same way, and, preliminaries adjusted, the real business of the day begins in earnest. "My Dear Mother: I did not get into Rottenburg before the hand of the clock, on the lower church, told three-quarters of eight," and so forth. The letter being finished, revision and criticism begin. Each pupil changes slates with his or her neighbor, who has to pick holes and find fault. The corrected slates are all shown to the master, who gives the finishing touch. At last they all sit down to the desk, take pen and ink, mend their pens, rule their paper, and write out the letter fairly on the pages of their little book, which is to form a standard reference for any letters of the sort they may want to write in their future life.

In all this proceeding there is nothing very new perhaps, but it is so admirably done that the spectator cannot help taking an interest in the process. Every item entered is made a matter of discussion. The prices of fowls. How much a fat fowl should weigh. How much a lean one. A reasonable price. What food fattens fowls best. What sort of

fowls they are, and how old. The price of cabbages, of carrots, of apples; their sorts, the quantity produced—everything to bring the school home to the life-wants, interests and duties, is done; the scholars themselves contributing each their mite to the store of information the letter contains. The expenses, too, of the day, the bargains and the shops, are all discussed. After one such display as this, I went home looking at the baskets in the market, at the donkey carts lading for return home, at the buyers and sellers, and at the goods in the little shop windows, with more interest than ever I had in such things before. I felt that in this German village school the children were in training for the real duties of their lives.

But surely, one will say, this is just what happens in *all* well-conducted schools in this country. Hit upon a good master and you will get just the same teaching here. That may be: it is often the men, not the system, that make the teaching. I grant that. But the conclusion I draw from an examination of these village schools is, that the governments of Germany educate, train, pay and provide a much larger number of much higher class men to

teach village schools than we do. We give our large schools, in large towns, to high-class teachers, and we really don't expect nor desire to pay for any other than low-class teachers for small schools in small villages. In Germany it is not so. There the pay and the qualifications of the village schoolmaster are as high as those of any larger or richer establishment. The truth is recognized that it is neither the ability to pay for education, the intelligence of the parents, nor the wealth of the place that gives a right to bad or good teaching. It is agreed to be the business of the community, of the State and of the government that the rising generation shall be trained in the best way for the duties of good citizens, and to make good husbands and good wives and good workmen; and that the common good of all can be best promoted by rendering each the best capable of performing the duties of our common life. Whether our own republic does or does not sufficiently prize the fit education of those who are to succeed the present generation, is a question which the recollections of the German village school bring daily more and more deeply home to the writer of this article.

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## AN AMERICAN FISHING PORT.

THE town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, noted as the most extensive fishing port in the world, is very advantageously situated on Cape Ann. In former times it comprised the whole cape, but in 1840 the town of Rockport, on the extreme eastern border, then known as Sandy Bay, was set off and commenced life as a separate town by itself. The Indian name of Gloucester is Wingaersheek. The date of settlement, according to Babson's history of the town, was somewhere about 1631, and in 1642 it was, "by a simple form of incorporation then used, established

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as a plantation and called Gloucester." This name was probably given it by desire of some of the principal settlers, who are said to have come from the city of the same name in England. This much of its early history, as our object is to speak of the Gloucester of this generation rather than of that which belongs to the past.

A marked feature of the town is its harbor, or, to speak more particularly, its harbors, for there are two—an outer and an inner. The former has bold water and lies at the south of the town. It is three miles long, by two broad, and



formed by Eastern Point, which stretches out its protecting arm, affording a natural breakwater and excellent anchorage for the large fleets of coasters and fishing vessels which are forced to seek shelter during the severe easterly storms by which the coast is so frequently visited. In the fall months, several hundred sail take refuge here at one time; and one of the most exciting scenes at that season is to witness this large fleet either beating in during the threatening storm, or getting under weigh and sailing out of the harbor when good weather has returned and the storm-king has departed.

Coming into the harbor from the bay, a magnificent scene is presented. On the left lies "Norman's Woe," which has been the subject of one of Longfellow's poems; farther on, we have "Dolliver's Neck," "Long Beach," "Half Moon Beach," "Stage Battery," "Piper's Rocks," and "Pavilion Beach," at about midway of which stands the Pavilion, well-known as a summer retreat; while on the right is "Eastern Point," with its light-house and fog-bell, giving warning by day and night where ledges lie beneath the water, and where huge piles of jagged rocks line the shore. The fort recently constructed here occupies a fine position and attracts many visitors. "Ten Pound Island," at about midway of the outer harbor, also has its beacon light, and forms a very pretty addition to the picture. The channel is between "Fort Defiance" and "Rocky Neck," and, passing the former, you enter the inner harbor. A fine view of the business portion of the town is here presented, with its wharves busy with the hum of industry, its churches with their spires pointing heavenward, and its school-houses and other public buildings, all telling, in language most persuasive, that the religious and educational interests of "Fishtown," as it is often termed, are not neglected.

The population of Gloucester is 12,000. There is also a floating population of some 2000, who come here from abroad at the commencement of the mackerel season in early summer, and in the fall depart and spend the intervening time

either on short voyages, or on shore at work in some department of industry.

Having in brief given a little description of the town, let us now go into the fishing business in detail, and descant to the best of our ability upon the theme which is so intimately connected with the town, her present interests, and her future growth and prosperity; also, as a branch of business which furnishes so much wholesome food for mankind. First, let us commence with the vessels engaged in the business. They are schooner-rigged, and have a world-wide reputation. Every improvement which skillful workmen can invent is brought into requisition, and instead of the old-fashioned craft, with their clumsy models, full bows and dull-sailing qualities, we have vessels with graceful models and clearly defined, sharp bows, taut-rigged, which "walk the waters like a thing of life," and obey their helms like birds on the wing; easy to manage and good sea boats, that can work their way in safety if there is only sea-room enough for them to turn about in. No vessels which sail the water are better adapted for speed and safety than are these craft; and well they should be, for the business of winter fishing, which forms an important branch of the fisheries, is replete with danger, and stout hearts and strong vessels are needed. These boats are mostly built at Essex, but the day is not far distant, we trust, when Gloucester will build her own vessels, as she has every facility for the business.

These schooners vary from 30 to 150 tons, new measurement. There are 454 (including a few boats) owned in the town, making an aggregate, in round numbers, of 23,000 tons. Their valuation, making due allowance for depreciation, wear and tear, etc., will not fall much short of \$2,000,000. In addition to this is the value of wharf property and buildings thereon, which will amount to \$500,000. These figures give an idea of the capital invested in the business.

Those who carry on the business are for the most part from the ranks of the fishermen, who, having followed the hook and line, and saved sufficient out of their

earnings to purchase a part of a vessel, have continued to accumulate until they own a whole craft of their own. A proud day is this in the life of any fisherman! Still advancing and investing until they become interested in other craft, and with all the experiences of the business, from the catching to the selling, they remain on shore, and from their wharves and stores, which they have earned by their own industry, they become a power in the town and constitute its business men. Well do they deserve their honors; for step by step have they advanced, every detail of the business are they acquainted with, all its ins and outs have they acquired, and the majority of such become well-to-do in the world ere they have reached the age of forty. Now to the fishing business itself.

First in importance comes the mackerel fishery. This employs the majority of the fleet from the month of June until the middle of November. The first mackerel are caught in May by some of the vessels that fit away for the southward; but this branch does not prove profitable—merely keeping the vessels and their crews at work until the latter part of June, when the larger portion of the entire fleet fit out for the Bay of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters. If mackerel are plenty, they make the first trip in from four to six weeks, returning with full fares, averaging, according to the size of the vessel, from two to three hundred barrels. These are quickly discharged, and the vessel, refitted with salt, barrels, provisions, bait, etc., is soon winging her way back to the waters where the finny tribe offer such inducements to come and catch them. The second trip is generally continued till far into October, and in some instances vessels make three trips during the season. All depends upon the humor of the mackerel, as sometimes the waters are teeming with them, and they will take the hook readily; then again they are shy, and it is an utter impossibility to make them bite. Many of the Bay fleet have, of late, adopted the custom of shipping home

their mackerel either by steamer or by sailing vessel, and, by getting a fresh outfit at some port in the Bay, they can remain and pursue their fishing without losing time in coming home. There are also some fifty vessels that follow shore-mackereling on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts.

The crews of mackerelmen ship on shares, receiving half what they catch, after deducting one-half the expense of salt and bait. The balance belongs to the owner of the vessel, who pays for provisions, etc. Each man throws for himself, and, after the day's catch, either dresses his mackerel alone or joins a companion, the one splitting while the other "gibs." In this united action the work goes off much faster. The mackerel are packed in barrels and well salted. After their arrival home they are opened and culled according to their size, as number 1's, 2's and 3's; then, after being carefully repacked and pickled, they are ready for market. From three to four hundred barrels form a good fare, according to quality. The men engaged in this business make from \$250 to \$300 for their season's work; although there are instances when "high liners," as they are termed (meaning extra smart hands), will earn five to six hundred dollars. The business gives employment to a large number of men on shore, such as coopers, cullers, packers and freighters; and busy scenes are witnessed on the wharves of Gloucester when a hundred sail of vessels are in port at one time, waiting a chance to be packed out.

In order that the reader may form some idea of the extent of the mackerel business in Gloucester, it may be well to state that the whole number of barrels packed in Massachusetts in 1865 was 256,796 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and of this number, Gloucester packed 141,575 $\frac{1}{4}$ —55 per cent. of the whole amount. Of this number, 67 per cent. were number 1's. The prices were not as good in 1865 as in '66, averaging through the season from \$12 to \$16. With these figures as a basis, the amount of the season's catch yielded \$2,095,260. In 1866 the

whole number packed in Gloucester was 112,856 $\frac{3}{4}$  barrels. The business of 1867 shows a return of 103,917 $\frac{1}{8}$  barrels.

The repeal of the bounty was so long threatened that when it did actually take place there was not so much talk about it as there would have been had it been enacted without any warning. The bounty was important to the town, bringing in something like a hundred thousand dollars at a season when it was greatly needed. More especially was its assistance felt when the season had been a poor one, and the married fisherman's heart was heavy as he thought of the winter's cold and his family depending entirely upon him for the necessaries of life. But now it is gone, and very philosophically the fishermen are learning to do without it.

The state of feeling between this country and England, caused by the late war, and its bearings upon the fishing question, occasioned some considerable discussion and some excitement. But our fishermen felt determined to have the mackerel, and run the risk of being captured within three miles of the shore. In the midst of the controversy between the two countries, the fishermen of Gloucester fitted out their vessels and visited the fishing-grounds the same as formerly. And not until they had arrived there was the arrangement agreed upon relating to paying a license of fifty cents per ton for the right to fish. If England's provinces had felt determined to execute the law to the letter as it stood when the Baymen sailed that summer, there would have been some lively work in those regions. Fortunately, good counsel prevailed, and by and by the question will be decided in favor of free fishing in those waters. It amounts to nearly that now. The fish that swim the waters, here to-day and off to-morrow, should be free to all who wish to catch them.

A trip to the Bay is replete with interest to those in pursuit of pleasure, and who are willing, by way of variety, to participate in the rough-and-tumble of a fisherman's life. Invalids from various sections of the country, so badly troubled with dyspepsia that their lives were a

perfect torment to themselves and friends, have found great relief by a mackerel cruise, and have returned with good appetites and greatly improved health. The old dyspepsia which clung closely to them was obliged to succumb before the pure salt-water air and the exercise attendant upon good fishing. Consumptives, too, from New York State, and farther West even, have been greatly benefited. A little care is needed at first, but after getting used to the change, health returns and the invalid secures a new lease of life.

In former years it was necessary to ship many green hands for the mackerel fishery, and it was quite amusing to see these men, direct from the farms of Western Massachusetts, New York and Vermont, as they came into town and wandered around the wharves in search of a "chance." A townsman could tell one of these chaps at a glance. Very many were the practical jokes played off at their expense, such as weighing and measuring them, requiring them to sign a certificate as to moral character, religious belief, etc. The skipper of one of our fishing craft was taken all aback one day when a countryman came up to him and asked "where the bedsteads were, as he had been all over the vessel and couldn't find 'em." The jokes at their expense were all taken in good part by the victims, and generally resulted in their getting a berth on board some vessel of the fleet. Although they went away green, they did not long remain so. Upon their return they presented a different aspect, and could catch mackerel as expertly as the best fishermen.

Life on board a mackerel-catcher exhibits many phases whereby comfort and good company combine to make the hours pass pleasantly. The duties are not very irksome, the most wearing of all consisting in waiting with patience for the fish to take the hook. At early dawn, the steward of the vessel, who is generally the first man astir, calls all hands to hoist the mainsail. The vessel has been jogging all night under a foresail, running off some four or five miles and then returning. The watch on deck

have relieved each other at stated intervals during the night, and now all hands come tumbling up. The mainsail is hoisted, and the vessel having got under weigh, sails along in search of a good "school." The steward gets his morning meal ready, and it is partaken of with keen relish. They live well on board these fishing schooners. Doughnuts, "joe-floggers," pies, duff, corned beef, pork, and other substantial victuals are found on the table. The steward is a marked character, for upon his skill depends the sort of grub served out. The stewards do their best to please, and a good one has never any difficulty in getting a situation. They receive an average share with the men, and half the fish they catch beside, which serves as a great incentive for them to keep ahead of their work. To this end they cook up immense lots of doughnuts and the like while the vessel is on the passage down, and during the intervals when the fish won't bite, so as to be always prepared to attend to fishing.

But we have digressed. We left the vessel cruising for mackerel. All hands are on the lookout. The bait-boxes are full, and everything ready for business. A slight ripple ahead, which is different from that caused by the wind, attracts attention, and the word goes around from man to man, "There they are; don't you see 'em?" The men rub their eyes and give satisfactory chuckles, and then all hands are eager "to give 'em a try." A little bait is thrown; the lines are all ready. There they break water! A dozen lines are thrown, and as many mackerel are pulled in over the side. Now all is life, each one striving to do his best, for nearly every man throws by himself, and the record is a correct one, as each day's work tells its own story. "Here they gnaw!" "All fat!" "Give 'em ginger!" "Number ones, and large at that!" are among the expressions which are indulged in as the work goes merrily on. Every little while more bait is thrown to entice them to keep on top of water, and the excitement of catching them is most intense. You don't need to take the hooks out of their mouths, as

in cod-fishing: no, no; but just give the darling a peculiar jerk, and your line is all ready for another one. Neither do they get the bait from the hook, as a tough piece, put on fisherman-fashion, will last for hours. Thus the fishermen stand at the rail pulling in the mackerel. They do not feel hungry or tired: their whole aim and desire are to make good use of the time and catch every fish possible, as they are well aware that mackerel are fickle-minded, and may take it into their heads at any moment to go under, and then the fun is up. Sometimes they fish until darkness comes down over the water: then, taking some refreshments, which the steward has taken good care should be ready, all hands turn to dressing and getting them stowed away. After this is over they are tired enough to get into their bunks, and soon wander off into dream-land.

The fishermen are a jolly set of fellows. Among them may be found all nationalities. The Portuguese form an important class, and there is quite a settlement of them in Gloucester. They come from the Western Islands, and are, for the most part, frugal, industrious citizens, fond of garlic, intense in their religious belief, which is Roman Catholic, and very superstitious concerning Friday, which they consider an unlucky day; and they will never sail on that day if they can possibly avoid it. They are passionately fond of pictures representing Catholic saints, and the walls of their dwelling-houses are profusely decorated with such, very elaborately framed. They look upon them with feelings amounting almost to adoration, and indulge in the, to them, pleasing belief that these pictures possess power to bless and make them happy. They are very saving of their money, and, as soon as they get enough ahead, generally purchase a piece of land, build themselves a house, get married and open a boarding establishment.

The Nova Scotians form another class. They comprise quite a large proportion, and, since they have begun to fill up the vessels, the chances for green hands have grown beautifully less. These men are accustomed to the sea from boyhood, and

consequently take to a fisherman's life as naturally as they breathe. They are a hardy, venturesome class of men, perfectly reckless as regards danger, and many of them are among the best skippers that sail out of port. They are good-natured, fond of a joke, tenacious of their rights, and ever ready to help a comrade. There is not much superstition about them: they take hold of life earnestly, and are prepared to meet its trials half-way, and nearer, if need be. Many of them have married and settled down in Gloucester, and make good citizens. When not engaged in fishing, the fishermen enjoy life as best they may. If in the harbor, they go on shore; and at the Bay many merry dancing parties are participated in by the Cape Ann fishermen. The lassies in that region are fond of fun, and never so happy as when, dressed in their best, they keep time to the music and listen to the compliments of their ardent companions. Every vessel has on board several musical instruments owned by the crew, and it is not unusual to find "tip-top" players on the violin, accordeon, concertina and castanets. The writer has heard some very fine music from these fishermen-bands. Music finds many votaries among the fishermen, and proves a source of much comfort and amusement. Reading is another resource to while away time when there is nothing doing. Nearly all of them like to read, and they are extensive patrons of the yellow-covered, blood-and-thunder novels. Those recently issued in New York, with illuminated covers, find many admirers among the fishermen, and are a great attraction. Song-books also find good customers; and occasionally the poetic fires will burn in their breasts, and they will compose verses relative to the loss of some vessel, or some hard time which the fleet has encountered. These are printed, and sell readily, as the following specimen seems to illustrate:

*Lost on George's Banks, Feb. 24, 1862.*

"'Twas in the month of February,  
In Eighteen Sixty-Two,  
Those vessels sailed from Gloucester,  
With each a hardy crew.

"The course they steered was E.S.E.;  
Cape Ann passed out of sight.  
They anchored on the Banks that day  
With everything all right.

"But on the twenty-fourth, at night,  
The gale began to blow;  
The sea rose up like mountain-tops,  
The ships rocked to and fro.

"The thoughts of home and loving ones  
Did grieve their hearts full sore;  
For well convinced were many then  
They'd see their homes no more.

"No tongue could e'er describe the scene,  
The sky was thick with snow.  
There fifteen sail did founder then,  
And down to bottom go.

"One hundred forty-nine brave men,  
So lately left the land,  
Now sleep beneath on George's Banks—  
That rough and shifting sand.

"One hundred seventy children  
Those men have left at home;  
And seventy-two sad widows  
The loss of husbands mourn.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"So now we bid you all farewell:  
Dry up your tearful eyes;  
And if we now must part below,  
We'll meet beyond the skies."

Dime novels, the New York Ledger and all story papers are well patronized by this class, and, every trip they make, each man buys his reading-matter just as regularly as he does his tobacco.

Occasionally you meet with a man of liberal education in their ranks. Disappointed ambition, accompanied with dissipation, led them to pursue the calling, and now it has become their lifetime avocation. They cannot, however, very well disguise the fact that they have known better days. The marks by which good breeding is distinguished will show themselves; and the very class of literature they purchase, and the books from the library which they peruse, are sufficient in themselves to note the man. We have one now in mind who has a liberal education. By birth he is a Swede, and, in his religious views, a free-thinker of the Thomas Paine school. He is ever inquiring for new works on religious theories, buys everything of the kind he can get hold of, takes the "liberal" papers, and is delighted to argue his particular belief with any one who will give him an opportunity. Another is an Englishman, who

speaks five languages, is a beautiful penman, accurate accountant, polished and social in his intercourse with acquaintances. Disappointment in love, we learn, changed the whole current of his life. He left home, went to sea, drifted down to Gloucester, shipped on board of a fisherman, liked the careless sort of life, was content with his position, and has followed it ever since. Thus among this class of people may be found all sorts and kinds. To mingle with them and know them familiarly is pleasant, and to have them now and then come to you for advice, a little pecuniary assistance, or, feeling in the mood, give you a little history of their lives, is indeed among the most interesting experiences in connection with them, and forms the subject of many pleasant thoughts and associations.

The George's cod and halibut fishery comes next in importance. There are about two hundred and fifty sail of vessels engaged in it, and they commence fitting out in February, and follow it up until the mackerel season arrives. Some few of the vessels pursue it the year round. Each is manned by a crew of nine or ten men, and the average time employed in making a trip is two weeks. Every vessel has a large air-tight apartment built in the hold which is well supplied with ice: in this cool receptacle are placed the mammoth cod and halibut, where they are kept fresh and nice without regard to the sudden changes in the weather, and are landed in prime condition for the market. The men ship "at the halves," and one-half of the bait and ice bills is deducted from their share of the trip. The average stock per trip is from seven hundred to eight hundred dollars, although in some instances from two thousand to three thousand dollars have been realized; but such big trips are rare. Formerly, the vessels landed their trips in Boston, and there sold them; but for the past fifteen years Gloucester has controlled the business, and become, as is her right, the headquarters. The halibut are now purchased by dealers, who pack them in ice and send them to their agents in the

large cities, where they are retailed. Many of the trips are purchased in town and converted into smoked halibut, which yields a good return for the labor bestowed. The owners of the vessels purchase all the fish at the regular market price at the time of the arrival of the vessel. These are pickled in butts and dried on the flakes until ready for market. They meet with quick sales, being bought by fish speculators, who are generally concerned with New York and Boston houses; and they are as keen a class of men as can be met with in a day's travel.

The George's fishery is a bold and hazardous business, and scarcely a year passes but leaves a sad record of lives and property lost on the treacherous Bank. After a vessel has been absent four weeks, and no tidings received, she is generally given up as lost, as no Georgesman was ever known to return to port after being absent that length of time.

Since the commencement of the business in 1830, five hundred and sixty-two lives and seventy vessels have been sacrificed. The value of property lost may be safely estimated at \$350,000; but the loss of life cannot be computed in dollars and cents. Of all the vessels that have been lost, not *one* of the men has ever escaped to tell the particulars, consequently no tidings have ever been heard of those men who with bold hearts tempted the winter's storm and sank beneath the seething waters. The general supposition regarding their fate is that the vessels came into collision with each other in stormy weather, having anchored too near together in the anxiety to secure a trip of fish.

Let the reader imagine himself on board a Georgesman in the month of February. The day, perhaps, has been moderate, and well employed by the fleet in pulling up cod and halibut. Supper has been partaken of, and everything made snug for the night. The lanterns from perhaps a hundred sail in sight send forth their bright twinklings, and the fisherman, with pipe in mouth, is quietly enjoying himself with his com-

panions, thinking, perhaps, of wife and children on shore; or, if single, the remembrance of one very dear to his heart adds enjoyment to his evening hours. But, hark! The wind has suddenly veered. How it howls through the rigging, making its melancholy wailings! Old Boreas is abroad, and Neptune's bosom seethes like a cauldron. More cable is given to the gallant little craft, and right well does she breast the huge waves, rising and falling with the billows, and shaking from her bows the white spray. If the anchor holds, there is not much to fear; but of this there is continual anxiety. And not only for themselves are they anxious, but each one for the other, as the danger of being run into by the vessels that have broken adrift is most imminent and greatly to be dreaded. A collision at such a time is sure destruction to both vessels; but if the drifting craft can only keep clear of others, there is some hope, as the fishermen of Gloucester are as well acquainted with George's Shoals as they are with the streets of their native town, and can work their vessels over their treacherous bosoms with a skill which is almost incredible.

Notwithstanding the great danger attending the George's fisheries, there seems to be no falling off in the business, and it is prosecuted with renewed ardor with the return of each successive season. The season of 1862 was the most disastrous on record; and, although there had been heavy losses of life and property in previous years, yet they all fall into insignificance when compared with this. On the 21st of February, during a violent northeast storm, fifteen vessels of the George's fleet, with all their crews, comprising one hundred and forty-eight men in all, were lost. Of the one hundred and forty-eight men, one half were married, leaving seventy-four widows and one hundred and fifty-five fatherless children to the tender mercies of the world.

The total number of vessels lost from Gloucester, in the George's and other branches of the fisheries, during the past thirty-five years, is one hundred and

twenty-three, valued at about \$500,000. Total loss of life, seven hundred and seventy.

It is often the case that men are washed overboard from the vessels during the heavy gales which prevail on the Banks, and it is seldom that they are ever recovered. Vessels coming into the harbor with their flags at half-mast are objects of most intense interest to those having near and dear friends engaged in the fisheries, and great anxiety prevails to learn the particulars. On the 8th of March, 1859, two of the George's fleet were seen rounding the Point with their flags floating half-mast high. The following expressive poem was published in the columns of the Cape Ann *Advertiser* at the time, and is well worthy of reproduction in this connection:

#### *Half-Mast High.*

Half-mast high the signal floats!  
 She's coming in from sea;  
 Some sailor of her crew is gone—  
 Who may the lost one be?  
 The landmen gaze, as she draws nigh,  
 With trembling, sad concern,  
 The vessel's name to learn  
 That comes with colors half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!  
 Who shall the mourners be  
 That soon must weep sad tears for him  
 They nevermore shall see?  
 Ah! many heave the anxious sigh  
 For fear that it may prove  
 To be the one they love  
 For whom the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!  
 Oh! can it be 'tis he?  
 It speaks relief to other hearts,  
 But is a knell to me—  
 The word that names him who doth lie  
 Low in his watery urn,  
 And never shall return:  
 For mine the flag floats half-mast high.

Half-mast high the signal floats!  
 Thus honored let them be  
 Who perish thus that we may live  
 On treasures of the sea.  
 For them, the hardy brave who die  
 And find no other grave  
 But the deep ocean wave,  
 We'll raise the colors half-mast high.

The frequency of disasters and losses of life in the fishing business, leaving widows and children bereft of support, proved the necessity of raising a permanent fund for the relief of such. In the

spring of 1863 the Gloucester Fishermen's and Seamen's Widows' and Orphans' Aid Society was established under the auspices of the several fishing firms in the town. Each firm pays a certain percentage on the gross receipts of the year, and from this, with subscriptions and donations from other parties who are engaged in buying and selling fish in the New York and Boston markets, quite a handsome sum has been realized, which is distributed by the proper officers among the needy, in such amounts as are deemed necessary to supply their immediate wants. About five thousand dollars were paid out last year for this purpose.

The Newfoundland herring fishery, started within the past ten years, has now become quite a feature, and is extensively engaged in, employing from forty to fifty sail. The fleet generally leaves port about the first of December, arriving home in season to furnish the Georgesmen with herring, which are used for bait. They are bought at Newfoundland, the vessels waiting until they are seined, after which they are frozen and packed in snow in the vessel's hold, where they are kept perfectly fresh, and sold in that condition. Many of the vessels proceed directly to New York, arriving during Lent season, when the herring meet with a ready sale at remunerative prices. The Newfoundland business is a perilous one, and more or

less vessels are lost yearly in its prosecution. There is considerable rivalry on the part of the skippers to arrive home with the first cargo of the season, as the Georgesmen are all ready to sail and waiting for bait, and the herring command high prices. The first trips are sold at two and a half dollars per hundred herring, which yields a profitable return for the voyage.

In addition to the above branches, there is the baiting fleet, comprising some twenty vessels. These are provided with seines, and follow the business of catching porgies, which are used as bait by the mackerel-catchers. They pursue their calling along the coast during the summer months, and the business is quite profitable. There is also a small fleet engaged in the Western Bank fishing.

With the addition of a few vessels which follow shore-fishing to supply the market with fresh fish, we can draw our article to a close by stating that the fisheries of Gloucester have grown from a small beginning, and, steadily advancing, have now become a great source of productive industry; and there is every indication that her people in the future, as in the past, will pursue the business with that energy which has heretofore characterized them, and which has resulted in making the town the first and foremost, in this special branch, of any seaport in the world

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#### "LOYAL EN TOUT."

"SO you think Ross Vaughan a good dancer?"

Raymond Blythe spoke the words carelessly, but there was something of eagerness in his manner of scanning the fair face of the woman before him, and that something betrayed a hidden meaning in his question.

"I do not remember saying so," Miss Dacres answered, quietly.

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"You danced with him two, three, four times; that is a very fair expression of your appreciation of his talent."

"Talent!" she repeated, lightly. "Talent in a dancing line is a strange talent, if talent you will have it."

"Then he talks well. I noticed how interested you were in the pauses of the 'German.'"

"Very likely, inasmuch as I do not



dance the 'German,' and it was a matter of taste, upon my part, to find something interesting."

"Ross Vaughan is always interesting, then?"

"How suddenly you make application of my remarks. I am duly grateful, Mr. Blythe, for the concern manifested upon my account."

Raymond, who had been leaning against the corner of the mantel—Miss Dacres was sitting before the fire in the spacious room—drew himself up somewhat haughtily, and bowed very low in acknowledgment of the satirical expression of gratitude. He was not used to this kind of thing: he had been lionized at home and abroad; mammas had manoeuvred, and daughters had flattered, until there was imminent danger of our hero's head being turned—his head only, however: his heart was stone, so far as any susceptibility made itself apparent. Fêted and indulged and caressed to an extent that threatened satiety, Raymond Blythe had, unconsciously, nourished the sentiment that there was no such thing as baffling him; yet here sat Helen Dacres, with her fair face and words maiden-sweet, smiling upon him, it is true, but with a covert sarcasm in her voice and smile that drove him mad.

There was silence for a few minutes. Raymond Blythe stooped down and stroked the dainty little spaniel curled up in a corner of the sofa by which he stood. The pampered creature snapped and showed its teeth at the caress, unusual from that hand, for Raymond, as a rule, cared little for such useless objects of the brute creation as ladies love to fondle.

"Beau does not like strangers," Miss Dacres commented.

"By intuition or tuition?"

"I cannot tell. You must look to my cousin Rosa for an answer: she sent me the tiny specimen of sagacity. You remember Rosa Dacres, who married the Honorable Mansfield Douglas, at that time Secretary to the British Legation?"

"It would be hard to forget her," Raymond Blythe returned, with a smile

that in itself was a whole chapter of commentaries. "She reigned supreme in Washington during her brief stay there. The Honorable Mansfield Douglas was accounted a lucky man."

"Yes; Rosa turned more than one steady head. She might have chosen from among men wealthier than Mr. Douglas; but the social position that was his by right charmed her far more than any amount of moneyed allurements. She was more aristocratic than mercenary."

"So she sent you this canine morsel?" Raymond said, recurring to the original subject. "She does not forget you."

"I suppose she does not entirely ignore her republican cousins: she may not wish to forget us."

"Perhaps it would be hard to do so," was the significant remark.

"Perhaps," Miss Dacres answered, somewhat coldly, turning away from the keen eyes fixed upon her. "This is her latest token of remembrance," she continued, drawing toward her a curiously-carved box that lay upon a table near. "Mr. Vaughan brought this with him about a month ago. He paid her a visit at the time of his last pilgrimage through England."

Raymond Blythe took the box and examined the rare workmanship. A golden shield sunk in the lid bore the name of Helen Dacres, and, in addition, a cross and other heraldic signs, in red enamel, and the motto, "Loyal en tout."

"It is quite a treasure," Raymond observed. "Mrs. Douglas has exquisite taste, and is quite fanciful, likewise."

"If you refer to the heraldic emblems as fanciful, it is well that Rosa does not hear you," was the smiling answer. "She takes especial pride in the fact that our family have well-attested en-signs armorial."

"A pride strangely at variance with the republican principles supposed to be inherent in all born Americans."

"Only 'supposed,' however. Mrs. Newman has her crest on her carriage; Mrs. Levain has grotesque silver engraved with more grotesque figures, supposed to be 'our coat of arms;' Mr.

Lambel talks of his 'good Huguenot blood;' and Mr. Pleader, whose talent should be his greatest glory, prates about the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock whenever and wherever opportunity presents itself: so on, *ad infinitum*, this, that and the other of our republican celebrities luxuriating, or seeming to luxuriate, in vicarious dignity, after a fashion that belies their watchword, 'All men are born free and equal.' My cousin Rosa shared in the fever, as you may infer."

"How about yourself, Miss Dacres? Have you no love at all for historical associations? You are terribly radical."

"Oh, no! I have no desire to be called 'radical,' but I do desire that I may continue true to my principles."

"'Loyal en tout.' You would honor your motto, then, rather than seek to make it honor you?"

The bright blood surged to her fair face as she answered, turning the conversation again to Rosa's souvenir, "You did not examine the contents of the box, Mr. Blythe. You are not so curious as my lady friends would be under the circumstances."

"Quite as curious, Miss Dacres," he answered, pointedly, "but in the enjoyment of no immunities, as your lady friends are."

"Touch that spring," she said, affecting to disregard his meaning, "and you have the 'open sesame' to the vanities within."

"'The vanities within,'" he replied, "are not to be approached by irreverent fingers. Laces like mist, gloves for Titania and perfumed whispers from 'Araby the Blest.'" As he spoke, he daintily held up for inspection the articles enumerated.

"Rosa's box seems to inspire you. You are quite poetical."

"The motto prevails even here," Raymond continued, examining an embroidered handkerchief, upon which a cross in scarlet and the words "Loyal en tout" were deftly wrought. "Surely fairy fingers have been at work here: these letters in gold thread almost come under the head of invisible."

"Yes; Rosa is an adept in the line.

You see she inflicts her aristocratic proclivities in every possible form. It is all very well to know that stalwart Guy d'Acre—the head of the house with which Rosa is proud to claim connection—wore the Red Cross honorably, and fairly earned from royal lips the commendation, 'Loyal en tout:' it is all very well to know this, but I think my handkerchief should not suffer for that knowledge, and be compelled to cross the water with all that blazonry of scarlet and gold. I'll have to read Rosa a lecture one of these days."

"You will carry it to-night, nevertheless."

"How do you know?"

"I merely think so. Mr. Vaughan will see then that you appreciate his fidelity as a messenger by thus honoring his message, even though you may therein forego your own inclinations."

"You are pleased to be interested in Mr. Vaughan," was the haughty reply; and Helen Dacres looked calmly into the dark eyes of Raymond Blythe.

"Are you not?" The question escaped the man's lips so suddenly that there was no staying it, although in the next moment he would have sacrificed anything to recall it.

Miss Dacres did not answer: she turned away from Raymond Blythe's scrutiny, and seemed to grow every minute colder and haughtier.

"Pardon me, Miss Dacres," the offender said, while his dark cheek flushed and his fine eyes gleamed strangely. "I forgot myself, indeed, when I presumed to ask such a question—I," he added, scornfully, "who have no right to question you."

"Right!" she echoed, raising her eyebrows in wonderment. "Mr. Blythe is an enigma to-day."

"Then let me remain one. Shall it be so?"

"If you wish it. I will say nothing to turn you from your mysterious fancy."

"You are very gracious," he ironically reflected.

"Oh, no! Only very—"

"Only very indifferent, I suppose you would say," he hastily interrupted.

Again she looked into his eyes with that provokingly calm gaze of hers, and again her look sent the blood into his dark cheek.

"You are disposed to be satirical, Mr. Blythe ; or perhaps the enigma that you enact is beyond all possibility of solving."

"I am an annoyance," he said, affecting a levity that he did not feel. "These sunny days in winter bring out the crooked points in my character, I believe."

"So you let the poor day shoulder your failings?"

"Exactly so, Miss Dacres. I know it is a cowardly thing to do, yet in many a strait I am the veriest coward that ever breathed. Have you not found it out?"

"No."

"You have not made my character a study, I know ; but I fancied that glaring errors were for the discovery of any one and every one, interested or indifferent."

"What a disagreeable word that last is!" she said, leaning back in her chair and toying with the rings upon her fingers. "Will you be at Mrs. Lawson's to-night?" she asked, abruptly changing the subject, which was fast becoming personal.

"No ; I have half forsworn this form of the vanities of life. I rarely dance ; all the rest do, and I cannot be a mere looker-on in—in any place," he concluded, laughing at the mutilated quotation. "Whether it be a failing or not, I confess to such an ownership of *amour propre* as would prevent my taking rank among the undistinguished 'many.'"

"Mrs. Lawson will be disappointed."

"Will she? Ah! then I dare not be cruel. I *might* be persuaded to attend."

Helen Dacres would not see his meaning : she would not advance a single step to let this man know that he was not "indifferent" to her, because—because, woman, and keen-sighted woman as she was, she could not tell how much he loved her. He was the very model of gallantry, and that was the most that could be said of his attentions to woman-kind, generally or individually regarded. His dark cheek told no secrets in flush or paling ; his eyes smiled steadily

through all, and his matchless composure abated not a whit under the fire of soft glances or words surpassing sweet : truly, Raymond Blythe was hard to conquer ; and yet, if there be secrets under the rose, our hero had his, although his outward seeming gave neither sign nor token. Ah, Helen Dacres ! your woman's heart, too proud to trust itself to impulse, knew not what eagerness lay deep hidden under all that superb composure that made Raymond Blythe fit match even for your haughty self.

"Mrs. Lawson would no doubt be delighted to try her powers of persuasion, should you give her the opportunity."

"Yes ; Mrs. Lawson is a charming woman, yet I fear that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing her to-night : I have made other arrangements."

A little further conversation, a nearer approach than ever to positive misunderstanding, and Raymond Blythe bade a formal adieu.

After all his assertions to the contrary, he made his appearance that evening at Mrs. Lawson's. As he entered the room in which those of the assembly who took active part in the dancing were congregated, his eyes fell first upon Helen Dacres. She was quite near to him—so near, that he heard her say to Ross Vaughan, who was her partner : "Some men do not dance, lest it should derogate from their dignity." The remark had no personal application, so far as any intention on the speaker's part was concerned ; yet Helen Dacres colored perceptibly, as, looking up accidentally, she saw Raymond Blythe standing there in the doorway, an attentive and interested auditor. She returned his ceremonious greeting and floated on, the sweeping clouds of lace that hung about her brushing against him as she passed. His quick eye caught one thing : he had sent her a bouquet that afternoon, and this was what he saw—rare blossoms, detached from the array of floral beauty, gleamed in her hair and upon her breast : truly, that compensated for the game of cross-purposes played so miserably that morning. When the dance was finished, he made his way through the crowd to her side.

"So you were persuaded to come?" she said, gayly.

"I persuaded myself; that is, myself persuasive, against myself dissuasive, gained the suit. There were able arguments on both sides: I had a pressing engagement elsewhere, and that gave one client strong hope of winning; I could not stay away, and the inevitable overruled the accidental: hence the decision in favor of myself persuasive."

"'Could not stay away,' Blythe?" said Ross Vaughan, laughing significantly. "Ah, I see! Miss Lawson is looking her best to-night. It is well that you came."

"Yes, it is well. I like to see pretty women looking their best. Mere gallantry forbids my affecting a different sentiment."

"Mr. Vaughan," said Miss Dacres, directing Ross Vaughan's attention to a lady who stood at some distance, nodding and smiling, and vainly endeavoring to join Helen Dacres and her friends, "Miss Lawson wishes to come here. Go and give her an opportunity to dismiss, graciously, that odious Mr. Sayle. She will not come while he is with her."

Ross Vaughan hastened to do the bidding of the "ladye faire," and Helen was left alone with Raymond Blythe.

"Your taste is exquisite, Mr. Blythe," she said, endeavoring to draw him from the sudden silence that possessed him.

"Why do you say *my* taste, Miss Dacres? Did you know so well what my favorites among flowers were?"

"No, I was not so discerning. 'Loyal en tout' upon the card accompanying the bouquet was a safer guide than my own fancy."

"You know, then, my favorite motto, if you do not know my favorite flowers."

"I know that few besides you know anything about the motto referred to."

"'Few?' Not Mr. Vaughan, even?"

"'Not Mr. Vaughan, even,'" she repeated, "unless Rosa enlightened him."

Ross Vaughan returned with Flora Lawson, and the conversation drifted into another channel. A spray of heliotrope that had fallen from Helen's bou-

quet was eagerly seized upon by Mr. Vaughan.

"By reason of the rescue," he said, gallantly excusing his appropriation of the flower, and at the same time fastening the heliotrope in his button-hole.

"No, Mr. Vaughan," Helen pleaded; "indeed, you must return it."

"It would have been trampled under foot but for me, and, as I saved it from degradation, I claim it as my own."

"But, Mr. Vaughan—" She stopped suddenly, and her lovely face changed from crimson to white so rapidly that Flora Lawson called out, "Return it upon this condition, Mr. Vaughan: that she tell you whose gift the flowers are; then we can tell why they are so precious."

"They are not so precious," was the haughty answer. Raymond Blythe's eager gaze stirred all the womanly pride in Helen Dacres: she would not have him think his gift "so precious" in her eyes.

"Too precious for me, nevertheless," said Ross Vaughan, while his eyes gleamed balefully. "What I win, I wear, however," he added, defiantly: recovering himself, he concluded, "That is, if Miss Dacres be gracious enough to accord this favor to the most devoted of her subjects."

Miss Dacres made no reply, and for the rest of the evening, Raymond Blythe saw his heliotrope worn triumphantly upon Ross Vaughan's breast.

"It is for us to wear the heliotrope," further commented Mr. Vaughan, "and not for you. *We* turn to the sun." He bowed very low, and his strange eye glittered with the fierce light kindled by strong emotion. That he loved Helen Dacres with all the strength of a man's passionate love was no secret to those who cared to read the chapter so legibly written.

An hour later, Raymond Blythe, upon whose hands the time hung heavily while the whirl of dancing claimed the attention of the one woman who had power to charm away his weariness, strolled into the conservatory, and seated himself upon a low rustic bench far out of sight

of the dancers and their giddy maze. He had not been long there when the sound of voices arrested his wandering thought: one of the voices, low yet distinct, particularly had power to fix his attention. Not far away, half hidden by the foliage and the elaborate framework upon which rare vines were trained, Raymond Blythe saw the gleam of white robes, and by that he knew that a woman was one of the two so absorbed in that whispered conversation that they seemed unconscious of the proximity of a third party. He would have left the spot and the whispering pair, but the utterance of his own name aroused his curiosity.

"It is the fashion to be in love with Raymond Blythe, that is all," said a man's voice, in tones unguardedly loud. "However, if you say so, I will believe you." An answer so low that Raymond could not catch even the sound of the voice, seemed to satisfy the doubting lover. "'Never aspired to the honor of being loved by Mr. Blythe.' Is that what you say? How complimentary to me! What?" he continued, bending lower and lower that he might not lose a word of that which was so dear to him. "You think my love honor enough. Ah! I see that you can flatter when you wish it." The rest of the talk was so low that the words were inaudible to any save the two most interested.

"That man is Ross Vaughan," said Raymond to himself, as the sound of retreating footsteps told him that he was alone in the conservatory; "but who is the woman? Not—" He did not pursue the questioning in that manner: he rose and walked on until an opening between two rows of gorgeous exotics permitted him to pass to the spot in which the two, whose conversation so harshly rang in his mind, had been standing.

The question was then and there answered: lying at his feet was a woman's handkerchief; he picked it up, and saw upon its snowy surface the scarlet cross and motto, "Loyal en tout." "And that woman," he said bitterly, sitting down, and burying his face in his hands—"that woman who listened to *his*

love, was Helen Dacres!" How long he sat there, he could not tell; it seemed to him as if in that moment he had grown suddenly old—old with age, told not in years, but in cruel pain. When he looked up again, there were hard-set lines about his mouth and his dark face wore a gloom that gave it deeper darkness. He could not reproach Helen Dacres for the blow: she had not distinguished him from other men by any marked encouragement; he had, again and again, thought of her as one approaching the picture so rarely drawn, "Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek?" Yet he had loved her as a man loves but once in his life, and he—the thought was madness!—he had loved her in vain. He walked home under the starlight, scarce knowing or caring whither his footsteps tended, with but one thought in his heart, and that despair—the despair that is born of emotions crushed, yet rebellious still, although rebellion like this were worse than death itself.

The next morning found him again with Helen Dacres.

"I have come to say 'good-bye,'" he said, as he advanced to meet her upon her entrance into the room in which he had awaited her.

"To say good-bye?" she repeated questioningly, and, in spite of her attempt at control, her lip trembled. "Where are you going?"

"I leave for New York to-night, and sail for Europe in the morning. Have you any message for Mrs. Douglas? I will see her before I leave England for the Continent."

And he had come for this! Only to know if she had "any message for Mrs. Douglas!" Helen Dacres knew that her face was pale, and she could not help herself in that moment—only in that moment, however: then her pride rose up in arms, and again she was her haughty self.

"I have no message," she answered, very calmly: "my letter goes out in the next mail, and that will give her the latest item of information."

"The very latest?" he inquired, in-

tending to elicit some remark in reference to Ross Vaughan, but, to his discomfiture, failing signally.

"Yes—I wrote it yesterday morning. Nothing of importance has transpired since. Do you know of anything?"

"I think that I do—perhaps, however, it is nothing new: Mrs. Douglas may have foreseen where others, I among them, were blind."

"You affect the enigmatical, Mr. Blythe," she said, staring at him in sheer bewilderment. "Permit me to remind you that I have no skill in solving riddles. Give my love to Rosa," she continued, "and tell her that her last messages were faithfully delivered."

"That Mr. Vaughan was the very model of messengers. It may be," said Raymond Blythe, fixing his keen gaze upon her, "that this will be a mere work of supererogation on my part: perhaps she knows—"

"Knows what, Mr. Blythe?" Helen asked, as Raymond broke off abruptly.

"What you have long known—what I found out so lately. Good-bye," he concluded, advancing toward her and holding out his hand for that last farewell. "If ever we meet again, I hope that you will be as happy as you are now, and I—but what matter?" he added, bitterly, "what matter about me or my fate?"

She laid her hand quietly in his, saying as she did so, "When will you return, Mr. Blythe? Do not let too long an absence alienate you from home and its associations."

"Home!" he echoed, and his eyes were gloomier than ever. "I have no home. The world is for me and those like me that have neither home nor wife to stay their wandering feet. I have no home."

She looked at him so earnestly, with true womanly pity in her eyes, that his fierceness was disarmed. "Good-bye," he cried, passionately. "May your home be blessed with all that can bless life. I go to forget, and if there be no such thing as forgetfulness, so let it be: I must bide my time. Good-bye." He wrung her hand, and was gone before she could find words to reply, leaving

her still standing there, with her eyes fixed upon the spot which he had occupied, and her fair face ghastly in its paleness. Her heart ached wearily because of his inexplicable words. What did it all mean? Raymond Blythe had been accounted a man of stern honor among honorable men: he had borne a fair, unblemished name in all his career; yet, had he treated her fairly—her, the one woman who loved him so?—yes, who loved him so, although her woman's pride kept her woman's heart from betraying the secret of that love.

"Is she a coquette, after all?" Raymond Blythe reflected, as he recalled the earnest eyes that wove their spell about his heart. "What did she mean when she looked at me so pityingly? Did she know the story that I came too late to tell? She—Ross Vaughan's wife! He will never make her happy. I hate his sinister eyes and his measured voice! Curse him, every hour of his life! For what?" he went on, more coolly, despising himself for his weakness. "What is Ross Vaughan to me, that even his name should make me forget myself?"

He reached his home, and made the final preparations for his voyage: he bade no other adieu than that one so painful to him, gave no warning of his sudden departure; and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was outward bound, seeking among strangers and under a strange sky to bury his anguish deep, past all resurrection. Such oblivion, easy as it was to seek, was hard to find.

For years he wandered restlessly from place to place, making few friends and avoiding companionship. At times, news from his own country came to him, and again and again he met with friends who might have given him a fair history of what had passed since he had deserted that social world of which he was at one time the idol; but he asked no questions, and his strange reserve repelled advances. There came at last, to banish the demon of unrest, a sort of dullness or apathy that was almost peace, and, by degrees, that terrible gloom wore away from his brow and from his heart: not that he was happy—far from it—but he had cher-

ished his sorrow so long that it seemed a part of his life, and therefore a burden with which there was no dispensing.

He had thought himself devoid of all sentimentality respecting "his own country;" he had almost wondered when he heard other men counting eagerly the days that must pass before they could see home again; there had seemed to him a childishness, a weakness in that kind of attachment; and, one day, to prove how weak he was, in spite of all his vaunted strength, to let him know that no armor is proof against all manner of assault, there came to him that strange yearning for what had been home to him in other and happier days. The spirit Heimweh possessed him—genuine "home-woe"—that longing and craving for something dearer and more sacred than the stranger-land, for a glimpse of the blue sky that smiled upon him when life itself had smiles, and smiles only, for him. He could not conquer it: he tried to convince himself that other lands were fairer than that land beyond the sea, but his trying was in vain; and, to give his heart rest he turned his footsteps homeward.

There were none waiting to receive him; none knew that he was coming. He was glad to find himself again in Philadelphia, his native city, but he wanted no scenes, and he walked into the house which he had left more than seven years before as unconcernedly as if he had left it yesterday. His old housekeeper shrieked at his sudden appearance, and began a series of wailings peculiar to her sympathetic self: he shook hands with her quietly, asked how she had been all the while, and left her to execute the grand finale to her marvelous discord in the presence of a more numerous audience—to wit, the assembled household.

An hour later he walked into his club, unrecognized at first by those sitting about, reading or talking together. He took his place in his old corner and busied himself with a newspaper, caring very little, however, for the details in the closely-printed columns. Looking up at length, he saw that a man opposite to

him was watching him intently: he knew that his bronzed face and heavy beard were equal to any disguise, but he further knew that this man opposite found something familiar in the face so scrutinized.

"If Raymond Blythe be a living man, you are he," said the curious gazer, rising at length, and bringing his hand down heavily upon Raymond's shoulder. "Why, man, when did you come home? We thought you dead and buried years ago."

"Did you? Well, are you satisfied of my abiding still in the flesh?"

They shook hands cordially, and that was the signal for the rest in the room to crowd around and give their word of welcome. Every man of them had known Raymond Blythe the years before, but, as Dick Lawson had said, they had thought him "dead and buried years ago," and they would no more have dreamed of seeing him among them again than of expecting a disembodied spirit to give them the hand of fellowship. To say that they were glad to see him is but a faint expression of their feeling: men are rarely exuberant in the sentimental line; they leave that kind of thing to its lawful proprietaries, tender-hearted womankind; but, even among practical, commonplace men, there are occasions that elicit a divine spark of enthusiasm, and this return of Raymond Blythe after so long an exile, and from the dead as it were, was occasion enough for a man to forswear his ancient stoicism and be almost woman-hearted for the time. Question after question was poured out by eager lips, and Raymond, yielding to the influence of the moment, answered any and every inquiry.

"Mother will be delighted to see you. She 'holds out' to-night," said irreverent Dick Lawson; "some sort of crowd or other—I never can keep the run of all the distractions that afflict her. There will be a 'lion' there, a genuine Oriental, with a beard like—like your own, man alive!" Dick laughed aloud at his own comparison, and rattled on: "But you come, old fellow, and the Oriental may return to his pristine insignificance: you will out-lionize the lion himself."

"I hope not."

"That matters little. Raymond Blythe comes, and sees, and conquers—the Cæsar of his day."

"A carpet Cæsar, forsooth," said Raymond, smiling at the conceit.

"Won't there be a grand old row when you stalk in among them to-night?" Dick exclaimed, anticipating the sensation that Raymond Blythe's unexpected advent could not fail to create. "There will be any amount of flutterings among the gentler sex, who have never ceased to regret your absence: there will be chirpings and chatterings innumerable, and I will be there to see! Dick Lawson, you are a genius in your way; you have such a happy faculty of preparing little surprises for your mamma and her fair friends."

"Perhaps you will be disappointed. I may decline taking part in the proposed surprise."

"Not if I know it, my man."

"A stranger, mother," said Dick Lawson that night, as, after having threaded his way through the crowd that lined stairway and hall and spacious rooms, he reached his mother's side and presented Raymond Blythe. "He is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Lawson bowed ceremoniously, and gave a second look at the dark face that wore so familiar a smile in that moment.

"Dick," she said, hesitatingly, but Dick was far away, having left his mother to ravel the web of mystery for herself. "I am sure," she said, addressing the "stranger"—who had said nothing beyond the mere murmuring of his appreciation of the "honor vouchsafed in being permitted to make Mrs. Lawson's acquaintance"—"that Dick has in contemplation some surprise for me. Are you a party thereto? Have I not seen you before? 'Strangers' do not wear smiles so familiar."

"Mrs. Lawson is pleased, then, to remember me?"

"Oh, Raymond Blythe!" she called out, recognizing instantly the voice that spoke in its natural tones. "Why did you let Dick impose upon me?" She

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held out both hands and let her glowing face give her welcome additional warmth. In a moment she recalled the rumors that had prevailed respecting his death abroad, and she said, eagerly, "How did it happen that news came home that you were dead? Tell me that, Raymond Blythe."

"I cannot tell. I am not responsible for the rumor. We will dismiss that, and remember only that I am here again, and that you are glad to see me, after all."

Introductions upon all sides were solicited by those eager to know Raymond Blythe, the fame of whose former reign still lived in the memory of old and young.

"Now, you know everybody," Mrs. Lawson said, laughingly, when the round was completed—"that is, everybody worth knowing. Oh, there is Helen Dacres!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "You remember her? Yes? Ah! now I recollect that you admired her at one time. She has faded somewhat—seven years make changes in pretty women."

"Not in all pretty women," complimented Raymond.

"You have not forgotten how to flatter, I see. You need not try your art upon Helen Dacres, let me tell you: she is the proudest, coldest woman that ever I knew."

"She has not changed in that, then," Raymond returned, and all the fire of the old passion gleamed in his deep eyes. "But why do you say 'Helen Dacres?'"

"What should I say? She is Helen Dacres still. Did you not know that? There has been talk enough about her strange aversion to matrimony. She has had suitors in abundance, but she treats them all alike; that is, she says 'No' to all of them. She is not very young, now," was the conclusion, with a spice of womanly malice in it, "and she may live to regret her want of wisdom."

"Rather," said Raymond, "she may live to learn that her wisdom was not as the wisdom of the world."

"Well, that may be. She can treasure up, in lieu of more substantial treasure, the memory of the conquests that



were hers in her day of power, and that may be solace sufficient in her state of single blessedness. Her proud, calm manner had a peculiar fascination in it, that made heads, not over-steady, reel, and hearts, that seemed unconquerable, yield unconditionally. Ah! Helen Dacres, few women wielded such power as you!"

Every word was pain to Raymond Blythe, and he had to stand and listen and suffer in silence, while Mrs. Lawson kept up her gossip.

"Ross Vaughan went mad about her: he haunted her, pursuing her from place to place, and refusing to take her rejection as final, until, mad as he was, he realized his madness, and disappeared one day, almost as mysteriously as you did in that last running away of yours."

Raymond Blythe's face flushed, but Mrs. Lawson had spoken at random, and she read no secrets in the changing color.

"Yes," he returned, mechanically, "I am a man of sudden impulses, and I scarce know to-day what freak may rule to-morrow. I thought," he said, mustering all his composure, "that Ross Vaughan was the favored suitor. At the time of my leaving, his star seemed to be in the ascendant."

"No one else ever thought so, then," was the contemptuous answer. "How could you have been so blind? She never liked him; and as for her family—her brother, George Dacres, said he would rather see her dead than married to Ross Vaughan: that was strong language for a model member of the *poco-curante* order. Ross Vaughan was a strange, passionate man, entirely different in character from his brother, who was generally a favorite."

"Do you mean Adolph Vaughan—'handsome Dolly,' as we called him? What became of him?"

"I have the honor to be mother-in-law to 'handsome Dolly,'" was the smiling answer. "Did you not know that? Flora was married about three months after your flight: she is quite a steady matron, now."

"I hope that it is not too late to congratulate you," Raymond returned. "Dolly Vaughan was a superior man."

"Thanks, in Dolly's name, for your eulogy. Yes, Flora is very happy."

"The brothers were alike in personal appearance."

"Strikingly so, but there was something in Ross' face that gave a clue to the fierce disposition within. Did you not think so?"

"Yes, it detracted from the perfection of his face."

Later in the evening, Raymond, finding the crowded rooms warm almost to the point of suffocation, made his way to the piazza which ran along one side of the house, giving a full view of the brilliantly-lighted rooms, and at the same time affording a pleasant retreat for those who, like Raymond Blythe, took no part in the dancing. Two or three gentlemen were there before him, and one of them hailed him as he emerged from the shadow of the massive pillar by which he had at first stationed himself.

"Not tired already?"

"By no means—only anxious for a draught of oxygen and a minute's quietness," Raymond replied. "What brought you out? You used to be indefatigable among dancers."

"Yes," Archie Stuart said, "I used to be a great many things that I am not; indeed, I contemplate asceticism."

"Likely!" his companion scornfully commented. "Asceticism is a pleasant fiction so far as your contemplation of it goes."

"Never mind: these hard times make men think seriously—yes, men that never thought before. I heard some bad news to-night."

"What is it?" Blythe asked.

"As it does not concern you, I will tell you. It will not spoil your enjoyment—your funds are safe. My father suffers terribly; it was from him I gained the information: he came in very late to-night, and I knew at once that something was the matter, so I plied him with questions, and he could not shake me off. I am a poor man to-night, that is all." Archie Stuart laughed lightly,

but his voice was none of the steadiest, and his manner was constrained.

"'A poor man,' Archie? How so?" Raymond asked, interested in Archie Stuart's welfare.

"Well, that gentleman of fashion, Augustus Lloyd, Esq., has proved himself a common swindler. He decamped this morning, leaving little else than debts behind him, and, worse than all, involving another man in ruin and disgrace."

"And that other man?" said Raymond, anxiously, while he moved into the shadow to hide his face, in which strong emotion betrayed itself.

"One who will never survive a stain upon his good name, proud old gentleman that he is—George Dacres."

A hollow moan and a heavy fall, near to the three standing upon the piazza, suddenly interrupted their conversation. They had not noticed that a window close beside them was wide open, or that, hidden by the heavy drapery, one within that window was drinking in every word of the news communicated by Archie Stuart. Raymond Blythe passed in through the open window, and saw, in the gloom made by the curtains, a figure prostrate and helpless—the figure of an old man, whose white hair made his helplessness seem still more pitiful. The deep bay window, forming as it did a miniature apartment, opened into the library, and thither Raymond Blythe bore the stricken "proud old gentleman," George Dacres. There was no need for Raymond to wait until the light revealed the face of the sufferer: he knew too well for whom Archie Stuart's words bore their greatest bitterness, and that hollow moan and heavy fall had at once smitten his heart with their full significance.

"Dr. Moorhead is here," said Archie Stuart, who had followed Raymond into the library. "Shall I summon him?"

"Yes. I need not tell you to create no alarm."

"Dr. Moorhead," said Archie, approaching that gentleman, who was doing his very best to entertain a frightful old dowager in purple and gold, "will Mrs. Newman excuse you for a while?"

Mrs. Newman was graciousness itself, making Dr. Moorhead promise, however, to return very soon—she was "tired of sitting alone."

Archie prepared Dr. Moorhead for the work before him by relating the cause of the sudden seizure of Mr. Dacres—a relation which made the doctor frown ominously.

"We must get him home at once. I will go with him; and who else?" the doctor said, after a careful examination of the state of the sufferer.

"I," said Raymond Blythe; and so it was settled that Mr. Dacres should be taken home immediately, without further alarming the assembled company.

Before he was removed he recovered consciousness, and said, in broken, uncertain accents, "Who is here? Where is Helen? My good name, my good name! Where is Helen?" And Helen was sent for, that the patient's restlessness might thereby be abated.

She was standing talking to Mrs. Lawson when Raymond made his way to her. She knew him instantly, although for more than seven years she had not seen his face. Had not seen his face?—did it ever fade from her inward vision? Ah! she had not even tried to forget.

He shook hands with her, and then, before she had time to recover from the shock of that meeting—for shock it was, although her pale, proud face scarce changed its color—he said, "Miss Dacres, your father is going home. I have been commissioned to take you to him."

She expressed no surprise: it seemed fair enough that Raymond Blythe, always a gallant man, should cling to his old-time gallantry. She laid her hand upon his arm, and walked away with him, and not until they reached the library door did he give her warning of what she must expect to see. He held her hand firmly, for her trembling fingers would have given up their hold upon his arm, and he said to her, in tender, passionate tones, that quieted her terror, "For your father's sake, Miss Dacres, you will compose yourself. We trust implicitly in you."

She raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and said, sadly yet calmly withal, "I think I can trust myself."

"Loyal en tout," Raymond whispered, so low that Helen Dacres did not at first comprehend: then his meaning flashed upon her, and remembrances of what had been, and visions of what might have been, stirred her heart until every throb was pain.

Mr. Dacres was sitting up when his daughter entered: he heard the door open, and looked around to see who came.

"Helen," he said, and his voice was changed and shaken, "I thought you had left me. Did they tell you—do you know—"

"Know what, father?" she interrupted, going up to him, and kneeling at his side, letting her head rest against his shoulder. "That I love you? I have known that all my life." She affected a cheerfulness that she did not feel, repressing her own anguish that she might comfort one dearer than herself.

"My darling! my darling!" said the old man, passing his hand feebly over the dark hair that lay close to his snowy locks. "I have not felt well this evening," he endeavored to explain; "I came here to be away from the noise and the glare, and I heard— Do you know what I heard, Helen?" he asked, so suddenly and fiercely that Helen was startled at the change in his manner.

"Do not tell me anything, papa," she answered, unconsciously using the name familiar to her in her days of childhood. "We will go home now, and all will be well. I am with you," she added, proudly.

"Yes, yes," he said, hesitatingly, "you are with me." Then his mind wandered, and he cried out, piteously, "But my good name, Helen! my good name!"

"Shall be our good name," was her firm reply.

"But they have talked of it, Helen—they will talk of it," and the proud old man gazed distractedly about him.

"Not while I am here to silence them." All the pride of a proud race rang out in

her voice, and told its tale upon her flushing cheek.

"Has your carriage come, Miss Dacres?" asked Dr. Moorhead, wishing to have Mr. Dacres removed as speedily as possible.

"Not yet."

"You need not wait for that," Raymond Blythe remarked. "There is a carriage in waiting, and I think we can have that for the time required."

Mr. Stuart, Archie's father, was leaving Mrs. Lawson's at that moment: Raymond Blythe saw him pass out, and followed him, reaching him in time to effect the purpose desired.

"Mr. Stuart," he called out, as that gentleman put his foot upon the step of the carriage awaiting him.

"What is it? Is that you, Blythe? I am going home. It is early, I know, but I want to get out of this place," Mr. Stuart returned, still lingering at the door of the carriage, that he might hear what Raymond had to say.

"We want your carriage for a while, to take Mr. Dacres home."

"George Dacres! Why, what is the matter with him?"

Raymond hastily explained, adding, as an apology for his detaining Mr. Stuart, who was really anxious to reach his home, "We do not wish to have any know that he is ill, beyond those already aware of it; that is, we do not wish to have it spread about to-night: hence my reason for requesting the use of your carriage. We cannot wait until his own comes, and mine may be later still."

"And George Dacres is broken down at last! God help him! I can say this with all my heart, although you may think me embittered against him. If I am wronged, George Dacres had no hand in it." Mr. Stuart came up the steps slowly, and stood in the shadow of the doorway, while Raymond Blythe returned to the library to assist in taking Mr. Dacres to the carriage.

"Helen must come," said the old man, when he was seated in the carriage, with Dr. Moorhead beside him. "I cannot leave Helen."

"We do not wish you to leave her," said the doctor, quieting the anxiety of his patient. "Mr. Blythe will bring her in a moment."

Helen came out upon Raymond Blythe's arm, and then Mr. Dacres was satisfied and willing to be driven home. Blythe stood at the door of the carriage after he had assisted Helen in, and seemed uncertain whether to offer his services further or to withdraw.

"Mr. Blythe," said Dr. Moorhead, putting the question beyond dispute, "you may be of use to us. If Miss Dacres agree with me, I would like to have you come with us."

"I did not ask Mr. Blythe," said Helen, frankly, "because I thought he was coming with us. He knows how great a kindness he would confer upon us by accompanying us now." And so the doubt was settled.

The doctor remained all night with Mr. Dacres, who was in a most critical condition, unconscious, at times, or, if conscious, dwelling piteously upon the one theme, "My good name, Helen! my good name!" Helen, whose unnatural calmness had been succeeded by a terrible reaction, was persuaded to leave her father's room and seek rest elsewhere; but before morning she stole in again, and sat with a face like the dead, and hollow eyes that burned unnaturally, making the paleness of the features more ghastly. Raymond Blythe did not leave until the first gray gleam of morning came in through the half-closed shutter. All the next day Mr. Dacres lay in that helpless state, and those that watched thought death very near. George Dacres, Helen's brother, who had been absent for some days, was telegraphed for, and arrived late in the afternoon, shocked beyond measure at the melancholy state of affairs in his home. He went at once to his father's room, and there found Helen, who kept unbroken watch beside that bed of pain: he kissed her fondly,—he had always made an idol of her—and then went up to the bedside to see his father. Mr. Dacres was lying, with eyes closed, apparently sleeping, but the sound of George's step, light as it was,

aroused him: he looked up and saw his son beside him; he would have raised his hand, but the power was denied him. George clasped the poor, helpless fingers in his strong grasp, and said, bending low that his father might not lose a word, "Father, all will be well. Trust us yet a while."

"But my good name, boy! my good name!" was the wailing cry.

"Is it not my name too? I am George Dacres." The fair, handsome face of George Dacres was slightly flushed, and that was all the evidence of his earnest feeling. He was, by nature and habit, a careless, idling sort of man, who hitherto had had no special aim in life to make him stir himself in the world or give his dormant energies fair play. That day became the turning-point in his life, and the reverses that had come upon the head of his family were to be, indeed, the "stepping-stones to higher things" for gay, pleasure-loving George Dacres.

"You do not know all, George," said Mr. Dacres.

"Yes, all—all that concerns you or me."

"And you say that 'all will be well.' How can that be, George? Helen said so, too, last night. How can it be?"

"It will be," was the emphatic answer, "God helping me."

"But how, George, how?" asked the old man, impatiently.

"Leave that to me—trust me, for my name's sake," and George Dacres smiled at his own enthusiasm.

The evil news spread rapidly that the great banking-house of "George Dacres & Co." had gone down in the financial storm. There had been heavy failures among men of high commercial standing, but none like this, and it became the town-talk before the day was over. Augustus Lloyd had brought the dire day upon George Dacres, and had, coward-like and criminal as he was, fled to save himself. Other firms were involved, and curses, loud and deep, came even from the lips of cool, calm men—curses upon the head of the man who had so shamelessly betrayed the trust reposed in him; and all the while old George Dacres

lay, bewailing not his own loss, but the loss of others and the stain upon a fair good name.

The day after his return home found George Dacres the younger very busy. He was closeted with his father's legal adviser the greater part of the morning, and came out from the interview almost himself again—indifferent, little-caring George Dacres. When he went home he found Helen waiting anxiously for him.

"What is it, Nellie? Is father worse?"

"No, George, not that." She hesitated a while, then she continued: "George, you have not dealt fairly by me. Have I not guessed your purpose?"

"What, Helen?" He intended the question to be very careless.

"You propose to surrender your own private fortune to aid in liquidating our father's debts!"

"Yes. How did you find it out?"

"Because I wish to be with you in this."

"You, Helen! What do you know about business?" he exclaimed, affecting to regard her woman's ignorance of money-matters with contempt.

"I know this," she answered firmly—"that my money will pay debts as well as yours, and I intend to prove it to you."

"You shall not do it," he said, sternly.

"I am my own mistress," was the cool reply. "You cannot say no to me."

"The worse for you, Nelly!" he commented.

"I know all that, George," she answered, calmly, although the blood flushed painfully in her face. "I know what you mean—that I have let my best chances go by—that I am no longer young, and therefore I should look out prudently for the future."

"Now, now, Nelly!" George said, taking her in his arms, and holding her closely. "What is all this to me, that you should think me base enough to taunt you with it? Say what you please to me, now: I will not make a single objection even to your wildest schemes."

"Tell me, then, George, how far your

fortune will go toward the object we contemplate."

"About half-way. I will take the business in my own hands, then; and in the course of years the other half of the indebtedness will be discharged, I hope, unless some malign influence prevent the consummation of my plans."

"George," Helen said, sadly, "our father will not live for 'years;' then he will never know that 'his good name' is again redeemed before the world. You will let me help you, George?" she pleaded.

"If you will have it so," he said, gloomily. "Let the responsibility be your own, however: do not say that I gave willing consent to your strange sacrifice."

"No stranger than your own, George. You shall not talk this way to me. My money has been accumulating for many years: I have not drawn upon my resources as you have, and it may be that I have more than you. How about that, George Dacres?" she said, almost playfully. "They used to say that one day I would be one of the richest women in Philadelphia; and I know that to retain my riches would be but misery to me, if I believed that their surrender would contribute even one happy moment to a father whose life was devoted to his children and their welfare."

There was no turning her from her purpose: her father's solicitor attempted to reason with her upon the madness of her sacrifice, but her haughty manner cut his argument short, and he left her, convinced, as he expressed it, "that the whole family shared in the mental prostration of Mr. Dacres."

"May Mr. Stuart come in, father?" said Helen, one day, half dreading the effect of her question.

"What for, Helen? To curse me? What else can Robert Stuart want with me?" asked the old man, with a wild gleam in his sunken eyes.

"He has not seen you for a long time," Helen went on, taking no notice of her father's gloomy questions, "and you were great friends once."

"Once, Helen—ay, once—but not now—not now."

"Yes, now," said Robert Stuart, entering at the moment. He had overheard their talk, and he went up to Mr. Dacres and caught his hand, holding it for a while in silence: then he said, "As you would not send for me, George Dacres, I came in uninvited."

"To curse me, Robert?" Mr. Dacres half drew back at the thought,

"God forbid!" was the earnest reply. "I make no claims to extraordinary goodness, but I am not a fiend, George Dacres; and no one but a fiend would intrude upon you now for any purpose but that of friendship."

"Do they talk of me as dishonored, Robert? Nelly will not let me talk about it, and George evades all my questions."

"No man living can couple dishonor with your name. Your son George knows the story far better than I: let him tell you what a Dacres is worth in an hour of difficulty."

"And they that suffered?—you, Robert Stuart, will you call me your friend still?" The old man was childish in his dread of disgrace.

"I did not suffer. You owe me nothing," was the strange reply.

"I owe you nothing?" In his astonishment, George Dacres endeavored to rise, feeble as he was, but Robert Stuart held him down. "Am I going mad?" the old man continued, looking helplessly about him. "Did I hear what you said, Robert?"

"I think you did. Let me repeat it, with a word of explanation. They sent me to tell you, because it is the right of an old friend to bring good news, if indeed this be good news for you. You owe me nothing."

"Helen," said Mr. Dacres, groping feebly about him, as if he did not trust his eyesight—"come to me, Helen, and do not let them deceive me with tales to comfort me. My good name! my good name!" he moaned, as Helen drew the aged head close to her breast, and kissed the poor white face that looked up into hers, while all the time the blinding tears fell from her eyes. "Why do you cry, Helen?" he asked, passing his hand over

her face. "For the loss of our good name? Darling, I have no power to comfort you."

"Let me be the comforter," she answered, in a voice choked with tears. "All is well—they are not deceiving you—Mr. Stuart will tell you."

She did not leave her father's side: she stood with her arm about his neck, and one hand clasping his, to keep the restless fingers still.

"It is soon told," said Mr. Stuart, speaking very rapidly. "Helen has given up her fortune, and George his, and that is the whole story. Think of it at your leisure: it will give you a good night's rest, I venture to predict."

"But, Helen—" said Mr. Dacres, wonderingly.

"Are you sorry, father?" Helen asked, bending and pressing her face close to her father's. "We would give you peace, if we could. Are you sorry?"

"And my good name, Helen?" Again his mind was wandering.

"Will you not believe me, father? I have never deceived you. All is well, and our good name does not know what stain or blemish is."

Mr. Dacres looked at his daughter, and scarce seemed to comprehend all that she said. He gathered in, from her words, that George and she had done their best to purchase consolation for him in his sore trial.

"Helen," he said, at length, "you are a good child, and George too: God has blessed me in my children."

"Then you are not sorry?" she asked, anxiously. "You are glad that we did this without waiting for your permission?"

"Glad, Helen? How could I say anything else to you? God bless my children!" He sat quiet for a moment: then, relapsing again into that dreamy, wandering state, he went on, "And my good name is a good name still! Thank God! I can go to my grave in peace: it will soon be over, but it will be rest at last—rest, rest—and not in a dishonored grave! Thank God!"

Raymond Blythe heard the story of Helen Dacres' "sentimental madness,"

as sympathizing friends termed it, from her brother's lips. He made no comment, but in his mind the grand old motto rang, "Loyal en tout," and he thought how well it became her, the proud daughter of a proud, honorable race. The old love in his heart was stronger than ever, if indeed that might be—if there was any possibility of his loving her more than he had done through all those years of silence. He visited her frequently, making her father's illness a fair apology for his constant attendance: he spoke not a word of his love, for the remembrance of that night, eight years before, kept him silent; he treasured still the snowy handkerchief that had been such condemning evidence to him against any supposed preference, upon her part, for any man save Ross Vaughan only; and day after day he would have told himself that he was learning to think of Helen Dacres coolly and calmly as he might of a sister dear to him; but it would not do, and the time came when the secret, kept so well, was his secret no longer, for Helen Dacres discovered at last—and, as she thought, discovered too late—how much this man had loved her, in the years before—years remembered only with pain.

"Are you busy?" he asked, one morning as he walked into the drawing-room, to which he had been directed. "I did not wish to disturb you, so I chose to intrude upon you here, in preference to letting them call you from your occupation."

"Gathering up relics," she answered, looking up, but quickly averting her eyes, that were dim with tears. "I want to get ready by degrees. You know we leave this house very soon."

"Do you?" he asked, abstractedly.

"Rosa's casket," she said, holding up the curiously carved box that he remembered so well. "Do you remember the handkerchiefs she sent me? I showed them to you."

"How often did you appear with them? You did not express any special affection for their style, I recollect."

"There was some misfortune attending them. I carried one to Mrs. Lawson's

one evening—do you remember that evening?"

"Very well. What misfortune happened to your handkerchief?"

"I laid it down to play for Mr. Stuart, who ran away from the supper-room to have one good song, as he said, and that was the last that I saw of it."

"Spirited away, probably?"

"No: about a week after, Flora Lawson informed me that she had picked it up by mistake, leaving her own in its place—she had been playing before I began—and she was so impatient to have a quiet talk with Dolly Vaughan that she took possession of the first at hand, and made her escape with it."

"Why did she not tell you that night?"

"She was too much occupied with things of a deeper interest to her: Dolly Vaughan proposed to her that night in the conservatory, and she had little remembrance of anything else," said Helen, smiling at the reminiscence. "She lost my handkerchief in the conservatory, and when she went back to look for it, it was gone: that was the most mysterious part of the affair. My handkerchief had my name on it, and it was rather strange that the finder did not bring it to its owner."

The hot blood was in Raymond Blythe's dark cheek as he listened. It was all clear now: the man, whose voice and general bearing were so like Ross Vaughan's, was Ross Vaughan's brother, and the woman who listened that night to the story of an ardent love was—not Helen Dacres. "Fool! fool! and blind!" thought Raymond Blythe. "One word might have saved me years of agony, and I was not brave enough to ask it."

"The other handkerchiefs I never used—they lie ingloriously in the casket," Helen said, finding that Raymond Blythe made no attempt to break the silence. "The fate of the first gave me no encouragement."

"Do you recognize this?" at length Raymond asked, taking from his breast a small golden case, and opening it for Helen's inspection.

She looked at him wonderingly: she

saw him unfold something—a snowy handkerchief with a cross in scarlet, and a motto, “Loyal en tout,” wrought upon its spotless surface: she saw this, and could say nothing; she clasped her hands, and stared at him, unable to avert her eyes or summon up her proud composure.

“Do you recognize it?” again he asked. “Do you know why the finder did not return the handkerchief to its owner? Because he wanted some remembrance of the woman whom he thought lost to him.”

And then he told her all: he watched her closely; he saw that her fair face had deep lines to mar its smoothness; he read in the shadowy eyes a history of passing youth, and in his inmost heart he knew that she was dearer to him than ever. He loved her, and he told his love as one whom years of misunderstanding had cruelly silenced.

“Is it too late?” he asked, when the story was done. “Tell me, Helen, can you forgive me now for being a coward, or do you not care to know this? did you never care for me or my love?”

“Do you know—” she began, and broke off abruptly. “We leave this house to-morrow—” she resumed; and here Raymond Blythe interrupted her:

“And I come to take possession.”

“You!” she exclaimed, in wonderment.

“That is, if you will stay with me, Helen,” he pleaded passionately. “Let me find home and wife at last.”

She spoke not a word; she looked steadfastly into his eager eyes, and let him read his answer in her silence; and he drew her close to him, and bent his face over the graceful head that lay against his breast. That moment redeemed all the years that had been doomed in pain.

“Raymond,” she said, looking up after a long silence, “does papa know?”

“That I would make you my wife? Yes—and George: I scarcely dared to come without some authority,” he said, smiling. After a brief pause, he continued, “And I came to find my Helen what her motto proudly declares her, ‘Loyal en tout.’”

## THE TALMUD.\*

THOSE who have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Jewish nation have discovered that they are essentially a literary people—a great and intellectual race—who, after a long period of calamitous history, can yet produce a formidable array of distinguished authors and an extensive and varied literature. For eighteen centuries exiled, scattered, despised and persecuted, as a nation almost ground to powder by the iron heel of oppression and poverty, yet everywhere we find the Jews intelligent, learned, exercising vast influence, and, paradoxical

as it may appear, possessed of unbounded wealth. Strangers in every country, taking root in none; scattered in the midst of many nations, amalgamated with none; apparently a mass of disjointed fragments, but in reality knit together in the most intimate social, religious, literary and national union, and in continual rapid communication with their brethren in all parts of the world, they have produced scholastic divines and casuists whose learning and subtleties are not exceeded by writers of the same class among other nations. Their commentaries, grammars and various philosophical works have ever been regarded by those who were able to consult them as noble specimens of masterly ability and care; while the

\* 1. *Talmud Babylonicum*. Venice: 1520. Folio, 12 vols. 2. *Talmud Hierosolymitanum*. Venice: 1523. 1 fol. vol. 3. “The Talmud,” an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867. London. Vol. I.—66



imaginative power shown in the Hebrew legends is not excelled even by the fancies of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. To what causes can we ascribe this anomalous state? what has prevented the Jews from melting away amidst the nations among whom they are interspersed? what secret and mighty influences have been at work to preserve them?

The Talmud—the cradle of their pride and humility, the fountain of their learning and follies, the source of their joys and sorrows, the master and teacher of all their domestic, social, religious and business transactions—must be regarded as the only means of their national preservation.

"What is the Talmud?" This question, which was put in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*, has within the past few months been re-echoed by hundreds of thousands, who but a short time previously had never troubled themselves about the authors or contents of a work of whose existence they scarcely knew. What is that mighty system which has engrossed the thoughts, controlled the affections, and preserved the national and religious existence of Israel during the last eighteen centuries? By whom was the Talmud composed? Where is its birthplace? Is it the offspring of one or of many minds—the work of one or many generations? What is its age? Its history? Its doctrine?

"A contemporary," states the writer of the article in the *Quarterly*, "recently called it a 'sphinx, toward which all men's eyes are directed at this hour—some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety.'" But why not force open its own lips?

The Talmud claims Mount Sinai for its birthplace. In the first chapter of that portion called the Ethics of the Fathers the statement is made that "Moses received the oral law from Sinai, and delivered it to Joshua, and Joshua to the elders, and they to the prophets, and the prophets to the men of the Great Synagogue; and that Simon the Just was the

last of the men of the Great Synagogue."\* It further states that Antigonus received the oral law from Simon the Just. The chain of named rabbis is there brought down to Rabban Gamaliel, the master and teacher of Saul of Tarsus.

From this account it seems clear that, although the oral law claims to be contemporary with Moses, its real active life can only be traced back to 302 B.C.

#### THE REDACTION OF THE MISHNA.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fearful calamities which befell the Jews at Alexandria in the second century, Jewish learning found a retreat on the borders of the Tigris and also in Judea. A school was established by the learned Jews of Judea at Jamnia, which was subsequently removed to Tiberias, over which the descendants of Hillel presided in lineal succession, under the title of *Nasi* (Prince.) About the beginning of the third century, Rabbi Jehuda, the Prince (by way of pre-eminence designated "Rabbi" and "the Saint"), seeing the length of the captivity and the fewness of the disciples, also the decrease in the study of the oral law, determined to collect the *Halacha*, the judicial dicta, and the words of the wise from the days of the men of the Great Synagogue and the wise men of the Mishna down to his own time. These he divided into six portions, called *S'dareem*: these are again sub-divided into thirty-six separate tracts. The first six of these tracts are styled *Seeds*, and treat of agriculture. The second six, *Feasts*, treat of festivals. The third six, *Women*, treat of betrothals, marriages, divorces, also embracing Naziritism and vows. The fourth six, *Damages*, treat

\* The rabbis assert that Ezra, in his efforts to restore the Law of Moses and purify the ancient religion, called to his assistance 120 of the wisest and most pious men of Israel, upon whom he conferred the title of "The Men of the Great Synagogue." Ezra was its first president: Nehemiah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi were also members of that body, and they compiled the present Liturgies of Israel, and instituted the authority of the oral law. It is nowhere stated that the men of the Great Synagogue lived at one and the same time, but, like a close corporation, at the death of one of the members they filled their own vacancies. It closed with Simon the Just, who lived at the time of Alexander the Macedonian.

of civil and penal laws: they embrace also the ethical sayings of the Fathers. The fifth six, *Sacred Things*, treat of sacrifices: they also describe the Temple services. The last six tracts are styled *Purifications*, and treat of impure things and persons, their purifications, etc., etc.

The elegant writer of the article in the *Quarterly* informs us that "the Bible remains in all cases the background and latent source of the Mishna:" the reader must therefore take care not to conclude that the above-mentioned division is arbitrary, and that it may or can be changed. That this is the only division is proved in the Talmud (Tract Shabbath) from Isaiah xxxiii. 6: "And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of the times, and strength or faith of salvation; the fear of the Lord is his treasure."

Now, "the word 'Faith,'" says the Talmud, "signifies the six tracts on seeds; 'Thy time,' those on festivals; 'Strength,' those on women; 'Salvation' signifies the tracts on damages; the word 'Wisdom' signifies the tracts on sacred things; and 'Knowledge' signifies the tracts on unclean things; and the order of this division is the treasure of the fear of the Lord."

About a century after Rabbi Jehuda had collected the Mishna, Rabbi Jehochanan, the Nasi of the College at Tiberias compiled the opinions of about two hundred learned rabbis explanatory of the Mishna, to which he applied the title of "Gemara" (completeness); for, although the Dicta of the Mishna were perspicuous to the superior comprehension of Rabbi Jehuda's disciples, they were not so to the disciples of Rabbi Jehochanan: he therefore added the Gemara to the text of the Mishna, and designated it "Talmud Jerushalmi." The Jews who settled in the Persian empire also established there three schools—at Nahardea, Pumbeditha and Susa. Although these schools were located in the kingdom of Persia, the Jews styled them "Babylonian Schools," out of compliment to Hillel, who was a Babylonian. The rabbis of these schools refused to acknowledge Rabbi Jehochanan's Tal-

mud. In the fifth century (A.D. 425), Rabbi Ashi and his friend Rabbi Abina collated the opinions of about thirteen hundred of their most learned men, and also applied to them the title "Gemara;" but, in order to distinguish it from Rabbi Jehochanan's Talmud, they styled theirs "Talmud Bavly." Their work was again critically examined by Rabbi Jose, the Nasi of the Academy at Nahardea, who died about 475 A.D., and it was finally closed by the Sabora-im at the end of the fifth century. The "Babylonian Talmud" has far more extensive materials than the "Jerushalmi," and is held by the Jews in higher estimation, and is more the subject of study.

#### THE STUDY OF THE TALMUD.

In the opinion of the Jew, everything worth knowing is contained in the Talmud. For its study academies are established in Palestine and at Posen, Berlin, Presburg, Paris and Cracow, to which thousands of young men resort, and where, under the direction of the most celebrated rabbis, they spend in its exposition the best years of their lives, poring over its teachings the whole day and the greater part of the night. The influence which the study of the Talmud exercises over the body and the mind is various and unlimited. Upon physical development it is most injurious. The Talmud and its commentaries are mostly printed in large folio: this compels the youthful student, when reading, to assume a constant stooping position: the effect of this, together with the want of healthful exercise, confinement in unwholesome lodgings and inattention to personal decorum, joined to excessive studies, watchings, fasts and other ascetic practices, gives these students a kind of ghastly aspect, a stern and baleful countenance, odd peculiarities and ungainly manners; the figure becomes bent and distorted, and obstinate cutaneous diseases often follow. Upon the mind the study of the Talmud exercises many beneficial influences. 1st. It develops the musical talents of the student: the study is performed with *intonation*. Each dictum, answer, syllo-

gism, etc., has its peculiar intonation. As an illustration we give the following part of the paragraph of the Mishna on women from Tract Kthubeth (caput vi. 1),

with the intonation as practiced in the far-famed colleges of Posen and Presburg, and the entire translation of the paragraph :

Hac ko-thev lish-to deen u-dva-rim ain lee b'na-cha-sa - yeech h'rai zai o-chail pai-roth b'cha-yai-ha

v'im mai-thah yor-shah. Im kain la-ma ka-thav lah deen u-dva-rim ain lee b'na-cha-sa-yeech?

Shai-im mach-ra vnath-na kah-yaim. Kath-av lah deen u-dvar-eem ain lee b'na-cha-sa - yeech

u-vpa - ro - thai-hen h'rai zai ai - no o - chail pai-roth b'cha yai-ha v'eem mai-tha yor - sha.

#### Translation.

“He who writes to his wife,\* ‘I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions,’ eats the fruits thereof during her life-time, and when she dies, inherits her goods. If that is the law, why did he write to her, ‘I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions?’ If she sold or gave them away, it is valid.† But if he has written to her ‘I have no legal rights and claims upon thy possessions and upon their fruits,’ he cannot eat of the fruits during her life-time, but at her death, inherits the said possessions. Rabbi Jehuda said, ‘He always eats the fruits of fruit, unless he writes to her, ‘I have no legal claims upon thy possessions, and in their fruits, and in the fruit of their fruits for ever.’ But if he has written to her, ‘I have no legal claims upon thy possessions, and in their fruits, and in the fruit of their fruits during thy life and in thy death,’ he cannot eat of the fruits during her life-time, and he cannot inherit her goods at her death. Rabon (the prince) Shimeon, the son of Gamaliel, said: ‘He is the sole inheritor at her death, because he stipulated against the express written

\* The commentators explain that he wrote to her during their betrothal, and after marriage repented of his rash act.

† Jarchi states that this selling and giving away has also taken place during their betrothal; after marriage the wife loses all right to sell or give.

law, and every stipulation against the written law is null and void.’”

The process of reasoning by which the son of Gamaliel arrived at the conclusion that the act of renouncing his legal claims to his wife's possessions was a stipulation which comes in conflict with the constitutional law of Moses, is peculiar. In Numb. xxvii. 8 to 12, it is said, “If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass over unto his daughter,” etc.; “and then ye shall give his inheritance unto his *kinsman*—that is, next to him of his family—and he shall possess it.” The Hebrew word “Nachla” (inheritance) is of the feminine gender. The last sentence of this passage, “and he shall possess it,” reads in the Hebrew “and he shall inherit *her*,” to agree in gender with “inheritance.” The son of Gamaliel insists that the word “She-airo” (next of kin) can only signify “his wife,” and he reads the passage, “but when his wife dies, he shall inherit her.”

The study of the Talmud is accompanied by a perpetual motion, a continual moving and clapping of hands, and a rapid rising of thumbs and fingers to the level of the forehead, in accordance with the character of the passage expounded. The spirit of ingenuity and hair-splitting accuracy, the miscellaneous

and rhapsodical character of the teachings, with the abrupt and enigmatical style in which they are composed, greatly sharpen the intellect of the student, and enable him to seize at once the right point in a discussion. Talmudical scholars, applying themselves to the study of any of the various branches of science or foreign literature, usually succeed in their undertaking in an eminent degree.

There is no other production of the human mind upon which there is so much diversity of opinion, both among Jews and Gentiles, as upon the Talmud: with its friends, it is considered not only the source of theological learning, but the basis of all education and literature. To the minds of its votaries it contains the only truthful exposition of the Scriptures: it treats of history, chronology, astronomy, jurisprudence, medicine, astrology, etc., etc., with unerring accuracy. The enthusiasm of its friends is of so high a degree that they fail to perceive any paradox in its statements, impropriety in its dicta or inconsistencies in its teachings. Others associate with it everything that is ridiculous, call it a mass of absurdities, and speak of it with derision, abhorrence and contempt. At one time it is lauded to the skies; at another, hurled to the lowest abyss: at one time, persecuted, confiscated, destroyed and burnt; at another, rescued and protected, and Talmudical teachers ordered to be appointed for the university. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, Pfefferkorn, a Christianized rabbi of Cologne, who was intimately connected with the Inquisitor Hochstraten, solicited and obtained from the Emperor Maximilian an order which commanded the Jews to bring, not only the Talmud, but all their Hebrew books (the Old Testament only excepted), to the town-halls of the places in which they resided, where they were to be burned. The emperor invited John Reuchlin to give his opinion upon these works. Reuchlin, who had studied the Talmud under the learned Rabbi Abdias Sphorna, was exceedingly anxious to save these books, with a view of using

them as flambeaux to increase the light of Germany; and as the reason which Pfefferkorn and his friends assigned for their destruction was that "they were full of blasphemies against Jesus Christ," he separated the books written against Christianity and left them to their destined fate, but saved the rest by reporting to the emperor that "the best way to convert the Israelites would be to establish two professors of Hebrew in each university, who should instruct the theological students to read the Bible in the Hebrew." In consequence of this advice, the Jews had their books restored to them, and thereby the Talmud was saved.

But the Talmud was still in danger. Hochstraten and Pfefferkorn, seeing their prey escaping them, became furious. They attacked Reuchlin's own works—accused and threatened him with the Inquisition. This brought forth from him (in 1513) his celebrated "Defence against my Cologne Slanderers," in which he painted the whole party in such ridiculous colors that they were the laughing-stocks of Germany. Hochstraten became more incensed, and convened that wonderful court, the Inquisition, which, of course, gave its infallible decision, condemning Reuchlin's works to the flames. This decision rallied round him all the great masters of the New School: even the superior clergy rushed to his rescue and advised him to appeal to the Pope. Leo X., who was a great patron of learning, referred the whole controversy to the Bishop of Spire, who pronounced Reuchlin innocent. The inquisitor *also* applied to Rome. Leo X., not knowing how to act, issued a mandate *de superse-dendo*, and the Talmud was thus saved.\*

The study of the Talmud was at its lowest ebb from about 1775 to 1850. In the middle of the last century the renowned Moses Mendelssohn (the Martin Luther of the Jews) commenced his earnest and successful efforts to divert his nation from the exclusive study of the Talmud to the acquisition of the classics and other Gentile literature. Though thoroughly acquainted with the

\* *John Reuchlin und Seine Zeit.* Berlin, 1830.

Talmud, and having an intense love for the literature of his forefathers, he was nevertheless unwilling to confine himself to that line of study only; for although the Talmud commands study, praises study, and declares that God weeps daily on account of those who do not study, Greek is strictly forbidden, as well as all other branches of learning not Talmudical. To warn all against the study of Greek, it relates that one wise man, Elisha, the son of Abuyah, by name, was permitted by God to apostatize on account of the great sin he committed by keeping concealed Greek and profane books, and studying them.\* It was, therefore, no small thing for Mendelssohn to break through the trammels of tradition, and apply himself to the attainment of the various philosophical and scientific branches of learning. Although he never possessed the advantages of a university education, and labored under great pecuniary difficulties, he nevertheless became a master of the Greek, Latin, English and French tongues. He succeeded in directing Jewish education to the acquisition of useful elementary learning and languages, and other ornamental qualifications; and the study of the Talmud was thus neglected. In 1836 the writer visited the Beth Hamedrash, at Berlin—the college where the Talmud is taught. *Not one* student was then present; not a voice was heard in the place where, seventy years before, it was crowded at all periods, even of the night.

About 1840 a reaction in favor of the Talmud took place. In Berlin alone—the centre of educational efforts and literary enterprise—no less than forty thousand copies of the various treatises of the Talmud have been sold in one year! while no less than five editions of the entire Talmud have recently been printed

\*The Talmudical story runs thus: "Four men—Rabbi Akiba, Ben Zoma, Ben Azai and Elisha ben Abuyah—entered Paradise alone. There they saw Metatron, the great prince, perform divine functions. Rabbi Akiba understood that he (Metatron) was only performing delegated duties. Ben Zoma became insane at the sight, Ben Azai died; but Elisha ben Abuyah (styled since that, The Apostate) insisted that Metatron was *the true deity*, 'coequal with God.'" The idea has often presented itself to the writer whether Elisha and Saul of Tarsus may not be one and the same person.

and sold; and we are told in the July number of the *Archives Israelite* that "a company has been formed in Berlin for publishing another edition of the Talmud, with a capital of two hundred thousand francs, at two hundred and fifty francs per share." Talmudical students are again to be found in the Berlin College at the early hour of three in the morning.

Among the several modes employed in the Talmud for the "searching of the Scriptures,"† that called *Notricon* holds the chief place. Upon it the Talmudists displayed the most magnificent inventive powers and fertile imaginations. It is *not* merely a kind of *memoria technica*, as stated by the *Quarterly*, but an ingenious manner of explaining the Scriptures. Words are formed from each letter of a word found in the Scriptures, without paying the slightest regard to context, and upon it an authoritative statement is made. For instance, the first word of Deut. vi. 4 is Sh'ma (hear): this word consists of three Hebrew letters, S, M, A. By *Notricon* they formed the following words: Se-oo Marom Aynaichem—"lift up your eyes to heaven;" Shadai Mailech Aylyon—"to the Almighty, the most high king;" "Shachrith, Mincha, Arvith—"morning, dusk and evening," from whence the Talmudists command that prayers should be performed three times a day. A zealous admirer of this method of interpretation once undertook to prove that our Saviour is actually named in the first word of the Bible; for the word Brashith—"in the beginning"—consists of these six letters: B, R, A, S, I, T, and by *Notricon* it reads: Ben (the son of) Ru-ach (the Spirit) Aichad (one) She'mo (whose name is) Jaishua (Jesus) Taloo (the crucified) are the Elohim who created heaven and earth.

In like manner they took the word Pardais‡ (Song of Sol. iv. 13), which

† There are some thirteen various methods employed by the Talmudists in *searching* the Scriptures, and thirteen rules by which to *exfound* the Scriptures; but the limits of this article do not permit more than a reference to the chief.

‡ This word occurs but three times in the Bible,

consists of P, R, D, S, and by Notricon made the following four words of it: 1. P'shat, said to signify the simple LITERAL MEANING of the Scripture. 2. Remes—HINTS AND SIGNIFICATIONS, embracing the discovery of the indications contained in certain words or verses in the Scriptures, Gematria, etc., etc. 3. D stands for D'rush—HOMILIES—LEGENDS, and such as are found in no other writings. 4. S. stands for Sod, SECRET REVELATIONS, and alludes to the cabalistic discoveries of the deep mysteries contained in the letters, points and accents of the Pentateuch. We give a few specimens of each of these four methods of "studying the Scriptures."

1. P'shat—or the PRIMARY MEANING of the passage. Although the Talmudical adage is, that "no verse of the Scriptures travels beyond its (P'shat) literal meaning," the passages quoted from the Bible are but *very rarely* literally understood. After one traverses the 5894 pages which make up the twelve folio volumes of the Babylonian Talmud, he discovers that no literal expositions of the Scriptures are found therein; and, indeed, none are necessary, for the obvious reason that very little use is made of the writings of the Old Testament Scriptures in that vast compilation; and whenever a passage is quoted, the interpretation is generally a good distance from the literal one. The Talmud goes further. It magnifies the importance of its own study, but speaks lightly of the study of the Bible; it lauds the wisdom of its masters *above* the wisdom of the prophets; it maintains the infallibility of its wise men, and instills a spirit of divine veneration for their persons; it asserts that "They who study the Scriptures perform a work which may or may *not be meritorious*; they who study the Mishna perform a meritorious work, and will receive a reward; but they who study the Gemara perform the most meritorious work;" "The words of the wise men are weightier than the viz.: Song of Sol. iv. 13; Eccles. ii. 5; Nehem. ii. 8. Our translators rendered it, in the first two instances, "Orchards," and in the last, "Forest." The derivation of the word is uncertain, but it is not of Persian origin.

words of the prophets;" "A wise man is better than a prophet;" "More lovely are the words of the scribes than the words of the prophets." Again: "He who strives with his rabbi is like to him who strives with the Divine Majesty, as is said (Numb. xx. 13): 'This is the water of strife, because the children of Israel strove with God.' And he who murmurs against his rabbi is like to him who murmurs against God, as it is said (Ex. xvi. 8): 'Your murmuring is not against us, but against God.'"

The following is one of the best examples of the so-called P'shat, or literal amplification of the Scriptures, where the logical faculties of the rabbis of the Mishna were brought into requisition. The starting-point for the discussion is (Ex. lxvi. 5): "And it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in." The literal meaning of the verse is, that no manna shall be collected on the Sabbath day, and that day shall not be desecrated by work in the kitchen. From this verse the question was propounded, at the school of Hillel and at the school of Shamai, whether it is lawful to eat an egg which was laid on the Sabbath day. Both colleges decided that if the hen was set apart for the purpose of laying, the work of a week-day was accomplished on the Sabbath; therefore the eating of said egg is not only forbidden on the Sabbath day, but on all days: the egg must be destroyed in such a way that no living creature should ever taste said egg. But if the hen was set apart for eating, and not for laying, and if a feast day—which is to all intents and purposes a "holy convocation"—follows a Sabbath day, and two Sabbaths come together, what is to be done with such an egg? The college of Shamai, whose decisions are usually severe, decided to permit the eating of said egg. The college of Hillel reasoned thus: "Said egg was brought to light on a Sabbath day or feast day: its illegal origin is most patent to all, and therefore it cannot be permitted to be used for food on either day. And inasmuch as what is forbidden for food may not on the Sabbath

day be carried from one place to another, said egg must not only not be eaten on that day, but it must not even be preserved, as such preservation may prove a temptation." The correctness of the decision was awarded to the college of Hillel, for we are informed that "a voice from heaven was heard saying, 'The words of both are the words of the living God; but in practice follow ye the college of Hillel.'"

2. R—Remes—(HINT)—means the discovery of the indication contained in certain words or verses in the Scripture. This consists in forming one mysterious word either from the initial, middle or final letter of certain other words. For instance: They were about to reject the book of Esther from the canonical books because the word Jehovah is not once named therein. This omission was satisfactorily accounted for by showing that the name Jehovah (consisting of the letters J. H. V. H.) was found in the initials of the words Javo Hamailech V'haman Hayom, "Let the king and Haman come this day." These "hints" are sometimes extended to a full sentence, and are a fruitful source of all kinds of exposition. In Tract Avoda Zara, Rabbi Jehuda informs us in the name of Rav: "That the day has twelve hours: in the first three hours the Holy One, blessed be He! sits and studies the Talmud, and in the second three hours he judges the whole world; in the third three hours he feeds the whole world, and in the last three hours he recreates by playing with the leviathan, as it is written (Ps. civ. 26): 'The leviathan whom thou hast created to play with him.' But after the destruction of the Temple he ceased to play with him." Upon this last statement the rabbis went seriously to "search" for the "hint" in the Bible how the Almighty now spends the remaining three hours. Here is the result of their investigation: "He teaches the small children the Talmud, as it is written (Isa. xxviii. 9): 'Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine?—even them that are weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast.'"

It was justly observed by the writer in the *Quarterly Review* that "nothing was admitted into the Code but that which was well authenticated first." We adduce here one of the best-authenticated oral facts deduced by a "hint." The starting-point is Job xxvi. 9: "Rabbi Isaac said, At the time the Holy One, blessed be He! said to Moses, 'Get thee down' (Ex. xxxii. 7), his countenance became dark, and he was blinded by terrors: he did not know how to descend. The ministering angels sought to slay him. How did the Holy One, blessed be He! who knew the intention of the angels, frustrate it? Said Rabbi Berachja, in the name of Rabbi Chelbo, in the name of Ben Joseph, in the name of Abba ben Ibbo, God opened a small door beneath the throne of his glory and said to him, 'Get thee down,' as it is written (Deut. ix. 12): 'And the Lord said to me, Arise, get thee down quickly from hence.' Rabbi Azaria, in the name of Ben Simon, in the name of Ben Ela-ye, said, When Moses was in the act of descending the angels came to slay him: how did he escape? He grasped the throne of the Holy One, blessed be He! and He spread over him the cloud of his glory, as it is written (Job xxvi. 9): 'He held firmly the face of his throne, and He spread upon him (Hebrew "*Parshez*") his cloud,' [Parshez has four Hebrew letters—P. R. S. Z.], and by Notricon reads: Parash (he spread) Rachoom (the all-merciful) Shadai (Almighty) Ziv (the cloud of his glory)."

Hints also embrace "Gematria." This word seems to be of Greek origin, *γεωμετρία*, and is a mathematical system of searching the Scriptures. Every letter in the Hebrew is a numeral. Words are reduced to the number they contain, and then compared with another word of the same value, and the close relationship between those words is inferred. For instance, Javo Shilo (Gen. xlix. 10) (Shilo shall come) has the same number as Mashi-ach (Messiah), hence Shilo must be the Messiah. These numerals are used in two ways: "the great number" (where the units are

counted for hundreds, thousands, etc.), and "the small numbers" (where the hundreds are counted for units, etc.). From "Othioth" of Rabbi Akiba, "the most exalted, most romantic and most heroic character perhaps in the vast gallery of the learned of his time," we produce the following specimen: "'The Lord is nigh them that are of a broken heart' (Ps. xxxiv. 18): all those who are of a broken heart are more acceptable before God than the ministering angels. The distance of the Divine Majesty from the ministering angels is 36,000 times 10,000 miles, for it is said (Isa. vi. 2): 'Above it (Hebrew, "lo" "him") stood the seraphim.' The word 'lo' by the Gematria makes 36,000. From whence we learn that the body of the Divine Majesty stands 236,000 times 10,000 miles high. From the hips and upward are 118,000 times 10,000 miles, and from the hips downward the same distance. But these miles are not the length of our miles, but the length of *his* mile, which measures 1000 times 1000 cubits; and one cubit is four spans and a little finger, and his span reaches from one end to the other end of the world, as it is said in Isa. xl. 12: 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heaven with a span.'"

3. D stands for D'rush—HOMILIES, LEGENDS—and such as are found in no other writings.

"No Homily or Legend was accepted unless it was traced directly or indirectly to the Word of God." It must have been very difficult for the sons of Israel to reconcile the statement of God's peculiar love for them with the destruction of the Temple. The following affecting and soul-stirring homiletic legend, the truth of which is proved from several passages of Scripture, tells them how ardently they are beloved by God, even in the midst of national chastisement: "At the hour when the Holy One, blessed be He! desired to destroy the temple, He said: 'As long as I am in it the nations of the earth cannot possibly touch it: I shall hide my sight from it, and I will vow not to take its part

until the end, and then the enemies will come and destroy it.' Instantly God swore by his right hand, and placed it behind his back, and this is what is written (Lam. xi. 3): 'He hath drawn back his right hand from before the enemy.' At that hour the enemies entered the Temple and burned it. Then said the Holy One, blessed be He! 'I have no longer a dwelling-place on earth: I shall draw back my Shechina (or Divine Majesty) and will return to my first place;' and this is what is written (Hos. v. 15): 'I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face.' In that hour God wept and said: 'Woe to me! What have I done? for Israel's sake I caused my Shechina to dwell on earth; and now they have sinned, I have returned to my first place, and become a reproof among the heathen.' In that hour came Metatron and fell upon his face and said: 'Lord of the Universe, permit me to weep, but weep not thou!' He answered him: 'If thou wilt not let me weep here, I shall go to a place where thou hast no permission to enter, and I will weep there;' as it is written (Jer. xiii. 17): 'But if ye will not hear, my soul shall weep in secret places,' etc. Then said the Lord to the ministering angels: 'Come, and let us go, I and you, and see what the enemies have done to my house.' Instantly all went, and Jeremiah before them; and when the Holy One, blessed be He! saw the holy Temple, He said: 'This is certainly my house, and my rest: the enemies came and did to it as they pleased.' In that hour the Lord wept and said: 'Woe to me because of my house. My children, where are ye? My priests, where are ye? My lovers, where are ye? What shall I do to you? I warned you, but ye would not return and repent.' Said the Holy One, blessed be He! to Jeremiah: 'I am this day like a father who had an only son, and made for him a marriage, and he died in the midst of the marriage ceremonies; and thou hast no sympathy, neither for me nor for my children: go and call Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses from their graves, for they know how to weep.'



Said Jeremiah: 'Lord of the Universe, I know not where Moses is buried.' The Lord said to him: 'Stand by the shore of the Jordan and cry; lift up thy voice and cry: *Son of Amram! son of Amram! rise, and behold thy flock whom the enemies devoured!*' Jeremiah went instantly to the cave of Machpelah and cried out: 'Patriarchs of the world, rise! the time is come when ye are required before the presence of the Lord!' They said to him: 'What for?' He replied: 'I know not,' for he was afraid lest they should tell him, 'This affliction came to our children in thy days.' Jeremiah left them and went to the shore of the Jordan, and called out: 'Son of Amram! son of Amram! the time has arrived when thou art required before the presence of God!' Moses left him and went to the angels, whom he knew and recognized, and said to them: 'Ministers of the most high God, do you know why my presence is required before the Holy One, blessed be He?' They said to him: 'Ben Amram, dost thou not know that the holy house is destroyed, and Israel is in captivity?' He then cried and wept till he came to the patriarchs of the world. They also tore their garments and placed their hands on their heads, and went crying and weeping till they came to the gates of the Temple. When the Holy One, blessed be He! saw them, He proclaimed lamentations; as it is written (Isa. xxii. 12): 'And in that day did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth.' Again it is written (Isa. xxxiii. 7): 'Behold the angels called, Erailim, cry without; and the angels of peace wept bitterly.'

4. S stands for "Sod," SECRET REVELATIONS, and alludes to the cabalistic discoveries of the deep mysteries contained in certain letters, dots on letters, and accents of the Pentateuch. For instance, the last Hebrew letter in the first word of Deut. vi. 4, Sh'ma (hear), is a large Ayin; its numerical value is seventy. From it these deep mysteries were discovered: "The Ayin is large because Israel has seventy names: the

law which was given to them has also seventy names, and is interpreted in seventy different ways, in order to distinguish between Israel and the seventy nations. [From Deut. xxxii. 8: 'When the Most High set the bounds of the nations according to the number of the children of Israel,' it is proved that God created only seventy nations and seventy languages.] And as the Holy One, blessed be He! has seventy names, so the law must be explained in seventy ways, in order to correspond with the seventy names." The truth of this revelation is further proved by Rabbi Bécha-ya from the last Hebrew word in Ex. xxiv. 12, *L'horotham* (English version): "That thou mayest teach them." By deducting the "l," which is thirty, and the "m," which is forty, the middle word which is left reads "thora" (law); from whence we learn that the law is explained in seventy different ways.

The Hebrew word in Gen. xxxiii. 4, *Vayishakaihoo*, rendered, "And he kissed him," has several small dots on the top of the word. From that strange fact these mysteries were discovered: Esau did not come to kiss, but to bite, our father Jacob; but his neck was transformed into marble, and the teeth of that wicked one were set on edge. But what signifies the word *Vayivkoo* (and they wept)? said Rabbi Abuya, in the name of R. Jehochanan. One wept because his neck became stiff, and the other wept because he hurt his teeth; and this is what is written (Song of Sol. vii. 4): "Thy neck is as a tower of ivory."

The Talmud claims the power of miracles inherent in its wise men. It asserts that miracles contrary to nature were performed in attestation of the truth they asserted. But as disputation is the soul of life in the Talmud, and as its wise men make it a point never to agree, they decided that the evidence of a miracle in behalf of certain assertions is not to be accepted, but the decision of the majority is to be the law. As an illustration we give the following extract (Tract Bava M'zee-a). The starting-

point for the discussion is, how the oven ought to be constructed to bake the Passover cakes: "It is taught there, they hewed stones, and placed sand between the stones, and made an oven. Rabbi Eliezer said that the oven is pure; but the wise men maintained that the oven is impure. We learn that Rabbi Eliezer produced every testimony in the world to prove that he was in the right, but they would not receive them. He then said: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let this bread tree be removed four hundred yards from its place; but the wise men answered: We accept no proof from the bread tree. He said again: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the currents of this stream prove it. The currents of the stream went then backward; but they replied to him: We accept no proof from the currents of the stream. He again said: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the walls of this college prove it. The walls of the college began to bow and fall in pieces; but Rabbi Joshua rebuked them, saying: If the disciples of the wise men overcome each other by arguments, what matters that to you? The walls, therefore, did not fall on account of Rabbi Joshua, and did not re-erect themselves on account of Rabbi Eliezer. Then said he again: If the law is in accordance with my interpretation, let the heavens prove it. A voice from heaven was heard, saying: 'Why do ye oppose Rabbi Eliezer? The law is in every place as he interprets it;' but Rabbi Joshua rose and said: 'The law is no longer in heaven, and thou hast written in the law (Ex. xxiii. 2) to follow the many.'"<sup>\*</sup>

When Rabbi Nathan found the prophet Elias, he asked the prophet: "What did the Holy One, blessed be He! at that time?" Elias answered and said unto him: "I swear by thy life that He said,

<sup>\*</sup> Our translators rendered the verse, "Neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment." The literal understanding of the verse is, that in no case must the judge be influenced to act contrary to strict equity and impartiality. But the rabbis say, to "decline after many" means to take the opinion of the majority.

'My children overcame me, my children overcame me.'"

In respect to women, the Talmud is emphatically Oriental: it places them in the same category with idiots and children, and disqualifies them from giving testimony. No religious public worship can be performed among any number of females unless there are ten grown-up males present. The Talmud permits polygamy *ad infinitum* if the man thinks he is able to provide for the maintenance of many wives, and permits divorces *ad libitum*. The following discussion and decision, which took place between the schools of Shamai and Hillel and Rabbi Akiba, will show when a man is justified in divorcing his wife:

"The school of Shamai say: 'A man is not to divorce his wife unless he shall find some uncleanness in her;' for they explain the verse according to its simple meaning: 'If she find no favor in his eyes on account of his finding some uncleanness in her.' The school of Hillel hold that if a woman let the soup burn it is sufficient; for they interpret the words 'a matter of uncleanness' to mean either uncleanness or any other matter in which she has offended him. But Rabbi Akiba, 'the romantic,' thinks that a man may divorce his wife if he only find a handsomer woman than she is; for he interprets the verse, 'If she find no favor in his eyes,' to refer to favor of beauty as well as a matter of uncleanness; but the legal decision is according to the college of Hillel: if a wife offend her husband, he may divorce her."

From these few brief outlines it appears clear that *no* vital points of contact "exist" between the New Testament and the Talmud. The New Testament teaches *original sin*; the Talmud denies it. The Talmud teaches justification by sanctification; for it declares that "all things are in the hand of God except the fear of God;" the New Testament teaches sanctification through justification. The Talmud strictly forbids the Gentiles to study the oral law; the New Testament invites all to read

and learn the way of salvation. The terms "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," which are found in the Talmud, were familiar to the Jews long before the Talmud was in existence, as they are found in the Old Testament. Other terms were taken from the New Testament, which is about one hundred and twenty-five years older than the Mishna, and about four hundred and thirty years older than the Gemara. Nor can it be reasonably supposed that the reasonings and writings of Saul of Tarsus exercised no influence upon the masters of the Mishna: they praised, admitted and followed the learning of Elisha ben Abuyah, though he became a Christian. Why not of St. Paul?

As an ecclesiastical system the oral law is very severe: it prescribes "floggings of rebellion" for the most trivial offences—for "eating a piece of cheese made by Gentiles"—and orders a "man to be put to death as a heretic" if he "says, in the way of denial, that phylacteries are not according to law."—*Tract Sanhedrin* xi. 3.

In matters of faith the Talmud knows no mercy. The Talmudical account of the trial and death-sentence of five of our Saviour's disciples will show that the Sanhedrin exercised very little humanity in their "anxiety to protect the faith from danger," and that they are not deserving the praises bestowed upon them by the learned writer of the *Quarterly*:

"The rabbis have taught that Jesus had five disciples: Mathai, Nakai, Naitzer, Boni and Thodah.\* When Mathai was brought up, he said to them, Shall Mathai be put to death, when it is written, 'When (Mathai) shall I come and appear before God?' (Ps. xlii. 2). They answered, Yes; Mathai shall be put to death: for it is written, 'When (Mathai) shall die and his name perish' (Ps. xli. 5). When Nakai (Innocent) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Nakai be put to death, when it is written, 'The *innocent*

\* In order to understand these special pleadings and answers, the reader should bear in mind that Mathai signifies *When*; Nakai, *Innocent*; Naitzer, *Branch*; Boni, *My Son*; Thodah, *Praise*.

(*Nakai*) and righteous slay thou not?' (Ex. xxiii. 7). They answered, Yes; Nakai shall be slain: for it is written, 'In secret places doth he slay the *innocent*' (Ps. x. 9). When Naitzer (a Branch) was brought up, he said, Shall Naitzer be put to death, when it is written, 'A *branch* (Naitzer) shall grow out of his roots?' (Isa. xi. 1). They answered, Yes; Naitzer shall be slain: for it is written, 'Thou art cast out of the grave like an abominable branch' (Isa. xiv. 19). When Boni (My Son) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Boni be put to death, when it is written, 'My *son* (Boni), my first-born, is Israel?' (Ex. iv. 22). They answered, Yes; Boni shall be slain: for it is written, 'I will slay thy son, thy first-born' (Ex. iv. 23). When Thodah (Praise) was brought up, he said to them, Shall Thodah be put to death, when it is written, 'A psalm of *praise*?' They answered, Yes; Thodah shall be slain: for it is written, 'Whoso sacrificeth *Praise* honoreth me' (Ps. l. 23)."—See *Tract Sanhedrin*, fol. 43. Amsterdam ed.: 1644.

It must, however, be admitted that the account of this trial may be an allegory. Certain it is that the Talmudical accounts of our Saviour and his disciples are very confused. One account states that Jesus lived at the time of Janæus the Asmonean, a hundred years before the Christian era; another account says that the husband of his mother was contemporary with Rabbi Akiba, A. D. 100. One account says that the Sanhedrin "hanged Jesus on the eve of the Passover;" another account says that when Jesus was put to death, the Sanhedrin had lost the power of capital punishment.

But this confusion is no reason why the correctness of the Talmudical statement should be doubted by its votaries. Even the great Maimonides and the learned author of the *Quarterly* article could perceive no difficulty in the statement of the "chain of distinctly-named authorities to Sinai itself" that "Ahiya, the Shilonite," who lived five hundred and twenty-five years after the Exodus, was himself a youth when he came out of Egypt, and heard the oral law from Moses; but, as he was then very young, he received the oral law again from David and his council.

These two distinguished authorities

further inform us that "proselytes were rigidly excluded from the Sanhedrin;" but the "distinctly-named chain of succession" states that Sh'majah and Abtalyon, the *Princes* of the council of the Sanhedrin, were *both proselytes*, and that the great Hillel and Shamai received the

oral law from those proselytes. The decision of the council, where one of the members was a proselyte, has to be set aside altogether; but, according to the Talmud, both statements are to be believed.

### THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

IT is wonderful how it came to pass that sans-culottic Paris should have spared those most obtrusive monuments of loyalty, the Tuileries and the Louvre—that, amid all the overturning and down-pulling of the past century, the palaces of the tyrant Capet should have remained standing. In the first passion of revolutionary fury fell the hateful Bastille: it was swept away, and to-day there is no sign thereof. Later, the sans-culottic multitude went in a great human flood out to St. Denis; there pulled down the tombs of the kings, took thence the embalmed and bejeweled bodies, and threw them, heaped together, into one common sans-culottic grave. Thrice, too, in the course of a century, has this mass of human firebrands swooped down upon the palace, bombarded it, conquered it, thronged in at its doors, crowded pell-mell and roaring through its shining and gilded halls, howling threats at royalty and all things royal, proclaiming thence the sovereignty of the people; yet, somehow or other, the frenzy to pull down this last, central, suggestive reminder of the olden tyranny never took them. A passionate word from some rudely-eloquent blue blouse—a single cry, "A bas les Tuileries!" uttered when the "people" were invading it—would surely have been its sentence and its doom; but the word was not spoken—the cry not heard; and so it stands there still intact, and once more serving its ancient use, as the sojourning-place of a brilliant despotism.

What is more fascinating than tales of

court life—of the sayings, and doings, and dresses, and loves, and hates, and habits of kings and queens? And where, in all the world, will you find a palace more redolent of rich, romantic, tragic and brilliant memories than the Tuileries and the Louvre? Their names carry us back to many a scene which we have read of in our youth: they were the theatre of a long and most exciting royal drama, carried through centuries of action. We are reminded of Henry the Second and his tournaments; of Charles the Ninth and his St. Bartholomew; of Catherine de Medicis and her cabinet of poisons; of rollicking and glorious Henry of Navarre and his right royal hospitality—his brave, generous heart; of poor, weak Louis "the Wise," with the stern and silent Richelieu at his elbow; of brilliant Anne of Austria and her sly priest-husband, Mazarin; of Louis the Magnificent, sweeping about and thinking himself the sun, surrounded by be-wigged and padded lords and by high-heeled and painted dames; of licentious Louis the "Well-Beloved," scolding his daughters, scolded by Dubarry, and tied to Pompadour's apron-strings; of Louis the Sixteenth, wrapped up in his locks and clocks; and Marie Antoinette—poor queen—now rejoicing in the worship of her court, now the widowed prisoner of St. Antoine! Then comes the confusion of the Terror and the Anarchy: the Tuileries has become the "Palais National;" the Convention sits there, and Robespierre is now, for a little, master, with his incorruptibility, his immaculate

ruffles, his "sea-green," atrabilious complexion and his hesitating speech. Presently, however, the scene shifts: all this confused terror has passed away, and Robespierre, with his lacerated jaw, has followed his victims, in a tumbrel, to the dread caress of "Mother Guillotine;" the Tuileries is once more tranquil—is once more magnificent and royal. Monseigneur the Emperor is there, restless among the group of old marshals, stiffly courteous as he leads in Josephine. But anon we arrive at Waterloo: Monseigneur, the fierce little Emperor, is gone; and while, moody, arms-folded, he paces the deck of the Bellerophon, in a dismal night on the dismal sea, his conquerors are carousing in his Tuileries, and in the centre of his mourning Paris the victory over France is drunk amid shouts and trumpet-blasts. A fat old glutton, so full of his dinner that he has to be propped under either arm by a Titanic lacquey as he ascends the great staircase—a Bourbon, Louis the Eighteenth now—Provence that was—is tenant of the Tuileries, and fills it up with English and Prussian generals, with Jesuits in cassocks, and emigrant *noblesse*. Two of these Bourbons—Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, the latter the whilom D'Artois—have had their day: Louis is dead; Charles has fled. Here, in their stead, is a patriarchal, curly-headed old gentleman, with a grandly-simple air, emphatically the model father of a family, but suspiciously weak and hesitating as a monarch. The court is now almost republican in its simplicity: the fine old Citizen-King receives his guests without ceremony, often will open the folding-doors himself and advance to meet them, and makes them forget that he is any other than a well-bred Parisian gentleman. A genuine patriarchal era in the history of the Tuileries is that eighteen years when the good, timid old King Louis Philippe is enscathed there. Somehow, nevertheless, he cannot make himself beloved: stiff statesmen of the Guizot metal lead him into difficulties, and the sans-culottes once more surge up, and old Louis walks with his wife out through the crowd to a

carriage one morning, taking snuff by the way to show that he is cool, and makes off, at a conservative pace, for England, stopping to lunch at St. Cloud, and reaching the Channel at last without molestation. Another confusion, only less terrible than the Robespierrian, and after that the grim President of the Second Republic rises up, plainly seen above the smoke, with his small eyes, his huge nose and his excessive moustache.

So much for the Tuileries of the past: now for that of to-day. Prince President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, elected to the "executive power" because some thought him a shadow of the fierce little great man and sage of St. Helena, and wanted glory imperial back in France—others because they thought him an "imbecile," hence easily manageable—coming near to the term of his Presidency, finds power too sweet to be yielded up; seizes and shuts up the legislative body; appeals to the people whether he had not better go on ruling for a decade longer; and receives back a very emphatic "Yes!" Again, just a year afterward, he appeals to them whether or not he should go on ruling all his life—now as Emperor; and the response is equally flattering. And now, as full-fledged Napoleon the Third, he moves from the Elysée, the Presidential mansion, to the Tuileries, the Imperial one. As yet, however, he does not flaunt forth in regal state. He is a child of the Revolution and of republicanism; elected and reigning "par la volonté du peuple;" he must work cautiously toward royal splendor: it will not do to startle his faithful Paris; let the light of royal splendor dawn gradually and softly upon them. So that the court of the Tuileries, early in the Second Empire, was most simple, quiet, unostentatious; almost as much so as the unfortunate old patriarch who occupied it last. There was very little ceremony: the Emperor seemed at first, and tried to seem, no more than the President; there were no wearing of royal robes, no great state ceremonies; and to this day there has been no coronation of Napoleon as Emperor, as Paris is sensitive, and is so perverse as to elect

a unanimously hostile deputation, and has got so used to the excitements of the *émeute* that it will hardly do to tempt it. Gradually, however, you began to see indications of a greater Imperial ostentation; there began to be receptions of a suspiciously ceremonious style; money began to be spent profusely; you note that the Tuileries has been repainted, frescoed, regilded, refigreed, recorniced. The old gilded carriages of the former kings are hauled out of neglect, dusted, and once in a while clatter, as of old, over the smooth, wide thoroughfare of Rivoli. But royal state, without the additional grace of feminine royalty, is but a stiff and gloomy thing; so shrewd Monseigneur looks him up a partner to his throne, casting about for a crowning ornament to add to the renovated Tuileries. He has been struck—although a beau of rather ancient date, and a gallant of at least thirty years' standing—by the exceeding beauty of a Spanish lady who is sojourning in the Place Vendôme, just opposite the big column which was cast from the cannon taken at Austerlitz, and which is surmounted by an iron figure of the fiery little Emperor of old. There are gossipers who say that his first propositions to Mademoiselle the Countess of Montijo were less honorable than those of marriage, Monseigneur's past life not having been entirely without reproach; but let us leave the scandal-mongers, and neither believe nor disbelieve—that is, pay no attention to—the thousand tales of royal folk they whisper in our ear. Certain it is, that Mademoiselle de Montijo was singularly beautiful, and had royal blood, albeit descended on one side from a certain Irish consul who took root in Spain some time in the last century. She combined, indeed, several qualities of which Monseigneur had sore need. She was accomplished, queenly in manner, a rare beauty, and a very devout Catholic. Ever since he came to the throne, Napoleon the Third has been anxious to gain the support of the priests, whose influence in rural France it is hardly possible to over-estimate; and he surely found a very influential mediatrix with them in his bride. The marriage

of Napoleon and Eugenie at Notre Dame, on the 29th of January, 1853, was the first grand display of the reign: it was accomplished with right royal splendor, and the fêtes which celebrated it were marked by the same scale of magnificence as used to be seen in the old-monarchy days of the last century.

The beautiful young Empress became at once the centre of a brilliant court circle. She was fond of dress and display, a lady of infinite taste and grace, as well as of beauty; and the Imperial palace was now at once the dispenser of fashions and the grandest hospitable mansion in France. And so it has continued ever since: indeed, so brilliant has been the court life at the Tuileries, that, more than once, rumors have prevailed that her Majesty had made her Imperial lord's privy purse a void. The fine, expensive old fashion of having a series of balls in the early winter was revived; concerts and theatricals, performed in turn by the leading *prime donne*, tenors and bassos of the opera, and by the most celebrated actors of the Parisian theatres, were established; grand dinners were instituted, and three or four times a week the Imperial host and hostess found themselves entertaining guests in the great *Salle à Manger* of the palace.

Despite these efforts to revive the magnificence for which the Tuileries was once so renowned, the court of the French Emperor, as it is to-day, presents a remarkable contrast to those of former sovereigns. It is essentially a new court, and has all the recognizable features of newness. Napoleon has been able to win to his cause (and hence to his hospitality) but few of the proud old noblesse who still exist in France, and whose ancestors made so notable and imposing a group around the thrones of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. Those who, nowadays, are so fortunate as to gain admission to the palace, find no longer those grand manners, that lofty and superb courtesy, that perfect polish which lent a grace even to the dissolute court of Louis the Fifteenth. There are no Richelieus, Choiseuls, Rochefo-

caults, Aiquillons, with their gold snuff-boxes, their fastidious dress, their inimitable bows: the remains of that class—the real blue-blooded old nobles, descendants of Crusadal chevaliers and Valois kings—are now to be found far from Paris, moodily shut up in their crumbling châteaux, with a portrait of Louis the Sixteenth over their mantel-pieces, which they festoon with crape on the 21st of January, holding no sort of intercourse with “this man” (*cet homme*), as they contemptuously call Napoleon, and considering themselves far bigger people than the Bonapartes. They are biding their time, like Ravenswood, hoping steadfastly that some fine day or other they may welcome the Count de Chambord, last of the Bourbons, back to his ancestral throne: then they will emerge from their shells and become stately court butterflies once more. A few, indeed, of these stilted old fellows have found the temptation of returning to court too alluring to be resisted; so that, among the starred and bejeweled throng which you see at the Tuileries balls, you may pick out here and there one who has a high-sounding title, known in the history or the court gossip of former centuries. There is another attraction, mostly wanting to the present court, which graced those of the old Bourbon kings—that of the presence of literary and philosophical celebrities. Who has not half forgiven that wicked old Louis the “Grand,” that rascally old revoker of Nantes edicts and persecutor of Huguenots, when one reads how that monarch cherished and pensioned Molière, admitted La Fontaine to his intimacy, and hunted up all sorts of literary people to do them honor? And what would that superbest of all courts have been without Molière to write plays, to put them on the palace stages at Versailles and Fontainebleau, and to take himself the most side-splitting parts? without gloriously bashful La Fontaine, gliding noiselessly through the corridors in among the groups of courtiers, and repeating witty impromptu couplets, as if they came out in spite of him? Then think of the “philosophers” of the court of Louis the Six-

teenth, who talked about liberty and the rights of man in presence of royalty and nobility, and even made royal and noble converts—some old dukes and counts prating about equality just for the fun of the thing, and so as to seem philosophers (that being fashionable just then), little thinking what a trick this philosophy of liberty and equality was to play them all a little later—in 1789. There were sneering Voltaire, mild old Rousseau, Lafayette fresh from American battle-grounds; and lo! in comes, one day, Franklin, first-born philosopher of a new hemisphere, in snuff-colored coat and breeches, welcomed and worshiped by the proudest court in Europe!

The race of philosophers and poets has by no means died out in France, but you will find none of them at the court of Napoleon the Third. Somehow or other, the intellectual celebrities are all in opposition, and hate this dynasty as heartily as do the old Bourbon nobles. They are mostly democrats and Orleanists: some of them are in exile, for a military despotism is not favorable to efforts of genius; among the latter, perhaps the greatest of all, Victor Hugo. You will find those who remain in France anywhere but at the Tuileries. There is not a single exception that I know of: Thiers the historian, Guizot, are Orleanists; Michelet, Martin, Pelletan, Girardin, Angier, Lamartine, Favre, Balzac, Dumas, Sand, are republicans: they are to be found at the Institute, the Academy, not seldom the guests of Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal, in the salons at the West End, but never at the palace.

Having seen what the court of the Tuileries is not, let me try to describe what it is. Essentially a military dynasty—founded on the memory of the First Empire, which was nothing if not military—glorying in the tradition and claiming the heritage of the most brilliant series of triumphs which France ever won, and claiming for itself no little renown for military achievement, we find the chief adornment of the present court to consist of military heroes. The salons of the Tuileries are always crowded with

this species of aristocracy—a new and self-made one, like the Second Empire itself: you find yourself, if present at one of the balls, surrounded by brilliant uniforms, by huge epaulettes and stars of the Legion of Honor, by red-faced, hardy, fierce-moustached warriors, with heavy swords and that intense air of *amour propre* and *esprit de corps* which is so marked a characteristic of the modern French officer. The later generation of French generals and marshals—who are by no means to be sneezed at—have taken the place of the blood-proud noblesse of Louis the Fifteenth, of the philosophers of Louis the Sixteenth, and the poets, astronomers and historians of Louis Philippe. You may be always sure of finding stout, pompous Marshal Canrobert, the unsuccessful hero of the Crimea, with his gray moustache turned up at ends, and his small gray eyes seeming to look over everybody and at nobody; thin and graceful Marshal Niel, he of Solferino, now Minister of War, with Napoleonic imperial, bushy, curly hair, prominent nose, and a quiet dignity and polish unusual to the French soldier; rubicund and jovial-looking Marshal Vaillant, with a jolly word for everybody, his fine round face shining with pleasant excitement; courtly and soldierly General Fleury, toward whom all feminine eyes are turned, for he is the handsomest man of the court, and has that knightly bearing which appeals so strongly to the feminine heart; quaint old Marshal Regnault St. Angely, with white whiskers in patches all over his face, the very model of a fierce old veteran still good for a fight. The Emperor himself has claims to be considered a warrior, always appears in the uniform of a general officer, with the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor across his breast, and seems to delight in being surrounded by a phalanx of his redoubtable brother heroes. Then we find at the Tuileries all the great lights of the modern fashionable world; for, as I have said, it is the centre of fashion. The old noblesse sneer at this class, and mutter “parvenus,” which means much the same thing as our “shoddy” in its signification of ple-

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beians rising suddenly to fortune. The truth is, the Empire had to create a new society for itself. The old nobility, the priests and the intellectualities shunned it from the beginning: the army and its aristocracy was at first its only resort. A new civil aristocracy had to be built up to support the splendor of the new dynasty. Some few renegades came over from the old noblesse, and that was a foundation. These kept their titles, and had new honors conferred upon them: some were appointed to court offices—for instance, the Duke of Bassano, who became chamberlain. Then there arose a circle of able men, who, ambitious and worshiping the just-risen sun, became the statesmen of the Second Empire. The Senate was established, Senators for life were chosen, and these became a sort of order of nobility. Rich and fashionable citizens, foreigners of Parisian residence, likewise aided in the formation of the new court. Of course, as soon as the Empire was firmly established, all the descendants of the many Bonaparte brothers and sisters flocked back to Paris, and were magnificently lodged at the Tuileries, the Elysée and the Palais Royal. The grandchildren of brilliant and eccentric Murat, whilom King of Naples, the descendants of Lucien and Jerome Bonaparte, of the Princess Bacciochi and the Princess Borghese, found themselves, after long obscurity in exile, on the next to the highest round of the ladder of fortune. Prince Napoleon, heir-presumptive to the throne until the little Prince Imperial was born, received the far-famed Palais Royal, once the lordly residence of Cardinal Duke de Richelieu, afterward that of Philip Egalité of Orleans, as his city palace, and the beautiful palace of Meudon, standing on the crest of a high hill, from whence you can see the complete circle of the Paris barriers, as his rural seat. The gay young princes of the house of Murat had apartments assigned them in the Tuileries.

Thus it is that Napoleon the Third, though laboring under manifold disadvantages, has been able to gather about him a new and brilliant court; and



within the past year or two the court display of the Tuileries has reached a height of magnificence certainly equaling, perhaps surpassing, that of Valois and Bourbon royalty in its palmyest days. Its splendor reached its culmination, perhaps, during the memorable summer of 1867. That period was selected by Napoleon to supply to the world the most unequivocal evidences of the grandeur to which the Second Empire had attained. The great Exposition was in full progress, and on the ancient field of the god of war the world in epitome had given itself up to the celebration of the arts of peace. The Emperor sought to celebrate in his beautiful city the dawn of a new era; and the sovereigns of all nations were hospitably summoned to do homage to his power, and as well to witness the enterprise and the genius of their several peoples. In their honor a series of fêtes was given, which those who witnessed them will never forget. One could hardly avoid being dazzled by the splendors which were then displayed. One dazzling picture, which presented itself on a bright July morning, is vividly impressed on the writer's mind. It was the day of the presentation of prizes to the competitors in the great Exposition. The ceremony was to take place in the Palais de l'Industrie. The Grand Turk had entered Paris in pomp on the day before, and was to add a unique and wonderful feature to the display. The whole of the wide and superb Place de la Concorde—the finest square in the world—with its fountains and obelisk, its typical statues of French cities, was filled with soldiers in various costumes, with flags and plumes, and spears and corslets, bands at intervals bursting out in soul-stirring tunes. The two cortéges—that of the Emperor and Empress, and that of the Sultan—were to approach the Place from different directions, and were to meet and mingle in the very centre of the square. As the two sovereigns, in chariots glittering with gilt, and surrounded by a host of dazzling uniforms, entered the Place, there was a triumphant burst of music—the Turkish national

air; and nothing could exceed the superb effect of the whole scene as the two long lines of chariots approached each other.

Thoughtless, plebeian Paris must have half forgotten its misery and want—must have half forgiven Napoleon his despotism—as it gazed upon the gorgeous hospitality then offered to the Eastern sovereign. There were nights, too, when the Tuileries gardens were illumined by festoons of light, which made them as distinct as daylight; when, at the Hôtel de Ville, there were balls, and the spacious salons were converted into grottos and parks, and there were cascades and fountains, and trees blossoming, and pretty mounds covered with blooming flowers; when, in the long dining-saloon of the Tuileries, Olympian banquets were given, and nobles of ancient lineage served emperors and kings; when there were grand gala performances at the opera, wherein were placed, in the front, a long line of thrones, and on every throne sat an emperor, an empress, a king, a queen, or an heir-apparent to some august crown; when there were races in the Bois de Boulogne, reviews in the Champs Elysées and on the Carrousel, glorious hunts at Marly and Compiègne. Grave people, who remembered the economical simplicity of Citizen-King Louis Philippe's time, shook their heads ominously; but Paris, always gay and fond of show, proud of its beauty, and charmed to receive the homage of the powers of the earth, reveled in these gorgeous sights, and the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were louder and heartier than ever, as the sallow, long-moustached chief whirled along the streets on the way to welcome the coming or speed the departing royal guest. It was a long fairy scene, and seemed like an Eastern story; and one forgot for a while that underneath and beyond the glitter was a commonplace, a struggling and a tearful world!

But this modern Louis the Magnificent—this emperor who *will* be foremost in everything, outvying his brother and sister monarchs alike in royal ostentation and in substantial power, alike

in warlike enterprise and in the arts of peace—who aims to live in history as the most splendid, powerful, generous, intelligent and eloquent of Frenchmen—what of his every-day life, his habits, his amusements, his tastes? Notwithstanding all this outward pomp, the private life of the sovereign is almost republican in its simplicity. It is well known that his personal tastes are not ostentatious. The spectacles, the ceremonies, which have become so frequent of late, have an object—that of distracting, amusing, perhaps awing, the people: they are to the Empress's liking, too, and that may be a reason for them. On private and social occasions, Napoleon is easy, yet not familiar—unceremonious, yet always preserving a quiet and almost melancholy dignity. His adventurous career, so full of vicissitudes and fitful fortune; his fondness for good-living from early youth; the long excitements of pleasure and political turmoil, seem to have wearied him, and rendered quiet a blessing when he has opportunities to seize it. These causes have enfeebled his health, and have impressed upon his face an habitually sad and careworn expression. We may imagine, too, that the burdens of a power centred in himself alone have had, and still have, a terrible weight: there must be an eternal anxiety by night and by day—a never-ending, ever-distressful care. He has, it is true, a wonderful faculty of throwing off, in public, the evidences of a depression of spirits which, it is known, constantly haunts him. I shall never forget the calm yet seemingly delighted smile which I saw upon his face as, on the day of the opening of the Great Exposition, he passed through the spacious corridors of the yet half-empty "gasometer;" yet at that very moment his heart must have been racked with exquisite pain as the young Prince Imperial, on whom all the hopes of his heart are founded, was then about to undergo a critical operation, and his life, the most precious in all the world to the Emperor, was in serious danger. Although the Imperial table is set with the choicest viands and wines which the markets of

Europe and the great hothouses of Compiègne and Fontainebleau can produce, the Emperor is observed to eat but little. Serious considerations of health enter into every habit and movement. When we think of how much hangs upon that life—for the death of Napoleon before his heir has arrived at puberty would be the signal of revolution, and the announcement of his death its watchword—we imagine how important he himself deems it to have a care. For years he has been subjected by his physicians to a strict and simple diet: he takes physical exercise at regular hours, and forcibly divests his mind from affairs of state—on which it is always, naturally, fain to run—by reading current literature and engaging in out-door amusements. To preserve his health is his first care. As soon as spring comes he leaves his city palace and resorts to the various rural châteaux which have gradually accumulated in France for the use of royal occupants. The sojourning-place of the court is changed three or four times a year. The spring, summer and autumn months are spent at the famous hunting-parks of Compiègne, at the lovely suburban retreat of St. Cloud (renowned as one of Napoleon the First's favorite residences), at the watering-place of Vichy, and the seaside villa of Biarritz. It is evident that the change from the Tuileries to the quiet and comparative obscurity of the country is very grateful to the careworn Emperor. At Compiègne, St. Cloud, Vichy, Biarritz, he finds himself relieved of the noise and the tedious ceremonies of the capital. he may take abundance of exercise, may enjoy moderately the healthful sports of the field and the sea, may observe, in comparative tranquillity and from a distance, the march of political events. It was in his rural residences that he found leisure and inclination for writing his history of Julius Cæsar; and but for the peculiarly exciting events of the past two years—the unification of Germany and the Papal difficulties in Italy—he would doubtless have accomplished his purpose of giving to the world a Napoleonic version of the life of Charlemagne. It is

his habit, when in the country, to rise early, and, after the French fashion, to take a cup of coffee without accompaniments. He exercises in the open air, walking in the enclosed gardens of the château, accompanied often by his old-mannish and thoughtful little son, but never by the Empress, who rises late and is everywhere long at her toilet. He has daily consultations with his physicians, and is attentive to their counsel. Sometimes, instead of walking, he will take a horseback ride, the Prince Imperial at his side; not seldom attended by General Fleury, his equerry, and a great favorite of both the sovereigns. It is usual for the Emperor to receive whatever officials may be at the château and require instructions, before breakfast: that meal, which is a substantial one, is announced about noon; and the Emperor seldom sees the partner of his throne before meeting her in the breakfast-room. The Emperor is known to have little weakness for priests, confessionals and morning chapels: on the contrary, the Empress never fails to perform her devotions after rising, with the assistance of the well-fed abbé who is lucky enough to hold the position of chaplain to the Imperial household. Taking a short nap after breakfast, Napoleon does the heavy work of the day—the deliberations with ministers, the prompting of despatches, the reading and answering of telegrams, the audiences with ambassadors, the cogitating over some newly-proposed measure, the reports of secretaries. In Council, Napoleon is usually taciturn, seldom expressing his own thoughts or opinions, but asking for those of others and considering them attentively: when the discussion is ended, he signifies, in a few words, his determination and gives his commands. His policy was, until recently, a mystery even to his most confidential ministers, and he used frequently to surprise them by the suddenness and boldness of his decisions. Lately, however, the cares of his position seem to have overpowered him, to have rendered him less bold, and to have robbed him of his self-reliance. He depends more upon the advice and the

sense of his counselors, and shows a disposition, once quite foreign to him, to lean upon his advisers. His decisions are not so prompt and peremptory: he hesitates painfully between the two sides of a question, and allows himself to be persuaded. He has always paid a high tribute to the intelligence of his Empress by uniformly inviting her to the meetings of the Cabinet; and she is known to perform an important part in its deliberations. More than once her voice has determined a policy. Allied closely to the Jesuitical and Papal party, and bent on maintaining the despotic power which now rests in the hands of her husband, she mingles freely in the discussion, and uses every influence to persuade the ministers to sustain her. This participation of the Empress in the deliberations of the Council is not without an object: it is a purpose very dear to Napoleon the Third to perpetuate his dynasty: he would have his wife, who, in the event of his death, would become Regent in the minority of the son, fully conversant with affairs, and able to conduct a government, aided by a ripe experience. It is supposed to have been owing to her advocacy that the last expedition to Rome was resolved upon—an act which, as is known, caused a vivacious controversy in the Council, and resulted in the retirement of the two most liberal ministers. The Emperor takes a very keen interest in the education of his son; is often present at his sessions with his instructors; promotes his health by encouraging him in healthful out-of-door exercise. He takes every occasion to win the attachment of the public to the young heir; and, as all fathers should do, makes his boy a companion, talking to him about his studies and of the future, and interesting him in things likely to be of use to him hereafter.

The Empress, in her daily life, presents a great contrast to her husband. She is gay and vivacious, inordinately fond of society and fashion, and detests solitude. Her life is divided between the society of fashion, religious devotion and benevolent enterprises. She is genial, has a warm and sympathetic heart,

yet is rigid and earnest in conviction, a strict Catholic, and not favorable to too much popular liberty. She is at her best in dispensing the hospitality of the palace—ruinous in her expenses.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde of Italy maintain a sort of rival court at the Palais Royal. The cousins—the two Napoleons—are never on cordial terms, and are more often in direct antagonism. Prince Napoleon is known for his democratic tendencies and for his friendship for the leaders of the Opposition. His *salons* are often crowded by the literary and political lights of that school, and it is rarely that he is seen at the Tuileries.

I have tried to give some idea of the court and life of Napoleon and Eugénie: in this short space it is impossible to give more than a passing glimpse—to make, as it were, a rough, but, I hope, not too indistinct an etching. One must wait for the thousand little details of life as it is to-day until the Imperial hosts shall have passed away, and the curtain is drawn by some gossiping old count or curious dame who has lived in it, seen it, and survived it all, and who is, perhaps, even now jotting down notes in a little red-morocco blank-book, in the intervals between attending on her Majesty at dinner and riding with her Majesty in the park.

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#### COMMUNICATION WITH THE PACIFIC.

**H**ALF a century has elapsed since the superiority of railroad and steam-car conveyance was demonstrated. During that interval the iron road and the steam engine have done much to increase man's dominion over nature, to multiply his powers, enlarge his sphere of activity, and better his estate in this world. European nations and their descendants have had almost exclusive possession of this new agency, and as a consequence their sway over the world has rapidly advanced. Out of 120,000 miles of railroad in existence, 38,000, or nearly a third, belong to the United States. The older nations of Western Europe may boast more railroads according to territory, but we have more according to population than any other people. As yet, France can hardly be said to be joined to Italy by the rail. Only a single line of railroad has crossed the Austrian Alps; and but one line of road has actually been pushed across the European frontier, and that one is on Russian soil. A line of railroad is now projected from Constantinople to India, across Asia Minor and Cabool; but as

the greater part lies in semi-barbarous and Mohammedan territory, it is scarcely probable that this generation will see its completion. The Suez Canal promises to be a failure; and if Western Europe would secure the shortest route to China, it must be by a continuous railroad connection the length of the Asiatic continent. If the requirements of the "Eastern Question" permit the Emperor of Russia to push on his great national railroad, designed to connect the extremities of his empire, one line may be carried to the shores of Eastern Asia within a short life-time. Already the capital at St. Petersburg is connected by rail with Moscow in the centre, with Odessa on the south, and the track is halted at Nijni on its way to Siberia. Thus far, the Europeans are from 2000 to 3500 miles of land distance from the capitals of India and China, and a still farther distance from Japanese ports. It is not probable that this gap of sterile country can be bridged within the next twenty years, and London will remain, as at present, from forty to forty-five days' distance from Shanghai.

The trade of Eastern Asia has been so profitable as to cause the keenest rivalry between the Dutch, the English, the French and the Russians for a century or more. When we reflect that China, Japan, Hindostan and the East India Islands contain 500,000,000 of people, mainly of the industrious agricultural classes—or nearly half the population of the globe—the importance of the trade with them is apparent. For a long time the export of the precious metals to Eastern Asia has ranged from twenty-five to thirty-five million dollars per year, chiefly in silver bullion, in return for which we have received teas, cotton, silk and spices. The list of products exchanged has kept continually enlarging, until now a good many fabrics, wares, articles of food, etc., are imported and exported. The imports of foreign merchandise (mainly European) at thirteen Chinese ports, in 1865, are given at 169,000,000 taels, or \$210,000,000; while the exports at the same ports amounted to nearly as much. The Japanese and island trade must have swelled this sum to nearly as much more.

American diplomacy and business energy have thus far been deprived of their fair share of this lucrative trade by the prior and exclusive occupation of Europeans, and by heavy capital in competition. There are symptoms of a change in this respect, American valor and skill having won victories in Chinese waters as well as in the British Channel. It is time, in fact, that the United States began to cultivate the closest acquaintance with their neighbors across the Pacific.

A line of steamships has already made a good beginning, but this is not enough to give us our rightful advantage. At this time New York is forty days from Yokohama, fifteen of which are required between New York and San Francisco. This link of the journey requires at present about 1100 miles of ordinary coaching, and is totally unavailable for anything beyond a courier or a mail-bag. We are promised a completion of the overland railroad in two years, which

will reduce the time to San Francisco to six days, and that to Japan to thirty—a clear advantage of fifteen days over London, and a feat which will make this the shortest way to the far East, even from Europe.

Great as are the advantages to be gained by an extension of our foreign commerce on the Pacific Ocean, they cannot exceed, nor can they be dissociated from, the expansion and development of our internal industry on the Pacific slope. It is quite possible for a nation to import too much, especially of such useful articles as it can produce for itself; but the East India produce is not of that class. Great nations are great traders, and conversely; and so long as the Eastern nations absorb our surplus gold and silver, and give us raw materials in exchange, we can employ our ships to advantage for a century hence. Indeed, who can foresee what may be the result of an admixture of American ideas upon the dense populations and native industry of five hundred millions of Asiatics?

At this time there are less than 700,000 people, all told, on the Pacific slope. Yet with this number they are yielding a crop of \$50,000,000 in bullion, nearly or quite that quantity of grain, beside wool, hides, wines, timber, etc. Such are the attractions of soil and climate that our best vegetable productions on the Atlantic slope are dwarfed and puny by comparison. The wheat crop of California for 1866 was estimated at 12,000,000 bushels; that of California and Oregon for 1867 was over 20,000,000 bushels, and far exceeded in value the gold product of both States—namely, \$27,000,000. The shipments, mainly of wheat, from San Francisco for twelve months furnished cargoes for 154 vessels, destined to Europe, the Atlantic ports and Australia.\* This is but an earnest of what can be done when immigration shall render labor more plenty, and when communication with the interior will do away with the necessity of sending the

\* The shipments to China from that port direct were \$7,000,000 in silver, and \$2,100,000 in merchandise.

surplus half round the world to find a market.

The one thing needed to swell this product indefinitely is population. Immigration, which pours its fertilizing stream into the Mississippi Valley, is checked by the prospect of desert plains or of a twenty-days' ocean voyage through the tropics. With a railroad line completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the attitude of affairs will be changed, and population and capital will pour over it in a steady stream, until the half million becomes five millions, and the wealth of the country is multiplied tenfold. When an emigrant can be transported to the cheap and fertile lands in California or Oregon for fifty dollars more than he pays to reach the Mississippi, he is bound to go whither the best crops and the best prices can be obtained, rather than halt midway. It may be safely reckoned, also, that there are at least 50,000 adults on our Western coast who are anxiously waiting for the completion of the Pacific Railroad to revisit their former homes; some of them to take back wives and families, from whom they have been long separated. Equally may we calculate upon a similar westward flow of travel from this end of the line—some on business, others on pleasure or for settlement. It will be safe to put down 75,000 passengers a year, from the beginning, as bound to and from the Pacific.\* Thenceforward it would appear that the travel and traffic over the Pacific Railroad will be limited only by the capacities of the road. Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Utah will rapidly be settled up. The centres of population and industry are there; the precious metals are there; a rich soil and an unequalled climate are there. What are not there are women and children, churches and schools—the amenities and belongings of civilized life. These will follow the locomotive. To supply them is the first function of the pioneer line of the Pacific Railroad!

\* The total number of passengers arriving at San Francisco from foreign and distant ports was 25,618 in 1866, and 33,871 in 1867; the inward and outward freights were about 900,000 tons.

So many important interests are depending upon this single work of internal improvement that a brief account of its organization, progress and prospects may be of interest at this time. Although several names have been put forth for the paternity of the scheme of a railroad to the Pacific, it is obviously impossible to fix it upon any single person. Those who watched the first efforts of the steam engine must have vaguely dreamed of a time when continents could be crossed by such means. Few things have come into existence which were so collectively the desire and offspring of the people as the Pacific Railroad. The government half a century ago ordered surveys of the far West with a view to perfecting some means of communication with its distant posts. The discovery of gold in California brought the matter afresh to the minds of statesmen and business men. The "Pike's Peak gold fever" gave it another impetus; and by the time of the outbreak of the rebellion it had been formally recommended by several political and commercial conventions. In enterprises of this sort the real author or inventor is he who puts the scheme into working shape. The first intimate and practical knowledge concerning the feasibility of a railroad to the Pacific undoubtedly hailed from the Pacific slope. In the years 1859 and 1860, when the discovery of the famous Comstock Lode on the east face of the Sierra Nevada mountains had attracted from California nearly fifty thousand persons and many millions of capital, it became evident that some better mode of transportation must be provided than the ordinary wagon-teams. It was at this season, when business was stagnant in California, and the mobile part of the community had gone to the new silver mines, that a shrewd engineer, named T. D. Judah, conceived the plan of carrying the locomotive across the Sierras, and began to canvass the matter with his neighbors in Sacramento. At first, but one capitalist could be won over to the scheme, then another, and, after a week's earnest talking, half a dozen merchants and a lawyer or two were found who

would subscribe fifty dollars a-piece to enable Mr. Judah to make the preliminary surveys. During the summers of 1860 and 1861 these surveys were prosecuted on this basis, and in July of the latter year, as the result, the Central Pacific Railroad Company was organized, ten per cent. of the capital stock subscribed, and the data collected for estimates of construction.

It was upon the appearance of the representatives of the Central Pacific Railroad Company in Washington, to ask the aid of the general government for their enterprise in the Congressional session of 1861-2, that the scheme was seized upon by several well-known financiers to obtain a national charter for a railroad line across the continent. There were several rival interests to be conciliated. Both Chicago and St. Louis wanted to be considered the natural terminus of the Pacific Railroad, the former having two or more railroads projected across Iowa, while the latter had two hundred miles actually built westward from the Mississippi. Similarly, several towns in Kansas coveted the boon of a Pacific Railroad passing by them, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad presented strong claims for consideration, being at that time by far the most westerly stretch of railroad.

The result was a compromise. Congress conceded the right of way and a grant of land, as well as credit, for one main line from San Francisco to the 100th meridian, and a subsidy to two main forks from that point eastward, and a partial subsidy to two others, designed to connect St. Joseph and Sioux City respectively. Public attention was mainly occupied by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, with its capital nominally placed at a hundred millions, while the Central Pacific Railroad Company, a more remote affair, was but little noticed. The loan of the government credit was fixed at about half the estimated cost of the through line—namely, fifty millions, with ten millions more for the branches—the U. S. bonds to be delivered to the companies as sections of twenty miles of first-class railroad were

completed, the government reserving the right to reduce the rates after the through line was finished, if it should be found that the revenues were excessive. An important feature of the charter is found in the rights of the government at all times, and especially in time of war. It was passed as a military measure, at a time when the Southern States were flinging off their allegiance to the Union; and though it nowhere appears that there was any intimation of a purpose on the part of the Pacific States to withdraw from the Union, without doubt this liberal offer of aid toward supplying their great desideratum was made as an additional inducement to them to lend their support to the imperiled Union. They nobly responded to the invitation. It is exceedingly questionable whether the building of railroads be any part of the functions of a form of government like our own; but if ever it be justifiable, it was then. Both as a military and as a politic measure it commanded general concurrence. The precedent has been made under peculiar circumstances, which nothing but the overwhelming importance of the end in view could have justified. It will be for the wisdom of Congress to determine, in any future case which may be brought before it, whether the precedent thus set shall be imitated or not.

Within six months after the action of Congress, the Central Pacific Company had commenced work on their end of the main trunk line, and have kept their utmost force employed thereon up to this time. They encountered by far the most formidable difficulty of the whole line within the first one hundred miles. After comparing the only passes across the Sierra Nevada range which offered any chance for a railroad track, viz.: the Georgetown or Placerville route, the Henness Pass, Beckwourth's Pass, and Donner Pass, the latter was chosen as being the most feasible, sheltered, direct, and with the easiest grades. The difference in elevations is less than a hundred feet, the Donner Pass Route having a maximum ascent of 7042 feet from tide-water, while the best of the

others is 7031. The track has been carried to the summit of the Sierra and through the tunnel at the summit, with average grades of seventy-five feet to the mile, and with but one resort to the maximum of the Baltimore and Ohio, at a place where there are three and a half miles at a hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. To engineers who are familiar with the three-hundred-foot grades that are in use both in this country and Europe, this will be readily understood as a remarkably easy line. The fact that an ordinary locomotive with a passenger train can make the entire ascent, including stoppages, in six hours, is an assurance of the practicable character of the road built.

Something of the nature of the obstacles to be overcome may be gathered from the cost of blasting materials used in hewing this pathway of a hundred miles of mountain declivities, no less than nine hundred thousand dollars in gold having been expended for gunpowder,\* which, with large quantities of nitro-glycerine, will make a total of nearly a million for explosive substances only. This is quite apart from the steel drills, etc., consumed at the same time, and does not include the labor or transportation of the same.

The hard work is done, the outlay made, and the road ready to descend into the Salt Lake plains. The fifteen tunnels between the 67th and 137th miles are all cut out, making in all 5126 feet, and the track laid through all but three or four of them. A passenger excursion train passed through and beyond the summit tunnel on the 7th of December last; at which time there was a gap of six miles intervening between the main line and a completed section of twenty-five miles down the eastern slope of the Sierra into the State of Nevada. Although the ascent on the Pacific slope of the range is 7000 feet, the descent on the east side is only about 1500 feet, whence it stretches, by easy undulations, away into the Salt Lake Basin, which is elevated 5000 feet and upward above sea-level. With the first disappearance

\* One hundred and eighty thousand kegs, of twenty-five pounds each, at five dollars per keg.

of snow in the spring, therefore, a week will suffice to bring the locomotive fairly to the base of the mountains.

Repeated surveys of the course of the road across the Salt Lake Basin establish the easiest and most direct line to be by the Humboldt Valley, from the sink of that river to the Humboldt Pass, near its sources: thence to the north end of Salt Lake it is about 845 miles from San Francisco. This portion of the main line is under construction by the Central Pacific Railroad. The total estimated cost of this section of road and equipment is sixty millions, of which the Government advances twenty-five millions, on a subordinate lien, and, in reality, subject to be canceled by the transportation services of public stores, mails, troops, etc. Beside this loan of the national credit, there is an outright donation of ten millions of acres of land contiguous to the roads, much of which will be brought into market at no distant day. It will thus be seen that the Central Pacific Railroad, owning this valuable franchise and controlling so productive a property, must become one of the mightiest corporations in existence.

Hardly less powerful and favored is the great Union Pacific Railroad Company, which will build, own and control the eastern portion of the main line (950 of the 1800 miles), between Salt Lake and Omaha, on the Missouri river. This immense corporation, whose capital stock is fixed at a hundred millions, is composed of some of the boldest and most successful financiers in the country. On the 1st day of January the track of this company had been successfully carried to the base of the Rocky Mountains, 530 miles west of Omaha. This was the result of but two years and a third of their actual labor; but as this portion of the road was over the level plains of the Platte, the progress over the three ranges of mountains in front can hardly be so rapid. Whatever energy and resources can do to complete the work will be done. Both the Union and the Central have exhibited such earnestness and perseverance in carrying through the great undertaking, that it would not



be surprising if their promises were literally fulfilled, the locomotive entering Salt Lake City simultaneously from both directions in the closing days of 1869.

Of great importance in the Pacific Railroad scheme is the "Pacific Railway, Eastern Division," as it is officially styled, or "the Kansas Pacific Railroad," as it is more commonly known. This is a projection of the great middle tier of east and west trunk lines, which, commencing at Philadelphia and Baltimore, passes through Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Leavenworth, and across Kansas to the Rocky Mountains. As the charter of this company now stands, it is authorized to unite and connect with the Union Pacific (Omaha) line 650 miles west of the Missouri boundary. It is by no means certain, however, that it will do so. A more southern route is contemplated, and the Kansas company, having run a preliminary survey to the Pacific coast by the 35th parallel, are applying for Congressional aid to carry an independent line across the continent. Already a powerful company (the San Joaquin Valley Railroad Company) has been organized in California to build the western half of this line.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, connecting Lake Superior with Puget Sound, will follow at no distant day by the simple pressure of business requirements. Meanwhile the interests of Oregon and Washington will be served by a branch connecting Portland, by way of the Willamette Valley, with the Central line at the North Bend of the Humboldt—an important tributary fork on the Pacific slope which is deserving of attention. The Southern Pacific Railroad, from Memphis to San Diego or Guaymas, is a thing of the future. The charter is at present in the hands of men who will do all that can be done to overcome the serious difficulties presented by the arid, treeless deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. This railroad will pass through a district possessing inexhaustible mines of gold, silver and other metals of great value.

There needs no prophetic vision to

foresee what transformations are to follow the completion of this grand national highway across the continent. The next generation will witness the centre of population moving rapidly westward of the Mississippi, the trade and commerce of the Pacific Ocean rivaling that on the Atlantic, San Francisco pushing hard upon New York, and new Lowells and Pittsburgs springing up where the red men now roam; the millions of acres of bounteous soil between the Columbia and the Colorado teeming with agricultural wealth far beyond the sum of their bullion products. Asiatic labor and American skill may work a wondrous change in a single lifetime, and the tide of westward migrations will fill the far West with our most energetic and thrifty sons.

Meantime, one thing seems certain among the verities of the world—the Pacific Railroad is building and will soon be a finished fact. Already, in its beginnings, it is more profitable than any like enterprise of our day. This is especially true of the western half of it, whereon the business yields a profit of a million and a quarter in gold per hundred miles worked. What will it be, therefore, when the continent is spanned by the iron rail, and the route between the Mississippi and the Pacific dotted with populous towns? Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake, Humboldt, Washoe, Sacramento and San Francisco—these are the seats of future cities. From the day of its completion, the Pacific Railroad, then, must become one of the prominent institutions of the country, and, indeed, of the world. Its revenues must become so enormous and well assured that its stability will be likened to that of the Bank of England, and its stocks and bonds compare with consols in reliability and with the East India Company's bonds in profit. The financial triumphs of Pacific Mail Steamship, Panama Railroad, Erie or Central Railroad Companies, great as they seem now, will sink into insignificance by comparison with these mighty corporations of the future, who wield the fortunes of the trunk lines of railroad connecting the two oceans.

## WILLIE'S WIFE.

A BLUSTERING evening! I am all alone. An old maid, with no husband to destroy her peace, nor any dreadful annoyances in the shape of children, with money enough at interest to keep the wolf from the door, and a house of her own overhead, might surely expect, after the tea-things were washed and put away, the fire made, the table drawn close to it, the lamp close to her elbow, and a book close to her nose,—an old maid thus happily situated might, I say, in all reason, expect a comfortable time. Alas! far from it! The wind whistles around the house with more than ordinary defiance, and I tremble inwardly; for well do I know, and well does it know, also, the cracks and holes in my dilapidated dwelling. Here it comes whistling and roaring! With a whisk it turns my new wig askew: with another, the leaves of my book are fluttering and flapping, as if they were in league with the boisterous thing. I adjust my wig and refind my place in vain! There it comes, again and again! A rough blast down the chimney sends the smoke pouring into the room, scattering a shower of ashes over my clean white curtains.

I slam my book with a petulant jerk, take up my lamp, and start on an indignant march up to bed. Creak, creak go the boards, as if they were possessed. The door refuses to open; I jerk and pull spasmodically; another blast of wind; my lamp goes out; still I tug at the door: it opens suddenly, and down I go. Miss Jemima Bloor picks herself up, minus dignity, temper and a wig. I grope my way up stairs, stepping lightly on certain shaking steps, and running a splinter into my hand from the broken bannister. I reach my room at last; must leave the door unlocked because the lock is out of order; undress, creep into bed, and cannot close my eyes, because there is a piece of loose plaster gaping just above my head—more terrible to me than the sword of Damocles.

During the long hours of that sleepless night I worked myself up to a desperate resolution. The case, you see, was grave and urgent: I ran imminent risk of losing that bland, amiable disposition which (as I know from the concurrent testimony of my most discriminating friends) is natural to me. The house shall be thoroughly repaired! Not another night will I sleep in it till it is!

I arose at peep of day, and noon found me domesticated at Mrs. Robinson's, just over the way. I am to sleep on the lounge in her parlor, for the little woman possesses only two rooms and a kitchen.

I immediately assemble all the carpenters, glaziers, tanners, bricklayers, painters and paper-hangers with whom our village is blessed. My house is being repaired and renewed outside and in. I contemplate the changes thus going on with—well, let the truth be told—with somewhat mixed emotions. I am slowly coming to the conclusion that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this sublunary sphere. Men are so intensely aggravating, especially carpenters, glaziers, tanners, bricklayers, painters and paper-hangers.

One afternoon we sat—my hostess and I—in her little parlor; I at the front window, looking across the street and watching that rascally John Stocker, the carpenter. Good heavens! There he sat in my best-room window, swinging his heels and smoking a pipe—not a thought of my work in his head! Now, the odious creature knows—no one better—what a hurry I am in and how I detest a pipe. Yet here I may be, for all he cares, sleeping on Mrs. Robinson's lounge for a month or two, and all the time my parlor—Miss Jemima Bloor's best room—scented with tobacco! I wonder if the man expects to go to heaven when he dies? I wonder if he expects me to pay him three dollars a day for smoking his pipe and swinging his heels?

Ah! there comes Joseph Baldwin just back from dinner, and—let me see—it's twenty-five minutes past two. If I had my way about women's rights, I'd put the men out of this world altogether: *that* would settle the question. What are they, after all, but an aggravation, a marplot and a general nuisance?

Now, there goes Will Wiley, tramping right over my verbena-bed! Has the man no eyes in his head? or did his mother never succeed in beating it into his dull brain that a verbena-bed is *not* to be walked on, and that a garden-path *is*?

And, now I think of it, it was only yesterday I found five broken panes in my up-stairs window. Yet that faithless, good-for-nothing glazier had sworn to me that very morning that he had taken every sash out, from garret to cellar, and left all in perfect order. Lords of creation, indeed! Lords of fiddlestick! Wonderful example of superior intellect—was it not?—to take a window-sash out for repairs, and put it back in perfect order with five broken panes in it! If Miss Jemima Bloor were to sit in a maiden lady's best-room window and smoke a pipe and swing her heels—if she were to come from dinner to her work at twenty-five minutes after two—if she were to go tramping about on people's verbena-beds—if she were to declare a window-sash with five broken panes in it to be completely repaired—would she call herself a lady of creation and a superior intellect? I ask the world, Would she call herself a lord or a lady of creation and a su—

At this point my indignant reflections were interrupted by a soft splish-splash and a subdued little flutter of sobs.

My hostess had been knitting, with her comfortable fat hands, a baby's hood for Mrs. Peters, next door.

As I looked up I saw the tears trickle down on her knitting needles till they shone and winked at me in an impish manner.

This little woman is my mental cushion—my social rest. Mild, round and rosy in body and mind, crying is the only luxury she seems thoroughly to enjoy. The

tears roll over her plump cheeks as if they were used to it, and leave them plumper than before. The round, light blue eyes are always ready for a shower, and look all the rounder and bluer after it is over. I never knew her to have an original idea: indeed, I think she never had but one very clear idea of any description. The thought of her whole life had been "her Willie." Mrs. Robinson, although a weak little woman enough, has had a curious history of her own.

She was an orphan: had married, at twenty, William Robinson, a sailor of the town, and had moved into her present home, with her husband and an old uncle with whom she had lived before her marriage. Two months afterward young William sailed for India. The appointed time for his return had passed: month by month went by, and still his wife looked for him who never came. After two years the old uncle was laid at rest, and the little woman was left quite alone.

How she waited and watched—watched all through youth, all through middle age—waited and watched in vain through twenty long, long years!

In all that time her one thought when she rose in the morning was of "Willie:" her last thought as she laid down at night was of her lost husband. Nightly, long after we had gone to bed and she thought me asleep, her little figure would steal from the bed-room and kneel in a spot she had often shown me, where Willie had said his good-bye, and there she would pray, in a low, soft voice, the words always the same: "My God, take me home to my Willie: oh, come and take me! Willie, my husband, come back and take me!" And then she would creep away to her room as quietly as she came.

By the fireplace stood Willie's arm-chair: out in the pantry was Willie's cup and saucer, carefully, tenderly washed every day. Over the mantelpiece hung Willie's picture—to her, that of a beautiful hero; to me, that of a rather commonplace young man with blue eyes, light curling hair, large features and a

turned-up nose. I have seen love, devotion, infatuation, all manner of mischief brought on through men; but never, in all my experience, had I encountered such complete merging of one life into another. To her, Willie seemed to be not all this world only, but all she dreamed of in the world to come. She did not think of him as on earth, but as in heaven.

The little woman's mind and heart were a study to me. I was sitting, with my hands in my lap, thinking her over, she still knitting, and the click of the needles diversified by the splash, just audible, of the large, comfortable tears on her neat black silk, when we were both startled by a vigorous swing of the gate and a heavy step on the gravel. A moment more and the door was flung open, and suddenly, without word or gesture, a large, weatherbeaten, rough-looking man stood, like an apparition, before us. A long, purple scar, crossing his forehead and cheek, gave a sinister expression to one eye. He stared at us, then gazed about the room for some time without speaking: at last he fastened his eyes on Mrs. Robinson. She crept behind me and whispered, "Please send him away, Miss Jemima; see how he stares! Dear, dear! what a dreadful man!"

"What do you wish, sir?" I inquired, boldly enough, I think, although quaking internally, for he had now transferred his eyes to me.

"Does Mrs. Mary Jane Robinson live here?" The harsh voice made us both start.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Robinson," said the little woman, retreating further behind me. Suddenly I was seized, chair and all, and deposited in the middle of the room: the next moment the stranger lifted Mrs. Robinson and gave her a bear-like hug, the little woman struggling and screaming with all her might. I ran to the door, intending to call for help; but the words "Mary, my wife, don't you know me?" struck me dumb. I turned in amazement. He still held her in his arms. She had ceased struggling, and was looking at him with

strange, wild, shining eyes. Was her mind shaken? Had the shock been too much for her?

"Let her go; you will kill her!" I cried, scarcely knowing what I said.

He put her down gently, still holding her hand. She stood quite still and passive, as if frozen, the two fixed, bright eyes staring from her death-white face. The man looked from one to the other in a frightened way.

"Do you think I've frightened her out of her wits?" he asked, in an uneasy whisper, as she stood with her eyes riveted on his face.

"I dare say you have," I blurted out, curtly, as I turned to Mrs. Robinson. "Mary, my dear, what is it?" taking her passive hands in mine. She made no motion, not even shifting her eyes. "Won't you speak to me, Mary?" The eyes turned on me, and, slipping her hands from mine, she groped in the air like a blind person. It was terrible to see! "Mary," I said, desperately, "it is your husband come back to you"—anything, I thought, to rouse her; "won't you speak to him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Robinson, eagerly, "I am your husband: don't you know me, Mary? Ain't you glad to see me, my dear?" The tears stood in his eyes, and although they could not soften the look of the scarred one, still I could see a dim—a very dim—likeness to the picture over the mantelpiece, and could no longer doubt his identity. Deep lines seemed to grow in the little woman's face as he spoke to her: the very roundness appeared to fall into sharp angles, such as long years of sorrow had failed to produce.

"Send him away; tell the man to go away. Cannot he go away?" she said, piteously.

"No, my dear," said her husband: "I have come to stay, and I thought you'd be glad to see me." His rough voice trembled a little. "See, I've carried your picture with me through thick and thin. When we was shipwrecked I thought about it, and tied it up waterproof, so I should have that, any way; and all them long years, when Tom

Bright and George Griffith and me used to sit in our hut o'nights and talk over our wives and homes, your picture used to look so hopeful-like—just like you used to look them first two months—I a'most forgot I was a shipwrecked sailor, thousands of miles away. Oh, Mary, the long days and the dreary nights, and the weeks and the months and the years all stretchin' out, one after the other! Yes, child, it was awful dreary-like, and your picture got dim and blurred, and I grew old and gray afore my time; and George, poor fellow!—he died of a queer kind of a fever, and we buried him, decent as we could, under the big palm just above the hut. Then Tom and I led a rough kind of life: we got savage-like, and didn't seem to care much about anything."

There he paused and looked at Mary, sitting motionless: "I thought, sometimes, if ever I did get back, it would be kind o' hard for you to get used to me and my ways, and I'd feel awkward with decent folks. It was nigh on twenty years, I think, before we was found; but I thought, maybe you'd be kind o' glad to see me, any way." And the poor fellow broke down, and looked wistfully at his wife.

But the little woman's mind seemed quite gone. She did not answer him a word, and had again fallen into that fixed, unnatural stare. I thought I might rouse her by calling her thoughts back to daily things. "Mary, dear," I said, "Mr. Robinson must be hungry after his journey: won't you get him some supper?"

She left the room without a word, moving mechanically, like one in a dream. Half an hour passed, during which Robinson had given me a sketch of his shipwreck. It was the old story—the same, with variations, that De Foe and Tenyson and Adelaide Proctor have told. He and his two companions had been washed on an island, rich in beautiful vegetation, but infinitely dreary in its solitude through the long, long years of watching to which the castaways were doomed. He told me how hope had almost died out, when one morning, at sunrise, they saw a ship steering for the

island, signaled her, and were taken on board. She was "The Zephyr," bound for New York; and in little more than two months she brought them home.

When Robinson had finished his story, I went out to see what had become of his wife. She was in the pantry, standing before Willie's cup, and the blessed tears were streaming down her face. As soon as she saw me she fell on my neck, sobbing convulsively:

"Must I give him Willie's cup? No lips have touched it since he went away. How can I give it to that man?" I let her cry until she was exhausted: then I raised her gently and carried her to bed.

"Lie there fifteen minutes, dear: by that time I shall have supper ready."

She obeyed as a little child might. When I went to her, she was white and still, her lids closed. Alarmed, I called her hastily by name, and she raised her eyes to mine. There was still the same fixed glitter in them. I lifted her from the bed and arranged her dress: she was quite passive under my hands.

It was a dreary supper, and a more dreary evening. But at last it came to an end.

I lay half the night turning restlessly on my lounge. The moonlight poured across the room in a broad stream. Willie's picture looked down at me with an unearthly expression: Willie's arm-chair took weird forms in the dim light. I thought over the rapid succession of events, until my head grew dizzy with thinking. Then the reproachful eyes of the young Willie seemed staring at me from the dark corners of the room; and, mingled with his youthful traits, came the rough features and sinister eye of the adult Robinson. Through this chaos of faces Mary's, too, came up, just as I had seen her when she stood at the door of her room, bidding me good-night, her eyes large with terror, and her hands stretched out to me for help—for help, alas! which how could I give her? For was he not her husband? And is it not to her husband that a woman must cleave?

Suddenly my heart stood still. The little woman herself crept noiselessly

from the bedroom—her face looking horribly wan in the moonlight—crossed the parlor and knelt in the accustomed spot. Her hands were raised above her head: her upturned face was convulsed with an agony of appeal; but for a time no words came from her lips: she sank prostrate on the floor. "Oh, my God!" at last she moaned; "Willie has gone from heaven—gone from heaven! I have lost him! Oh, where is he?" Then she glided back as silently as she had come, but the bitter moan sounded in my ears the long night through.

The next morning she wore the same stony face. I stayed with her three weeks, and then returned to my own home, which had, meanwhile, been thoroughly renovated. I could sit in peace before my fire-place now, without fear of storms or risk of draughts. I could sit in peace, outwardly, but my mind had little rest. At intervals of two or three days I went over to see the little woman. Month by month her face grew smaller and her eyes larger and brighter. Their glitter haunted me.

More than a year passed. One cheerful morning, in early spring I was ironing in my kitchen: a pleasant breeze came through the window: the blithe birds without made the orchard vocal with their lively twitterings, and a bed of strawberries in the garden delighted my eyes with its white blossoms. Life seemed pleasant to me this bright morning, and my hands moved briskly at my work.

A shadow fell across the ironing-board and caused me to look up. There was Mr. Robinson, standing in the doorway. The weatherbeaten face had changed much in the year—an unhappy year it had been to him—but its events had stirred the gentler parts of his nature. He looked even sadder than usual this morning, and his voice was low and subdued:

"Miss Jemima, my Mary seems lower than common: she's clean given out and gone to bed. My rough hands and

ways ain't no account in a sick-room: wouldn't you just step over and see if you could help her any? I wouldn't ask it if I could get along without."

"Instantly," I replied, putting on my bonnet. "I will lock up the house and go back with you."

I found Mrs. Robinson lying on her bed, the room darkened. She looked up at me and smiled—a sweet, dim smile—then, closing her eyes, she lay quite still. Hour after hour, that I sat by her bedside, she never moved nor spoke. In the evening I sent for the village doctor—a quiet, meek little man—who shook his head, looked doubtful, and left some powders.

And so she lay for five days and four nights. Sometimes she was feverish, and would turn and mutter; but usually she lay quite still, her small, thin hands folded, and that wonderful smile on her face. The evening of the fifth day the room was intensely still: Mr. Robinson and I sat watching the calm face, white as the pillow beneath it. Suddenly a light broke over her features. She flung her arms upward with a murmur of joy: "Willie, I am coming!"—sank back, her breathing growing shorter and feebler—a gentle, scarce perceptible struggle, and the little woman was gone from her pain, from her longing, from her fond delusion—gone to a world of light and of peace, where all delusions vanish—gone to a world where, ere long, there will be another meeting; and then Willie will be recognized and welcomed by that faithful heart and loved for ever!

Meanwhile, a bent old man still lives in the house over the way. He, too, is going fast. His hair is white—a softened light shines in his eyes: his mouth falls easily into a tender smile when you speak to him of Mary, his wife, in heaven. Perhaps—who can tell?—she is watching him thence: her Willie, becoming gentler, more spiritualized, through his loving heart, his lonely life, and the guardian influence exerted over him from another world than ours.

## BOSTON WIT AND HUMOR.

IT is considered, we believe, a proof of good sense and high culture to laugh at the pretensions of Boston: if not to laugh, then to sneer. Its climate, its Puritanism, its radicalism, its provincial character, are all fair targets for the gibes of the rest of America. From the heights of an imported Parisian elegance New York looks serenely down upon the "clumsy cockneyism of second-rate English imitation" which is supposed to pervade the New England metropolis. Even so the clubs of London have been wont to deride the ways of Edinburgh, and to sneer at Scotchmen, Scotch cookery, Scotch letters and Scotch morals. Nevertheless, one or two Scotchmen have written some books, articles, poems and reviews worth reading, and it is possible that Beacon street may have done the like.

But since the saying of good things may be a mark of a tolerably refined and polished society, we cannot help asking ourselves if we have ever remembered anything worth saving amid the sayings of Boston.

Humor belongs to Philadelphia. At least, it is more native there. For humor is the product of the temperament which enjoys, and the Quaker City has more leisure for enjoyment than most other places. Wit is struck out by collision, while humor can walk by itself, feeding on its own fancies. Humor charms us at the time, but does not dwell in the memory, while wit needs a little sharpness to hold its place. Humor sparkles because it must: wit flashes that it may be seen. The good things of Philadelphia are said for the moment: the good things of Boston are uttered with an eye to posterity. And how about New York? We do not happen to be able to fancy New York in that line at all. Its wit is all absorbed in its money transactions: its humor belongs to that order which is known as "street chaff." Wit is not valued unless it issue in the practical

result of a bargain. New York imports wit and humor, just as it does art and literature, large mirrors and Southern vegetables. Its business is to consume and pay for whatever has the brand of merit, but it does not originate. The genuine New Yorker is the clerk in the hotel who has no admiration for the frescoes, upholstery and plate-glass which decorate the parlors. His business is to sit in the office below and make out the bills. His art-galleries, libraries, studios and theatres are for the benefit of the country population, the Western and Southern trade. His finance is often the culmination of wit, and his humor a masterly effort of display; but he does not waste his brains in words when he can so much more satisfactorily express them in dollars.

We have compared Boston with Edinburgh. The Bostonian is the choice fruit of the New England soil, and the New Englander is the Scotchman, *minus* the pathetic element and *plus* the perceptive. In one thing New England and Scotland are near akin. There is in both hereditary culture—what Dr. Holmes calls the Brahmin caste. It is in this soil that wit is sure to flourish best, and Boston is the Benares of New England Brahminism.

Of course, after this, the reader has a right to expect some very brilliant proofs of what we have been saying. We, Sindbad, have been down into the valley of diamonds, and ought to have brought them up as large as hens' eggs. So we ought; but we can, on the contrary, produce only a few rather undersized brilliants. The big ones we keep for ourselves, to be re-set and flaunted at future Alumni dinners. You see, dear reader, there is a question of property involved. If you should steal the Koh-i-noor, you could never wear it or sell it, or even pawn it. People, especially the police, would ask how you came by it.

Did you ever hear of the late Mr.

Justice Littleton? The whole legal brotherhood of Massachusetts looked up to him. Clearer and cooler head has rarely dealt with the problems of the common law. It was of him that Counselor Rupert, the fiercest, most headlong of forensic orators, made the well-known saying. When Webster's new "Unabridged" came out, some one told the Justice—Chief Justice, we might as well say at once—that there were fifteen hundred new words in that dictionary. "For Heaven's sake," exclaimed the Chief, "don't tell Rupert of it: he has enough already." Rupert heard of it, of course, and waited for his turn. He was in court one day when some friend asked him what he thought of the Chief Justice. "Think of him? I feel before him as the South Sea savage does before his great wooden idol: I know he's ugly, but I bow to him as a superior intelligence."

It was Mr. Justice Littleton who made the remark about the Salem Hotel, after he had been there on circuit. Some one asked him how he found the table. "How?" growled the judge. "Everything cold but the water, and everything sour but the pickles."

But if the S. J. C. was occasionally brilliant, when was the C. P. not? His bon-mots were the current coin of table-talk. How that shrewd, genial face used to lighten with fun! After he went back from the Bench to the Bar, his position as an advocate in certain classes of cases was very high. He won upon juries, while Rupert stormed them. The sayings of his were once legion. Every month a new one was the pet anecdote of Court street. We cannot remember them now—the tithe of them; but we shall not forget some. In his earlier legal days, when he was at the bar of a southern county, he was walking with a noted Unitarian divine. They came to a fence which hung tottering over the highway, seemingly ready to fall. The Dominie exclaimed, hotly, "How shameful in Jacobs to let his fence be in such a state! It will kill somebody yet." "Better give him a sermon, D——," said the counselor. "If you'll give me

a text, I will," was the reply. "Oh, nothing can be easier. Try this: 'For it must needs be that off-fences must come.'" It was the judge also who gave the famous legal opinion in the horse case, or at least he has the reputation of it. A gentleman of Boston had a valuable horse, which had but this one defect: he would not pass over a bridge. His owner, for some equally good reason, had an invincible dislike to driving through Roxbury; and those who know Boston as it was, know that it was literally "Neck or nothing" if you wanted to go out of the city by land travel. In his dilemma he consulted the judge as to how he should advertise so as to avoid liability on the warranty. He stated the case. Quietly, without moving a muscle, save that almost imperceptible twinkle at the corner of the eye which we knew so well, the judge said, "Put it just as usual: 'To be sold for no fault, but because the owner wishes to leave town.'"

*Apropos* of leaving: It was another legal luminary, farther down State street, who was once importuned, in his office, by the agent of a religious paper. The counselor-at-law was a Churchman, and the paper was the diocesan organ, so that the agent felt that he was on ground that, if not good, ought to be cultivated. He began by asking a year's subscription—then six months'—then three months'. To all which Mr. ——— replied: "No, sir; I do not wish the paper." "But," said the pertinacious advocate, holding his ground in spite of symptoms of rising wrath, "I'm sure you'll like it if you will only read it. Just let me leave a few copies with you?" "Leave nothing, sir!" thundered S——, in his most impressive jury voice; "leave nothing, sir—but this office."

There were, if there are not now, witty men among the clergy. Clerical jokes, somehow, have a freedom which does not tell well in lay repetition; and though we know some capital *ana*, we will not produce them here.

But there were merchants quite up to their legal cousins in sharpness of repartee. It was a Boston banker who was walking with his son in the neighbor-



hood of Somerville Asylum—the great private lunatic hospital. Cræsus, Jr., looked up at the blank windows a while, and then said; “Father, why don’t we ever see any faces at the windows?” “Don’t you know, Bob? It’s because their heads are all turned.”

As for the medical men, do we not all know, and have we not laughed over, him who “never dares to write as funny as he can?” Yet, if he supplies fine gold for the *Oceanic Miscellany*, he also drops pearls and diamonds for his friends’ behoof. Phi Beta Kappa can tell of good things of old, in the palmy days of Præside Quincy, when reporters were jealously excluded, and the fun never got into the papers. It was a close corporation of wit and eloquence and scholarship—the academic *élite* of Harvard, and out of these the picked men, who were warranted to be as crisp as a salad and as effervescent as champagne. That day is over. Alumni has taken the wind out of its sails, and the doors are no longer sealed to all but the wearers of the mystic ribbon. However, the habit of saying good things clings to some of the old heroes yet. The other day died a prominent citizen, who left a legacy to erect a monument to the discovery of anæsthetic agents. You see they appreciate science at the “Hub!” This revived the old battle: Was it Morton, was it Jackson, who first found out the use of chloroform? There has always been a row upon this point—a feud like that of Bianchi and Neri—unappeasable and undying. The doctor was applied to in the dilemma. Who should have a statue? “Perfectly simple,” said he. “One pedestal! Two statues! Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath the simple inscription, ‘To Ether!’”

As for the literary men, the clever sayings they don’t say are not worth saying. They will appropriate—“the wise ‘convey’ it calls”—any orphan jokelet, and not only utter it, but, by dint of good dressing-up, make it their own. It is reported of Hosea Bigelow that he could make a pun four deep. Some of his best things are too good to be

laughed at: they only tickle one all over. If it were not H. B., who was it who did eminent justice to the late Prohibitory excitement in Boston? At the Parker House the law against drinking at the bar was evaded by half-hour leasings of a room at the top of the hotel. The thirsty soul received the key of No. 999, went to his room, and, as guest, called for all he wanted. This was well known—better known than liked, as far as the teetotalers were concerned. Some Anti-prohibitionist was arguing the question rather excitedly. “Look here,” said he; “don’t you see how hard it is? Here is a merchant from St. Louis, comes on here, and is very busy all the morning running about, and at noon he is faint and wants a biscuit and a glass of wine. Now, what are you to say to him?” “Say? Why say, ‘*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!*’”

If H. B. or T. A. did not say this, there is a third man somewhere about the Common who needs to be looked after.

We distinctly wish it understood that the above are not especial instances of Bostonian wit and humor. Their value, as representative specimens, depends on this, that they be, as they have been here, picked up at random. We wish to prove that there is an atmosphere of culture, a sunshine of *esprit*, which goes far to neutralize the chilliness of Boston east winds and the frigidity of Boston manners. Society in that capital is not made up of boys and girls, or of petroleum millionaires. It sparkles with other diamonds than can be bought at Tiffany’s, and it has been wont to confer other crowns than can be obtained in the dry-goods market.

It may lack ease and breadth, but it does not lack energy and sincerity. It is not stifled in a hide-bound conservatism, or driven about by whiffling winds of fashion. These sayings are the recreations of men who work hard and to a purpose; and we do say this, that the writer who gets the literary verdict of Boston generally gets the appreciation of the fairest-minded community of thinkers to which he can anywhere appeal.

## FROM THE WOODS.

Why should I, with a mournful, morbid spleen,  
Lament that here, in this half-desert scene,  
    My lot is placed?  
At least the poet-winds are bold and loud—  
At least the sunset glorifies the cloud,  
    And forests old and proud  
Rustle their verdurous banners o'er the waste.

Perchance 'tis best that I, whose Fate's eclipse  
Seems final—I, whose sluggish life-wave slips  
    Languid away—  
Should here, within these lowly walks, apart  
From the fierce throbbings of the populous mart,  
    Commune with mine own heart,  
While Wisdom blooms from buried Hope's decay.

Nature, though wild her forms, sustains me still ;  
The founts are musical—the barren hill  
    Glow with strange lights ;  
Through solemn pine-groves the small rivulets fleet  
Sparkling, as if a Naiad's silvery feet,  
    In quick and coy retreat,  
Glanced through the star-gleams on calm summer nights ;

And the great sky, the royal heaven above,  
Darkens with storms or melts in hues of love ;  
    While far remote,  
Just where the sunlight smites the woods with fire,  
Wakens the multitudinous sylvan choir ;  
    Their innocent love's desire  
Poured in a rill of song from each harmonious throat.

My walls are crumbling, but immortal looks  
Smile on me here from faces of rare books :  
    Shakespeare consoles  
My heart with true philosophies ; a balm  
Of spiritual dews from humbler song or psalm  
    Fills me with tender calm,  
Or through awed heavens of soul Milton's deep thunder rolls !

And more than all, o'er shattered wrecks of Fate,  
The relics of a happier time and state,  
    My nobler Life  
Shines on unquenched ! O deathless love that lies  
In the clear midnight of those passionate eyes !  
    Joy waneth ! Fortune flies !  
What then ? Thou still art here, soul of my soul ! my Wife !

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"NAPOLEON! Sun, of whom I am the Memnon!" sings Victor Hugo. In these days it seems as though DANTE were acting the part of a sun in waking the poets into song. Not only has Longfellow devoted years of his life to the translation of the *Divina Commedia* (years, alas! that might have given us a second *Evangeline* or a new *Miles Standish*), but he has written numerous sonnets, having for their subject the great Florentine and his works. Parsons' "Lines on a Bust of Dante" are another testimony to the general appreciation of his genius in our time; and the interest felt in this poet is still further shown in the two poems of which translations are subjoined—the first from the French of Victor Hugo, the latter from the German of Emanuel Geibel, both having for their subject the bard of the *Divina Commedia*. They are from the graceful pen of Mrs. R. M. Hooper of this city, and are now published for the first time:

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
A COPY OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

He passed at twilight hour my steps before,  
Draped in the garb the Roman Consuls wore;  
Black seemed its folds beneath the twilight skies.  
This passer stopped, and fixed on me his eyes:  
So bright, so deep, half savage seemed their ray.  
He said: "First, in the ages passed away,  
I was a mountain tow'ring to the stars;  
Then burst my blinded soul its prison bars,  
I rose one step on Being's mighty stair.  
I was an oak—had altars, priests and prayer,  
And to the winds I made mysterious moan.  
A lion next was I, in deserts lone,  
Speaking to Night in accents fierce as flame.  
I am a man now—Dante is my name."

VICTOR HUGO.

The following translation is particularly happy:

Through the streets of fair Verona once alone great  
Dante went,  
When the bard of Florence wandered from his land in  
banishment;

And it changed a little maiden, as he passed, the poet  
spied;  
And she spake thus to her sister who was sitting by her  
side:

"Sister, look, there goes that Dante who descended  
into hell;

On his dusky brow are written gloom and horror—  
mark him well.

"In that city of the torments he has seen such anguish  
sore

That an inward terror holds him, and he smileth  
nevermore."

Dante heard and turned toward her—from his lips  
these accents fell:

"To forget the trick of smiling I need no descent to  
hell.

"All the suff'ring I depicted—every torment, every  
wound—

Here upon this earth already, ay, in Florence, I have  
found."

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

The elevation of a literary man to the most exalted station that can be occupied by a subject is an event of such unusual occurrence in England as to have allayed, for a moment, the passions of party spirit, and secured for the fortunately-placed individual the felicitations and congratulations of even his most violent opponents. When Mr. Disraeli "kissed hands" upon his appointment as first minister of the Crown, the ceremony was performed with the acquiescence, if not with the warm approval, of all classes. Englishmen, of every shade of politics, could not but feel a certain satisfaction at beholding him who, for a generation, had fought with unflinching courage against fearful odds, at length obtaining the object of his ambition and hopes. The Radicals looked upon the elevation of a commoner as a triumph for democracy; the Conservatives regarded it as the legitimate reward for the vast services he had rendered their party in times of adversity; men of letters, English and foreign, considered it in the light of a personal triumph: there were none to lament that a man had been found capable of forcing his way, by virtue of his intellect, from a solicitor's office to a position which enables him to create earls and dukes, "and a' that," to nominate governors of vast provinces, and to regulate the policy of the fore-

most nation of Europe. Immediately upon Mr. Disraeli's appointment a number of literary men formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of doing him honor. They intended to invite him to a public dinner, at which they would offer him their congratulations on his accession to the Premiership; but the Right Honorable gentleman having already promised to preside at the next annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, they have decided to combine and render the approaching festival of that society one "of unusual brilliancy." There can be no denying that Disraeli is a literary man, and that, as he has himself avowed, he was at one time "a gentleman of the press;" but, on a review of his career, we fail to see the ground upon which men of letters base their conceit that the success of the author of "Vivian Grey" is, in any respect, the success of literature. Disraeli is essentially a politician, and has triumphed in spite of his early reputation as a writer. Indeed, his brilliant romances acted as impediments to his upward progress, and it is well known that the author had to outlive their effect before he could establish himself as a politician in the eyes of a generation which declined to see that a writer of fiction could be, also, a successful statesman. He undoubtedly deserves the palm he bears, and none who have watched his course will be surprised at the high reward he has earned.

The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have almost unanimously opposed the Fenian movement from its very beginning, although for so doing they have frequently been bitterly denounced by many of the lay members of their Church. That the spirit which animated them, however, was not anti-Irish, but merely anti-Fenian, and that they are not only willing, but anxious, to foster a properly-planned patriotic association, is shown in a remarkable letter recently written by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Catholic Dean of Limerick, to the London *Morning Star*. The Dean states that, unless justice be speedily done to

Ireland, of which he entertains no hope, a universal agitation will be organized for a repeal of the union and the restoration of the Irish Parliament. "Every nook and corner," he writes, "will have its association: every hamlet will have its leader. . . . Men of mark will be forthcoming, and the clergy, who have hitherto kept back the people, will urge them onward; while the supreme direction of the movement will be in the keeping of sound judges of the boundaries of prudence and forbearance." The Dean speaks authoritatively, and says that everything has been arranged and all responsibilities carefully considered, and that the movement will make itself felt in Europe.

In her *Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens' Readings*—a sparkling if too eulogistic criticism, published in pamphlet form in Boston—Miss Kate Field presents the reader who has not heard him with a vivid picture of Mr. Dickens' recent entertainments. Her description of the novelist's voice in reading is capital, and her manner of representing it on irregular lines is a true photograph. It is a veritable outline drawing of the cockney rising and falling in Mr. Dickens' voice. In the Jack Hopkins' necklace story this rising inflection is extremely effective. But those who have since heard Mrs. Kemble's readings—the greatest intellectual treat ever vouchsafed to an American audience—will recognize the deficiency in Mr. Dickens' style. His broad humor is very good: his pathos wretched and stagey. It is with his reading as with his writing. His Wellers, Micawbers, Crummeleses, Peggottys, Nippers and Marigolds are excellent. Their author is perfectly at home with them, and his pen-pencil flows over the page with cleverness and skill; but when Mr. Dickens approaches a higher and more refined sphere of life in his works, he fails. His caricatures of the bench, the bar, the pulpit and the drawing-room are forced and unnatural. There is no life in them, and his society-pictures pale before those of his equally distinguished contemporary, Thackeray.

Neither author is a man of the first order of genius—both are remarkable representative men. It is reported that Miss Field's *Pen Photographs* are to be republished in England with illustrations.

. . . We are indebted to the London *Athenæum* for the information that, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, January 22d, Dr. C. M. Ingleby read a paper "On some traces of the authorship of the works of Shakespeare," in which, while rejecting the theory which has been from time to time put forward, *i. e.*, that Lord Bacon and other great writers of the Elizabethan age were the real authors of many of the plays bearing the name of Shakespeare, he showed that Shakespeare was unquestionably indebted to a greater extent than is generally supposed to the early Elizabethan drama, of which only a few relics have come down to our time.

. . . A novel in a hundred and six volumes is a novelty indeed. In Trübner's valuable *Literary Record* we find, in a list of Japanese works, "transliterated into English and described by a Japanese gentleman now residing in London," the following: "Hatchi-Kenden: A biographical novel, containing the Exploits of Eight Heroes. This is simply fiction, but contains some very delightful and also some sorrowful tales. Written by Kiyote Bakin, a good writer; in 106 vols. The first volumes were published in 1814, but the whole was only completed in 1852. Printed at Yeddo. 8vo. boards; £15.15." It must be admitted that the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clarissa Harlowe* are completely overshadowed by a novel which is thirty-eight years in going through the press.

. . . A periodical—started last year in London, and entitled *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner: a religious, social and miscellaneous review, conducted by members of the Society of Friends*—contains some interesting papers. It appears that in 1866 the total number of members of the Society in Great Britain was 13,786, and that 3582, not in membership, were habitual attenders of meetings for worship. There had been, since 1861, an increase of 392 of the latter

class, and a decrease in the number of members of fifty-eight. It is doubtful whether history can supply a parallel case where so small a body of men has exerted so great a moral and religious influence as the Quakers have in time past.

At the London Yearly Meeting, last year, two Friends from the United States were present, who testified that in every Yearly Meeting in America, Friends who use stimulants as an ordinary beverage are rendered amenable to the discipline of the Society, and that none who do so would be received into membership. The subject of inculcating total abstinence from intoxicating liquors was discussed; but it was found that the London Yearly Meeting was not yet prepared to go so far. In another point the English Quakers are now less strict than those of America. Marriage is allowed between a member and one not in the Society, but who "professes with it"—that is, who attends meetings. Moreover, according to the Rev. Dr. John Cunningham's recent book, entitled, *The Quakers*, Friends in England are no longer questioned about the cut or color of their garments or the grammatical structure of their sentences.

. . . It is well known that the literature of Quakerism is voluminous, but few would be prepared to learn that a mere list of Friends' books would occupy more than two thousand pages. Yet such is the case. We have before us Joseph Smith's Descriptive Catalogue of works written by members of the Society of Friends, in two large octavo volumes, just issued in London. The titles of George Fox's writings, together with some explanatory matter, occupy no less than sixty pages!

The subject of "Women's Rights" is one now often debated, and it is surprising how much may be said on both sides of it. In our last number one view of the question was presented in a paper entitled "Womanhood and Chivalry in America:" in the present issue will be found a review of Gail Hamilton's *Woman's Wrongs*, which looks at the

subject from the point of view of many women whose views are entitled to respect. In endeavoring to hold the balance between the arguments urged on the two sides of this difficult question, it should be borne in mind that the sensible, if unromantic, doctrine of the equality under all circumstances of woman with man is one peculiarly American, and that it is to be contrasted, not only with the Continental practice which makes a divinity of woman in youth, but consigns her to drudgery in maturity and obliteration in age, but with the Oriental theory that she is simply a slave.

Inasmuch as the tendency of modern thought is clearly in the direction of giving to women more scope for their energies, and even of granting them a voice in the making of laws by which they are bound, it is worth while to glance at a case where the experiment has already been tried. Among the Quakers the separate meetings for discipline (as they are called) of men and of women form a veritable legislature, the two bodies agreeing or disagreeing on matters of business precisely like the two houses of Congress. The system has worked well, practically, for two hundred years. A perfect equality between the sexes exists also in the matter of preaching and praying in public. Moreover, when members of the Society of Friends marry, the bride does not promise to *obey*, but simply to be to her husband "a faithful and loving wife." A Quakeress, however, remarked to us in a sad voice the other day: "It is true I did not promise to obey when I was married; but I might as well, for I have had to do it!"

The laws securing their own property to married women, which have recently been passed in various States, are a step in the right direction; but, after all, the hardship of the present state of things lies mainly in the fact that unmarried women, who perform precisely the same work as men in many cases, cannot earn a decent support for themselves. It is to this point that the attention of reformers should first be turned.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* of March 2d remarks, under the head of its Paris news, that M. Charles Coligny has recently published an historical article in the *Gazette des Etrangers*, in which he reminds the public that the publication of the posthumous Memoirs of M. de Talleyrand should be made on or after May 17th next. The prince died on May 17, 1838. In his will the following passage occurs: "My Memoirs, which have been written for a long time, but which I desire not to be published until thirty years after my death, will explain to posterity my conduct during the tempest of the Revolution." The curiosity with which the work in question was regarded by those of M. de Talleyrand's generation who survived him may be judged from the remark of an eminent Philadelphian, who died recently at an advanced age, that one of his reasons for desiring to live a few years longer was to be enabled to read these Memoirs.

Our Paris correspondent writes:

The expression "well dressed" is unfortunately ill-adapted to the present style of ball costume: "well *undressed*" is more appropriate, for the body is so low that the description of "un corsage qui commence à peine et finit de suite" conveys the best notion of the scant covering. As for sleeves, they have entirely passed out of vogue: a strand of jewels, or a ribbon, or a ruche replaces the shoulder-band and forms the link which holds the bodice together. I am not exaggerating for the sake of making a paragraph, but transcribing what we nightly see in the opera houses as well as in the salons—not only among the denizens of the *demi-monde*, but in that other *monde* of aristocratic women, who, at least by family and position, have a pretension to morality. I grieve to say that many of our beautiful countrywomen have fallen into all these excesses and caprices of the modes, and have gained a popularity in *le grande monde*, by a lavish outlay in luxuries, wild extravagance in dress and loose recklessness of manners, which classes them with the *fastest* of *lionnes*. The kind of admiration excited by these vagaries and eccentricities was well expressed by a member of the club most frequented by

the young noblesse, who exclaimed, after a discussion upon the charms of the belles of the last fête : " Ce sont de bonnes filles les Américaines ; on peut leur parler comme au corps de garde !"—an expression of good fellowship scarcely applicable to those who ought to have the tone of modest maidens. But to these strictures on my countrywomen let me do them the justice to add that this recklessness of manners and expression has not yet extended to morals ; and I only desire to give them a word of warning in repeating what took place in the hearing of an elderly French gentleman, who, in repeating the *propas*, expressed his regret that the American women should have lost the well-deserved reputation for dignity and refinement which a few years back distinguished "*la femme Américaine*" in Parisian society.

It is almost impossible to give an idea of the richness of the present style of costume. Stuffs of all sorts—velvets, satins, brocades, tulle and crapes—are laden with gold. On a late occasion one of these fabulously beautiful tissues reminded me of a description given by Madame de Sévigné of a robe worn by Madame de Montespan : " D'or sur or, rebordé d'or, et par-dessus un or frisé, rebordé d'un or mêlé avec un certain or qui fait la plus divine étoffe qui jamais ait été imaginée." We are startled at the amount of money lavished on a costume : the minimum is very often ten thousand francs. We know of a fine *marquise* to whom her milliner proposed to appear at a fête *travestie* as the Bois de Boulogne (somewhat difficult to conceive, represented in gauze and silk) at the moderate expense of 30,000 francs ! Another *grande dame* of the Imperial circle, attired as Venus, only required 25,000 francs for the silk and satin appurtenances, but the doves on her shoulders, to be formed of diamonds, would have exhausted for two years the rental of a Rothschild. The characteristics of the *bal costumé* now differ, in some respects, from the masking of olden times. National costumes are out of vogue : we rarely see in the brilliant balls either Greeks, or Poles, or Chinese : the Imperial *régime* has introduced a more poetic and imaginative style of disguising one's individuality. The ambition of modern ducs and duchesses is not to appear as heroes and heroines of historic renown, but to represent gods and goddesses and fairies, buds and blossoms from the garden, starry constellations from the celestial world. The French love for the *diabolique* is not forgotten, and some dive into

the deep *inferno*, and are arrayed in less gaudy and more sombre attire, and the other various fanciful conceits that make mantuamaking and tailoring, for the moment, an effort of the imagination as well as an ingenious piece of handiwork.

The only novelty in the fashion of dress is the change in the coiffure : from hanging low on the neck it has mounted upward, and is now perched on the summit of the head. A lively *chroniqueuse* gives the following amusing advice on the subject, and I transcribe it for the benefit of your lady readers : " One general receipt, somewhat in the style adopted in cookery-books, may be given : Take as much hair as you can, either in the shape of curls, bows, frizzed chignons or otherwise (as yet, hair of the same color as your own is preferred) ; arrange it in a confused mass as high on the head as you can, and you can then add as much gold or silver or steel ornaments, or diamonds, or, in fact, anything shining, as you can lay your hands on, and you will not be far out of the fashion."

The numerous services in the churches are attended during Lent by crowds of worshippers, and the exertions of many women of rank and high position, as well as those of the middle classes, redouble in behalf of the suffering. The French proverb tells us that every *médaille* has its *revers* ; and if on one side of the present *médaille* we decipher wealth and all its accompanying luxury, on the other we read images of long faces—moaning inscriptions of dear bread and but little work (the oft-repeated tale), " for the poor are always with us," even in our brilliant Paris, from which—if the stranger judged by its outward aspect—he would suppose that poverty, illness, and death, too, had been banished to less-favored lands. All Parisian women, fortunately, do not pass their time either in dancing or toileting : a goodly number of the highest in the land occupy many spare hours with the charitable works in which Paris abounds.

Within the last two years no fewer than twenty-three butcher-shops for the sale of horse-flesh have been established in Paris. Whilst beef is at twenty sous the pound, and twenty sous so scarce, any substitute at three or four sous will be eagerly accepted. But in spite of the well-meant efforts of those who attempt to introduce the taste for " Hippocreas " (as it is classically styled) at better tables, the bourgeois prefers his old-fashioned *pot-au-feu* and the *bouillé* to " le consommé de cheval à l'A. B. C."—the " Saucissons de

cheval aux pistaches Syriaques"—"les petits pâtés à la moelle Bucéphalé," the "Mayonaises de hemoral à l'huile Rosinanté"—"les feuillantines aux pommes des Hespérides," etc., etc., or to any other of the dishes, with high-sounding names, concocted out of *la viande de cheval*.

Dr. F. Garrigon has lately published the results of an exploration of one of the caves of the South of France, and has made some developments tending to throw more light on the natural history of pre-historic man. The cavern explored is known as the "Grotte de la Vache," and is situated a short distance south-east of Tarascon, in the department of Bouches-du-Rhône. The usual accumulation of bones of mammals and fishes, together with shells, was found, associated with implements similar in character to those observed in other caves of the reindeer age. There were also found some interesting examples of pre-historic art. The specimens of bone, numbered 1, 2 and 4, in M. Garrigon's collection, exhibit designs. The drawing on the first represents the head of a cetacean, probably a walrus; and this, together with the presence of a large number of marine shells, among which occur *Pecten jacobus* and some other species, leads our author to the conclusion that these mountaineers had constant and easy communication with the sea-shore, and, also, that the climate of the South of France at that day was similar in temperature to that prevailing at the present day in the Scandinavian islands, upon the borders of which the walrus and other cetaceans now live.

We cannot help thinking that this conclusion has been too hastily arrived at; for the only shell specifically indicated as having been found in the cave under consideration—the *Pecten jacobus*—is essentially and entirely a tropical and sub-tropical species, not found at present even as far north as the northern coast of France, much less on the borders of Scandinavia. But the fact of a tracing of a walrus head having been found in the South of France cannot be taken as conclusive evidence of the existence of a cold climate so far

south at that time, even when the supposition is strengthened by the presence of reindeer bones in the same locality. Admitting that the walrus could not live at that time in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea or the central Atlantic Ocean, if the temperature were as it is at present—which we think is not by any means proven—it is but reasonable to suppose that the inhabitants of that region had communication with their northern neighbors, and consequently might have obtained those figures from that source. If we reject this supposition, we must suppose that a shell which is at present tropical then existed in an arctic or sub-arctic region, or was obtained by intercourse with a people of a much more southern latitude, which certainly does not at all lessen the difficulty.

To specimens Nos. 3 and 5 our author invites special attention. After submitting them to the inspection of those competent to judge of their character, he confesses that they still remain to him an enigma. One of them contains signs exactly similar to those engraved upon a slab of bone found in a cavern of the reindeer period at Massat, about one hundred and forty-eight miles distant. The coincidence of these two specimens, containing what seems to be identical arbitrary signs and occurring in situations so far apart, is certainly curious. Had this series of signs a conventional value? Are we to regard them as the germs of a written language far more ancient than that received from Asia? Prof. Van Beneden, describing a similar specimen from near Dinant, in Belgium, says of the signs, that "they might well be writing." Perhaps further investigation will throw additional light upon this matter, which is certainly worthy of attention.

. . . At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of this city, held March 24th, Prof. Edward D. Cope exhibited and made some remarks upon the remains of a huge fossil reptile from the cretaceous formation near Fort Wallace, Kansas. The specimens were obtained by Dr. Theophilus H. Turner, and for-



warded by him to the Academy at the suggestion of Dr. John L. Le Conte of this city. The bones were found imbedded in a bluish clay, containing a large quantity of gypsum, the surface of the specimens being, also, in many places, converted into the same substance. Although the whole skeleton has not yet been received, sufficient material has been examined to indicate clearly the character of the animal. It was a marine reptile, at least forty feet long, related to the Plesiosaurs, but differing from them in generic and probably in family characters. Prof. Cope proposes for this creature, which throws the fabled dragon of the fairy tales into the shade, the name of *Elasmosaurus platyurus*. It possessed a tail of great length, which was elevated, compressed and adapted for sculling the ponderous body through the water: the limbs were disproportionately small.

Professor Cope presented over one thousand specimens of teeth of forty distinct species of fossil sharks, found in the miocene deposits of Charles co., Md. When we consider the large quantity of animal food necessary to support these creatures, we cannot but feel astonished at the manner in which the seas of that remote period were filled with life.

. . . Prof. Oswald Heer, of Zurich, has published the results of his researches into the primeval flora of Greenland in the *Archives des Sciences Physiques*. He shows that in the miocene period the polar regions were covered with great forests of various trees, including four species of the largest trees in the world, of which two only survive—the *Sequoia sempervirens* and *S. gigantea*, of California. The beech, the oak, the plane and the poplar abounded, together with vines, ivy, shrubs and ferns; and these forests extended to the lands bordering on the Pole, if not to the very Pole itself. The question naturally arises, To what causes is the change of climate owing?

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Mr. E. H. Butler, pub-

lisher, of this city. Mr. Butler, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of New England, may be said to have been born in a book-store. His father, Simeon Butler, of Northampton, Mass., was himself a publisher and paper-maker. The son, having acquired a knowledge of the book business, first under his brother, J. H. Butler, in Northampton, and afterward as clerk successively to Mr. Marshall, in Philadelphia, and the Appletons, in New York, went into business here on his own account in 1836. With considerable knowledge of literature, of agreeable manners, and possessing great conversational powers, Mr. Butler's most striking characteristic was his indomitable energy and force of will. He died on the 27th March, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The Public School system of Philadelphia has received a thorough overhauling, as is evident from the recent able "Report of the Committee on Revision of Studies," of which Edward Armstrong, Esq., is chairman—a reform which has not come too soon, if the complaints which have reached us are correct. The concluding reflections are worth quoting:

Those who now fill our schools will soon fill our places. Upon the thoroughness with which we discharge our official obligation must measurably depend the future welfare of this community. The greater, therefore, the need of zeal and watchfulness, when so many look with indifference, and others with even an unfriendly eye, upon the whole scheme of public education—who would, indeed, rejoice in its destruction, and with reluctance pay a tax which, of those levied upon our heavily-burdened property-holders, must, in the end, of all investments prove the best—one which, if slow in yielding its full fruits, shall as surely do so as the sun will shine; securing for us, and those who shall succeed us, the benefit of a good government, the protection of the rights of property, and the continuance of the blessings of freedom.

The education of eighty thousand children—eighty full regiments!—is a great undertaking, but the laborious efforts of the new Controllers have resulted in wholesome and far-reaching

reforms, from which our State and city are destined, in the future, to reap good fruit. It is curious, by the way, to compare the schools of the present day with those of the twelfth century in England. From the "Forewords" of the new volume of the publications of the Early English Text Society, entitled *Manners and Meals in Olden Time*, it appears that anciently "on Shrove-Tuesday each boy brought his fighting cock to his master, and they had a cock-fight all morning in the school-room!" *E pur si muove.*

. . . *Our Boys' Monthly School Report* is the title of a periodical conducted by the members of Broad Street Academy, a private school of this city. It is a quarto of eight pages, in which are printed essays and miscellaneous contributions by the students and their teachers. It is, we believe, the only journal of the kind in this country—perhaps in the world; and is well calculated to stimulate the scholars to excellence in the art of expressing their thoughts on paper.

Such a serial would be useful in the school where the following composition, which we take from the *Presbyterian*, was recently read:

Dogs is usefuller as cats. Mice is afeard of cats. They bite 'em. Dogs follers boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. Sheeps bite people. People eat hogs but not the Jews, as they and other animals that doesn't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sum times git hit with boot jacks for barking of nites. Sleepy people git mad and throw at 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man; they do more for man than grownded hogs or koons or gotes. Gotes smell. The end.

This interesting paper illustrates Artemus Ward's remark: "How hard it is to write good!" The author is a close observer, and has presented a large number of facts in natural history in a small compass; but his lucubration is open to the same objection as the speeches of Davy Crockett. That go-ahead individual, it will be remembered, used to

write out his orations for the press, and then hand them over to a friend with the request that he would "put the grammar *into* them!"

The following has been sent in anonymously:

SHE.

Being a woman, I look at the men, and when I can, I listen to them, and have observed, that when two or more of them are together in conversation, the word most in use with them is the little one, "*She*."

When I first discovered this how gratifying it was to my vanity! "Such," I said to myself, "is the influence of my sex! Well may the poets sing the charms of female society, &c., &c."

But, alas! by persevering in my pleasant little habit of listening, I found out by degrees that "*She*" does not by any means always indicate a creature in a silk dress.

"*She*" may designate

A Watch.

A Locomotive.

A piece of Brass or Lead Pipe.

A Boat.

A Hose Carriage.

A Clock.

A Turning Lathe.

A Pulley.

A Cart Wheel.

Being outside a blacksmith's shop, I once heard a young man address another with the ominous words, "*She's* dead." "Poor fellow!" thought I, "he has lost a wife or mother, or perhaps a sweetheart. Let me stop, perhaps I can hear more." I did hear more, enough to show me that the "*She*" in question was the fire, which had gone out!

MR. EDITOR:

Can you tell me where the following passage occurs? It runs something in this wise:

"Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon a throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

Respectfully, A. T.

It has reference to the first Napoleon, and was uttered by Charles Phillips. See *Speeches of Phillips, Curran and Gratian*, p. 134.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

*Woman's Wrongs. A Counter-Irritant.* By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 212.

When, several years ago, a brilliant essayist appeared in the field of literature, the reading public opened its eyes in dubious astonishment, and predicted a speedy extinguishment—arguing, probably, from the saying that "All that's bright must fade." But the years have thus far revealed in her too much of the glitter of the real gem for us to prophesy any very near lapse into darkness.

A writer who possesses the rare power of uttering old truths in a charming and unique way is one not easily to be relinquished by readers generally; and Gail Hamilton is peculiarly one who will be read, even by those who are diametrically opposed to her views, because of the exhilarating, champagne way in which they are presented. And her sentences usually leave behind a flavor much more enduring than that of champagne, for the effervescence of her style conceals a substance that deserves to be digested at leisure. Only the superficial reader could turn her pages and not see that they hold more than a surface sparkle.

If she scatters her seeds with a marvelously debonair air—as if she were sowing some quickly perishing blossom—she has, nevertheless, much good seed in that attractive hand of hers. Some of these germs may indeed be but those of a sort of brilliant chaff, but we can easily forgive that in one who does not pretend to a ponderous style, wherein no word shall be written lightly. If, at first sight, she sometimes seems in-consequent, she rarely is so, and we follow up the vein she has opened, and triumph with her in her evident exultation over the ore she has found.

It is much to find a writer so healthful, so free from morbid tendencies, in these days of strained intensity. It is high praise to say that one can hardly rise from a perusal of any book of hers without experiencing something of the sensation caused by pure air, by the unclouded blue of country skies. She so mingles the ludicrous with the earnest that she cannot cease to be entertaining, and in *Woman's Wrongs* is generally convincing.

Beneath her skillful arrows, Rev. John

Todd, who has been guilty of an intensified manlike view of woman's rights, stands transpierced from top to toe; and, unfortunately for that gentleman, his most deadly wounds are caused apparently by the effect of the passages quoted from his own pen. We have not read his essays, thus reviewed by Gail Hamilton, but she has transcribed enough of them to show plainly that he was an obvious target for any markswoman. Few, however, would have made him suffer quite so severely as this author has done, and the reader is divided between pity for him and admiration for the reviewer. The first portions of the book are devoted to talk concerning Dr. Todd's essays, prefaced by an apology, in which she says that she should not have presumed to touch upon a topic so exhaustively discussed, had not the acclamations from religious and secular journals upon the appearance of Dr. Todd's book incited her to argument.

There are in many places of her book such earnest and fervid paragraphs as go far beyond the phrases of her extravagant moods—that make us forget the mirth-provoking author of the *Halicarnassus* episodes, in the presence of her noble sincerity and fearlessness. A sincere protest is always to be admired. "A gospel that preaches masculine self-gratification as manly religion—the lowest womanly subserviency to man as the sole womanly way of doing God service—is not the boon of every day, nor to be lightly let slip." It is not to be wondered at that she breaks forth into such exclamations, in view of the way in which Dr. Todd handles the great subject of woman's work and sphere. There is a supercilious air of gallantry, an almost incredible superficialness in the remarks of her opponent, that assuredly would not render him a "foeman worthy of her steel," had it not been, as she says, that so large a proportion of periodicals admired and agreed with him.

In her own spirited way she demolishes his argument, that because women are not inventors they shall not be allowed to vote, by very pertinently asking, "What connection is there between invention and woman's rights? Shall Dr. Todd be disfranchised because he is not an inventor?"

The absurd idea so prevalent among men,

that "what women want is to be men," is treated with the scorn so rapid a thought merits. The writer makes plain the sum and substance of every sensible woman's desire—that she shall have free access to whatever occupation God and nature have fitted her for; in other words, to that work to which an overpowering instinct calls her, whether it be preaching, trading or housekeeping. The author's idea is, that only the most superficial thinker can for a moment suppose a refined and educated woman would choose for her work anything coarse and unfitted for her, simply because she has the privilege of choice. It is the pet fear of many masculine writers on this subject that women who were everything delicate and beautiful formerly will immediately become like the wrangling rabble if they are vested with the ballot or with the independence of man in choice of work.

We cannot quote at length, but it can be very easily imagined what is Gail Hamilton's reply to such sentences as these: "The great error of our day is that woman is to be made self-supporting." Of course this phrase throws out of thought or question the thousands whom circumstances force to be self-supporting or to die.

Concerning woman's voting, she asks: "So, when it is said that voting is out of the womanly sphere, will any one be so good as to tell us what it is that is out of her sphere—the possession or the expression of political opinion? But possession, as we have seen, she already holds. Wives, mothers, daughters, who discharge with fidelity every domestic and social duty, are conversant with national and international affairs." "The ballot neither elevates nor depresses. It takes its character from its possessor."

Having proved to her own satisfaction, and certainly to that of many of her readers, that the right of suffrage belongs to woman in the same measure as to man, and that the exercising of that right is powerless to change her nature, the author goes on to say that she thinks female suffrage would not untangle the snarl of work and wages; that the "volume of the vote would be increased, but its proportion not affected," for the reason that the men and women of a family are usually of the same political opinion. Humiliatingly true in many cases is her assertion that women are not more ready than men to do justice to women.

In consideration of such ideas, it would be her choice to "change the basis of suffrage by restricting it among men, rather than extending it indiscriminately to women."

She acknowledges that it is easier to tear down than to build up, and the fact is evident in the feeling of dissatisfaction with which the latter half of her book is perused. Having granted so much in the preceding pages, we are led to expect and to hope that she would deem the exercising of that which she has proved to be a right would result in some improvement in the remuneration awarded to women—would at least let a ray of light into the darkness of that problem of wages.

We are not of those who believe, as the author says some do, that the ballot is a talisman that would be the open sesame to all places of emolument; but we certainly have faith enough in feminine human nature to expect from it an appreciation of the possession of such a right, and in time an approximation to a correct use of it. Herein, it appears, the writer reasons narrowly, and in striking contradiction to her liberal thoughts.

There is much justice in her restrictions upon the ballot; and she condemns in telling language the present laws, which allow the utterly ignorant the same privilege as the intelligent, and says:

"Surely in a country like ours inability to read and write is as strong presumptive evidence of incompetency to exercise the right of suffrage as the fact of being only twenty years old."

But her suggestion regarding property suffrage is so utterly at variance with all principles of real republicanism that it has not the usual ring of its authorship. Better is this sentence, containing an idea that would go far to make a model country: "I would have the ballot made a noble and desirable possession—a sign of sagacity, of ability, of worth—something to be striven for—a guerdon as well as a power."

But, leaving all matter of voting aside, this book presents many noble thoughts, many sentences containing power to overturn all that twaddle about "dependence," "woman's greatness being only in her husband," etc., of which we hear so much. We cannot resist transcribing a few such paragraphs:

"A woman should be strong and wise and cultivated, not chiefly because she becomes thereby a better wife and mother, but because wisdom is better than folly, strength than weakness, cultivation than neglect."

Upon the subject of marriage she is equally excellent: "Its love is founded on respect, and increases self-respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence

nor independence, but inter-dependence." It seems strange that such expressions should be necessary, but we have only to look into any book for "young ladies" to find the cause for Gail Hamilton's forcible words. When advice shall be offered to woman as an individual soul, then books like *Woman's Wrongs* will find no sale—will be neither piquant nor just.

It has often been complained that this author uses "her pen too much as a lash"—that she is, in short, a scolding woman. Only those who have justly smarted under that lash would thus complain. Her style, even in its most ludicrous vein, is never undignified; her fault-finding is only the castigation of real faults; and in this, her last book, she has not fallen from the position gained by her peculiar powers of expression. Severe though her words have been, they have a weight in their severity which is never the attribute of "scolding," and in the wielding of that strong weapon, ridicule, few have a more skillful hand.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century. Delivered in the Mercer Street Church, New York, Jan. 21 to Feb. 21, 1867, on the "Ely Foundation" of the Union Theological Seminary. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the New Testament," "Notes on the Psalms," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 451.

Well does the author of this volume urge that the advocates of Christianity must, for its just defence, keep themselves abreast of the intelligence of our age. Two errors may still be, as they have been, committed—one, dogmatically to resist all investigation, historical, critical or scientific, which seems to question the currently received interpretation of the Bible; the other, to yield everything to it, making religious opinion, on all sides, plastic to the fluctuating movements of scientific theory and philosophical speculation. Galileo's persecutors, and all who have wielded the *odium theologicum* against geology, ethnology and archæology, have perpetrated the former; Baden Powell and other authors of the *Essays and Reviews*, and Colenso, the latter. How to keep the fair balance—studying nature, history and the written revelation as the contexts of each other, and aiming at the truth only in all—is what Mr. Barnes endeavors to show in these Lectures.

That he has done his task well, with great ability and learning, and in a very clear and vigorous style, may be said without hesitation. The "Lectures" must have delighted as well as instructed those who heard them.

But it must be added that he has not done *all* that was to be wished for; perhaps not quite all that was to be expected from the announcement of his theme. The best chapters in the book are those upon "Historical Evidence as Affected by Time," "Evidence of Christianity from its Propagation," "Evidence from the Personal Character and Incarnation of Christ;" and the last two lectures, on the "Adaptation of Christianity to the Wants of Man and to the World's Progress in the Nineteenth Century." To the references upon the subject of the character of Christ as a man, however, there might have been added, with advantage, that remarkable book, *Ecce Homo*. The eccentricities of the latter, and its fragmentary character, ought not to cause its great power and general truthfulness to be ignored. But the weakest parts of Mr. Barnes' disquisitions are upon the subjects of inspiration and of the present relations of science to religion. We ought to say, perhaps, that the Lectures are, upon these points, *imperfect*, rather than weak. They do not here come up to the wants of the time. On inspiration, he is most eloquent in lamentation over its difficulties. While urging, as he must, the necessity of the acceptance of inspiration by every believer in the Bible, why could not so able an author have done *more*? Was he withheld by his fears from declaring the Christian scholar's freedom from the shackles of that sometimes superstitious, always irrational, literalism which Origen and Chrysostom first contended against; afterward, Erasmus and Luther; later, Coleridge and many other great and good men? We might have had, at least, from Mr. Barnes, some succinct statement, like that of E. Harold Browne, D. D., in the *Aids to Faith*, of the right recognition of the human as well as of the divine element in all inspired writings. Those critical studies which have culminated in the labors of Tischendorf ought surely to have established this recognition. With this exception, the lecture of Mr. Barnes upon inspiration presents a most vigorous argument for the divine origin of the Bible, on the ground of its comparison with all pretended "book-revelations" and works of merely human authorship.

On the subject of science as related to religion, with a great deal that is true, excellently expressed and appropriate, these Lectures contain some oversights and omissions. Mr. Barnes has pinned his faith in scientific matters too absolutely to the views of Agassiz, underestimating the present importance in science of the theory of Darwin, and forget-

ting also the steady progress which Lyell's views, on the sufficiency of the gradual changes now in progress on the earth's surface to account for all that we know of its past history, have made among scientific men. Thus we find him saying (pp. 190 and 253) that "the essential fact on the subject, which no man who is properly informed will deny, and which is now stated by geologists as a part of the teaching of their science, is, that entire races were swept away, and were succeeded by others which were in no sense whatever *developments* of the former;" and "if there is any one thing now clear in the developments of geology, it is that one race was *swept off* to make way for another." Let us contrast this with Darwin's words:\* "From our ignorance of the geology of other countries beyond the confines of Europe and the United States, and from . . . the discoveries of even the last dozen years, it seems to me to be about as rash to dogmatize on the succession of organic beings throughout the world as it would be for a naturalist to land for five minutes on some one barren point in Australia, and then to discuss the number and range of its productions." "The old notion of all the inhabitants of the earth having been swept away at successive periods by catastrophes is very generally given up, even by those geologists—as Elie de Beaumont, Murchison, Barrande, etc.—whose general views would naturally lead them to this conclusion." "On the theory of descent with modification, the main facts with respect to the mutual affinities of the extinct forms of life to each other and to living forms seem to me explained in a satisfactory manner. And they are wholly inexplicable on any other view." It is notorious that the fossil remains of closely consecutive formations are closely allied in structure, and we can at once understand the fact if they are likewise closely allied by descent.

We do not mean to assert that the Darwinian hypothesis is, as a whole, or ought to be now, adopted: it is, confessedly, unproved; but then it is not, as Mr. Barnes intimates, *disproved*. Nor is it meant that any *greater* difficulty would present itself, in reconciling a theory of continuously successive development with the Bible history of man, than exists in the case of other theories of older date. Only, the mode of reconciliation must be different. Nor will it do ever to forget, as the author of these Lectures most clearly states, that we ought not to *expect* an exact

\* *Origin of Species*, last edition (New York), pp. 268, 277, 291.

accordance between the language of Scripture, written for *all* time, and the progressive and constantly changing utterances of natural science, not yet—perhaps never to be—perfected.

With room for improvement, as we have said, upon the above-named topics, Mr. Barnes' book is on the whole an admirable one. Not exactly adapted for use as an academical text-book, it may be commended as well worthy of studious perusal.

The Crittenden Commercial Arithmetic and Business Manual. Designed for the use of Merchants, Business Men, Academies, and Commercial Colleges. By John Groesbeck. Philadelphia: E. C. and J. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 216.

This work has for its object to impart that practical knowledge which is daily required in the conduct of business. A case like the following will illustrate the utility of such a book: A young man graduates from college and enters a counting-house. Some fine day he is told to calculate the discount on a note for \$1135 27 for sixty-six days. He could not do it if his life depended on it. He has never been taught in college that in mercantile usage sixty days is considered as one per cent., so that in the instance given, \$11 35 is the interest for sixty days, and for six days more it is of course one-tenth of \$11 35, or \$1 14. Therefore 11 35 + 1 14, or 12 49, is the discount required. In the book before us this process (which by Practice can easily be applied to any number of days) is not given, though, in our opinion, it is the shortest mode of calculating interest. Instead, we have the rule to multiply the principal by one-sixth the number of days, or to multiply the principal by the number of days and divide by 6. With the exception of the mode of reckoning interest, the author appears to have presented to the student the best methods of calculation in actual use among business men; and a knowledge of his Commercial Arithmetic, which occupies the first 143 pages of the work, would save the merchant and the merchant's clerk who should master it from many errors and much useless drudgery.

The second part of the book is devoted to Business Forms and Information, and contains a variety of useful matter, opening with the following

#### BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Endeavor to be perfect in the calling in which you are engaged.

Think nothing insignificant which has a bearing upon your success.

There is more in the *use* of advantages than in the measure of them.

Make no investments without a full acquaintance with their nature and condition; and select such investments as have intrinsic value.

Of two investments, choose that which will best promote your regular business.

Become known—and favorably known.

Never refuse a choice when you can get it.

Goods well bought are half sold.

Goods in store are better than bad debts.

Nothing valuable is lost by civility.

By prosecuting a useful business energetically, humanity is benefited.

Keep accurate accounts, and know the exact condition of your affairs.

Be economical: a gain usually requires expense; what is saved is clear.

Reality makes no allowances for wishes or bad plans.

This book will be of service to all, and especially to those of limited experience in business affairs.

#### *Books Received.*

- Dickens' Works. People's Edition. Illustrated. "Great Expectations," pp. 523. "American Notes and Uncommercial Traveler," pp. 472. "Sketches by 'Boz,'" pp. 581. "Hunted Down," pp. 467. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo.
- Landmarks of History. Part III. Modern History, from the Beginning of the Reformation to the Accession of Napoleon III. By Miss Yonge. Edited by Edith L. Chase. First American Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 465.
- The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 497.
- The Great Exhibition, with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous. By Howard Payson Arnold, author of "European Mosaic." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 486.
- A Smaller History of England. From the Earliest Times to the Year 1862. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Illustrated by engravings on wood. New York: Harper & Bros. 16mo. pp. 357.
- In the Year '13. A Tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt Deutch by Charles Lee Lewes. Authorized edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 18mo. pp. 299.

History of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States. By William H. Barnes, A. M., author of "The Body Politic." With Portraits. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 636.

Father Tom and the Pope; or, A Night at the Vatican. By the late John Fisher Murray. Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 16mo. pp. 96.

Three Little Spades. By the author of "Dollars and Cents," "Mr. Rutherford's Children," "Casper," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 18mo. pp. 268.

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The Pupils of St. John the Divine. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 320.

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Cakes and Ale at Woodbine, from Twelfth Night to New Year's Day. By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 229.

Mozart: A Biographical Romance. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 323.

Human Life in Shakespeare. By Henry Giles, author of "Illustrations of Genius," etc. Boston: Lee & Shephard. 16mo. pp. 286.

My Husband's Crime. By M. R. Housekeeper. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 115.

My Son's Wife. By author of "Caste," "Mr. Arle," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 437.

The Sabbath-School Index. By R. G. Pardee, A.M. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. 16mo. pp. 256.

Grandpa's House. By Helen C. Weeks. Illustrated. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 239.

On the Heights: A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Boston: Roberts & Bros. 12mo. pp. 544.

Abraham Page, Esq.: A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 354.

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. 86.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN she saw him, Honora pulled the ponies' heads round to turn them backward; anything to escape out of his sight! Then, thinking of her uncle, she turned them directly back again, and suffered them to go on slowly toward him, leaning back, desperately resolved to let matters take what course they pleased. Then she pulled them up to a dead halt, at which one of the poor, patient things looked round at her with mild wonder; but the other, who better knew the young woman's ways, only gave a cynical neigh. Dallas was coming nearer: she had the light of her new knowledge in which to see him. His gray clothes were both sleazy and dusty: as for his face, only savage strokes of ill-fortune could have cut out such spare, controlled features. While she had "slept soft and lived warm—"

The glittering little carriage in which she sat, feeling herself every inch a princess, after all, was his: the jeweled whip she held like a sceptre, was his. They had left him to work in the coal-pits at Scranton, while she— Her very clothes weighed her down and burned in on her a sense of imposture. It was more than she could bear. She threw

the reins loose and scrambled out of the chaise, intending to go to him. Instead, she stopped at the head of the nearest pony and put her arms about its neck.

"Stand still, Babe, dear!" in a tone not far from crying. "Don't *you* worry me. I'm worried nearly to death," cramming sugar, with which her pocket was full, into its mouth. "Stand still, I say!" drawing off and stamping her foot. "Don't move till I come back; I'm not so mean but that something shall obey me!" at which Babe, who happened to be the young and favorite one of the two, rubbed his nose into her palm, sympathetically, while his wiser brother stamped for his share of sugar, half shutting his eyes, sardonically.

The little gray figure fluttered along the road with the desperate, uncertain motion of a partridge scared from its nest. There was a fallen sycamore lying half across the way, flagreed over with yellow and black lichen. She stopped beside it, holding by its crumbling branches, while Dallas came nearer—hesitated—nearer—and then stood close before her. The lonely mountain lane, high-banked and hedged, seemed to hold them together with its straightness and silence; the wind had died: the thin



sunshine on the faded grass and shelving hill-cuts waited. The hour, for which all their lives before had been but a dull, ticking prelude, struck loud and clear.

If Honora, in all her years of dreaming, had known what was coming, she could have been ready to give the moment its dramatic word of utterance. Many a time afterward through her life she composed the proper greeting which she ought to have given him. As it was, she put out one hand feebly and drew it back again; and finally—

“Are you looking for fossils and—things?” she said.

Galbraith put his hand involuntarily to the empty green bag which was slung on his back. “I have found nothing,” he answered.

He had found nothing for days until now; but this was all for which he had looked. Honora was a very different thing to Dallas than a pure, winning maiden is to a society-bred lover. So far, remember, he had humanized his life—not his life him. The genial, divine under-meaning of the work-day world begins to show itself to most young men in their boyish fun, in their home-life, in their glimpses of fairy-land through theatres and circuses, in hymns (not often in sermons), and later, through their love of women, art, society; but all these had always been shut out from him in the coal-pits, in Manasquan and in Albany. Honora, and the wealthy, generous life which framed and made a background, were his first open glimpses of it: they seemed to contain all that he had missed in the past empty years. She held in her hand the magic wine, ready to give him, of which his life had been drained.

So that he had gone about now for days through the hill-roads, in the hope of finding her, with much of the same awed longing, I fancy, as that with which the first of the earth's people looked to meet every day the angels who lived in the near but unattainable heaven. Only that a great, busy, merry household like Madam Galbraith's—culture, books, and a young woman, tempt-

ing in her hidden beauty and fragrance as an unsunned rosebud—would mean far more to a healthy, strong-brained man than a whole sky-full of misty angels and rest. As they ought to do.

“I did not think I would see you again,” he said, gently. “I am going to-morrow. I did not think I would see you again.” He stood far off, as if conscious of the gulf between them, never to be crossed; but he was not conscious of the untamable pleasure kindling in his eyes.

“Yes, I'm here; but I did not come for you,” hastily. “I was going home. Oh! that is not what I wanted to say!” with a sudden outburst. “I mean that I know who you are. I know all. You must come home.”

“You know who I am?”

“Dallas—Dallas Galbraith.”

“You are ill! Sit here, on this stone.”

“I am not going to fall,” stiffly erect, with both hands on the sycamore trunk; “but I'm worried. The sun makes my head ache.” And after a pause: “It was unmaidenly in me to come for you; but the ponies turned down this road. I did not think you were here.”

“Why ought you not come? You knew who I was, and you wanted to bring me home. That was right, I think.”

Honora, looking into his grave, bewildered face, felt her modesty in some way puerile and false. “Of course it was right,” she said, slowly. “Just as any man would have come for another.”

“No,” sharply; “God knows, not that!” He turned away and walked hastily down the road, leaving Miss Dundas staring after him, amazed. The slow fellow was beginning to realize what it meant that she knew who he was. If Laddoun had betrayed him out of sheer revenge, he had told her the damning secret which he was trying to put out of sight. Then, his whole life was blocked; all chance struck from him of home, work, education, and that something which he dared not name; and, instead, the foul load to carry for life which he had borne so long for another.

But it might have been Lizzy: she

was fond and foolish: she might have used this lovely lady as a lure to compel him back.

He returned with quick steps and passionate eyes. He had not seen before how lovely she was. She had taken off her cap, and the damp rings of brown hair fell loose about her neck, framing her face. There was no gross heat in Dallas' blood. The slight maidenly figure leaning against the yellow trunk did not madden him as it might coarser men, nor the soft rising color in her mobile face. But the pure womanly presence, so unknown to his life, the tenderness, weakness, the very silliness betrayed in her eyes, akin to that of the children who were so dear to him, wrung his heart with a delirious pain such as only men of his nature can feel. He had lived so much with men that the woman in Honora was a new revelation to him: his thought of her already began to change him, as the living breath which once entered into the nostrils of the dull shape of clay, and, passing through its heavy limbs, made it a man.

Honora, meanwhile, had been nerving herself, and proposed now to talk to him of this matter in the exact business-like tone which one man would use to another. That was the way in which she should have begun.

"I want you to go home this afternoon," she said. "My uncle will be in the library. You must go directly in and say to him: 'I am Dallas Galbraith.' I meant to tell him first, but—"

"How do you know me, Miss Dundas? Who told you my name?"

"Colonel Laddoun."

Galbraith did not speak for a moment. "You said," in a strained, unnatural tone, "that you 'knew all:' what did Laddoun tell you of me?"

"Only that you had worked in the coal-pits at Scranton, and had led a hard life, while I took your place; that you would not make yourself known; that you were going with Doctor Pritchard never to come back, leaving me to defraud you to the end," growing more bitter and emphatic as she went on.

Finding that Galbraith stood thought-

ful, unmindful, apparently, of her assault on herself, she added: "Colonel Laddoun is gone. He was not a man to whom I would choose to explain anything. But do you not blame me—do you? *You* can understand?" with an unconscious cadence in her voice which touched him with an electric shock.

"I understand. How could I blame you? Colonel Laddoun is gone, you say?"

"Yes; to California. He said," with an arch smile, "that you had treated him shamefully ill, but that he would do you this good turn before he left. I think," confidentially, "he is a good-natured man, after all—" her look finishing the sentence with an infinite scope of meaning.

"Yes: Laddoun is not malicious," gravely. "He is quite capable of a generous action. And he's gone!" with a deep breath of relief which a freed slave might give. The next moment he remembered that the relief was given by the knowledge that he was free to act a lie, to hide his real life from this girl before him; but he choked down that remembrance.

"We thought you were dead, you know, when I was given your place," Honora urged in an anxious tone, the idea that gnawed her conscience asserting itself again in the first pause. "I am only a poor girl: Mr. Galbraith's niece; and he adopted me. I did not know that I was an impostor. Of course," lifting her head slightly, "I am of as good a family as the Dours—that is, yours: I only meant I had no money when I said poor."

"And Madam Galbraith has educated you as her heir? Kept you from even the sight or name of evil, I have heard?"

"Yes. I believe I have been differently reared from other girls. She is very strict, you see—very strict. She does not understand little follies and faults which we weaker people have, and she counts them all crime. A stain is a stain to her. It might as well be murder as vulgarity in her code." Honora laughed as she said this. She was

strangely light-hearted and at ease already with her cousin, for so she named him to herself. It seemed as if they had been friends long ago. Her voice had fallen into the clear, fine accords with which no one but her uncle was familiar, and her eyes, too, rested on his with the magnetic sense of ease and kinship which had only belonged heretofore to her old friend.

"It grows late," she said, looking un-  
easily up at the sun. "Will you let me  
drive you to the house—home, I mean?  
though the ponies and chaise are yours  
by right," blushing with a sudden hu-  
mility.

Dallas laughed. "That Cinderella  
chariot? The ponies would turn into  
mice out of sheer dismay if such a lum-  
bering weight as I were put upon  
them."

"Then you shall walk alongside,"  
eagerly. "It is not a great distance.  
I can walk five miles myself, easily.  
You must keep on just those clothes.  
They are so artistic, so picturesque, so  
different from Mr. Dour's black coats.  
What if Mr. Dour had been Tom Gal-  
braith's son!" with an appalled little  
grimace. "And you must wait outside  
of the library-door, while I go in—I may  
go in and tell my uncle?"

Galbraith smiled and came closer,  
looking down into the excited, flushed  
face and the brown eyes which grew  
darker and dimmer as she went on  
speaking:

"He is an old man—it is many years  
since his son died. I think he is very  
fond of me. I would like to go in and  
say, 'I have brought you Tom's son!'  
I have done so little to please him, and  
he has been very fond of me." She  
stopped and quietly brushed away the  
tears that had chased the smiles alto-  
gether from her eyes.

"But Madam Galbraith?" asked Dal-  
las after a pause.

Her face fell with sudden dismay.  
"Oh! I had not thought of her. I  
have not planned about her," slowly.  
"She was very fond of her son Tom,  
but—"

"But?" He was nearer now. She

was as artless and open-hearted as Matt,  
he thought. But he certainly never had  
given poor Matt the tender, amused  
smile with which he bent over her.

"I am not so sure about those clothes,"  
she said, anxiously: "Madam Galbraith  
does not care for the picturesque so much.  
They would provoke her inquiry. She  
likes to turn people over and over. And  
then she would find out how poor you  
have been."

"She will know that I have worked  
in the coal-pits," soberly.

"Would—is it necessary to tell her  
that?" coloring; adding hurriedly: "Un-  
derstand me: it is not the poverty which  
would enrage her, but the chance that  
you had been in contact with vulgar or  
vicious people. Her own son was very  
dear to her; but when he fell among  
thieves of his own choice, she passed  
him by on the other side. It is only  
fair to warn you of your dangers in the  
new country," looking up at him earn-  
estly.

Dallas crumbled the scaly bark from  
the trunk that lay between them, looking  
at the ground with dreamy, speculative  
eyes. He had not the slightest inten-  
tion to put his foot into the new country  
of which she talked. He was going  
with Pritchard in the morning: he had  
not swerved from that purpose for a  
moment. Honora and her world were  
not for him. "Vulgar and vicious." He,  
the son and heir, was an illiterate boor:  
the very names of their commonest books  
were an unknown language to him:  
there was no form of vice with which  
he had not been in loathsome contact  
for years. He meant to come back  
from Pritchard's expedition a changed  
man. Then he would go among them,  
concealing nothing of the past. But,  
meantime, there was a subtle enchant-  
ment in this unattainable world in which  
she lived. He could not help but stand  
at the gate and look in. This sun was  
bright and this chilly wind bracing: her  
clear, sympathetic voice, her old-fash-  
ioned, awkward, winning gestures, her  
foolish eagerness, were like alluring  
music sent out to tempt him to enter.  
It could do no one harm if he stood and

looked in a while. The very careless talk, this surface-touching of matters which imported so much to him, had in it something new and cheerful: a healthy light on what had before been stern and hard.

But if he came back again the man he hoped to make himself—what then? Would he ever be clean in her eyes?

"I can understand Madam Galbraith's prejudices. But you—have you the same?" he said, and then stopped abruptly. The question mattered too much to him to be dragged out so soon and lightly. But Honora shrugged her shoulders and laughed:

"I go farther than she does, perhaps. Shall we walk toward the chaise? Jack thinks it is time for me to go. It's a terrible thing to confess, but I will tell you, honestly, I have an antipathy to the poor. Yes. It's the fashion now to be radical and enthusiastic over negroes and unwashed white people. I'd be kind to them, and give any money to feed and educate them until they stood where I do. But in the meantime I'll keep my own hands and breath clean," with a wayward motion of the delicate little body.

"If you were not so young, or if you had been down in the pit, you would find it no matter for jest," said Dallas, roughly, thinking not of himself so much as the two or three innocent-faced children whom he had meant to rescue from the very door of hell. It seemed to him, while he stood listening to this sweet low voice, he was unfaithful to them. He drew involuntarily away from her.

Honora, startled and irritated, turned to him, with a dignity which in itself she felt ought to settle the matter:

"I speak with more knowledge than you think, perhaps. It is not prejudice with *me*—it is conviction. My experience is, that just in proportion as a man's outer life is stunted and degraded, his tastes lower and grow coarse and his feelings are blunted. It is not the educated class who beat their wives and fill the cock-pits down in the village, or who crowded yelling about the gallows

in the county town last week!" with a decisive pursing of her mouth which implied that that argument was closed. Finding that Dallas did not reply, she added in a sharper tone, sententiously: "I have no faith in making companions of that class. There's nothing so contagious as vice. If we want to help the poor, the firmer we stand on our own ground the stronger we will be to lift them up. That is what I tell Lizzy. Now there is a case just in point. She is our housekeeper. She is entangled with a convict in some way. Poor thing! It has been the ruin of her own life, I suspect."

She caught sight of Galbraith's keen eyes fixed on her face, and grew more bitter and strenuous from his fancied reproof:

"She has ruined her life for him? She loved him, perhaps. I would think any woman would understand that."

"I do not," sharply. "I'm no heroine. I mean, God helping me, to make myself a pure, good woman; and I'll keep out of the slough. I think Madam Galbraith was right in her treatment of her son. I never would let down the bars. If I were Lizzy, and the man were my own brother who was so covered with moral leprosy, I would help him as far as I could with such a gulf between us, but I would never call him brother again. The dearer he was to me the farther I would put him away to save myself."

Dallas walked on beside her in absolute silence. She was hot and angry—more angry that he would not reply to her—but she could think of nothing more forcible to say. Honora was just of that age when the mind is of course quite clear on all social problems, and the creed is fixed irrevocably. But the ideas in the brain, being new and feverish, are apt to rush out and parade themselves tumultuously.

Galbraith never had argued in his life, and most probably never would. He listened with a stunned, sore feeling to what seemed to him puerile, senseless cruelty. It was like the whizz of a lash which might some day draw his own

heart's blood. For the moment, their educations coming in sudden collision, the girl's presence was as repugnant to him as the touch of a dainty, malignant cat would be to a rough, stupid dog.

They walked along the road for a few paces, when, just as they reached the ponies, Honora turned on him, her face flushing crimson, her eyes indignant: "What have I done? You did not understand me!" she exclaimed, stretching out both hands. "You thought I included you in that dreadful tainted rabble down below. I never even remembered you had been poor. *You* are a Galbraith—you are one of us. You went into the coal-pits from choice!"

"I was not angry with you," said Dallas, gravely. "I did not myself remember that your words would apply to me. I was thinking of others whom I know, and of how long they must stay in the depths if it were left to you and your class to take them out."

Honora laughed. "Don't be angry with me, Cousin Dallas. I have reasoned that subject out thoroughly, and you have not. If there's one thing I do understand, it is human nature. But you have lived in the woods and mountains so long that you are visionary about men. I understand how that is," as though she gave him a good-boy pat on the head. "That is such a grand life—yours," her voice changing and her dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "A naturalist—made so by nature! I thought so the day I met you by the quarry. All other men's work seemed less sweet and clean and noble than yours. You have lived many years in the woods, have you not?"

Galbraith swung his bag to the other side, that he might come closer to her. The dogged, honest fellow quite understood now what manner of bigot she was, and intended to show her that he did so. Weighed against the hard realities of his own experience, or with Lizzy's ruined life, or even the narrow bigotry of the Manasquan fishermen, she and her shallow, unfeeling philosophy were weak and paltry. Words like those could hurt him no more, he told

himself, than the buzzing of a poor wasp which he could crush in his hand. He meant to tell her for his sole answer where he had lived and how.

If he had but done that, his life and hers would have had a different ending.

But in the instant that he stepped closer to her, Honora blushed and held out her hand. She thought he wanted to shake hands in token of forgiveness. "You know I could not have meant you," she said, smiling.

The hand was warm. The soft pulse beat against his own. Her breath for an instant touched his face: it had a faint milky smell.

That was all.

The next moment the little lady stood apart, friendly and nonchalant as before; but the great lout in the gray flannel turned from her and patted the pony like an imbecile, heaven and earth growing uncertain to him, as though he judged them through the fumes of opium.

To hold her hand in his, to feel her breath on his cheek, to sit down beside her for ever in her life of ease and comfort! He was as little akin to the foul rabble as she, and could put his foot upon their necks as well!

Five years of misery had not moved Dallas Galbraith's integrity, but at the breath of a woman it shook to its foundation.

Miss Dundas sprang lightly into the chaise. "Come!" she said.

Galbraith laid his heavy hand on the low edge: "Wait!" Whatever tumult raged within, his manner was, as usual, blunt and quiet. "I did not mean to go and claim my place when you came to me, to-day."

"No!" eagerly: "you were going as a laborer with Doctor Pritchard. You meant to cede your right to me. So heroes act, I think!"

"I would have come back to claim it some day," said downright Dallas. "But I will go with Pritchard. I have been like a lay figure all my life, dressed in one costume or another by any chance that gained power over me. The heir of the Galbraiths would be as much of

a puppet as the others. This is my first chance to make a man of myself."

"You shall not go with Doctor Pritchard!" with vehemence, clasping her hands on her knees, and bending forward. "I will not hold a false place a day longer!" Then her voice fell into that soothing, coaxing cadence which is only given to those women who are Nature's predestined wives and mothers: "Think what you are leaving. You would be welcomed as one risen from the dead. It is your home. Your mother is there—"

"Yes, my mother."

"Madam Galbraith would make herself your slave, and you would be my uncle's friend; and the whole world of books and art would be laid at your feet, if their will could bring it to you. There would not be one shadow in your way. Even Colonel Laddoun is gone, and you cannot deny that he has acted as a friend and not an enemy," with a smile. "Your kingdom is ready. You have only to enter on possession."

"And you? When I had taken your place?"

"My uncle will be my friend always," settling herself back lightly among the cushions. "And I would try to atone to you for whatever wrong I have done you," looking down into his eyes, innocently enough.

There was silence for a moment. "Why, would you turn back from my uncle and—all of us?" in a low voice.

Why would he? Laddoun was gone, all danger of detection was over. Was it a squeamish scruple in him to shrink from the perpetual mask he must wear if he took his place now? Lizzy had been outraged at his unnecessary honesty to Madam Galbraith, and even Honora herself had proposed that he should hide his poverty.

She turned toward him now, holding the reins out: "Will you take them? Will you come with me?" she said.

"Give me until to-night."

"Until to-night? Yes. Of course," with a chagrined, disappointed look, "a man could not be expected to change the whole plan of his life with a

moment's notice, for anybody. Here is my key of the green-house," taking it from her pocket: "it opens into the apple orchard. I will be in it at dusk and take you to my uncle."

"I will meet you. If I go with Doctor Pritchard, I must see my mother again," he added in a lower tone, to satisfy himself.

"Yes, one would suppose you would wish to do that," dryly. "Unless the study of coal renders you entirely superior to all human sympathies," giving the reins a petulant little jerk. "Come, Babe, it is time you and I were at home. Good-bye, Mr. Galbraith."

"Good-bye," returning her distant bow with a puzzled, anxious face. "How could I have offended her?" he said, as she drove quickly down the hill. "I wish I had Laddoun's insight into women! They are the most unaccountable—" shaking his head once or twice as he walked slowly after her, his hands behind him.

He meant to weigh his whole life now coolly, and decide. Instead, he watched the glittering rings of light on the tanned wheels of her little chariot. They were whirling her away into a joyous, affluent life which was his by right, but that the something, which had always been against him, thrust out its shadowy arm to bar him back. For it was clear to him that if he made himself known now to his family, the history of the years at Albany could never be told. He did not analyze his reasons for this certainty. He could have told his story to old James Galbraith at any moment, knowing that he would hear it with a man's quiet moderation and justice. As for the old lioness, his grandmother, Dallas smiled with the usual contempt of a young man for strong-minded women. But—there was not courage in him to declare himself a convict in that house! and then he stopped to drag out a great boulder from the clay and hurl it down the road, as a boy would do to work off some suppressed, gnawing excitement.

When he came back, a gentleman, thorough bred, "the prison smell," as

Laddoun had said, blown off him for ever, it might be different—he could face the world.

But what if he let her take him to-night, with her soft, rosy hand, and lead him in to her uncle? What if he kept his own counsel, and let the current carry him as it would? Into home, wealth and that passionate dream which he did not name. He had gone into the coal-pits for his mother's sake: had gone into the prison for Laddoun's crime. Were these things to hold him down until the day of his death?

He sat down on a patch of bronzed stubble, scratched a bit of scaly rock beside him with his thumb-nail to see if it had iron in it, and then clasped his hands about his knees and sat motionless as the tree-stumps about him. On his right was the cleft in the hills through which her glittering wheels had disappeared, and, as it happened, the sky beyond was suffused just then with a warm crystal yellow, beneath which the far-off mountains lay misty and peaceful.

There was the home to which she called him.

To the left was the road to the west, and his work. Which should he choose to-morrow? Working, he could act out himself, honest, to the last syllable: here he must force himself into a mould set by others. As for concealing that he had been a convict, the question in ethics might have been called overstrained; but Galbraith could not chop ethics about the matter: it did not come before him at all as a question of right and wrong. A church member would have said, perhaps, that God was on one side and Mammon on the other; but Dallas seldom thought of God in connection with his own small affairs, unless, with an insane blasphemy, to name Him as the something strongest "which was always against him." Of Jesus, like most men of the poorer class, he had a dreadful vague reverence; but what had He to do with his going with Pritchard? Old Luther, fighting the visible devil with brain and muscles goaded to their limit, has left the sign of the memorable con-

flict to this day; but Dallas did not even know that he was tempted.

He sat there during the long sunny afternoon. When it was over, there was a dull dizziness in his head, new to the clean-blooded fellow who never had tasted coffee or smoked tobacco. He had not taken his eyes from that golden haze which wrapped her home. He felt the touch of her fingers on his hand and the sweet breath on his cheek.

Three thousand years ago another Dallas "saw that rest was good and the land that it was pleasant, and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." The story is an old one.

But Dallas gave to his temptation and defence no high-sounding names. It was—to be himself or some one else. There was an inherent loathing in him for any sort of deception or accommodation. It went against his grain. You might as well hope for a dog to wriggle like an eel through the slime, and relish his employment. But he battled with his nature, keeping his eyes on the motionless, golden haze. "Rest was good, and the land, it was pleasant." A passionate, enervating languor, which his whole life never had known before, stole over from it to him, and wooed him to come.

The rough grit in the man (and, perhaps, the unsmoked and unliquored blood) proved too much for its subtle enchantment. Cover the fact as he would, going back meant to shoulder a lie and live in daily terror of its discovery. It meant to take up a life good for others, but which was not his. It meant, as he put it in his homely phrase, "to go to bed early in the morning and to sleep all day."

He got up at last, stifling a sigh, stretching his arms and legs to rest them. "She is a good, sweet woman, but she is nothing to me," he muttered; and then slung his bag again briskly over his shoulder and set off across the hill. The fight was over.

Long after, when he told his wife the story, she told him that he should have asked the Divine guidance. For Dallas married afterward a good, pious girl, who

learned her religion, as her alphabet, out of books.

"I didn't know much about that. But it went against the grain. A man at that age don't take naturally to artificial living. The tiller-rope pulls at a young fellow pretty strong, and generally pulls him right, no matter how the current sets."

"You never will understand, Dallas, the difference between our carnal nature and that spiritual one which comes after conversion," she said, a little testily. "No good action is acceptable in any young man who is an unbeliever. Our own righteousness is but as filthy rags."

"Very likely, my dear," said Dallas, submissively.

It did not occur to her that the same hand which raised the widow's son might now hold the tiller-rope of a wild young fellow's life; or, in Dallas' confused talk of what was natural, or "the grain," in such an one, to remember that He has "many kinds of voices in the world, and that none of them is without significance."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

DOCTOR PRITCHARD met Dallas that afternoon on the hills going back to the Indian Queen. The Professor was on foot also, and seated himself to wait for him, looking over and smelling some bits of wool.

"Good-day, Galbraith," nodding. "I saw you coming. I knew the stride of your long legs far off. Very fair specimens of Saxony these, eh? Pool's: down in the bottom."

"I don't know anything about sheep, Doctor."

"The more shame for you then, sir—yes," sorting them in his pocket-book and strapping it. "What are eyes, or ears, or any sense given to you for but feelers—suckers, to draw in knowledge of all sorts perpetually? At your age I could class a sheep by a bit of its wool, just as I can a man now by a glint of his eye; though that last needs some-

thing more than observation—a keen instinct," complacently, putting his wallet in his breast-pocket and rising.

He walked on, nimbly, beside Dallas, tapping the ground or trees with his pointed stick now and then, and whistling to himself. There was a light-hearted, rugged strength in the young fellow's face which invigorated him. They would have a pleasant companionship by and by. The old gentleman had boasted so much, in the neighborhood, of the lucky "find" he had made in Galbraith, and his own penetration about it, that he began to have a sort of fatherly affection for the lad.

"Is your kit all ready, sir? We start early in the morning, remember. I'll overlook your outfit when we reach New York, and advise you what to take. You're a novice in long marches, and, my word for it, your knapsack will be filled with trumpery. I'll—" he hesitated. "I'll advance your salary for three months in New York, so that you can be all ship-shape before starting."

"I'm obliged to you, Doctor Pritchard," heartily. "I will have use for the money in New York, though not for clothes. I thought that some little business I had to begin there must be neglected until our return. Now I can put it in shape."

"I'm glad I can serve you," said the Professor, with a pleased glance up at the young man's bright face. "New York, umph? I thought you belonged to this part of the country, Galbraith?"

"No; I am a stranger here. I have spent but a few weeks in New York, either, and that was long ago. Five years ago."

His tone betrayed a sudden and great embarrassment, which the little man noticed; and after a moment's curious pause he changed the subject with ready courtesy.

"Do you observe the cinnamon-colored vein in that rock? Now, just beneath that—"

But Dallas had slackened his pace and now stopped, putting his hand on his companion's sleeve. "One moment. I am glad you spoke of New York. I



intended to find you this evening, Doctor Pritchard, and ask you if you would not prefer to know something of my history before you took me into such close companionship. I will not go with you under false colors."

"Your history?" with surprise. "It is hardly necessary, boy," with a smile. "A young mechanic is not likely to have met with much adventure; and as for your honesty and the like, I took your face for my bond at first. I know men pretty thoroughly, I fancy."

Galbraith did not reply, and they walked on in a silence which grew more uneasy on the older man's part: he cast shrewd, furtive looks at Dallas' anxious face. "I trust to your honesty," he repeated, with meaning. "If there is any reason why you are unfit for my companionship, I believe you will not conceal it. I could not trust any man farther than that." He had a suspicion that the lad might have contracted debts and wanted more money in advance to pay them. He was annoyed and irritated, and meant to find out the worst at once.

"I am an ignorant man, as you know, but I think I am not unfit to be your companion," said Galbraith, slowly, and then was silent again until they had walked several rods. He stopped then, deliberately. "I prefer to tell you my story, Doctor Pritchard, but there is no necessity for me to do it. There is not a chance that you would find it out in any other way. There is but one man who could have betrayed me, and he is gone. I would like you to understand that, out of justice to me."

"What the devil are you telling it for, then?"

Dallas half laughed. "I hardly know. I did not mean to do it until this afternoon; but I would feel more comfortable if you knew it."

"Knew what?" irritably. He began to suspect his penetration had been deceived.

"Knew that during the three weeks I was in New York long ago I was put on my trial for a penal offence, and found guilty. Stop—hear me out," rais-

ing his hand. "I served out my time in the Albany State prison. That is all I have to accuse myself with. I was innocent. You *must* believe me. I was innocent!" for now that he had made the inner self comfortable by his confession, he recognized that his chance for making a man of himself outwardly was slipping from him for ever.

The Doctor was leaning back against the hill-side, his small features full of rage and scorn—not at Galbraith's villainy, but that he had drawn him into a mistake. "Served out your time in the Albany prison! Of course you were innocent! Was there ever a scoundrel who could not pipe that tune? Don't explain to me! I'll sift this matter to the bottom. I'll teach you to foist yourself on honest men. And drawing his salary in advance! By the Lord! Drawing his salary in advance!"

Galbraith made no answer, while the little man fumed and scolded, turning back on his first assertions with renewed zest. "Why, I've endorsed you, sir! I've talked of you far and near. I made myself accountable, as one might say, for you, and I have a jail-bird on my hands! But I'll sift the matter! You need not suppose you can dodge John Pritchard. Who was the man who could have betrayed you, did you say?"

"Colonel Laddoun. You seem to have forgotten that I have betrayed myself, and that voluntarily."

"Colonel Laddoun is gone. You took good care there should be no witness against you. He said, I remember, that he knew you thoroughly."

"Yes. No man could tell the story with more meaning than Laddoun," with a bitter smile, which exasperated Pritchard the more.

"Your sneer is singularly out of place, sir, it appears to me," with what he felt to be telling sarcasm, "inasmuch as he kept your secret. I would have been glad," with an ironical laugh, "if his consideration had extended to me also, before he permitted me to make you my companion for a year."

"It is not yet too late," said Dallas, speaking with difficulty. "You can dis-

charge me now. I—I told you in time.” He stopped abruptly.

The Professor eyed him keenly. Against his will, he had felt, through his passion, that the jail-bird, as he called him, stood higher than he—was a graver, more moderate, juster man. He saw, now, Galbraith’s effort at control, and knew, in spite of it, that the lad suffered. This chance of work was the last plank to which the poor wretch clung, perhaps.

But what man of sense, he thought, justly enough, would risk a year’s companionship with a felon? and what sort of a story was this to get abroad after he had picked out the fellow—talked, boasted of him?

“No, it is not too late,” he growled, with a decisive rap of his stick on the ground. “You are discharged. Of course you are discharged. And I am not one to change my mind about it. I never changed my mind in my life. I’m not a woman, thank God! I’ll take care that your character is known to honest men. My word for it, Evans never knew it.”

Dallas stepped in front of him as he was turning off. Disappointment had hardened his face and lowered his voice; but, after all, the heartiness and strength in them, which had first impressed Pritchard and warmed his heart to the lad, were there, and he could not be blind to them.

“You will not tell my story here, sir,” he said, sternly. “If I chose to confide it to you, because I would take no unfair advantage of you, you have no right to blast my name with it.”

“Tut! tut! You lay down the law of morality for me, do you?”

“Nor had you any right to believe one half of my assertion and set aside the other,” Dallas proceeded. “I would not have been so unjust, if I stood where you do.”

“Truly! you would not? The matter’s closed, sir,” pulling his hat on with an air of determination. “Innocent or guilty, I hardly choose to make a convict my daily associate. Not another word. The matter’s closed.” He started off down the road, every step ringing

out uncompromisingly, while Dallas stood looking after him, leaning against the rock.

At the foot of the hill the Doctor stopped, hesitated a moment and back he came, hotter, more out of breath and angrier than before.

“What is the whole of this cursed story? What do you hold it back for? Have you nothing to say for yourself, eh?”

“I was a boy, and was made a cat’s-paw of by another man. I presented a check which he had forged. It was made payable to me.”

“Where is your proof?”

“I have none,” standing erect and raising his voice. “No matter what manner of man I make of myself, I never can go back to the town where I lived and be called anything but a thief. I would rather those people believed in me as they once did, than— But what is the use of talking about it to you?”

“Don’t be so hasty, young man. There may be a great deal of use in it. So they believed in you, did they? That would be a terrible story if it was true. Not that I have the least faith in it, though. Who was the man, by the way?”

Dallas hesitated: “I will not tell you his name. Not that I want to keep his secret. I’d be glad if the whole world knew him for what he is. But what is the use? You would but doubt me the more.”

“You are the best judge of the matter, certainly. Well, good-day, Mr. Galbraith. I have quite made up my mind. You are discharged. It’s the first time my instinct ever deceived me in a man.”

“It did not deceive you now, Doctor Pritchard;” and Dallas gave a low, nervous laugh, so like a woman’s that it startled the old man. He only glowered more gloomily, however, and set off again rapidly down the hill; and this time he did not come back.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Dallas reached the Indian Queen, half an hour later, Matt met him,

breathless, at the foot of the hill. "I've been watching for you all day!" securing a hand. "You're a-going to-morrow, sure?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"They're packing up for you in there." The "they" meant Mrs. Beck and Lizzy Byrne, who came now to the window and nodded smiling, each cheek as red as a poppy leaf. She had a smoothing-iron within an inch of her chin, testing its heat. Peggy had just finished the white shirts she had been making for Dallas, and Lizzy had been helping her to "do them up." The two women had been in a fever of anxious preparation all day; for Miss Byrne had been over at the Indian Queen several times since Dallas' advent, to see her old friend, Mrs. Beck. She told her that she had many friends in common with Mr. Galbraith, and gradually seemed to share in Peggy's fervent interest in the young man.

Indeed, Mrs. Beck had confided to her husband in the barn-yard, while she was milking that very morning, that "if Miss Elizabeth was ten years younger, she thought something might come of it. She was very tidy-looking still, and it was high time she was settling."

The news of her boarder's appointment to go with Doctor Pritchard had put the good woman in an ecstasy of delight and triumph. Evans, indeed! She knew, from the first, he was none of Evans' sort; and now the United States was sending him out on their own especial business. She had no doubt that the President had had his eye on him ever since he came to the Indian Queen. She told Beck that even Miss Byrne, who was so common-sensed usually, was more excited about it than she. It was Miss Byrne who explained to her how high the position really was, and how it would bring his name into the papers, and how the eyes of the whole country would be upon him. "It would be such a splendid triumph over his enemies," she said—"such a triumph!" and was so fluttered whenever she talked of it that she was ready to cry.

When Dallas came up with Matt and sat down on the kitchen door-step open-

ing on the porch, Peggy was putting the last stitches of darning in his woolen socks, and Lizzy was stooping again over the shirt-front, white and glossy as satin paper.

"I took Beck's carpet-bag, Mr. Galbraith," said Peggy, clipping her words because of the haste of the occasion. "Yours is too small to hold a cat curled up. Them jars on the table have to go in yet. They're peach leather—dry, you see. You've got to stew it. It'll be good for a snack out on the Plains, spread on your bread. I've no doubt the Doctor'll like a bite of it too. He's a notion of good living; for, as lean as he is, you ought to have seen him drink my apple-molasses, Miss Byrne, when he come to call on Mr. Galbraith."

"We've nearly done," said Lizzy. "I think these shirts will last until you come back. If you come, as you promised, at the end of a year," looking up at him.

"I'll come at the end of the year," said Dallas.

"I don't know," broke in Matt, meditatively, "whether I'd like a shaggy pony best or not. There's gobs of ponies about hyur. I was thinking of a real crocodile in a box. D'ye hear, Mr. Galbraith?"

"Hear to the child! You'd better ask for a mocking-bird, if Mr. Galbraith means to bring you anything. Crocodile, indeed? You asked me what I'd rather have from them queer countries, sir. Well, I was thinking, since Miss Elizabeth told me of fuchsias there growin' twelve feet high and cactuses in proportion, that if you could bring an original root—you see?—I'd take the premium at the county fair, then, I reckon."

"I'll bring more roots than you'll plant," said Dallas; "and the bird for Matt." For the world was broad, he thought, and roots, and birds, and work were to be found outside of New Mexico. He had not the heart to tell these women that, instead of the honorable work over which they were glorying, he was going out to-morrow without a penny or a friend in the world. He wondered that he was not dejected himself about

it—that while he was trying to comprehend the great chance lost to him, he was wrestling with Matt with one hand, and looking into the busy, warm, little kitchen, laughing at Peggy's jokes. It seemed to Lizzy that for years he had not been so light-hearted: all his old, dry, quiet humor, which used to keep Manasquan alive, had come back to him.

"Are you so glad to go?" she said, half reproachfully, when Mrs. Beck had gone out: "One would think you had your fate in your own hands at last, and could make yourself what you pleased."

"I have less reason to be glad than you suppose. But the world is young, and so am I."

"Yes, that is true, Dallas."

"There is no use in moping and whining over a rough tumble at the outset." He had dropped his load somehow, she saw, and was exhilarated as a boy with this odd setting forth so late in life to seek, not fortune, but education.

"I will stay all night, Dallas," she said. "I would like to be the last to bid you God-speed, in the morning."

"I am glad of that, Lizzy," his eyes sparkling. "I have some faith in omens, after all."

"Yes, Miss Byrne will stay," bustled in Mrs. Beck, catching the last words. "Beck's arranged to take a half day tomorrow, and we'll all have breakfast together, and see you off regularly. Maybe now, you'd rather have had the chickens and waffles for supper to-night? They're just as easy cooked as not. It would seem more like a feast; but I doubted if Matt'd hold out so late, and you're never contented without the boy."

"No. I'll not be separated from my chum when the time for the last chicken comes, you may be sure. Besides, I cannot stay at home this evening," rising hastily. "I have a—a person to meet, on business, at nightfall. I will not be late. I have but a few words to say."

"I'll tell Wash to saddle the old mare," said Mrs. Beck, as he ran up the stairs to clean away the dust.

"No, no. I can outwalk Jinny any day," he called back, and a moment

afterward they heard him tramping hurriedly to and fro overhead.

"I wonder who the 'person' is?" said Peggy, drawing down her brows over her darning. "He's great at making friends for as silent a man—Mr. Galbraith. There's hardly an evenin' that a batch of the men from the quarry ain't up, talkin' over their affairs to him. People's drawn to him nateral-like. As for Beck, he's told him more of his early life than ever he did me, for as long as I've been his wife. Gracious!" as Dallas appeared again, freshly dressed: "goin' out in gray flannel again! These white shirts is aired as dry as a bone. I'd go out as become me—once. I'd let 'em see you was employed by the government. Them's your quarry clothes, Mr. Galbraith. Jest slip on one of these new ones, now."

Dallas hesitated: "The gray are quite clean, and some people—artists—would like this dress best." But he waited a moment, uneasily pushing back his short hair before he put on his cap. Up stairs he had stood, for the first time in his life, perhaps, critically looking at himself in the square little mirror. There was no help for it! He was hopelessly big, and bony, and homely.

"Well, what does it matter?" he said, cheerfully. "Who will look at the flannel, after all—or at me?" giving Matt a final toss as he went out, calling back good-night, and that they were not to wait for him. Lizzy followed him to the door to look after him, her eyes full of motherly pride: no man ever had so much purity and vigor in his face as her boy, she thought.

"Jest see how he goes!" said Peggy, coming to her elbow. "These young ones think they can carry the world on their shoulders! Dear! dear! Much they know of life! If you'll just take his things in the other room, Miss Lizzy, I'll have supper ready in no time."

Lizzy obeyed, a little annoyed. What right had Peggy to complain and talk about wants in life? watching the hearty little woman going about, swiftly bringing order out of confusion. Hadn't she a husband and child that she loved, and a

little house of her own? Presently the table was set, the egg stirred into the coffee, the sausages frying on the side of the fire. Peggy disappeared, and coming back in a new blue calico gown, sat down to rock Matt to sleep in her arms, big boy as he was. The evening light slanted in warmly: Matt was a clean, pretty little chap: his mother's face was young and bright: the picture had a certain homely beauty of its own. It touched poor Lizzy with a sense of hunger and desolation. She had missed her birthright of love, and home, and child. One could bear, she thought, to be always the broken thread in the web, the solitary looker-in at the home-picture, if one had but a dream of their own to hide and be comforted withal. But her dream, the nauseating story of moonlight and ebbing tide, by this time, made her only sick to remember.

A sudden fancy seized her. What if she went back to Manasquan and waited there while Galbraith was gone? There, at least, was home. She could have her own seat by her own fire, and cozy little suppers, too, which old friends, who knew her when she was a baby, would come and eat with her. Jim Van Zeldt sometimes. Poor Jim! She gave a melancholy smile: Well, well! Every heart knew its own weight; and it would not make her less tender with him to feel that she had made his so heavy. If he came to sit with her, sometimes, they would keep silence for ever on this old wound, and by and by it would be healed, and they would grow to be old, gray friends. It seemed to her very like a poem or a novel, the picture of them both sitting quietly on either side of the hearth, year after year, with this secret between them. This space that never might be passed, and the sea sounding in the distance like a wail over that which might have been and never was.

The melancholy "situation" pleased Lizzy, who was, as we know, sensible and practical beyond all women: it put her unconsciously in a thoroughly good humor. With this vision of Van Zeldt, made miserable for life by her, and sitting night after night until he grew gray con-

templating his misery, she did not feel herself utterly cut adrift, or that she had lost her birthright among women. When Beck came in to supper, he found Matt snugly tucked away in bed, and Miss Byrne in the best spirits, drawing the flaky biscuits from the oven, while Peggy made the coffee.

"This is hearty!" he said, giving Peggy a sounding kiss, and then they sat down as snug and cozy as could be. Lizzy quoted to herself something about "harts ungalled," looking at Peggy, and how some may laugh, and some must weep, and that so runs the world away. But she ate very heartily of the biscuit and sausage, being hungry; and was, Mr. Beck said that night, for a wonder, the best of company: he always thought her, before, as dry as a chip.

Familiar as Galbraith was, by this time, with the shortest roads leading to his grandfather's house, it was dusk before he came in sight of the long rows of glittering windows with their background of mountain, and the unrolling, ash-colored drifts of smoke overhead. He stopped at the great gate to take out the key which Honora had given him, and at the moment a man's footsteps came down the carriage-road within, stumbling over first a boulder and then a stump, and Doctor Pritchard's wiry voice broke out in an unwonted oath.

On he came, grumbling: "Just what might be looked for under that woman's management! Slipshod and violent! If her horses know how to double these snags, they have more wit than herself! So, ho! You're here, eh?" with a sort of snarl, which had in it something of mortification. He stopped, held the open gate with one hand and barred the way, looking up steadily at Galbraith.

"Well, I'm not sorry, on the whole, to have met you. I've made up my mind to say nothing of that matter before I go: I've been thinking it over. I believe you're repentant, and God forbid I'd throw a stone in the way of any man who is trying to get back to the right road." His sandy eyebrows

twitched, and his contracted eyes were fixed on Dallas.

"I am not repentant," broke in the young fellow, roughly. "Unless you force me to repent of my stupidity in telling my story to you. The truth must have been rare in your life, Doctor Pritchard, you know so little how to use it."

"So you bandy words about it, do you?" putting out his hand to stop him; and when Dallas paused, remaining uneasily silent for a moment. "I tell you, young man, I have not been vexed in this way for years! I never was deceived before in a man when I relied on instinct. There's not a line in your face that will warrant you in being a humbug. I've been in at the Stonepost Farm-house. I've been talking to old James Galbraith about you."

"You have been there? Did you tell my story to James Galbraith?" said Dallas, in an altered voice, and suddenly standing still.

"I did not tell it. I—well, I cannot rid myself of likings and prejudices so easily as some men. I found that Mr. Galbraith was impressed by you as I had been, though he's crotchety—a phrenologist. I don't wait to rap on a man's skull to know if I trust him or not. Well—good-bye, Galbraith, good-bye!" making way for him to pass as hastily as he had detained him. "I believe you are truly repentant. I will keep your secret. I will leave this place in the morning, never to return, in all probability, and if you can make friends here, I'll not stand in your way."

"Good-bye, Doctor Pritchard." Dallas looked after the jerky, lean figure going down the road with a wrench at his heart. It was the first friend he had gained since he began his new life—gained and lost. The Professor, on his part, walked quickly, uncertainly, a few steps, then slackened his pace: "I do not believe the fellow will stay here when I'm gone, to be disgraced by having been left in the lurch. I wonder if he has any friends in the world. He's reformed—if he ever was guilty. Tut! tut!" and secretly rating John Pritchard

for a fool, he hurried on to the brow of the next hill. Then it occurred to him to wish that he had heard Galbraith's story through, at any rate: he hesitated, half turned back, peering down into the gathering twilight. But he was too late: the road was vacant; and the Doctor went gravely on to his lodging in the village.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

DALLAS, passing among the crooked apple trees in the orchard, came direct to a long, low parallelogram of a house with glass sides that ran along the upper edge. He never had seen forcing or green-houses, but he thought that this must be one. Unlocking the door, he entered, stumbled over the crocks in a dark tool-house, and then—came into fairyland. Two or three lamps made a haze like moonlight over the rising levels of flowers and orchids which stretched into far-off shadows. It was a new experience to Galbraith. Outside was foggy, nipping November: within, the dim, suggestive lights of a damp, sultry summer night, its passionate perfumes and rank green foliage, which here and there took a soul to itself in a sudden flame of scarlet blossoms or white lilies.

Now, it was certainly not Madam Galbraith's habit to light her greenhouse with the chamber lamps. If Honora had not been, in her own opinion, so practical and thoroughly honest a young woman, one might have suspected her of "setting the stage."

*Scene*—FAIRYLAND. *Enter* TITANIA.

If she had done it, she chose her audience badly. For a moment Dallas stood bewildered with the enchantment of color and fragrance, "over-canopied with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;" then he pushed his hat back on his head and thrust his hands into his pockets, going about with a puzzled, eager whistle, peering—not at the flowers, but the earth in which they grew.

Musk-roses did not belong to November; and here was the gray moss of the sea-woods, which could not possibly take root in this alluvial soil; and the knobby prickle-bush of the Jersey sands, which never would flower for him, bursting into a glory of red, voluptuous flowers; and those must be the Japan lilies, and that the famous Espiritu-Santo flower, of which he had read, but never hoped to see. All these in summer bloom in November among the Ohio hills! As for enchantment, or a possible Titania, that was hardly within the scope of Dallas' brain.

"So money can do this, eh? *Money!*" was what he said, with a transient fancy that it was hardly worth while to waste years in search of knowledge in Mexico and Japan, when a hand stretched out full of dollars could bring Mexico and Japan under his nose. All seasons of the year in one.

Now, Honora was waiting in the dark behind the little glass door in the corner. She had had time to realize the crisis in life which this night was to herself and him; and I leave it to any woman if it was not unbearable, at the very moment when she was going to appear like the fairy queen to usher him into his inheritance and make herself a beggar, to see this fellow go sniffing and thrusting his fingers into a parcel of pots, muttering, "One-third loam; one, wood-ashes; the remainder—what the deuce is the remainder?"

"The man was a machine—a log!" Honora was not the first woman who had said so.

"He would surely recollect why he had come in a minute, however;" and she waited, smiling, her hand on the latch. But when, so far from recollecting anything about it, he pressed on through the flowers into the forcing-room and prodded and tested *that* earth, and then stood spell-bound over the beds of miserable little sprouts, she opened the latch with a snap and came down into fairyland. He neither saw nor heard her, though he had turned back again and was stooping over an aquarium. What could he find in the forlorn

perch and sun-fish to bring such eagerness into his eyes or the hard, compressed look into his mouth?

"Do you understand the language of the fishes as well as of the rocks, Mr. Galbraith? They are mine, but I always found them tiresome enough," with the impatient snap of the latch echoing in her voice.

Dallas started and looked up. He never had seen any vision like that of the young girl that stood before him, her unassertant beauty thrown into relief by the art of rose-colored drapery and delicate laces. She knew that he had not, and that as long as he lived the picture would be one which he would remember. But Dallas had his own old-fashioned, self-taught notions of deference, and after the first glance of wondering delight he bowed to her gravely and turned back to his fishes.

"It is quite new to me—this contrivance for studying their habits," he said. "And there is a balance of animal and vegetable life here that is curious and admirable. It is all a new world to me," with a look which comprised the forcing-rooms, flowers, and Honora fancied, herself.

"Is it?" with a pleased little flutter. "I thought you would like it! You are coming to claim your birthright, you know; coming to take your place for life among us; and it would never do for that to happen in the dining-room among the dishes, for instance, or the parlor. You are a naturalist; so I thought this was the proper place for you to come home. Nature welcoming you back, I thought. Now, if Madam Galbraith knew, she'd as soon as not meet you—well, on the stairs. What were you thinking of, looking at those fishes? Could you tell me?"

To her surprise, Dallas hesitated. "I would rather not have told you, Miss Dundas; but it does not matter. I was thinking of all that money was worth to a man. I never understood it as I have done since I came into this house to-night."

"Money?" said Honora, bewildered. "They are not worth so much—these."

with a slighting motion of her hand toward the flowers.

"No, I suppose not," thoughtfully. "But it is the facility for study; as if science was mapped out and brought under your very eyes—put into your hand. You do not know how new it all is to me, Miss Dundas," with an embarrassed laugh, which died into sudden silence.

"These plants and tanks, and the knowledge of which they are hints, are commonplace things to you, but they are like glimpses to me of a world where I never have been," Dallas said after a while, in a heavy, unwilling tone, as though the words were forced out by some uncontrollable mental pressure. "A world where knowledge is the very air you breathe. You, and men and women like you, were born in it. I did not know, until to-night, how far outside I was;" and again his eyes turned from the face before him with an indescribable, wistful, hungry look about him, as though measuring the life which he had missed and the few years left in which to master it.

"You—you overrate the distance between us, Mr. Galbraith," said Honora, awkwardly. "These things seem very insignificant to me."

"Because you are used to their meanings. I am a very ignorant man, Miss Dundas. To-night I feel as a man might who had spent his life in making brick, when he sees a great, finished temple for the first time."

Honora understood him. She turned away, pretending to pick the dead leaves from a bush, feeling that he forgot her presence as soon as he had done speaking. For a man to live to that age and find himself to be ignorant—hopelessly behind all other men—then the sting would enter the soul, she thought. As she snipped the leaves away, this loss and pain of Dallas' seemed to be more to her than any of her own which she had ever known. Her breast began to throb and the scalding tears swelled to her eyes. That frightened her. What ailed her? What was Dallas Galbraith to her? Why should she, with her

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French ideas of decorum, have met him here alone—have taken his fate into her own hands? It was now as if his soul was her soul, the mere thought of his loss wrenched her with such sharp pain; for the tears were bitter, wrung themselves out of her very heart. She never had made even her uncle's inner self her own in this fashion.

The terror of that consciousness which comes to every woman some time in life overtook Honora. She hid from it. She would not name it to herself. "Dallas Galbraith is nothing to me—nothing to me! I brought him here for love of justice—to give him his place—to make myself a beggar," she told herself, vehemently. Presently she turned to him: she thought he did not look at her, but Dallas knew that all the flush and sparkle had died out in her; saw even the clutch with which her fingers held on the bench at her side. He was as sensitive to a change in her mood or looks, and as stolidly dumb about it, as that flowerless cactus was to the heat and shadows of the sun which warmed it.

It was a lucky fancy, she thought, to bring him here. If he had determined to persevere in his stupid resolve not to make himself known, the signs of wealth in-doors would not have touched or tempted him; but here the grappling-hooks had taken a firm hold of him.

"You understand now," she said, "what wealth will give you. With money a man can educate—can make himself what he will."

"I do understand. It is a great power. The man is a fool who slights it."

He stood in the door which swung open into the orchard as he spoke, looking gravely out into the gathering twilight. Honora, a step or two within, waited. When he glanced hurriedly in, the tempered silvery light, the green distance, the lilies and perfume, the woman's delicate figure draped in rose-colored mist, and her face, which gave life to the whole, all seemed to wait for him, expectant, alluring, eager. It was but to keep silence about that one foul misadventure—to lie, it might be, once or twice, and to enter on



possession of what was to him a royal inheritance. Within there, knowledge would come in the very air, breathed in the midst of ease and luxury. Within, there would be a chance—poor, improbable, but yet a chance—to win her.

Without, there was an aimless journey into the world, without a penny in his pocket or a friendly face to meet, to conquer knowledge in poor, meagre morsels, struggling for life at the same time.

There was an undue share of mulish perverseness in Galbraith's blood. At this prospect, without any show of reason, his muscles stiffened and he began to breathe free. Honora and her world became less fair to him.

"Will you come in?" she said, softly. "Home is waiting for you. It will be the old story of the prince found among the herdsmen. But we will keep the secret to ourselves of the coal-pits at Scranton," growing hurried and unsteady when she saw that he did not move. She remembered then that the choice for him to make was for life, and stood silent. Once she half held out her hand, and then let it fall, trembling. It mattered more to her life than his, she thought, after all, whether he went away. When he remained silent, looking out steadily, she spoke to him again: "Will you come in?"

"No," slowly, looking her in the face as he spoke. "It is not home to me. I will come back when I am fit to take my place among you."

She shook her head: "You will never come; or it will be too late. Death may come to any of us."

"And you may be gone. You will do as other women do—marry."

"That may be," with a laugh, but growing suddenly pale.

"It would be but natural," with a long breath, turning away. He was grave and stern, as though it was his own death and not life he was planning.

"If you have decided to follow your whim, then, and go—"

"It is not a whim," slowly. "It seems even to me like the choice of a madman. You suppose I do not know what I am giving up. I do know.

Chances which—which you would never think of, Miss Dundas. These things matter more to a man than a woman."

"You have your own reasons, doubtless," coldly.

"I have this reason," turning to her quickly: "I have not moral courage nor strength enough now to live among you and be myself—to tell my own story honestly and boldly. Later, it may be different. If it is not, I never will return. And then there is a sort of gloss and polish over all the world you live in—an imitation of each other, a hiding of one's self. It is hateful to me; but if I went among you now, I know that I would try to gain it. I would begin to borrow my opinions on this side and on that. I would soon be quite contented to smother up all my past life for ever."

Honora listened intently. "Am I false and factitious?" she said, leaning forward in her eagerness for his reply.

Dallas hesitated. But the sincere eyes before him commanded the answer: "I had an odd feeling about you, Miss Dundas, since the day I first met you," he said, smiling. "Something of that with which one wants to strip the husk and silk from an ear of corn and find the kernel inside. But the husk and silk with you—"

"Are borrowed. Now that is true!" earnestly. "I've tried to give myself a good character so long, you understand. I did not suspect you of shrewdness. But no matter! Have you told me all of your reasons for going?"

"No. I have been hampered all my life, and I want to feel my own feet under me. I would rather earn my bread and butter than sit down as your new-found prince to have my lap filled with gold. And I believe I would rather, when it comes to the choice, hammer out for myself bits of knowledge up on the hills yonder than receive it all here without any effort. It is a vain and a doltish feeling, but I must work it out. I am a born boor, perhaps."

"Then that is all. I can do no more," said Honora.

"If it is possible, I wish to see my mother before I go."

"She is not here. Colonel Pervis drove her to town this morning. She will be back to-morrow."

They both were silent after that. There was no reason why Dallas should stay longer. His choice was made. Honora, drawn back a little, her eyes dropped on the floor, waited, he thought, only to say good-bye. But he did not say good-bye. He never knew, afterward, how long he stood there, or of what he thought as he gazed at the downcast face. She knew, without looking at him, and turned from him with a shiver:

"I must leave you now. If you will go?"

"Yes, I will go."

"Do you wish me to keep your secret?"

"Yes: until I come back."

A faint heat began to rise in Honora's cheeks. If she could not take this hero by the hand and lead him in to her uncle, it was something to know that he had gone out like an old Crusader into the world seeking the true knighthood—something to hold his secret in her hand, a tie between themselves alone, some day to draw him gently back to claim his own. It was romance and mystery enough to comfort any woman.

"You may trust me," she said, in a whisper, a precaution which she had neglected before.

Another silence, in which he waited. But still she did not look at him.

"When will you come back?"

"In a year. I will try what strength I have, and if I succeed, I will come and claim my place."

"If you do not succeed?"

"Then I will come to you to say farewell, Miss Dundas, for ever. I will ask you to forget that I ever crossed your path."

He came closer to her, involuntarily, as he spoke. The dreadful constraint and weight which oppressed him whenever he tried to drag his secret thoughts to the light were upon him. He looked down from his grave, square height on Honora where she stood: her hands were clasped and resting on a heap of

dead moss. They were so bloodless that he wondered, vaguely, if they were not icy cold, and went on hurriedly stumbling through his words: "You must not think I have not seen the sacrifice you would have made. I am not so ignorant that a noble, true woman—"

There he stopped. Her bosom was heaving, her chin quivering as Matt's did when he choked back the tears. Galbraith made one step that brought him beside her. Could it be that it cost her anything for him to go?

The white, cold hands were very near him. He clasped his own behind him resolutely. He had no thought of her as the beautiful, richly-dressed lady; but he did remember that the taint of the prison was on his flesh, and until she knew it he had no right to touch her.

"I will keep your secret," she said, "and a year from now I will look for you to come back. Good-bye, Cousin Dallas." She held out her hand, and when he did not take it looked wonderingly up at him.

Poor Dallas! All that he knew was the face upturned to his. He had failed to recognize the fairy queen in her elaborate silken sheen. A woman was a woman to him; and in this swift moment he absorbed every trifling detail that set this one apart from others, and gathered it all into his honest, stupid heart, to feed on hereafter. This gown she wore, he thought, was the very color of the inside of the shells he used to find at low tide; and her eyes were dark and brown as the kelp washed up on the shore: the old friendly Manasquan life came up as the echo of a far-off home-song. Her eyes were full of tears. She was very near to him—nearer than any living being. On the night he first saw her he knew that, when, from the world from which he was shut out, she had held her hand down to him. Before he came back, she would marry—in her own class. Not a convict.

But with the quiet assurance of real love, he knew himself to be near to her—nearer to her than any other man could ever be. Now, he was intolerably alone;

—the old stain would shut him for ever into a solitary life.

“Good-bye,” she said.

For his answer he took her in his arms and kissed her.

He quickly put her down, white with indignation, and drew back from her. “You think me rude and vulgar. I am sorry. I could not help it.” He added earnestly: “It does not seem wrong or vulgar to me.”

Honora made an imperious gesture of dismissal: “Go! I—I am sorry.”

These words went like a knife to Galbraith’s heart. She had trusted him as an equal, and now she thought him a boor. He looked at her a moment sorrowfully enough, bowed without speaking, and went slowly down the hill. “But I was not wrong nor vulgar,” he said, doggedly to himself. While Honora, when he was gone, buried her face in her hands and laughed hysterically. Could Colonel Pervis or Mr. Dour have done this thing? But they were thorough-bred—gentlemen. How could one know what to expect from a wild man of the woods? It was as if one had laid hold on Behemoth; and then she sat down among the flower-pots and sobbed and cried until her heart was sick.

The Indian Queen, long before Galbraith’s return, was sound asleep in the moonlight. Even Turk, the watch-dog, who regarded robbers as one of the illusions of his youth, was as usual stretched on the porch snoring, his head between his paws. Dallas sat down on the mossy pump-trough: his brain was on fire, the close air of the house choked him. Why should a man be shut up in a box until after he was dead? After all, any house was a jail! He must have the free air to think over his future life clearly. But he did not think at all. That he ought to be miserable was plain enough. No man could be in a worse case. Tomorrow he must go out to face the world, penniless and untaught, with the leprous mark of the prison upon him, awaking suspicion against him in the kindest, broadest, human sympathy. The woman who already counted for more than

all the world to him he had driven from him, to-night, irretrievably.

“It is a dark day,” said Dallas.

There was heat in the man’s long jaws which had not been there since the old Manasquan days. The grave, dark-blue eyes were sparkling and alive. “Hillo, Turk!” he called; and when the dog came sleepily to him he pulled him up and wrestled with him, laughing, and with no gentle hand, as if life, and youth, and good-fellowship were brimful in his heart, and he must find some living thing to caress, if it were but a dog. When Turk went off again, surly, to his nap, Galbraith stood up, stretching his long arms restlessly, looking down the road and then up at the sky. He could not sleep. Of all his strong, brawny body there was but one conscious point—his mouth, on which a touch lay light and warm. Had he found in it to-night that cordial which his hard early life had never tasted? Or was he simply one of those men who never know when fate has worsted them?

However that may be, the Dallas Galbraith who walked vehemently up the hill to the woods, only to throw himself down under a beech tree, was ten years a younger man than the one who had gone out from the Indian Queen this morning. The luck which was against him had vanished out of his sight. As for the disaster that closed in upon him on every side, the thought of it only roused in him the hot, buoyant glow with which he used to fight his way along the beach through the nor’easters that wet him to the skin. He was going to live out of doors now, thank God! He had done with houses. He began to troll out one of the old fishing-songs, and his magnificent voice echoed through the woods like a trumpet-note of victory. He was so busy with his own fancies and his song that he did not hear the rolling wheels of a buggy on the road.

“Ho, Galbraith! Galbraith! There’s nobody fool enough to be shouting in the woods at midnight but that fellow! Galbraith, I say!”

The shouting suddenly ceased, and in

a moment Dallas came down into the road, falling into his usual grave composure when he saw who had summoned him.

"You are late abroad, Doctor Pritchard?" resting his hand on the whip-rest of the buggy.

"Yes; but the night is the same as the day to me. It will be to you when you are as old a campaigner. I—I'm afraid we will have rain to-morrow."

"It is likely."

"Yes; those woolly clouds are a bad sign." Then the Doctor flicked his whip, and finding a knot in the lash picked it out, while Dallas watched him. He could not help it that his heart beat fast or his breath choked him. What if the road was going to open level before his feet? What if, after all the fierce temptation, he had done right and yet not lost his chance?

"I drove over purposely to see you, Galbraith," hesitated the Doctor.

Dallas nodded in silence.

"I was going to the Indian Queen, but I heard you up there. You must carry a light heart, liltin in that fashion in the middle of the night. Well, I've been thinking over that matter—the story you told me, eh?"

Dallas stroked the old horse softly.

"I'm glad to find you are in a better mood, Galbraith. You were angry and disrespectful this morning. A young man, first of all, should master his temper. You prevented me from seeing the thing clearly. Now, when I came to think it over—"

"You determined to trust me," quietly suggested Dallas when the pause grew awkward. "I do not think you will repent it."

"I have determined to trust myself," hastily. "I never found my judgment mislead me yet. And Mr. Galbraith has formed the same opinion of you; though that weighs but little with me. He's a phrenologist. 'There was Colonel Lad-doun—as clever, gentlemanly a fellow as ever lived—yet the Galbraiths would have none of him. No: James Galbraith's opinion does not count for much with me. But I've determined to risk

it all on my judgment of your face, Galbraith. Convict or not, I'll take you with me to-morrow, if you will go." The respect which he felt for the young man betrayed itself involuntarily in his tone more than his words.

"Yes, I will go. I am glad you trusted me." There was a heartiness and feeling in his voice which took the Doctor by assault.

"Give me your hand, boy!" suddenly, stooping forward. "I believe your story, every syllable. Some men have damnable usage in this world. I'll do what I can to set it right for you."

The men shook hands, and then, as men do when a word of earnest feeling escapes them, began, in a hasty, ashamed way, to talk of the horse and the chances of rain. "We'll make an early start," said Pritchard. "I'll take this road and call for you at the Queen by eight o'clock—sharp. Well, good-bye," pulling his reins. "Don't leave your voice behind you, either. It's good company on a long day's tramp—a tenor voice like your's. I know; I have heard good music in my time. Well, good-night!" looking back, after he had driven a little way, with a nod and smile again to reassure the young fellow.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

MR. DOUR, the next morning, rose as usual with the dawn, for the young man was in reality a hard-plodding student. Gerty, as fresh and sweet as a spice-pink, always was the first of the household to break in on him in the library; but to-day Miss Dundas came in for a book. Paul sprang to meet her, persuading himself he was glad of the rare chance, for his suit was lagging in this quarter; but Miss Dundas was pre-occupied and grave, in haste to get a book from the top shelf, which proved to be Humboldt's "Cosmos," and two or three others which she thought she would need for reference. She was as worn and her eyes were as sunken as though she had spent all night over

them. She was a very homely young woman, Dour thought, as she went out loaded, and he took up his book again; and then he dropped it, considering whether brain-power did or did not tend to injure the ideal woman, and whether women were not, after all, only meant to furnish the element of repose in this hurly-burly of life, to caress away care from their husband's brows, and to bring up children.

Mr. Galbraith laid down his paper when Honora came into his little study and began to sweep the sewing from her own table in the corner and to pile up her books. He could read the titles from where he sat.

"Are you going to study, my dear?"

"I thought I'd try and learn—something," with a despairing energy, sitting down with her chin in her hands, and beginning at the first chapter. The clock ticked for half an hour before she spoke.

"I've laid out a system for myself, uncle. Do you think, if I read and took notes, and all that, I could make myself worth anything in—well, in a year?"

"It is probable. Have you had an especial call toward the natural sciences?"

There was a little pause: "One must begin somewhere. That seems to be the only knowledge of weight. Languages and metaphysics—that sort of indoors learning makes men like Mr. Dour."

"And farming and hunting, men like Colonel Pervis."

"I would be very sorry for the world if they were the only types of men—very sorry, indeed!" tartly, dropping her forehead in her hands and going to work again.

Mrs. Rattlin, at breakfast, suggested that Honora "looked poorly. Most young girls had something in their spines. A white of egg, now, beaten up in raw whisky, was excellent before meals." Madam Galbraith growled assent, and looked keenly at her niece from under her shaggy brows, as though she saw a change in her deeper than the dark scoring under the eyes. The eyes them-

selves were full of meaning, steady and reticent as never before. The shy awkwardness had given place to a languid grace, which had a subtle charm for the eyes of the old lady. When she spoke to the people about her, she neither stammered nor hesitated as usual, but it was as indifferently as if they belonged to a world to which she had long since bidden good-bye. Her very voice was new to Madam Galbraith—natural, and with clear, fine cadences.

"What has altered Honora?" she demanded sharply of her husband, after breakfast. "There's a peculiar steadiness that comes to a woman when she is married or betrothed. I see it in her now. She has done with copying others. She is herself for the rest of her life. What has she been doing?"

"I do not know, Hannah. Studying Humboldt, I believe," tranquilly.

"Some one ought to know," anxiously. "I must take better care of the child."

The old gentleman lighted a cigar and went out to the garden walk, looking in each time that he passed the window at the light flickering over his darling's head, bent again over the books. The change in her face was that of a beautiful life dawning out of chaos, he thought, and went on turning his wife's rough idea over in his fanciful way. Love coming in to a woman's nature was like the last stroke of an artist's pencil to the landscape; there was the background waiting—a bit of heaven and a bit of earth: promise of summer or promise of storms. Then the solitary human figure came in, and the motionless drama took instant life, shape, meaning. The picture was finished for ever. Time would make no essential change—only to dim the hues, perhaps. Having finished his cigar and his meditation together, he went up to the window and opened it:

"Are Babe and I left out of the plans for the year? Come and ride with me, Nora."

"I don't think I have time. You see, uncle, I have been living in a world where knowledge was the very air I

breathed; and you have no idea how dumb I am. My head does ache horribly!" giving the "Cosmos" a push and coming to the window.

"Yes; go put on your habit. I am going down the river-road. I will meet Doctor Pritchard somewhere there, and bid him good-bye."

Honora put up both hands to shelter her face from the sun. "No, I will not ride this morning," in a low voice.

Mr. Galbraith pulled his spectacles down over his eyes to look at her. "The air is from the mountains," he persisted. "I thought it would be but friendly to meet Pritchard and bid him God-speed. It is a long, dangerous journey the foolish old fellow has undertaken."

"You had better go with your uncle, Honora," said Mrs. Rattlin, who came up just then, patting her on the shoulder in her motherly way.

But, to her dismay, the tears began to roll down the girl's pale cheeks. "I wish you would not worry me, uncle!" she sobbed. "How could you ask me to do that? How could you? I did not know it was a dangerous journey."

"Go take your ride, Mr. Galbraith," said Mrs. Rattlin, quietly. "Don't be uneasy about Honora. It's her spine. Girls are all weakly, nervous things now-a-days. Go and lie down a while, Honora dear."

But Honora slipped away from them both, and went down, slowly, to the garden—to the orchard—into the greenhouse. As she watched her uncle's horse coming to the door, ready for him to mount, the tears dried and her face began to burn hot as the cactus-blooms behind her. In a little while he would be on the hill-road, where Doctor Pritchard must pass.

A quarter of an hour afterward, when Mr. Galbraith stopped his horse to unfasten the gate, there stood Miss Dundas waiting, eyes and cheeks aflame.

"I cut some flowers for you, uncle."

Mr. Galbraith saw that his greenhouse had been altogether rifled. "But I like out-door flowers best, you know, Nora."

"You need not keep them then," eagerly. "Give them to your friend, Doctor Pritchard, if you choose."

"From you, Honora?"

"No, uncle. My name must not be mentioned there," with sudden emphatic gravity.

After Mr. Galbraith's horse had trotted down the road, she leaned a long time on the gate, thinking. She was sure that Dallas would guess that she had cut the flowers for her uncle. She pictured him, gaunt and hollow-eyed, this morning, at the thought of her displeasure, manœuvring to possess himself of one—hiding it, wearing it, as a knight of old was wont to wear his lady's colors, until he came back at the end of the year, having won his golden spurs, to claim—his own.

Dallas at that moment was finishing his breakfast. He always liked a hearty breakfast. It was a question whether he or Matt had done most justice to the chickens, and waffles, and cream-gravy. As for Lizzy and Mrs. Beck, they ate but little, and with that little Peggy literally mingled her tears. Mr. Beck, last night, had given them vague ideas of the vast wildernesses waiting to be explored by Dallas, and they had sat up until near dawn to talk of it.

"Miss Byrne took it worse than my wife," said Beck, when they went up for Galbraith's luggage. "One 'ud think your road was beset by cannibals, by the way she watches you. Women beats all. If you stick an idee in their heads as bare as a broom-stick, they'll have it up and flourishin' like a green bay tree in no time."

"I don't know much about them," said Galbraith, indifferently. He had no time to speculate on women or their idiosyncrasies. There were some bits of rock which he wanted to take with him for comparison, and he had not yet chosen them. He began to choose and pack them now.

Now that he had his work in hand, it was curious how the image of Honora, over which he had been brooding for

days, faded far into the background. A beautiful dream, to be summoned in lonely hours, perhaps; but now the spar must be packed. There were no hollows about his eyes. Ten minutes after he had found his work for life was ready for him last night, he had lain down and slept soundly. It made Lizzy angry to know that he was sleeping like a log in the next room.

"Now, that is the difference between men and women," she said.

"Why, it is only for a year, Lizzy," he said, wringing her hand good-bye, when Doctor Pritchard came at last, and Beck and Washington were storing away the valise in the buggy.

"Only a year! Oh, Dallas! But a year is nothing to you. You will inherit a great fortune—you will marry—"

"No woman would marry a convict. There is no need to remind me of that," sternly.

"There is no need to tell her," eagerly.

"I've no time to be thinking of marriage now, Lizzy. Good-bye—God bless you! I don't forget all you've done for me."

"Time's up, Galbraith!" shouted the Doctor. He was looking down with dismay at Mrs. Beck's store of luncheon and jam jars.

Dallas nodded, packing them in. "Hush. Humor her. We can throw it out easily enough. One moment;" and he ran back to leave a package in his room for Matt.

In that moment Doctor Pritchard saw Mr. Galbraith ride up, quickly, over the brow of the hill, and he drove on to speak to him. He fancied the old gentleman was curiously distraught and anxious. He looked beyond the Doctor, at Dallas when he came out on the steps again and they all gathered about him.

"That is your assistant, Pritchard?" he said.

"Yes; that is my young friend. I use that word advisedly," with a half-defiant tone. "I take him on the responsibility of my instinct, sir. His history is nothing to me."

Mr. Galbraith hesitated: "You have heard his history then?"

"From himself. Without reservation."

There was a strange lightening in Mr. Galbraith's face, which struck even the unobservant Professor as odd. He found, too, that one or two remarks which he made were unheard by the old gentleman, so intently was he regarding the group on the porch, and listening to an occasional word from Dallas.

"The lad," he said, at last, "has the gift of attaching all kinds of people to him. It belonged to—to another of the Galbraiths."

"Yes; but he has the gift of attaching himself to his work, which is better. I have been pleased to see how, since his proper profession opened to him, he has taken hold of it—like a tree that finds itself in its native soil. Friends nor women will not hold this young fellow back, sir. They will be outside matters to him. His work will be the air he breathes."

"You think the discipline good for him, then?" anxiously.

"It is not good—it is necessary. As air to breathe," crustily.

Mr. Galbraith turned his quiet, critical eyes on the irritable little man beside him, as though sounding his nature in reference to some secret thought of his own: then, satisfied, they went back to the tall figure on the porch and the face of the younger man. There was an odd likeness of meaning between them. He wondered if there were any virtue in the earth's secrets that kept the souls of men, who were born to dig them out, clean and honest.

"It is better the boy should go," he said, slowly, as Dallas, having bidden Matt the last hearty good-bye, came toward them, and for the first time saw his grandfather. Mr. Galbraith pressed his horse forward a step and half held out his hand, but seeing that Dallas stopped, he bowed without speaking.

"Now, that fellow does not mean to be uncivil," said the Doctor, quickly. "He will not shake your hand because

you don't know his history. There is no sham about him."

"I understand." Mr. Galbraith spoke nervously, with an unusual repressed excitement in his thin face. "But I should like to have taken the boy by the hand. I hope you will be kind to him, Pritchard?"

"No fear. Well, good-bye. That is a new specimen of acacia in your bouquet. Oh, many thanks! Good-bye. Come, Galbraith."

As Dallas sprang into the buggy and they drove away, the spare military figure on horseback was the last that he saw. It seemed to typify the life and kindred on which he had turned his back. We see ourselves and our neighbors as we are but two or three times in life, and then with electric, irrevocable insight. This old graybeard, with his delicate fingers and sad, sensitive eyes, that would look on the wealth and education for which Dallas schemed with long-used indifference, was a something which the young man never could become. He sat silent beside Dr. Pritchard until they had driven a mile or two, and then, stooping, began to finger the package of tools without which the Professor never traveled.

"You like your trade, Galbraith? Not sorry to give civilization the good-bye for a while, eh?"

"I suppose a man cannot serve two masters?"

"Not such a man as you."

"Then I like my trade."

He took up the flowers which the Doctor had let fall. He was sure that Honora had cut them for her uncle, and touched them with a blush like a boy, as though their leaves had been her cheeks and hair. She might belong to the same world as her uncle, but, if he came back, she would come into his, he thought, with quiet assurance. After a while he pulled one or two of the blossoms to pieces to find out to what class and order they belonged, and when they all drooped in the heat, he threw them away. Dallas never had a keepsake in his life.

Crossing a ridge of the lower hills,  
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Doctor Pritchard drew up his horse: "There is the Galbraith homestead. Take your last look at it. You are a branch of that stock, I believe?"

"More of kin than of kind," said Dallas, under his breath.

But the Doctor caught the words: "Oh, of course. But a man's no less a man on account of difference of rank. That is a noble old house. It sits upon the mountain like a crown." He waited to allow the horse to breathe, for the pull up the hill had been hard.

Now, the domestic instinct was strong in Dallas, however wanting in sentimentalism women would have thought him. He had given to even his prison cell a home look. He could not forget that the solemn mountain-landscapes and the house yonder in their midst were his home—had been the birth-place of his ancestors for generations. He alone was cast out—a vagabond upon the earth. Doctor Pritchard broke the silence with words that oddly jarred upon him. He put his hand on Dallas' knee, and said, earnestly:

"I heard you promise to come back here in a year, Galbraith; and I meant, as your friend, when we were alone, to protest against it. What can you have in common with these people? Why would you give up your work when it was just begun?"

"There is something in common between us," said Dallas, but vaguely, for a moving object on the road before them had caught his eye: a low phaeton, with two figures in it. At the sight of one of them, his heart stood still. "There are reasons why I should come back—there are reasons," he repeated, slowly, looking at it.

"I do not ask your confidence, of course," testily: "I only give you practical, common-sense counsel. You have told me your story: you say there is no way for you to prove your innocence, and I tell you your only chance is to devote yourself to-day to your profession, and to rid yourself of every vestige of your past life—make yourself new aims and a new world. There is no hope for you there," motioning to the



mountains and homestead. "There is not one man or woman there who would believe in you as I have done, with the story clinging to you."

Dallas did not answer. He could not take his eyes from the delicate woman leaning back in the phaeton which rapidly approached them.

"No!" pursued the Doctor, energetically, motioning toward the great western valley which opened before them. "There lies your true path. I don't want to see the man in you spoiled by the influence of people whom you have left here. Take your work and go out with it. Let there be no looking back to the flesh-pots of Egypt."

"It is not my work that keeps me from them," cried Dallas, the fair, laughing face of his mother coming nearer and nearer. "It is the stain that is on me; and it was no fault of mine."

"But it will shut you out from them for ever," coolly. "What if you had gone to any of them, as you did to me, and said 'I am a convict'?"

Dallas did not speak, but he took off his cap, and, leaning forward, looked into the woman's face that was now close upon them. The Doctor noticed that he drew his breath heavily: his face became the poor vehicle of some great emotion. What could Mrs. Duffield know of the man?

Colonel Pervis, who drove her, pulled up his horses with a jerk: "Off, Doctor? 'Westward the star of science takes its way,' eh?" with a furtive, inquisitive glance at the workman beside him.

Mrs. Duffield also saw Dallas, but without looking at him. It was a noble, singular head, she thought; and the rolling gray collar and bare throat were wonderfully artistic. She stretched out her pretty little hand to the Doctor. "We will miss you so much!" she said, gently. "But you will find your way back to us some day, I am sure."

"Will I find you here, if I do?"

"Yes. I am at home now. This life suits me." Her hand lay on the red cushion, close to Dallas. For years he never had slept without holding it close

to his breast. The brown hair—there was a little gray in it now—how he used to tug at it and tangle it while she sewed at the slop-shop work! How patient she was, laughing when he brought the tears to her eyes! He could see a faint scar across her forehead: it was there that Duffield struck her that night when she held him in her lap to keep off the savage blows. That night he went to the coal-pits. He knew that the only chance for life for her was to be rid of him.

If he could but touch her! She was not a dainty lady to him: she was only—mother—mother. His hand, holding his cap, was near to hers. The strong, brawny man grew weak and blind. He dared not touch it.

The stain was between them.

She looked beyond him, as though he had been vacant air, to his companion.

The Doctor's kind heart could not bear that any one should be neglected. "My young friend goes with me," he said. "You must wish him God-speed. He is one of your own people."

Colonel Pervis mumbled some commonplace, and Mrs. Duffield promptly held out her ever-ready hand. She looked up with a smile, and their eyes met. A strange, confused trouble came into her face; it grew pale: she drew back the outstretched hand.

"Shall I tell her that I am a convict?" said Dallas, in a quiet whisper, turning to the Doctor. But the boy's look made Pritchard think that he had suddenly gone mad.

"Tut! tut! I will drive on, Colonel Pervis. Good-day, Mrs. Duffield. You are insane on this matter, Galbraith."

"Stay!" Dallas laid his hand on the Doctor's wrist and brought the horse to a sudden halt. He looked at the phaeton which was driving rapidly away. "I may never come back," he said, with a loud uncadenced laugh, "and she—she is—"

"What is she, Galbraith?"

"This life suited her." Should he bring his disgrace on her?

"She was a friend of mine once," he said, loosing his hold on the reins.

"You had better sink all friendships.

There lies your work. I warn you," pointing forward.

Mrs. Duffield was silent and pale so long as to alarm her companion. "Do you know that young man, Colonel Pervis?" she asked at last.

"No. But we can easily hail the Doctor again," with uneasy solicitude, for she was a woman whom every man was anxious to serve.

"No."

"He reminded you of some one?" anxiously.

She bowed, her face turned from him.

"A friend, perhaps?"

"A friend who is dead."

Colonel Pervis was silent. As they turned toward the Galbraith homestead, she looked hurriedly back, and in the rapidly widening distance she saw the two adventurers going down into the valley of the west, whose rising mists enveloped them, making them dim and shadowy to her sight as the image of the dead boy who would come no more, nor send her tidings.

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#### DAY-DREAMING.

How better am I  
 Than a butterfly?  
 Here, as the noiseless hours go by,  
 Hour by hour,  
 I cling to my fancy's half-blown flower:  
 Over its sweetness I brood and brood,  
 And I scarcely stir, though sounds intrude  
 That would trouble and fret another mood  
 Less divine  
 Than mine!

Who cares for the bees?  
 I will take my ease,  
 Dream and dream as long as I please;  
 Hour by hour,  
 With love-wings fanning my sweet, sweet flower!  
 Gather your honey, and hoard your gold,  
 Through spring and summer, and hive through cold!  
 I will cling to my flower till it is mould,  
 Breathe one sigh  
 And die!

## AMERICAN FORESTS.

THE American mind has so long been trained to regard a tree as a natural enemy that the prejudice seems now as difficult to eradicate as to uproot one of the giants of the "forest primeval." As a shelter for a savage foe, as an obstacle to be removed before corn could be planted, it fell before the axe of the sturdy pioneer of the Western World; yet the needless destruction of the forests was an idea inherited from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who, long before they heard of the discovery of a new continent, had swept down with unsparing hand the forests of England and Scotland. It was not until the time of Charles the First that an alarm was sounded through Great Britain that the woods were falling too rapidly, and that immediate and active measures were needed to prevent those islands from becoming entirely denuded of trees and unfit for the habitation of man.

While the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia had begun, on American soil, another act of the sylvan drama they had learned so well at home, the people of the mother-country were bewailing the scarceness of wood for ship-building, for fuel and other domestic purposes. The first need of a country, and that an island which had just made itself mistress of the seas, was felt in her ships: timber could not be had at the royal dock-yards. Government took the alarm, and John Evelyn was appointed by the Royal Society, at the command of the king, to repair, if possible, the waste of the forests.

Evelyn was a country gentleman, and, although a courtier, he was a true lover of sylvan pursuits and a practical man. Not only by lectures and books did he awaken the attention of his countrymen, but he taught by example how a private gentleman could serve his country by planting and protecting trees, as well as by fighting for his king. He performed

this work so well that his name will be kept for ever green in the woods of his native land.

Evelyn's books are now seldom met with except in old libraries; but his true love of nature and quick perceptions, his earnest loyalty and desire to improve his age and generation, make these volumes, though old-fashioned in language and obsolete in the botanical learning of the present time, some of the pleasantest summer-reading in the language. Evelyn wrote of what he saw and knew; and though sometimes affected by the superstitions that hung around woodcraft in that age, he brought together so much practical knowledge that, even in the greater light of the nineteenth century, his general rules are followed and his conclusions considered correct. Nature is ever the same:

"Oh there is not lost

One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies."

We have alluded to the wholesale destruction of the British forests, yet it is true that the early Saxon kings protected the oak, not only because of the superstitious reverence paid to it by the Druids, but on account of its acorns, which were the food of the serfs and the swine. The earliest recorded notice of the oak tree in England is found in the *Saxon Chronicles*. About the end of the seventh century, King Ina, among the few laws which he enacted to regulate the simple economy of his subjects, made injuring and destroying these trees penal, and those who did so clandestinely were fined thirty shillings. The very sound of the axe was sufficient conviction, and the man who felled a tree under whose shadow thirty hogs could stand incurred a double penalty. Woods of old were valued according to the number of hogs they could fatten; and in times of scarcity the acorns (or mast) were eaten by man, even after the introduction of rye and

oats: it is, therefore, not only on account of the sacred character formerly attached to the oak, but also because of the value of its fruit, that nearly all the millennial trees of England belong to that genus.

The Norman kings protected the forests for the chase, but this was looked upon by the subjugated Saxons as the most oppressive act of their conquerors. Yet to Saxon Ina and Norman William the Englishman of the present time is indebted for the numerous fine old trees that remain the glory and pride of the British isles.

In the reign of Henry the Seventh, we are told, forests, principally of oak and beech, covered one-third of all England. Tusser, who wrote about the year 1562, complains that "men were more studious to cut down than to plant;" and it was probably about this period that clearing for cultivation became universal, as the increasing manufactures and the introduction of garden vegetables from the Continent testify.

The destruction must have been quite as rapid as in America, judging from the lamentations of Evelyn, who was called upon, only a century later, to repair the great waste of woods in England. Thus we find that, until the beginning of our own American history, no special apprehension was felt about the scarcity of wood in the mother-country; but from the time of the appointment of royal governors in the colonies, one of the grievances most frequently mentioned was the prerogative claimed by the king of taking the finest trees in the forests of the New World for the royal navy. The colonists were glad to freight ships for home with their superabundant timber; but, true to the independent spirit which had exiled them, they protested against the monarch's right to take it without pay. The surveyor of the crown, who went through the forests marking the broad arrow of his master on the finest trees, was an unpopular character; and our ancestors showed the same spirit in protesting against this unjust claim as at a later period against the stamp act and tea tax. The grand

white pine of the northern woods was often left to decay, because, the king's broad arrow once placed on it, no meaner hand might dare to appropriate it. This was a standing grievance between the colonists and the king, and in the time of Governor Shute, about 1700, this popular feeling excited much attention, even in England. According to Magna Charta, the monarch had no right to claim a tree on any man's freehold; and wherever land had been granted and occupied by the settlers the royal order was clearly wrong. Our ancestors, learned in the law of their own land, were usually found not only to have justice but right on their side. We wonder now that, amid the almost unbroken forests of New England more than one hundred and fifty years ago, this subject could be the cause of so much ill-feeling toward the home government; but, like Hampden's ship-money, it was the *principle* they protested against.

We have traced the reason why woods were protected by the Saxon kings, by their Norman conquerors, and by the more recent Stuart dynasty, and why our immediate ancestors quarreled with the last of that line in behalf of the glory of the virgin forests of New England; but, although in each and all of these we discern a glimmering of the real question, yet our own republic has shown a wonderful apathy in a matter of such vital importance. No laws have been enacted to stay the woodman's axe, no paternal rewards held out to those who would plant trees; and we seem to be only just awakening to the fact that some efforts should be made to preserve the beautiful forests\* that remain. In the report of the eighth census, recently published, is the first note of warning and advice sounded by government—of warning, that forests must be preserved—of advice, that trees must be planted. Not only as a source of national wealth is it urged upon the people, but as a grand climatic agent. The legislatures of some of the States are observing with dismay the injury done to their wheat crop and their fruit by

the cold winds, from which they were formerly protected by belts of timber.

In the newly-settled State of Michigan, one of the greatest lumber markets of the world, a special committee have been appointed relative to the preservation of forest trees; and not only do they recommend to the legislature that no more trees should be recklessly cut down, but have introduced a bill to provide for planting trees by the highways. If this is found expedient in the thinly-settled States of the West, how much more necessary is it in the populous sections of the Northern and Middle portion of the Union!

Fifty years ago some fears were entertained that from the constantly-increasing population of the country the demand for firewood was becoming so great that posterity would be deprived of the means of warmth during the arctic winter of the Northern States; but soon after that period the discovery of the inexhaustible coal-basin of Pennsylvania dissipated these fears, and the use of coal for domestic purposes has now become so universal that a cord of oak or hickory can be bought in the Philadelphia market to-day at the same price that Michaux quotes it as selling in New York in 1807. During these sixty years every article of food, as well as wages, has quadrupled in price, and we may well congratulate ourselves that the discovery of coal has allowed us still the means of warmth at a low rate.

Had wood continued to be our only fuel, long ere this some active measures would have been taken to plant trees and preserve forests, for the consumption of wood in the household would have come home to every man's feelings and pocket.

Michaux, on his second visit to this country, more than fifty years ago, to report to the French government upon the trees of North America, urged upon Americans, and particularly upon the Federal government, the care of their forests, as a great source of national wealth. In the introduction to his world-renowned *Sylva* he says:

"It may not be improper to observe

that the Europeans have great advantages over the Americans in the management of woods. The principal forests are in the hands of governments, which watch over their preservation with a solicitude dictated by imperious necessity. Experience has amply demonstrated that no dependence can be placed, for the public service or the general supply, upon forests that are private property: falling sooner or later into the hands of persons eager to enjoy their price, they disappear and give place to tillage.

"In America, on the contrary, neither the Federal government nor the several States have reserved forests. An alarming destruction of trees proper for building has been the consequence—an evil which is increasing, and will continue to increase, with the increase of population. The effect is already very sensibly felt in the large cities, where the complaint is every year becoming more serious, not only of the excessive dearth of fuel, but of the scarcity of timber.

"Even now, inferior wood is frequently substituted for the white oak; and the live oak, so highly esteemed in ship-building, will soon become extinct upon the islands of Georgia."

It is not yet too late for government to reserve some of its public lands for forests, and to enact laws for their preservation. Most of the States owning wild lands, as they are called, could do the same; and where this is unattainable by public property, the owners of a certain quantity of timber land might be exempted from taxation as long as it remains in forest. Still, it is difficult for our republican government to exercise any direct control over the owners of land; and this inability to coerce the individual in the management of his private affairs is inherent in our idea of liberty. Yet, if the people cannot be educated to know what is needed for their life and comfort, laws must be enacted for self-preservation; and to this point it appears we are now tending.

With such affluence of sylvan riches that there seemed no limit to our wealth, we have been too prodigal of nature's bounties. Our forests are com-

posed of a variety of trees unknown in other lands. Michaux enumerates but thirty-six species of trees which, in France attain the height of thirty feet, eighteen of these forming the principal forest-growth of that country, and seven only of use in civil and naval construction; while he had observed in North America no less than one hundred and forty species of the above-named height, a large proportion of them useful in the arts. The swampy lands of France produce no wood of any value; while the same sort of soil here is covered with the noble trees of the black and white cypress, the red elm, the willow oak and white cedar.

We act in this country as if our forests were inexhaustible, but we may well learn wisdom from facts presented to us by Europeans who have passed through the same phase of their history; and we cannot do better than to quote the words of Evelyn, in the introduction to his *Sylva*: "This devastation has now become so epidemical that unless a favorable expedient offers itself, and a way be seriously resolved upon for a future store, one of the most glorious and considerable bulwarks of the nation will, within a short time, be totally wanting to it. After due reproof of the late impolitic waste, we should now turn our indignation into prayers, and address ourselves to our better-natured countrymen, that such woods as do yet remain entire might be carefully preserved, and such as are destroyed sedulously repaired. It is what all persons who are owners of land may contribute to (and with infinite delight as well as profit), who are touched with that laudable ambition of worthily serving their generation."

These remarks are as applicable to this country now as they were to England two hundred years ago. Evelyn, by his labors and writings, awakened in the minds of his countrymen this "laudable ambition," and in ships built from the oaks his hands had planted Nelson's victories were gained. England's strength was once felt to be so entirely in her "wooden walls" that it was as-

serted that the commanders of the Spanish armada had orders, if they could not subdue the people, not to leave a tree standing in the Forest of Deane. Iron ships are, at the present day, rapidly superseding the floating forests of former times, so that, for this important object, wood is not, as formerly, so great a desideratum in the royal dock-yards and naval depôts of Europe.

Modern science has proved the fact, revealed to man in the dawn of creation, that the tree of the field is man's life; not, as it was formerly understood, as only "pleasant to the sight and good for food," but as the means of holding in equilibrium those forces of nature on which animal life depends. It has been justly remarked that "forests act as a balance-wheel to land climate" in its three most important elements—heat, moisture and wind. The veteran Humboldt says: "In felling the trees which covered the crowns and slopes of the mountains, men in all climates seem to be bringing upon future generations two calamities at once—a want of fuel and a scarcity of water."

Our own vast continent is naturally dry, and is becoming more so by the destruction of the forests. The tendency to an excess of evaporation over precipitation should be counteracted by every possible means. Herschel mentions the absence of trees in Spain as one of the reasons for the extreme aridity of that country. A recent traveler there says: "The Spaniard, and above all the Castilian, has an innate hatred of a tree, and if he does not cut it down for firewood, he cuts it down because it harbors birds that eat his grain. Forests and brushwood alike disappear before the inevitable axe, until, as often occurs in Castile, the traveler may look for leagues over the country without seeing a tree or bush to break its uniformity. This foolish extinction of the forests has been the source of innumerable evils to the country—evils which are continually acting upon and augmenting each other. Unrestrained by any vegetation, the rain rushes down the steep sides of the hills, swells the rivers to dangerous torrents,

and the water, for which the country is gaping, is hurried off to the sea, and becomes lost for all useful purposes: an extreme aridity of the atmosphere is the consequence, a continually diminishing rainfall, and a continually impoverished country."

In Palestine and other parts of Asia, and in Northern Africa (which, in ancient times was the granary of Europe), similar consequences have been experienced, and the lands have become deserts from the destruction of the forests—

"Where naught can grow because it raineth not,  
And where no rain can fall to bless the land,  
Because naught grows there."

On the other hand, examples of the beneficial influence of restoring woods are not wanting. During the French occupation of Egypt, in the time of Napoleon the First, it did not rain for sixteen months; but since Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pacha have made vast plantations there (the former alone having planted more than twenty millions of trees), there now falls a good deal of rain, especially along the coast; and even at Cairo real showers are no rarity. Almost every one can remember springs and streams which were considered perennial in his youth that have now dried up and disappeared. If he takes the trouble to investigate the matter, he will find that the neighboring woods have been cut off, and no longer act as a screen and reservoir for the rain; and if he will go still farther and plant those woods again, he will have the pleasure of finding the stream where he slaked his boyhood's thirst renewed.

Many instances of this kind could be cited: if any one doubts the fact, we beg him to try the experiment for himself, and we heartily hope there may be many who will do so.

"In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night," are the words of the patriarch Jacob, which have doubtless been reiterated for thousands of years by the travelers over the parched wastes of Gobi and Sahara, so destitute of moisture that radiation is almost unchecked, and the temperature

by day, which often reaches 130 degrees, falls at night below the freezing-point.

So, too, on our Western prairies—destitute of trees to produce moisture and exposed to the full sweep of the winds—the nights are fearfully cold while the days are hot. The more intelligent settlers there see that something must be done to produce a change in the climate, and are planting quick-growing trees, like the locust, around their dwellings. As we have observed before, one of the most important offices of the forests is the control of winds: thus Dussard, a French writer, maintains that the north-west wind of France, the dreaded *mistral*, "is the child of man, the result of his devastations. Under the reign of Augustus, the forests which protected the Cevennes were felled or destroyed by fire in mass: a vast country, before covered with impenetrable woods, was suddenly denuded, swept bare, stripped; and soon after a scourge, hitherto unknown, struck terror over the land, from Avignon to the Bouches-du-Rhône, and thence to Marseilles and along the whole maritime frontier. The people thought this wind a curse sent of God: they raised altars to it, and offered sacrifices to appease its rage."

The peach, which was formerly easily cultivated in New England, is now rarely raised there, probably on account of the destruction of the forests, causing a great change in the spring frosts, to which this early-blooming tree is peculiarly liable. It is said that at Piazzatore, in Italy, there was, in the early part of this century, such a devastation of woods, and consequent severity of climate, that maize no longer ripened there. The furnaces of the valley of Bergamo had been stimulated to great activity on account of the demand for Italian iron, caused by the exclusion of English iron during the war, and the forests were ruthlessly cut down, to feed the devouring forges. An association, formed for the purpose, effected the restoration of the forests, and maize flourishes again in the fields of Piazzatore. So, doubtless, might the peach orchards of New Eng-

land be restored by a due attention to the climatic agency of trees.

Before speaking of the healthful influences of trees, we must not neglect to mention the very important part they play in sheltering birds. Few people are aware what help the feathered bipeds are in ridding us of noxious vermin: without them we should soon be overrun with insects injurious to vegetation. Man has destroyed the equilibrium between insect and vegetable life, and until it is restored must necessarily suffer. The insects most injurious to rural industry do not multiply in or near woods, but in open plains, where the heat of the sun hastens the hatching of the eggs, and there is no moisture to destroy them and no birds to feed upon the larvæ.

The insectivorous birds love the shade of the forest, and if we would preserve them we must provide them with shelter. Three years ago a committee of scientific men was appointed by the City Councils of Philadelphia to devise some way to arrest the ravages of the army of worms which annually visits us. After full consideration of the remedy, the committee decided that birds alone could rid us of the enemy, and recommended that they be employed to exterminate the worms, and that a bounty be offered them and quarters provided in the public squares: the squirrels, the natural enemies of the birds, were to be expelled, and even foreigners from beyond the seas were to be brought over to assist those to the manor born. The report of the committee was accepted by the city. The squirrels, who had destroyed the eggs of the few birds who had ventured to build in the squares, were killed and their boxes removed, and English and German insectivorous birds were imported and let loose to commence hostilities.

This was all very well; but what shelter and accommodation do our sapient Councils propose for these workers? Where are the tents and the blankets that a wise commander would provide for his fighting men? As we write, hewers and hackers of wood are busy in every street in the city, decapitating fine

trees or denuding them of large branches: all the young boughs and sprays, which birds delight to build in and retire to, are cruelly torn away by the saw, shears and axe. Even in Washington and Independence Squares, under the very eyes of Mayor and Councils, is this *arboricide* going on.

We feel the spirit of the gentle Evelyn stir within us as we walk over the *débris* which litter the pavement, and wish some laws were in force here, as in England, to forbid the destruction of growing wood; though, unlike him, we could hardly commend the severe penalty of losing the eyes or a hand. Until the municipal government prohibits this indiscriminate cutting of trees, we must expect an annual "Diet of Worms" during three weeks of the most delightful season of the year.

"Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the innocents. From the trees spun  
down

The canker-worm upon the passers-by—  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown."

Wherever a square is particularly infested with worms, the careful observer will note that the trees there have been most mutilated: from the wounded part the sap exudes, and the wood decays, forming an appropriate nidus for the moth to lay its eggs and for the larvæ to develop. If our city would be free from these disgusting visitors, something must be done to restrain the ignorant men who perambulate the streets with bill-hook, scissors and cords, ringing at every door and demanding of the owner the right to mutilate or destroy the life-supporting trees he has planted. The beautiful crowns of the maples fall before them, and the lovely growth of the previous year becomes a sacrifice to scissors as relentless as those of Atropos.

"Soon to thee  
Shall Nature yield her idle boast:  
Her cunning finger formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post."

We believe it is only from want of knowledge that this annual destruction of living wood is allowed; and people must be taught, if in no other way by wise laws, the injury they are doing.



The trees of the city might properly be placed in the hands of a committee competent to superintend the cutting out of dead branches, or those in the way of travel or that obscure the light from windows : it would then be done judiciously and with a proper knowledge of vegetable growth, and not given into the care of men who insist upon hacking the trees because they wish to earn a few shillings when work is scarce : far better would it be for each householder to pay the men for letting his trees alone.

The scientific researches of the present age have put to flight the ignorance of a former generation in regard to the deleterious influence of vegetation. They have proved that trees are the great laboratories of nature : their thousand leaves are constantly absorbing the carbonic acid thrown off by animal life, and giving out to the atmosphere an equal amount of oxygen. Trees are the best sanitary agents that can be employed : the small proportion of vegetation in large towns is one great cause of unhealthfulness : the due equilibrium between animal and vegetable life is not sustained.\* To preserve or restore this, squares or parks in the centres of densely-populated places produce the desired effect, and have not been inappropriately called the lungs or breathing-places of cities. Some people have proposed that all the trees in Philadelphia should be cut down to secure the city from the visit of the measuring-worms. Such a suggestion could only arise from the popular ignorance concerning trees. We should, it is true, rid ourselves of that annoyance, but a worse plague would come upon us. Man would languish in the dazzling whiteness of the marble city : the lungs

nature provides to purify the air being destroyed, wasting disease and pestilence would ensue. Some of the epidemics which have visited this city have been attributed to the destruction of trees in the neighborhood. Dr. Rush was of the opinion that the unusually sickly character of Philadelphia after the year 1778 was caused by the cutting down of the trees around the town by the British army ; and similar instances could be cited of places in Virginia during the late rebellion.

In Europe, the laws *De forestâ* form quite a department ; and in England, the Keeper of the Woods and Forests is an official of high rank and importance. In our own country each man has done as he chose with his own, unrestrained by royal edicts or wise legislation, and the consequences have been unfavorable. That American citizens must take up this subject in earnest is now evident : each individual may do something practical by planting at least one tree. In some parts of Germany no man can fell a tree until he proves that he has set out another ; and a young man is not allowed to marry without a certificate that he has planted a certain number of trees.

The astrologers of the East have a proverb, that planting many trees conduces to longevity. If all the other reasons for preserving and planting trees which have been put forward in this paper fail to move the reader, we trust this epitome of the wisdom of centuries may lead him to engage in the good work, and obtain the promise made to us by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah : "As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people."

## POPULAR NOVELS.

PUBLIC taste with regard to works of fiction, although not quite so capricious as in matters of dress, fashion and furniture, is equally certain to change. Of all classes of writers, the novelist is the least likely to obtain, as the reward of his labors, a long-continued or permanent popularity. Let his success be ever so great, he is still, in the vast majority of cases, a mere tenant for life or for a term of years in the interest of the reading community. The utmost he can safely hope for, in this respect, is that his works may in progress of time become "classical;" that is, that they may be found on the shelves of libraries, be tolerably well known to professed literary men and scholars, and be utterly neglected by the world at large.

This assertion requires no proof to any one who is at all familiar with the progress of fiction since it first became distinctly recognized as a department of polite literature. Fielding and Smollett are periodically praised in the Reviews. No one doubts, as matter of theory, the merit either of *Joseph Andrews* or *Peregrine Pickle* or *Tom Jones*. We are perfectly willing to take upon trust the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, that the latter, in the construction of the plot and the general management of the story, approaches nearly to ideal perfection. We feel that Parson Adams and Commodore Trunnion *ought* to be very amusing personages, and are often inclined to be indignant at our own stupidity that we should so soon grow weary of their company. Yet the lamentable fact remains, that of the countless hosts of novel-readers at the present day, not one in a thousand has any real acquaintance with these masterpieces of English genius. The cheap editions which are now and then published, the well-thumbed copies in the libraries, only attest, we sadly suspect, that they owe to their coarseness and indelicacy an attraction which all their wit and satire,

and knowledge of human nature, and faithful portraiture of the men and manners of their own time, would have been wholly inadequate to secure. About the middle of the last century, the production of a single novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*, by an elderly bookseller in London, at once made the author famous—and most justly so—in every civilized country of Europe. Ponderous as it is in size, that surely should be no lawful ground of complaint to those who are in at the final consummation of *Our Mutual Friend*. The twaddle of the first two volumes certainly ought not to discourage readers who are equal to the task of wading through the dull, slow, heavy inanities of the Podsnaps and Veneerings. That the heroine is one of the noblest, sweetest and loveliest conceptions of woman ever drawn by the pen of man; that Lovelace, fiend as he is, so works upon our sympathies that, in spite of ourselves and our better nature, we can hardly blame—or at least can scarcely be surprised at—the fine ladies who entreated the author to reform and spare him; that the interest of the story, as it advances, makes the reader tremble in every nerve, while the catastrophe awakens almost insupportable feelings of pity and indignation and horror; that *Clarissa* herself, in her father's gloomy mansion, in the dark haunts of sin and shame, in all the weariness and grief and pain of her short life, appears like an angel walking through the valley of the shadow of death, with only the sacred light of her own purity around her;—all this is well known to the select few who have had the courage to venture upon the eight volumes, and who, after a hundred temptations to throw them aside, have come at last to be fairly lost in admiration of the wonderful and resistless power of the writer. Yet to the great mass of modern readers the novels of Samuel Richardson are practically no more familiar than

the sermons of Sherlock and Tillotson. The subject of *Clarissa Harlowe* precludes even its mention in the polite circles of the decorous and profoundly moral age in which it is our privilege to live; and Sir Charles Grandison would be as little admired in fiction now as the hero himself would meet with a flattering reception if he could step into a modern drawing-room with wig, lace, ruffles and sword complete, execute his most solemn *congés*, and pay his most elaborate compliments to the assembled company.

Thirty years after Richardson was in the zenith of his fame, a girl of seventeen (so at least it was currently reported) set all fashionable London in a flutter by a novel about a young lady's entrance into the world. *Evelina*, *Cecilia* and *Camilla* appeared in rapid succession; and Madame D'Arbly's reputation, almost before she had reached the period of mature womanhood, was probably wider than that enjoyed by any female novelist since her time. But even Lord Macaulay's mighty genius has been unable to lift her works from the obscurity thrown over them by the lapse of two generations. To come down within our own recollections, who has forgotten the secret delights of the boy in the perusal of *The Spy* or *The Last of the Mohicans*, of *Jacob Faithful* or *Midshipman Easy*, in hours supposed by anxious parents to be devoted to the acquisition of the Rule of Three, or the obtaining of a clear insight into the Eleusinian mysteries of Homer and Horace? Yet, if we are rightly informed, both Cooper and Marryatt have been compelled to yield to the unalterable law; and our juvenile friends prefer to risk, not perhaps the obsolete rattle of the pedagogue, but the more skillfully cruel penalties of confinement and additional tasks, for the fascinations of Mayne Reid and a host of kindred spirits. It is needless to multiply these instances. If we may use a very natural comparison, while the fame of the historian, the philosopher or the poet may resemble a massive building, ancient indeed, but still firm and strong in every part, kept in

good repair, still employed for its original purpose, and as well adapted to it as ever, that of the novelist must rather be likened to the ivy-grown ruin, beautiful and picturesque, no doubt, in the landscape, an object of respect and interest to all, but nothing more.

To every effect there is a cause, and that of the circumstance we are considering may be worthy of inquiry. Its solution may, perhaps, be found in a knowledge of (the reasons which underlie the universal passion for fiction, in one form and another, which has prevailed wherever education and refinement and the arts have shed their benign influence upon the world.) There is a deeper philosophy in this than is commonly supposed. Attenuated and angular pedants, who have spent their lives in analyzing and combining the particles of a dead language, may sneer at the word "novel," and affect to despise, as literary triflers, those who are as superior to themselves as the artist is superior to the maker of canvas and brushes. Such men can be found, who would stand with tearless eyes by the last resting-place of the mighty magician in Dryburgh Abbey, and, with a doleful shake of the head, exclaim, "*Operose in nihil agendo!*" There are others, well-meaning, but narrow-minded persons, with perverted views of religion and the whole theory of human life, who condemn novels, as they might, with equal justice, condemn the beauties of natural scenery, the songs of birds or the fragrance of flowers, because they divert our thoughts from "serious things," and from those "dread realities" which alone are worthy of our attention in our brief and sorrowful pilgrimage here below. But the great heart of mankind, and especially of womankind, beats in unison with the chords touched by the skillful hand of the "story-teller," whether in Cairo or London, on the plains of the desert, by the cottage fireside or in the boudoir of listless beauty—nay, even in the cabinet of the statesman and the learned library of the grave divine. The oldest poem on record, the Book of Job, is considered by many critics of unim-

peached orthodoxy as a metrical tale, designed to inculcate, in this form, the loftiest views of the Supreme Being, and the most important truths which religion has imparted to man. When the great Founder of our faith wished to enforce his precepts most strongly upon his hearers, he resorted to the parable, and by fictitious narratives, simple enough for any child to understand, but drawing tears from the eyes of gray-bearded men who read them after the lapse of two thousand years, he taught forgiveness for the erring, love to our neighbor, sympathy for the poor and sorrowful, justice to our fellow-men, and gratitude to God.

Two centuries and a half ago, on the banks of the Nile, was produced that wonderful collection which has been translated into every language, embodying the most gorgeous dreams of Oriental fancy, reveling amongst the mysteries of the unseen world, conjuring up, at pleasure, the spirits of air, water and fire, yet presenting an exact picture of the every-day life of a people who enjoyed a splendid civilization when England, France and Italy were just emerging from the darkness of barbarism, and making the name of Haroun Alraschid as familiar to the American school-boy as to the Frankish knights who returned to tell the stories of his magnificence to his great rival in the West. The terrible depravity of the ancient world rises before us like a foul spectre in the writings of Lucian, Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter, the only classic novelists of society who have come down to our times, but whose existence proves that numberless others have perished in the storm which swept away all but a few fragments of the literature of Greece and Rome.

Of the vast range of modern fiction it is unnecessary to speak, nor to show how, like its twin-sister, the drama, it has advanced *pari passu* in the progress of a nation with all that gives dignity, value or historic interest to its career. But this widespread passion which we are considering rests upon an entirely different basis from that which prompts to the close labors of the student or the

researches of the scholar in those abstruse realms which lie beyond the reach of ordinary and undisciplined minds. The province of the novel is not to instruct, to inform, to suggest new ideas or open new paths of thought, but to amuse the imagination, to excite the feelings, to draw forth laughter and tears, to display human nature both in its best and worst developments in those trying situations which rarely occur to our individual experience. Hence, if it portrays habits and manners with which we are not familiar; if its characters are not, to some extent at least, such men and women as we see around us; if they dress, talk, eat, drink, marry and are given in marriage in ways that to us seem strange, fantastic, antiquated or vulgar,—the book ceases to be attractive, except to those who may be curious about the social life of a former period, or whose minds are sufficiently cultivated to enable them to separate the gold from the dross, and to recognize the true scintillations of genius amid much that may be tedious, painful and revolting to our better taste. From almost any novel of the eighteenth century, for example, we may learn that the great business of a fine gentleman is seduction and adultery; that his wit consists in practising the most brutal jests upon his acquaintances, while his anger displays itself in knocking his servant's teeth down his throat; that even the lady of his love is not safe from gross insult if she chances to be left alone with him for five minutes; and that he comes, at last, to a happy union with a pure and spotless maiden, after a series of adventures which would long since have consigned him to the State prison if he had lived in a more strait-laced and puritanical age. We are taught that filial duty demands absolute submission to the most tyrannical and selfish behests of parents who sell their daughters in marriage; that men who are held up as models of every virtue must permit the most barbarous flogging of their boys under their own roof as an essential part of education; and that a clergyman is none the worse for being a match at fisticuffs with a butcher, or for getting

drunk periodically at the squire's table or the village ale-house. Even the young ladies are so dissimilar to their charming antitypes at the present day that it is no wonder the latter are not greatly interested in the fortunes of the former. Doubtless they were patterns of propriety. Neither Clarissa Harlowe nor the Honorable Miss Byron ever came within three feet of the man with whom she danced. He had better have ruined fifty women than have put his arm around the waist of one in the sweet and childlike innocence of the "German." A touch of the tips of their fingers was all that was permitted to the most favored lover, and their stately curtsies might well put to shame the easy and unceremonious nod of a modern belle. But the great idea of their lives, impressed upon them from infancy, and made the subject of every maternal homily, was that they were constantly liable to dangers which no more occur to the minds of their fair descendants than the fear of being carried off and married against their will to some impetuous Tarquin. With the daughters of English gentlemen, well born and well bred, a hundred years ago, the penalty for lightness and indiscretion was something far more serious than mortified vanity, the laugh of acquaintances—even the bitter resentment and the broken heart: it was the being cast out, as a polluted thing, from the home of childhood, the hopeless misery of a life of shame, the death which was a welcome relief from the pangs of hunger and cold, the obscure burial and the unmentioned and dishonored grave. To such a condition of society our own age happily offers no parallel; and whatever may be the skill of the artist, the subjects of his pictures are too disagreeable to attract more than a passing glance. Valuable, no doubt, to the student for the information they contain of the domestic history of a former period, which is vastly more important than the most minute chronicle of battles and sieges; interesting to the man of letters, whose mental training enables him to throw himself back into the spirit of the time, and to look at the

characters and scenes from the standpoint of the author;—yet it is not strange that the leading novels of the last century are sealed volumes to the mass of miscellaneous readers.

The same general fact holds good of the majority of later writers, who are quite free from the objections we have named. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen are as blameless in point of morality as Mrs. Gaskell or Mrs. Oliphant. Lord Macaulay, in one of his *ex cathedra* judgments, seems to assign to Miss Austen an almost equal rank with Shakespeare in some peculiarities of her genius. Miss Edgeworth has depicted to the life the rich humor, the native eloquence, the warm affections, the generous sympathies of a people who are as eminent for these qualities as they are deficient in common sense. She has held up to reprobation the vices and follies of the fashionable world with a quiet, ladylike dignity, a modesty and refinement of manner, and, at the same time, with an earnestness and sincerity, which make one of her novels worth a score of sermons. But, though the Irishman retains his brogue, and, even to his ragged hat and his toeless boots, is the same man that his father was before him—though heartlessness, frivolity and the worship of Mammon are the only things in which fashion never changes—though it may require the most subtle art to draw characters which seem very nearly alike, and yet are utterly unlike, it is none the less an exceptional case to find a lady under forty who has read *Mansfield Park* or *The Absentee*; and with those who have, it has been more a matter of duty than inclination—a tribute of respect to the taste and judgment of their elderly friends, or a sort of compromise with the conscience, by the reflection that they are perusing works of sterling merit instead of what they ungratefully call the "trash" of circulating libraries. A still more deplorable fate has befallen another class of novels, of which *The Children of the Abbey* may be taken as a specimen. As a fine lady's brocade robe descends, in process of time, to

her waiting-maid, so, alas! the sentimentalities of the Amanda Fitzallans of fifty years since now find favor only in the sight of factory girls and romantic milliners. The list might be extended much farther, but enough has been said both to point out and—perhaps, also in some degree—to account for a curious fact in literary history, which makes the oft-quoted maxim of the wise Castilian, “Old books to read,” so inapplicable to the very description of books which enjoy the widest popularity and wield the most extensive influence upon society at large.

To arrange the works in a library with accuracy under their proper headings is well known to the makers of catalogues to be a somewhat difficult task; and still more so would be the attempt to subdivide any particular department. Our present purpose may be answered by a very general classification of novels, as social, historical, religious, and, though last, not least, “sensational.” The limits of a magazine article will permit only a brief notice of a few prominent writers in each of these branches. Foremost among novelists of society—that is, those who describe contemporary life and manners—our readers will at once place the two most popular authors of the day, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. The recent sudden and melancholy death of the former—*multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*—casts a shadow of reverence over his memory, and must impart a subdued tone even to the comments of fair and impartial criticism. The frequent association of these two distinguished names might suggest a strong family likeness between them, yet they are as widely different as Hogarth and Gilray; as Lesage and Pigault-Lebrun. Mr. Dickens is by nature and essentially a caricaturist; he delights and revels in everything that is queer, and out-of-the-way, and grotesque, and absurd; the prevailing bent of his mind is toward ludicrous exaggeration on all subjects; and many of his favorite personages, laughable as they are, have no more resemblance to the men and women of actual life than the characters in a Christ-

mas pantomime. In his more youthful days all this was fresh, spontaneous, original and inimitable—the glorious drolleries of Mr. Pickwick and his friends are of course beyond all praise—but for many years past, with each succeeding production of his pen, the sad decline of his powers has become more painfully evident. In *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend* he appears little better than the ghost of his former self; and the wearisome extravagance which makes up so large a portion of his later novels reminds us only (*quantum mutatus!*) of the professed diner-out, who, having long ago told all his good stories and uttered all his good jokes, is compelled to earn his entertainment by straining his invention and racking his brains, and distorting the most simple and obvious occurrences, in the desperate attempt to be funny at all hazards. Mr. Thackeray, on the other hand, is the first and most consummate satirist of the age. Coarse and cynical he may be called; but no one can deny that in his terrible power of laying bare the worst passions of the human heart, of exposing the deep-rooted corruptions of a highly artificial state of society, and of turning the glance of merciless ridicule upon all that we are accustomed to esteem, to venerate and to love, he has had no equal since the days of Swift, La Rochefoucauld and Voltaire. To the minds of serious and reflecting men, a book like *Vanity Fair* is no less a study than *Gulliver's Travels* or *Candide*; and it is a singular fact that, as a confirmation of their theological doctrine of total depravity, it has met with no small favor among the rigid Calvinists of Scotland. In his subsequent works, Mr. Thackeray may have endeavored to soften its impression, but only with partial success; we cannot help feeling that he writes *con amore* in describing Sir Pitt Crawley the elder, and that poor old Colonel Newcome is really as tiresome to the author as he becomes to the reader; and while the world-renowned Miss Rebecca Sharp is consistency throughout, Ethel Newcome is a bundle of contradictions. If we compare the style of Mr. Thackeray with that of

Mr. Dickens, every one must give a wide preference to the former for his command of pure, clear and idiomatic English, the easy flow of his sentences, and his perfect freedom from the appearance of labor or effort. It is in descriptions perhaps that Mr. Dickens most signally fails, at least in his later novels: he is apt to be tedious, minute and obscure to an intolerable degree; he seems to have no idea of the suggestive method: everything must be told, and told with incessant repetition, with a constant straining after effect, a forced and stilted diction, and a mannerism (if possible) more offensive than that of Carlyle. Let any one contrast, for example, the description in *Little Dorrit* of a hot day at Marseilles with the opening scene of the *Talisman*: the burning desert—the solitary Crusader moving slowly over the plain—the sluggish rise and fall of the waters of the Dead Sea—the range of naked cliffs in the background: what perfect simplicity! and yet who needs the pencil of the artist to enable him fully to realize what the author designed to portray? In *Kenilworth* the whole catastrophe is related in three lines, and a single word more would be superfluous: it requires an equal number of pages to inform us that Mr. Carker was run over by a railway train, and after all we are somewhat mystified as to the precise nature of the tragical occurrence. Mr. Dickens appears to have but one conception of a heroine: a gentle, loving and affectionate girl, capable of any self-sacrifice, but almost childish in her ignorance of the world, and at the mercy of any one who chooses to impose upon her. Harmless as a dove, without one particle of the wisdom of the serpent, she inspires merely a sort of brotherly and pitying fondness, very different indeed from the feelings with which we regard a really tender, enthusiastic and high-spirited woman. In fact, the lesson that all good people are fools is one which, without doing great violence to his philosophy, we might derive from the whole tenor of his writings: at best, the only virtues we are ever called upon to admire are softness and easy good-na-

ture, the most lavish and unsuspecting generosity, a boundless confidence in all mankind, and an utter inability to fathom the pretensions of the most shallow hypocrisy and imposture. It is this want of truthfulness to nature, this excessive exaggeration and disregard of all probability, which are the great drawbacks in reading Mr. Dickens. His countrymen are not famous for humane ideas on the subject of education; but it is incredible that a school like Dotheboys' Hall could exist in England in the middle of the nineteenth century and in a respectable neighborhood. We can well imagine a case of a young lady marrying an old man to rescue her father from a debtor's prison, and a skillful writer might work up the incident with great power; but what save disgust and loathing can be the impression of a modest and beautiful girl, like Madeline Bray, in any circumstances whatever, throwing herself into the embraces of a mumbling, toothless and wrinkled old satyr, who is purposely made as hideous as possible by way of heightening the effect of the noble act of devotion? Mr. Chester, in *Barnaby Rudge*, is intended of course for Lord Chesterfield; but he merely makes us laugh as an amusing and farcical burlesque, with nothing but his cocked hat, his embroidered waistcoat and his sword to remind us that he belongs to a past age. Mr. Thackeray would have given us the original, stern and faithful as any portrait in *Marriage-à-la-Mode*, bearing the exact impress of the time, and displaying the great perverter of morals and manners in fiction with the same masterly hand which has depicted the *Last of the Georges* in a popular lecture. Miss Esther Summerson is doubtless very sweet and lovable, and the most bitter misanthrope could hardly wish ill to Mr. Jarndyce; yet we are unable to see why the former should sacrifice her little all, the hard savings of years, to relieve the necessities of such a transparent humbug as Mr. Harold Skimpole, or why the latter should be precisely as guileless, as benevolent and as self-denying toward the same interesting personage as he is to his amiable young relatives or the orphan

girl entrusted to his charge. Mr. Dickens is in general good-humored in his satire, where his own country is concerned; and however severe it may be, we recognize a feeling of patriotism at bottom which is to his credit. But there are no bounds to his hatred of foreigners if they chance to cross his path or obstruct his cherished projects. When he brings his hero across the Atlantic he fairly raves: he out-Herods Herod in the John-Bull coarseness and ferocity of his speech: language is not strong enough to express his spite and malignity toward a people who, while doing full justice to his merits as a comic writer, were not willing to take him as their guide in political economy, or to submit implicitly to his dictum in matters of grave national importance, about which the wisest statesmen are undecided. This is not the place to discuss personal character; and after the *amende honorable* which Mr. Dickens made at the public dinner in New York on the 18th of April last, the writer has no disposition to comment on his previous declaration that he has always been friendly to America. Rather let by-gones be by-gones, and let the writers of both countries cultivate, in future, that friendship which should always unite Englishmen and Americans.

The question of woman's rights is a frequent effervescence of the restless and indefatigable spirit of our progressive age; but there is one right which all must concede to the fairer part of creation—that of excelling in the department of the novelist, as much as in the art of conversation or the composition of sprightly and graceful letters. Probably the assertion would be within the limits of truth, that two-thirds, if not four-fifths, of the novels published within the last ten years have been written by women. Indeed it is obviously the field which of all others is best adapted to the peculiar qualities of feminine genius—vivid imaginations, warm sympathies, a quick but delicate perception of the ludicrous, and, above all, an intuitive knowledge of the workings of that mysterious passion which has a name in every language, but a definition in none—which levels all

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ranks, and is at once the source of the highest joy and the deepest sorrow—which provokes more laughter and leads to more cases of madness and suicide than all other causes combined. The most elaborate and—if we may use the expression with regard to a lady—the most philosophical works of this class are those of Miss Evans, better known perhaps to some of our readers under her *nom de plume* of George Elliott. We might also say, that they are the saddest with which we are acquainted; and if there are really persons in this world who are so fortunate as to be troubled with too much buoyancy of spirits, we could suggest no more perfect antidote than the perusal of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or *Adam Bede*, or *The Mill on the Floss*. To be felt in their full power, these books should be read, not by the bright fireside or under the trees on a summer day, but in the dreary hours of a sleepless night, in the slow recovery from sickness, or at times when the mind flies to the detail of fancied griefs as a distraction from the gloom which appears to settle down upon all that is real. We have before us now the image of the poor clergyman—not brilliant—not a favorite with his parishioners—unable to cope with his turbulent vestry—shabbily dressed—thinking all the while of the little mouths at home which he finds it so hard to fill; then his invalid wife, wasting away before the bloom of youth is passed, but every moment sweeter in his eyes as the final, hopeless, irrevocable parting draws nearer and nearer; then his silent, speechless misery by the death-bed, and a simple intimation of a visit, years afterward, to the grave where all his happiness lies buried: this is the whole story; but, alas! no less lifelike than true. Then we recall the tragedy of human weakness, and folly, and sin, with remorse and ruin in their train—a tale which has been a thousand times told, but, except perhaps in *The Scarlet Letter*, never so well as in *Adam Bede*. We see the old farmhouse, with its honest and hearty inmates—the frank and generous young squire—the chivalric and noble artisan, who, like



many a wiser man before him, is enslaved by a velvet cheek and a soft eyelash, when all that is lovely and excellent in woman excites only admiring friendship—the restless, vain, ambitious and dissatisfied village beauty, charming in her coquetries, charming even in her pouts, her sulkiness and her ill-temper—the saint-like maiden, with the sublime faith and energy of a heroine of the Catholic martyrology, controlled and pervaded by modern mysticism. For a while the narrative flows smoothly, a graphic picture of a state of English society which, in this country at least, is little known, until the fearful truth dawns upon us in the secret and daily-increasing agony of the unhappy child: then comes the hurried flight from home—the heart-breaking disappointment—her terror and desolation in the wide wide world, not knowing whither to turn or where to look for a friend—the concealment, the arrest, the trial—the shriek of horror which rings through the court-room as she hears her young life consigned to the hangman's hand—the confession in prison—the confused ideas of penitence and forgiveness flitting over a mind naturally too weak to distinguish right from wrong—the reprieve at the last moment, but the exchange to a fate worse than death in the forced association for years with the vilest and most degraded beings of both sexes. The whole impression of the book, whatever humorous scenes may be interspersed, is painful to the utmost, and we might say morbid, did we not know that such things have been, and will continue to be so long as this earth remains the strange scene of perplexity which baffles all attempts to comprehend the Divine Omnipotence by the aid of reason alone. Miss Evans' most highly wrought and finished work, *Romola*, belongs to a separate branch of our subject; but it is *The Mill on the Floss*, we think, which combines and displays to the best advantage her extraordinary powers. We are not inclined to run over the commonplaces of criticism—"close observation of character," "thorough analysis of human motives," and the like—phrases which can no more

convey an idea of a work of true genius than the description in a passport would enable us to recognize the owner. *The Mill on the Floss* is emphatically a story of destiny. From first to last there is a fate pursues the heroine which she cannot escape, and which casts its baneful shadow over every incident of her life. With a warm and yearning heart, an overflowing affection, a passionate desire to love and to be loved, she is tormented even in childhood by the constant feeling of her own shortcomings, and a too sensitive conscience poisons every spring of happiness in her nature. Struggling as she advances to maturity with the great mystery and burden of existence, groping blindly in her ignorance, searching for the path of duty, but always in doubt, and distress, and anxiety, suddenly the light flashes upon her from a few words in a quaint old volume, written hundreds of years ago by a monk in his cell, and she discerns what is the true Imitation of One whose mighty griefs were endured that no human soul should ever sink in despair: thence with girlish enthusiasm cherishing her holy purpose in the solitude of her own chamber, or seeking for sympathy and companionship amongst the tall pines, whose music elevates and entralls her spirit, as though it were the breath of God upon the waves of a troubled world, she develops into superb and beautiful womanhood, the clouds of domestic misfortune and poverty which have so long hung over her seem to break away, and if not a brighter, a more tranquil and cheerful future opens before her. But her evil angel is still there, to inflict a new form of suffering—the most poignant which a woman can know—that of a deep, absorbing, hopeless passion—a passion that is returned, but which she cannot indulge without ruin to the happiness of those who are nearest and dearest to her heart, without requiting by the basest ingratitude a more than sisterly affection. Every reader must have observed how in the last part of this novel the two leading characters appear to be urged forward in their disastrous course by a power which is beyond their control,

and against which the most strenuous resolutions, the most fearful self-conflicts, the most bitter tears—all the struggles of pride, of friendship, of honorable feeling, of womanly delicacy and manly shame—are of no avail. There is nothing finer in the whole range of fiction, but the fatalism which underlies all the author's writings is nowhere so strikingly manifested. The world may blame them, but we cannot; and the unutterably mournful effect of the close is not marred by a single misgiving with regard to her who lies in Dorlcote church-yard, lost in the final triumph of love and self-sacrificing devotion, and by whose grave we could stand and weep, as that of one whom we had ourselves known and loved with the intensity of years. Of Miss Evans' last production, *Felix Holt*, our space will only permit us to say that in our opinion it hardly sustains the high reputation acquired by *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. It is serious, earnest, thoughtful; but it is wanting both in the pathos and quiet, genial humor of her previous efforts. But that she is a star of the first magnitude in the horizon of romantic literature will at least be denied by no one who has attempted, within the limits of a single paragraph, to give even the most faint and imperfect outline of works of such singular truthfulness and power.

From the living to the dead the mind is naturally turned in the sombre train of thought which our last topic is fitted to awaken. Charlotte Brontë has been made, not an abstraction, but a reality to the world, by the labors of one of the most interesting and appreciative of biographers—herself, alas! soon called upon to follow the friend whom she lamented. We are more indebted to Mrs. Gaskell for this tribute to departed genius than even for the charming and never-to-be-forgotten pleasantries of *Cranford*, or the matchless contrast between levity and principle in *Wives and Daughters*. It is a book which, while it both gratifies a curiosity that must be felt by every intelligent reader, is also of especial value as identifying, to an unusual degree, the subject of the memoir with her writings, and tracing the

marked effect of circumstances upon her intellectual character and development. One has only to look at the frontispiece of the second volume—the view of Hawthorth church and parsonage—to understand how the temperament of the author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* should have been pensive, somewhat masculine, and essentially meditative; how the loneliness and seclusion of her early life should lead her to draw her ideas from books rather than from observation; and how the harsh features of external nature to which she was accustomed should impart a peculiar tinge to her conceptions of an imaginary world. In her long walks over the bleak hills and desolate moors, the image of a hero conjured up before the fancy of the solitary and romantic girl was in unison with the wild scenery around her: he was no carpet-knight—no delicate strippling who could lie at a lady's feet with a guitar—no courtier in satin and velvet to indite sonnets to her beauty, or scatter his curled and perfumed locks over the hand to which he restored the embroidered kerchief or the glove; but a man bearing a shadowy resemblance to the old Scandinavians of whom she had read—of indomitable courage, of Herculean frame and iron will, cherishing a secret contempt for the fripperies and conventionalities to which he might still conform as matter of education and custom—a Titan, whose godlike crime was instinctively to assert his mastery over weaker spirits, and rule with the despotism of innate and conscious superiority even the woman he loved. Mr. Rochester has been unsparingly censured, even by Miss Brontë's warmest admirers; yet it is not difficult to see how, to a mind constituted like hers, and moulded by the discipline and training to which we have alluded, there might have been a fascination about such a character which should pervert her better judgment and blind her to a full sense of the atrocious wrong he contemplated under a temptation which his fierce and passionate nature was unable to withstand. At least, we must admit that poetical justice is more than satisfied in the end; and the

wailing cry of the sightless and despairing victim for the presence of the only being on earth whose voice could soothe and whose hand support him in his hour of agony, must find a responsive echo in the hearts even of those who most strongly condemn the guilty course which the desolation of a life-time so fearfully avenged. Miss Brontë's first hero, however, is much more an ideal than an actual personage: the most effective, as well as in some respects the most painful, scenes in *Jane Eyre* are those which we know to be faithful transcripts of the writer's own experience. The school at Lowood, as the biography informs us, is fictitious only in name; and the description, so far from exceeding, falls considerably short of the reality. Mrs. Gaskell's shocking account of the establishment at Cowan's Bridge—the original of the picture—would be scarcely credible in this country; yet it has an air of perfect truthfulness, and we have not seen it doubted or disputed by any of her reviewers. Indeed, in forensic language, the weight of authority is too decidedly in her favor to leave the question at issue an open one. We have no desire to wander off into an extraneous discussion, but it is impossible to be at all familiar with the current literature of England without observing how the abuse and ill-treatment of children by their instructors appear to be almost an "institution" among a people who boast more of their enlightenment in a single day than any other nation on earth in twelve calendar months. In this respect we are aware of no parallel on the Continent; and certainly on this side of the Atlantic the subject would furnish very little scope for the eloquence of reformers and sensation novelists. But without alluding to the notorious fagging system, or the vile personal indignities to which not only boys but young men are still subjected at Eton, Harrow and Westminster, what would be thought, in any rural district of New York or Pennsylvania, of a chartered school for young ladies, the daughters of clergymen, in which the pupils were habitually dieted, if not on brimstone and treacle, on burnt

porridge and tainted meat; and when their stomachs rejected the nauseous messes which even a doctor spat out in disgust, were gravely lectured for being too fond of pampering their fleshly appetites; where, on the coldest day in winter, the girls were kept in a church without fire between the morning and afternoon services, eating their scanty provisions as well as their chattering teeth would allow them; where the reverend principal considered it his duty incessantly to remind his young charges that they were paupers, by way of inculcating the Christian grace of humility; where, when a low fever broke out, the result of starvation and neglect, no medical attendance was deemed necessary till some fifteen or twenty girls were discovered lying about the school-room, "some resting their aching heads on the table, others on the ground; all heavy-eyed, flushed, indifferent and weary, with pains in every limb;" where a sick child could be dragged from her bed and hurled across the floor by one of the *lady* (!) teachers, and afterward beaten for coming late to her class?—all this not a mere exaggeration to amuse the public, but a sober narrative of facts, by a writer who had no motive for dishonesty, who enjoyed the best means of information, and whose innate goodness of heart evidently inclines her rather to soften than to overstate the truth. We have remarked, in a former part of this article, that Dotheboys' Hall must be, in the main, a fancy sketch; but we are obliged to confess that, in not a few of its most marked features, it hardly surpasses the authentic details we possess of an establishment under the most respectable patronage, and designed for the training of young gentlewomen in the most important and sacred duties of their lives. This influence to which we refer appears to pervade the whole structure of English society, and to affect even the most benevolent natures in a manner which is somewhat mysterious. We would be far from intending to utter a word of disrespect to the memory of our amiable biographer; yet the study of national manners often leads to curious compari-

sons. In the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* we are told of a citizen of North Carolina who, after capturing his fugitive slave girl, tied a rope round her neck and made her run at his horse's heels for some miles over the country and through the streets of a town: the incident is revolting enough, but we must be permitted to doubt whether many Southern ladies would have been disposed to characterize it as a specimen of "grim humor," or to speak admiringly, in general, of the perpetrator, which is the view Mrs. Gaskell takes of precisely the same occurrence in Yorkshire, with the variation that the subject of the joke was a youth of tender years, who had escaped from school, and its ingenious inventor a clergyman widely esteemed and honored. This digression might be swelled to an endless length, were we to cite only a few of the numberless illustrations which occur; but it suggests itself so naturally that what has already been said will require no apology.

It has been the fate of many a writer to discover that the topic which he had selected for a magazine article was likely to grow under his hands into a volume, and that if he wished to confine himself within any endurable limits he must end almost before he had begun. The reader's courtesy, however, may still allow a passing glance at one or two matters of interest connected with the subject of our present sketch, which attract the attention both in her life and her published works. The premature mental development which she shared with her three sisters and her unfortunate brother is almost without a parallel, we imagine, in domestic history. Precocious children, with an inveterate passion for scribbling, are by no means so uncommon; but we may well be awestruck at the phenomenon of a girl who before she was thirteen had composed some twenty volumes, of sixty or a hundred pages each, in the very smallest chirography that ever strained the eyes or called for the aid of a microscope. Pet Marjorie is utterly thrown in the shade by the youthful Brontës; while on the other hand there can be no stronger contrast than between

these painful and stunted little men and women, who must, we sadly suspect, have been rather of the nature of *enfants terribles* to their acquaintances, and our fresh and joyous little darling, whose quaintness and comicality might excite the gloomiest dyspeptic to fits of laughter, and whose fascination consists in the wonderful union of extraordinary cleverness with all that is delightful in the picture of a perfectly healthful and happy infancy. When Charlotte Brontë replies to her father's question, that the best mode of spending time is to "lay it out in preparation for eternity," we recognize the good child who has learned her catechism well; but we have a very different feeling when we read Maidie's doughty resolution to "meditate on Senecian and Religious subjects" because it was Sunday—a purpose which (melancholy to relate!), after her single expression of thankfulness that she is not a "begger," appears to vanish entirely from the mind of the little worldling, perhaps on account of a commotion visible from the window among the "ducks, cocks, geese, hens, etc.," who were "the delight of her soul." The author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* is the only one of her family who has formed an exception to the general law with regard to precocity of intellect. *Wuthering Heights* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, after a brief interest created by the mystery of their origin, sank rapidly into the oblivion which no friendly hand will ever seek to disturb. It may even be doubted whether the older sister could long have sustained a reputation which was no less suddenly acquired than it was well deserved. Originality, as a logician might say, may be predicated of a first work, perhaps of a second, possibly of a third, but never of a series: when the novelty and surprise have worn off, the public attention inevitably flags. Miss Brontë's world of romance was too spiritual—her acquaintance with the actual world too limited—her leading characters too much abstractions—her dialogues to too great an extent the musings, or, as it might be expressed, the "thinkings aloud," of kindred spirits, rather than the natural flow

of conversation—her ideas of the superiority of the rougher sex too little in harmony with the degenerate spirit of the age—to lead us to believe that she could have retained a permanent hold upon the laureateship of fiction, which she appeared to have successfully reached at a single effort. Predictions of all sorts are difficult, and apt to prove very absurd; yet it may be that her destiny will suggest a comparison with that of one to whom she certainly bore no more resemblance than his simpering parasite to the refined and gentle friend who has consecrated her memory. The unwieldy moralist of the last century lives mainly to the present in the pages of his biographer; and the charm of Mrs. Gaskell's style, the singular history it reveals, and the pathetic interest of the whole may serve hereafter to excite the curiosity of readers with regard to the very works it was designed to illustrate, but which would otherwise be known only by name.

When the visitor at one of the vast galleries of paintings which adorn the cities of the Old World perceives that his brief hour has been so occupied with the merits or demerits of some three or four, whose celebrity first attracted his gaze, that he cannot even pause before any of the countless treasures of art which still tempt him on every side, he may yet be irresistibly impelled to linger as he passes the acknowledged masterpiece of the collection, and to pay, perhaps for the thousandth time, his homage to the genius which reigns supreme, though the lapse of years may have begun to soften its tints, and to render them less garish to the eye than those of its more recent competitors. Thus, as after our hasty and desultory remarks upon a few prominent writers in English fiction, we are obliged reluctantly to withdraw for the present from its splendid and far-reaching domain, we are detained by a remembrance associated alike with the happiest moments of boyhood, the brightest fancies of youth, and the solace of the most weary periods of mature age. At the shrine of the great enchanter, to whom, almost equally with the immortal subject of the verse, were entrusted the "golden

keys" which unlock the gates of joy and of grief, of sympathy, of horror, and of tears, we bow with the veneration of humble worshipers, with the gratitude of hearts which his magic spells have never failed to lighten in their darkest hour of gloom. Of the labors of the greatest of British novelists in his own department it may almost be said, with the same justice as of those of the greatest of dramatists in his, that it is "vain to blame and useless to praise;" and to enter either on examination or extended eulogium at the close of an article already too long would be ill-advised indeed. Yet not more in the perusal of Shakespeare himself than of his modern and northern rival in a kindred sphere, is admiration of the writer interwoven and blended with love and affection for the man. The imagination of some skillful artist has embodied in a well-known picture our perfect conception of what the poet was, or ought to have been; and the sunny smile which plays over the features stamped with the impress of all that is most exalted in the power of mind, can be compared in its sweetness only with some of his native wood-notes, or the music which comes o'er the ear like the "sweet south, stealing and giving odors." But in the noble brow, the sagacious and benevolent though somewhat pensive lineaments, even the careless dress, the sturdy and muscular frame, which the sculptor has represented as well for the ornament of our own city as for the delight of thousands from abroad, we recognize an object of scarcely less deep an interest as we are detained at the entrance of a resting-place for the dead, upon which nature has lavished all the beauties that could throw a charm around the home of the living.\* We recall not only the historic page illuminated till shadows become realities, till the spirits of past centuries arise and sweep before us in a procession almost too varied and too dazzling for our feeble vision—not only the more quiet, but no less consummate portraiture of social life among a people to whose hardy virtues and example

\* Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia.

we are indebted for so much that is excellent and valuable on our own soil—not only the exhaustless humor, the captivating grace and simplicity of style, the wondrous power of effecting by a few brief touches what other writers vainly toil to accomplish in chapters of elaborate description—but we are also reminded of the influence steadily exerted on the side of pure morality—the wit that has no taint of coarseness—the pathos which, though it may enlist our compassion for the criminal, never leads us to forget the crime—the genial and overflowing love of humanity in all its forms, from the highest to the lowest; and more and most of all, the rigid and unfaltering sense of honor that prematurely furrowed the countenance and bowed the shoulders and palsied the “right hand” which, in the grandest of his utterances, he declared should throw off even the terrible burden which crushed him by the mismanagement of others,

should retrieve every loss, satisfy every just claim to the last farthing, and leave, at whatever cost, an unsullied name to his children and to the world. In the undying devotion of his countrymen to his memory it might be presumptuous to share, except in so far as reverence for the great departed is at once the common sentiment and the luxury of mankind; yet as united with them by many ties of lineage, of similar institutions, manners and laws, as speaking the same language, partaking in the benefits of the same unrivaled literature, and equally destined to hand down to the latest times the priceless heritage of constitutional freedom and glory, American readers may join with his eminent compatriot,\* when at the close of an essay in which national and patriotic feeling at length assert their mastery even over the sharpness of hostile criticism, he offers to the author of *Waverley* the tribute of his “proud and sad farewell!”

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#### ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADA.

VERY few of the present generation know anything of the pleasures and miseries of an old-fashioned journey by stage—of the bumps and jolts, if the road is rough and the “fast line” has to make its ten miles an hour—of the provoking delays and the lordly indifference of the drivers. An old lady might run out anywhere and stop the coach to ask one of these autocrats to bring her a penn’orth of snuff or a quarter of a pound of tea on his return. If she had a brace of pretty daughters and owned a snug farm in her own right, it was nothing more than natural for the autocrat to indulge in a “few minutes” chat: it gave him a chance to breathe his horses, during which one of the aforesaid pretty damsels was very apt to come after the old lady, ostensibly to remind her that standing on the damp ground

was very favorable to the “rheumatics” about which she complained so much. Vainly do the passengers growl among themselves and give audible expression to their impatience. The autocrat of the stage-coach is not to be moved until he is ready, and is generally sure to quietly revenge himself upon the malcontents by sending his team at their best pace over the worst part of the road, “just to bring ’em to their senses.”

The box of a coach is my delight: a friendly cigar, a social “smile” at the inn while the horses are changing, and a few well-timed compliments about his team and stylish handling of the reins, invariably opened the autocrat’s heart, loosened his tongue, and last, but not least, his whip-lash.

“Young man,” said the driver of a

\* Carlyle.

mail-coach on a once popular route (before the days of railroads)—“Young man, I know every gal along the road, and there are some durned pretty ones. One, I know, is worth three thousand dollars, another about ten thousand; and then there's old Squire Smith's darter. She'll be worth a cool thirty thousand when the old man dies, and he's powerful ailin' of late. Now, if you want to get 'quainted with any of them, jest tell me, and I'll 'knock you down' to ary one of them, at once.”

I thanked him for his politeness, but unfortunately was never able to avail myself of his kind offer.

But, alas! the glory of the stage-driver has departed. It is only in the “Far West” that he now flourishes to any extent, and even there his sphere is being more and more circumscribed by the rapid advance of railroads.

Any one who wants a glimpse of staging in its traditional glory—to them, I say, go to California.

Nowhere, even in its palmiest days, has it ever been excelled, and a stage-ride over one of the principal competing lines, with its wild scenery, wild horses, and, I was going to add, wild drivers, is an event to be remembered.

Punctually on time, when the roads were good, did the coaches of the rival routes from Sacramento draw up at their offices in Virginia City, Nevada.

The arrival of five or six about the same time always created a great deal of excitement, notwithstanding it was of daily occurrence.

Toward the end of winter, when the roads began to break up, this punctuality was of course impossible, but every exertion would be made to get through with the least delay.

The drivers on these routes do not stop when and where they will to chatter to this old lady or exchange the compliments of the hour with that young one. For two reasons, however: one is, their orders against delaying are very stringent; the other, that the old ladies have no solid attractions to back them up, and the young and pretty single ones are exceedingly scarce.

The coaches run on stated time, and if unavoidably detained by bad places on the route, must make up for it where the road is good.

The consequence is, that the passengers are not unfrequently treated to a ride, at full speed, over mountain grades where the slightest mistake on the part of the expert reinsman would send them over precipices hundreds of feet high. Accidents are of very rare occurrence, but thrilling escapes take place every now and then.

It was in February, 1866, while the roads were in this *mixed* condition, that I left Virginia City, Nevada, for the sunny land of California. The morning was cool and raw, the road hard frozen, and the “mud-wagon” (as the winter coach was elegantly termed) bounded behind its spirited team of six American horses as if determined, by its mad pranks, to break up all formality among the occupants.

And a word about those fellow-occupants—or sufferers. There were but five; and as the “wagon” had not sufficient load to steady it, the rough state of the road, the lively rate at which we were driven, and the unceremonious manner in which we were pitched about, made us very sociable in a short time. I said there were five of us—true; but then I had forgotten the *baby*, an Irish institution in this case, and blessed with an unusually sound constitution.

The lurches of the wagon constantly interfered with dear baby's breakfast, and baby objected to this very same interference in the most vociferous manner.

I wish here to remark, *par parenthese*, that I don't particularly dislike babies, neither do I adore them; nor can I go into ecstasies when my old friend Jones presents, with paternal pride, his seventh infant, and tells me he is “wrapped up in its existence.” On these occasions, out of regard for Jones, I usually put on a bland, benevolent smile, daintily touch its fingers and compliment papa and mamma upon the strong resemblance to them. If the youngster looks justly astonished at my

familiarity, and puckers up its little lips, threatening my sensitive ears with a squall, in sheer desperation have I sometimes pulled out my watch and made baby listen to its "tick, tick, tick." To spring open the hunting-case was always the last resource, this *coup de main* being usually rewarded by a triumphant crow from the small child. I have often thought, while undergoing this presentation to the nursery pet, that my countenance would afford a rich study for a painter. Glad, indeed, was I when mamma and nurse disappeared with the last blessing to put it to bed, leaving Jones and myself to a social smoke in his cozy library.

I am, if I say it myself, a good-natured man, and as such am constantly imposed upon. If I am in a street-car, although there may be plenty of unoccupied seats, the jintlemon from the other side of the way, who, in the consciousness of his proud lineage, objects energetically to riding in the same vehicle with a "durty nagur"—this jintlemon, whose breath is redolent of whisky and onions, and who has altogether an odor not of sanctity, but of exceeding worldly uncleanness, is always sure to plant himself down by me with the most friendly assurance. And then, when requested by Miss Juno or Miss Minerva to escort them to the concert in place of their respective adorers, who have been obliged to run on to New York for a day or so "on business," in my sincere politeness have I stepped out into the aisle to allow other ladies, attended by cavaliers on their own account—not by proxy, as in my case,—to pass up. My politeness has been usually appreciated and acknowledged by their spreading themselves out to such an extent that when I again attempt to resume my seat I find, to my sorrow, that I have less than half of it left, and am compelled to drag out an excruciating evening.

These reflections were called forth by the Irishwoman's depositing, *sans cérémonie*, her precious charge in my lap, and asking my benevolent self, in a voice resembling a harp of Erin with its strings out of tune, "Would yer honor just

plaze to howld the baby for one minnit ownly?"

The coach was rattling along at a merry pace, and for no other reason but just to prevent that embryo democrat's valuable brains from being bruised against the sides did I hold him carefully from me, supporting him, not in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, but between the roof and floor of the coach. All things must have an end, and madam at last announced her willingness to receive again her son and heir. My traveling companions were convulsed with laughter at the woman's assurance and my awkward discomfiture; and one suggested that I seemed quite *au fait* at the nursery business.

I indignantly denied the soft impeachment, and hoped he might have a dozen babies, and no better fate than to be traveling with them all in a land where there were nothing but stage-coaches to ride in, and where the roads were always rough.

By this time our Jehu had accomplished his first change. Six fresh horses were ready with their harness on, and in a very few minutes we were off again.

I took the opportunity to get out by the driver, to enjoy the splendid scenery, and be, at the same time, rid of those unfeeling fellows inside, who could not sympathize with my humane efforts in behalf of distressed maternity.

At the next station we found breakfast ready, to which ample justice was done. Here our female *compagnon de voyage* left us. The parting was entirely without tears on either side. She was going to be cook at the hotel where we had just breakfasted, and, remembering my services in holding her infant, exclaimed, as we were driving off:

"Shure, and it's yer honor as I hopes to see pass this way again."

"The old Sierras look cold this morning," remarked the driver to me; and the long, dark range of mountains, with their summits thickly covered with snow, loomed majestically before us, and seemingly presenting an impassable barrier to the warm and sunny lands of the Golden



State. The road began to ascend the foot hills, and was so rough and cut up as to render faster progress than a walk impossible.

"We'll strike snow directly," said the driver, who now found time to enjoy a cigar, with which I had cemented our friendship upon climbing to the box, "and then I'll show you what a sleigh-ride across the Sierra Nevada is."

Soon we were winding through forests of lofty pine trees, whose fragrant odor reminded me pleasantly of a similar region, but in a distant land. At last the station came in sight—a large wayside inn with ample stabling. Here we were to be transferred from the uncomfortable mud-wagon to a large and commodious sleigh; and here was to begin our exciting ride across the frowning, snowy mountains.

While the horses are changing, and while our fellow-travelers take a hot drink together, let us briefly review the magical (for no other word so fitly expresses it) change that has taken place in the last twenty years.

From a dreamy, sunny land, with an indolent, shiftless race of inhabitants, has arisen the Golden State of California, teeming with wealth and enterprise. Stately cities have been reared within her limits, the chief of which, at no distant day, when the iron band of union from the Atlantic to the Pacific shall be completed, will proudly take rank with the famous cities of the world. In those twenty years how many new States and Territories have been created! How step by step, but with sure progress, has the Star of Empire taken its westward way! Of the populous cities on its path, Denver, in Colorado, Salt Lake, in Utah, Virginia City, in Nevada, are stepping-stones for the march of improvement. Think of the toils and sufferings of the pioneers to the new El Dorado, and contrast them with the present easy, nay, almost luxurious, mode of transit, its great prosperity and brilliant future.

"All aboard!" and taking our seats the grooms release the plunging horses, and off we dash, the excitement of rapid motion communicating itself to every one.

This fresh team is composed of "bronchas," or half-breed American and mustang horses, unrivaled for fleetness and endurance. Pretty animals they are: closely matched and white as snow, with clean bright harness, they speed along, carrying us rapidly into the fastnesses of the once-dreaded Sierras. The snow deepens, but is well packed in the road, which is carefully marked out by a continuous line of poles on either side, a necessary precaution to guide travelers when a fresh fall has covered up the tracks. Once out of that beaten path, and the snow is, in many places, deep enough to bury completely horses, sleigh, travelers and all!

Far above us tower the stately pines, and one is astonished at their gigantic proportions, and calls to mind the remark of an Oregonian, some years since, when talking of the comparative size of the pines of the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range.

"Why, in old Web-foot," as Oregon is affectionately called by its inhabitants, owing to the incessant rains which prevail, "there are plenty of trees so tall that I could never see the tops of 'em without lying on my back to look up!"

A glance at the enormous trees we are passing by made me think that the Oregonian's figure of speech was not so extravagant after all.

We are indeed approaching a land of wonders, of magnificent scenery, of memorable trees, of the Yo Semite, and of "Frisco." For if Boston is the hub of the universe, San Francisco is the hub of California.

The rapid rate at which we are going soon carries us over the intervening distance between stations. Fresh teams every eight or ten miles made our driver able to redeem his promise of giving us an exciting sleigh-ride. "The next station is dinner, and the end of my route," said he, gathering up the reins in an artistic manner, "and I am going to put you through lively."

Most certainly, if the start was any indication. That spanking team of bays seemed to go as if for the very love of it. Down a steep hill like the wind, the

driver bearing hard on the brake (with which all the sleighs are furnished as a very necessary precaution), when suddenly a passenger shouts out, "Driver, the brake's broke!" and the rattling of the iron work instantly confirmed his statement. We were speeding down hill when this happened, and the sleigh began to crowd the pole-horses pretty severely. I glanced at our driver. Not a muscle of his countenance changed expression; and deliberately, and without the slightest excitement in his manner, he put the whip to his animals and sent them along on a keen run. One of the pole-horses made a misstep, which was instantly noticed, and corrected with a blow from the double thong, and the stumbling animal briefly enjoined to "mind where he was going."

In this seemingly reckless manner did we finish that drive, nearly all of which lay along the shores of the Donner Lake, where a party of early California emigrants were caught by the deep snows of winter and miserably perished. A few survived by subsisting upon the flesh of their dead companions. But enough of these horrors: they can never be repeated. The lake, a beautiful body of crystal purity, lay embowered in lofty pines, whose dark forms strongly contrasted with the glaring whiteness of the snow on its frozen bosom. Around a turn in the road and we are at the station, where dinner is announced without loss of time; after which, under the auspices of a new but no less skillful driver, we continue our journey. Now came the really dangerous part of the road: we here commenced in earnest the crossing of the Sierra Nevada. High above us towered the grand old mountains, guarding like grim sentinels the portals to the promised land of California. Huge masses of snow, seeming to need but a breath to topple them over, and gathering fresh strength from their impetus, roll down into the valley, a frightful avalanche! Occasionally to our left we see stumps of trees cut off some fifteen or twenty feet from the roots, and also the ruins of several log cabins. The driver tells me that the cabins are the remains of those

erected by the Donner party, and the stumps now rearing their ghastly heads high above the snow were nearly on a level with it that terrible winter. Horrible sufferings! frightful deaths! If they had only known it, or had succeeded in the attempt, it was but a short distance from that fatal encampment to the mild and sunny climate of California.

In answer to my question, the driver said that in a month hence, when the sun has greater power, the danger is very much increased and lives are not unfrequently lost.

We anxiously watch each impending cliff with its snowy crown, and feel relieved, on emerging from the gloomy defile, to find ourselves upon the comparatively level summit of the range. What a sight! Snow, snow, snow! And it is through this that the iron horse is soon to plough his resistless way, and laugh to scorn those whose faith in a railroad to the Pacific wavered when the impassable barrier of the Sierra Nevada was mentioned.

How lonely the station looks we are coming to!—almost buried in the snow, and yet everything about it is exceedingly comfortable. Huge fires roar in the chimneys, immense ricks of hay overshadow the spacious stables; each and all, with silent eloquence, cordially inviting the storm-belated traveler to rest. On this summit the snow is constantly filling up the road, and snow-ploughs are regularly run over it to keep the track in a passable condition. Our new driver is as fast as the old one, his horses are every bit as good, and we recline in our comfortable seats and think how splendid it would be if we could only transport some of the *spirit* of that ride to the far distant East—the vast masses of snow, the magnificent mountains, the towering pines, the dashing driver and his Mazeppa team, so different from the sober, staid, discreet style in vogue in the land of steady habits.

The shades of night are now falling fast, and the dark forest through which our road leads looks more sombre than ever. The snow is not near as deep as it was, and in many places the ground

is almost bare: the air, too, is milder. We are fast descending the western slope of the mountains, and begin to get a soft breath from the tropics. Before going much farther we find it necessary to change back to the mud-wagon again, and for nine miles crawl at a snail's pace over a corduroy road of the roughest possible construction—nine miles of mortal agony, of cruel bumps and dislocating jerks. Right glad are we to see, from the heights behind it, the twinkling lights in the pretty town of Dutch Flat, in CALIFORNIA!

The remainder of the road, until we strike the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, eleven miles farther, we are told, is utterly impassable for wagons, and has to be traveled on horseback; so I was not sorry at the prospect of resting my sore and wearied limbs. The "rack of torture," as one of the party feelingly called the last nine miles of corduroy, had most effectually taken away all the romance of our splendid sleigh-ride across the Sierras.

At early daylight the stage agent went around, gave each passenger a tender punch in the ribs, thrusting his lantern right into his face to see if he was awake and comprehended the call, "Boots and saddles." With many a groan did the unfortunate wights follow him to the stables where our would-be chargers were in readiness.

As stage-horses they were richly entitled to their full meed of praise; but as saddle-animals—ah! *they* are horses of other colors.

By the time the company is mustered and mounted it numbers fourteen, including the conductor and several local passengers—two, by the way, being ladies, and one a genuine John Chinaman, in the full glory of his Celestial splendor.

"How far to the cars?" inquired an individual bestriding a very rough trotter.

"Eleven miles."

"Fshaw!" said another, thinking, doubtless, of the fleet-footed steeds and the flying sleigh of the day before, "a mere bagatelle of a distance: we'll do it in no time." The spirits of the whole

party were on the rise; the new-comers feel particularly exuberant and addressed sundry jocose observations to the unfortunate possessor of a pigtail, upon whose unappreciative ears the sharp arrows of wit fell harmless.

"Bless my stars! here's a big mud hole!" shouted out a luckless equestrian, as his horse plunged in up to his belly.

"Follow after me carefully, gentlemen," said the conductor, coming to his assistance, and we were soon fain to believe that the road was not only impassable for wagons, but well-nigh for horses also. Our swelling plumes were gently smoothed down, and we followed the conductor at a slow walk in Indian file, moreover picking our way most carefully. It was broad daylight, and we were in full view of some placer mines now being worked by extensive hydraulics. The road ran almost parallel with the line of the railroad, upon which thousands of Chinese laborers were swarming like bees, cutting through hills, leveling mountains, building embankments, and grading. No one in our party experienced the slightest difficulty with his charger but the unfortunate Chinaman, whose girth was always getting loose, or something else out of order. Once, while ascending a steep hill, his saddle slipped back and turned; the horse started and plunged, and a mingled mass of pig-tail, nankeen and chopsticks flew into the air and struck the ground, whence arose a badly frightened, mud-bespattered, but uninjured Celestial.

To catch the horse, adjust the saddle, and assist Mr. Chinaman to remount, delayed us some little, and between the laughter of the spectators (who would have thought it exceedingly funny if the brains and pig-tail had been generally scattered), the anathemas of the conductor, and the jabbering explanations of the equestrian Celestial, the scene was highly sensational.

"How far to the depôt?"

"Seven miles."

"Goodness! have we only come four miles?" growled one; to which another added, "Four of the longest miles I have ever ridden!" So on we jogged.

Yesterday we had nothing but snow, snow, snow. To-day, it is mud, mud, mud!

"Look, boys, flowers—and as I live, there are strawberries!"

"Hurrah for old Californy!" shouted an enthusiastic admirer. The air was warm and balmy: how oppressive our winter clothing began to feel! Coats were unbuttoned, gloves and tippets removed. So genial was the weather that it spread its influence to me, under which I presented to the conductor (thereby firmly ingratiating myself in his favor) my fur gloves and muffler. All things must have an end, and so we at last arrived at Colfax.

A train of cars, the first I had seen for several years, with a large, handsome engine, resplendent with polished brass, fumed and fretted in its impatience to be off. Seated in the elegant cars, the whistle sounded, and over the rails the train speeded toward Sacramento.

Actually on a smooth, well-equipped road in that wonder-land of California, I could hardly realize the fact. Swiftly as had our wild horses drawn us across the mountains and over the snow, it was nothing to the speed of that iron horse as he roared and rattled over the plain.

Farms and improvements begin to

crowd each other in the rapidly-changing landscape. The American and Feather rivers appear in sight: the speed is slackened as the train rolls by the populous Chinese quarter. The river is crowded with their odd-looking boats, teeming with their still odder inmates. Round a curve, and the engine whistles "down brakes" on the broad levee of Sacramento. It is Sunday, and very quiet the city is—more quiet and orderly than one would expect to find in a country so new and impulsive as this. Stately steamers are moored at the landings: omnibuses are in waiting to carry us to the hotels. We are driven to the Golden Eagle, on K street, and gladly seek rest from the fatigues of the past few days—like a dream to look back upon, so swiftly had they passed.

The great, clanging quartz mills of Virginia City, the wild drive over the Sierra Nevada, the ludicrous ride to the depôt, the cars, the calm Sabbath in the city. Everything so new, so strange, and yet so natural withal!

Here shall I rest a while, and bask in the rays of this sunny clime before commencing my proposed tour on horseback through the southern part of the State and among the vaqueros of California.

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### THE WIND'S REPLY.

"June hath her heart in the frolic of Summer,  
Roses declare for my bridal feast:  
Wind of the sea! do you study to gladden?  
When will my lover sail in from the East?"

Maidens, one the sweet mate of the other,  
Every day to the sea go down,  
Hearing the Wind say over and over,  
"Weddings must wait, if ships will drown."

## SIENA.\*

## I.

INSIDE this northern summer's fold  
 The fields are full of naked gold  
 Broadcast from heaven on lands it loves ;  
 The green-veiled air is full of doves ;  
 Soft leaves, that sift the sunbeams, let  
 Light on the small warm grasses wet  
 Fall in short, broken kisses sweet,  
 And break again like waves that beat  
 Round the sun's feet.

## II.

But I for all this English mirth  
 Of golden-shod and dancing days,  
 And the old green-girt sweet-hearted earth,  
 Desire, what here no spells can raise.  
 Far hence, with holier heavens above,  
 The lovely city of my love  
 Bathes deep in the sun's satiate air,  
 That flows round no fair thing more fair,  
 Her beauty bare.

## III.

There the utter sky is holier, there  
 More pure the intense white height of air,  
 More clear men's eyes that mine would meet,  
 And the sweet springs of things more sweet.—  
 There, for this one warm note of doves,  
 A clamor of a thousand loves  
 Strains the night's ear, the day's assails,  
 From the tempestuous nightingales,  
 And fills and fails.

## IV.

O gracious city, well beloved,  
 Italian, and a maiden crowned,  
 Siena, my feet are no more moved  
 Toward thy steep-shapen mountain bound ;  
 But my heart in me turns and moves,  
 O lady, loveliest of my loves,  
 Toward thee, to lie before thy feet  
 And gaze from thy fair fountain-seat  
 Up the sheer street ;

\* See Notes on page 629.

## V.

And the house, midway hanging, see!  
 That saw Saint Catharine bodily,  
 Felt on its floors her sweet feet move,  
 And the live light of fiery love  
 Burn from her beautiful strange face,  
 As in the sanguine, sacred place  
 Where in pure hands she took the head  
 Severed, and with pure lips, still red,  
 Kissed the lips dead.

## VI.

For years through, sweetest of the saints,  
 In quiet without cease she wrought,  
 Till cries of men and fierce complaints  
 From outward moved her maiden thought;  
 And prayers she heard and sighs toward France:  
 "God, send us back deliverance—  
 Send back Thy servant, lest we die!"  
 With an exceeding bitter cry  
 They smote the sky.

## VII.

Then in her sacred, saving hands  
 She took the sorrows of the lands,  
 With maiden palms she lifted up  
 The sick time's blood-embittered cup,  
 And in her virgin garment furled  
 The faint limbs of a wounded world.  
 Clothed with calm love and clear desire,  
 She went forth, in her soul's attire,  
 A missive fire.

## VIII.

Across the might of men that strove  
 It shone, and over heads of kings;  
 And molten in red flames of love  
 Were swords and many monstrous things;  
 And shields were lowered, and snapt were spears  
 And sweeter-tuned the clamorous years;  
 And faith came back and peace, that were  
 Fled; for she bade, saying, "Thou, God's heir,  
 Hast thou no care?"

## IX.

"Lo, men lay waste thine heritage  
 Still, and much heathen people rage  
 Against thee, and desire vain things.  
 What comfort in the face of kings,  
 What counsel is there? Turn thine eyes  
 And thine heart from them in likewise;  
 Turn thee unto thine holy place,  
 To help us that of God for grace  
 Require thy face.

## X.

“For who shall hear us, if not thou,  
 In a strange land? What doest thou there?  
 Thy sheep are spoiled, and the plougher’s plough  
 Upon us; why hast thou no care  
 For all this, and beyond strange hills  
 Liest unregardful what snow chills  
 Thy foldless flock, or what rains beat?  
 Lo, in thine ears, before thy feet,  
 Thy lost sheep bleat.

## XI.

“And strange men feed on faultless lives,  
 And there is blood, and men put knives,  
 Shepherd, unto the young lamb’s throat;  
 And one hath eaten, and one smote  
 And one had hunger and is fed  
 Full of the flesh of these, and red  
 With blood of those, as who drinks wine;  
 And God knoweth, who hath sent thee a sign,  
 If these were thine.”

## XII.

But the Pope’s heart within him burned,  
 So that he rose up, seeing the sign,  
 And came among them; but she turned  
 Back to her daily way divine,  
 And fed her faith with silent things,  
 And lived her life with curbed white wings,  
 And mixed herself with heaven and died,  
 And now on the sheer city-side  
 Smiles like a bride.

## XIII.

You see her in the fresh clear gloom,  
 Where walls shut out the flame and bloom  
 Of full-breathed summer, and the roof  
 Keeps the keen ardent air aloof,  
 And sweet weight of the violet sky.  
 There, bodily beheld on high,  
 She seems as one, hearing in tune  
 Heaven within heaven, and heaven’s full noon,  
 In sacred swoon—

## XIV.

A solemn swoon of sense that aches  
 With imminent blind heat of heaven,  
 While all the wide-eyed spirit wakes,  
 Vigilant of the supreme Seven  
 Whose choral flames in God’s sight move,  
 Made unendurable with love  
 That, without wind or blast of breath,  
 Compels all things through life and death  
 Whither God saith.

## XV.

There on the dim side-chapel wall  
 Thy mighty touch memorial,  
 Razzi, raised up, for ages dead,  
 And fixed for us her heavenly head ;  
 And, rent with platted thorn and rod,  
 Bared the live likeness of her God  
 To men's eyes, turning from strange lands,  
 Where, pale from thine immortal hands,  
 Christ wounded stands ;

## XVI.

And the blood blots his holy hair  
 And white brows, over hungering eyes  
 That plead against us, and the fair  
 Mute lips, forlorn of words or sighs,  
 In the great torment that bends down  
 His bruised head with the bloomless crown,  
 White as the unfruitful thorn-flower,—  
 A God beheld in dreams that were  
 Beheld of her.

## XVII.

In vain on all these sins and years  
 Falls the sad blood, fall the slow tears ;  
 In vain, poured forth as watersprings,  
 Priests, on your altars, and, ye kings,  
 About your seats of sanguine gold ;  
 Still your God, spat upon and sold,  
 Bleeds at your hands ; but now is gone  
 All his flock from him saving one,  
 Judas alone.

## XVIII.

Surely your race it was that he,  
 O men, signed backward with his name,  
 Beholding in Gethsemane ;  
 Bled the red bitter sweat of shame,  
 Knowing how the word of Christian should  
 Mean to men evil and not good,  
 Seem to men shameful for your sake  
 Whose lips, for all the prayers they make,  
 Man's blood must slake.

## XIX.

But blood nor tears ye love not, you  
 That my love leads my longing to,  
 Fair as the world's old faith of flowers,  
 O golden goddesses of ours !  
 From what Idalian rose-pleasance  
 Hath Aphrodite bidden glance  
 The lovelier lightnings of your feet ?  
 From what sweet Paphian sward or seat  
 Led you more sweet ?



## XX.

O white three sisters, three as one,  
 With flower-like arms for flowery bands,  
 Your linked limbs glitter like the sun,  
 And Time lies beaten at your hands.—  
 Time and wild years and wars and men  
 Pass, and ye care not whence or when ;  
 With calm lips, over-sweet for scorn,  
 Ye watch night pass, O children born  
 Of the old-world morn.

## XXI.

Ah, in this strange and shrineless place,  
 What doth a goddess, what a Grace,  
 Where no Greek worships her shrined limbs  
 With wreaths and Cytherean hymns?—  
 Where no lute makes luxurious  
 The adoring airs in Amathus,  
 Till the maid, knowing her mother near,  
 Sobs for love, aching with sweet fear ;—  
 What do ye here ?

## XXII.

For the outer land is sad, and wears  
 A raiment of a flaming fire ;  
 And the fierce fruitless mountain stairs  
 Climb, yet seem wroth and loth to aspire—  
 Climb, and break, and are broken down ;  
 And through their clefts and crests the town  
 Looks west, and sees the dead sun lie,—  
 A sanguine death that stains the sky  
 With angry dye.

## XXIII.

And from the war-worn wastes without,  
 In twilight, in the time of doubt,  
 One sound comes of one whisper, where,  
 Moved with low motions of slow air,  
 The great trees near the castle swing  
 In the sad-colored evening :  
*Ricorditi di me, che son*  
*La Pia* ;—that small sweet word alone  
 Is not yet gone.

## XXIV.

*Ricorditi di me* ; the sound,  
 Sole out of deep dumb days remote,  
 Across the fiery and fatal ground  
 Comes, tender as a hurt bird's note,  
 To where, a ghost with empty hands,  
 A woe-worn ghost, her palace stands  
 In the mid city, where the strong  
 Bells turn the sunset air to song,  
 And the towers throng.

## XXV.

With other face, with speech the same,  
 A mightier maiden's likeness came  
 Late among mourning men that slept;  
 A sacred ghost that went and wept,  
 White as the sacred wounded Lamb,  
 Saying, "Ah, remember me, that am  
 Italia!"—From deep sea to sea  
 Earth heard, earth knew her, that this was she—  
 "*Ricorditi!*"

## XXVI.

"Love made me of all things fairest thing,  
 And hate unmade me: this knows he  
 Who with God's sacerdotal ring  
 Enrined mine hand, espousing me."  
 Yea, in thy myriad-mooded woe,  
 Yea, mother, hast thou not said so?  
 Have not our hearts within us stirred,  
 O thou most holiest, at thy word?  
 Have we not heard?

## XXVII.

As this dead tragic land, that she  
 Found deadly, such was time to thee;  
 Years passed thee withering in the red  
 Maremma—years that deemed thee dead,  
 Ages that sorrowed or that scorned;  
 And all this while, through all they mourned,  
 Thou sawest the end of things unclean,  
 And the unborn, that should see thee a queen,  
 Have we not seen?

## XXVIII.

The weary poet, thy sad son,  
 Upon thy soil, under thy skies,  
 Saw all Italian things save one—  
 Italia; this thing missed his eyes;  
 The old mother-might, the breast, the face,  
 That reared, that lit the Roman race,  
 This not Leopardi saw; but we—  
 What is it, mother, that we see,  
 What if not thee?

## XXIX.

Look thou from Siena southward, home,  
 Where the priest's pall hangs rent on Rome,  
 And through the red rent swaddling-bands  
 Toward thine she strains her laboring hands!—  
 Look, thou, and listen, and let be  
 All the dead quick, all the bond free;  
 In the blind eyes let there be sight;  
 In the eighteen centuries of the night  
 Let there be light!

## XXX.

Bow down the beauty of thine head,  
 Sweet, and with lips of living breath  
 Kiss thy sons sleeping and thy dead ;  
 That there be no more sleep or death !  
 Give us thy light, thy might, thy love,  
 Whom thy face, seen afar above,  
 Drew to thy feet ; and when, being free,  
 Thou hast blest thy children born to thee,  
 Bless also me !—

## XXXI.

Me that, when others played or slept,  
 Sat still under thy cross and wept ;  
 Me who so early and unaware  
 Felt fall on bent bared brows and hair  
 Thin drops of the overflowing flood—  
 The bitter blessing of thy blood,  
 The sacred shadow of thy pain,—  
 Thine, the true maiden-mother, slain  
 And raised again.

## XXXII.

Me consecrated, if I might,  
 To praise thee, or to love at least,  
 O mother of all men's dear delight,  
 Thou madest a choral-souled boy-priest,  
 Before my lips had leave to sing,  
 Or my hands hardly strength to cling  
 About the intolerable tree,  
 Whereto they had nailed my heart and thee,  
 And said, "Let be !"

## XXXIII.

For to thee too the high Fates gave  
 Grace to be sacrificed and save,  
 That, being arisen in the equal sun,  
 God and the People should be one ;  
 By those red roads thy footprints trod,  
 Man more divine, more human God,  
 Saviour ; that where was no light known,  
 But darkness and a daytime frown,  
 Light should be shown.

## XXXIV.

Let there be light, O Italy !  
 For our feet falter in the night.—  
 O lamp of living years to be !  
 O light of God, let there be light !  
 Fill with a love, keener than flame,  
 Men sealed in spirit with thy name,  
 The cities and the Roman skies,  
 Where men, with other than man's eyes,  
 Saw thy sun rise.

## XXXV.

For theirs thou wast, and thine were they  
 Whose names outshine thy very day ;  
 For they are thine, and theirs thou art,  
 Whose blood beats living in man's heart,  
 Remembering ages fled and dead,  
 Wherein for thy sake these men bled,—  
 They that saw Trebia, they that see  
 Mentana, they in years to be  
 That shall see thee.

## XXXVI.

For thine are all of us, and ours  
 Thou ; till the seasons bring to birth  
 A perfect people, and all the powers .  
 Be with them that bear fruit on earth ;  
 Till the inner heart of man be one  
 With freedom and the sovereign sun ;  
 And Time, in likeness of a guide,  
 Lead the Republic as a bride  
 Up to God's side.

## NOTES TO POEM.

SIENA — the "Colonia Sena Julia" of Pliny — which gives its name to the poem, is an ancient capital of Tuscany, and was a city of great prosperity during the Middle Ages. Its cathedral is a magnificent structure of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Siena is the birth-place of five popes.

STANZA V.—Among the places of interest in Siena is the house of St. Catharine. This structure stands high up in the city, as it were, on the brow of a cliff. The interior is adorned with magnificent frescoes by Razzi.

On one occasion St. Catharine accompanied a notorious malefactor to the scaffold, and administered to him the consolations of religion. When the axe had done its duty, she lifted up the bleeding head, and addressing the assembled crowd, by whom she was regarded as a direct messenger of God, said: "Fear not to raise your prayers for this man's soul; I accept him as my brother;" and she kissed his dead lips.

STANZAS VI. TO XI.—During the residence of Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, his people suffered great oppression, and the land was ruled by a factional aristocracy. After writing many appeals to the Pope without avail, St. Catharine undertook a pilgrimage to France and came before the Pontiff, representing her-

self as a missionary delegated by God for the redemption of her native land. The appeal was successful, and the Pope returned and resumed the reins of government. Instead of accepting the honors the people were fain to shower upon her, she quietly retired to her home in Siena, and administered comfort to the sick and suffering unto the day of her death. *The Epistles and Speeches of St. Catharine of Siena* were published at Venice in 1548.

STANZA XV.—Gian-Antonio Razzi, or Bazzi, surnamed Sodoma or Sodona, painted the magnificent frescoes in the house of St. Catharine, the great picture of her ecstasy, which adorns the church, the splendid "Christ bound to the pillar," and the "Graces"—the latter two in the academy of Siena.

STANZAS XXIII. to XXXVI.—Pia Guastelloni, a lady of Siena, married about 1295 to a Tolomei, afterward to Nello or Paganello Pannoeshieschi, was suspected by her second husband of adultery with one Agostino di Ghisi, and was imprisoned in Maremma till her death. She is introduced by Dante in the *Purgatory*, canto V., lines 130 to 136. Her palace in Siena is high above the great square of the city, overlooking the bell-tower, and is almost the highest point to which the town extends up the spurs of the mountain.

## TO PLEASE AUNT MARTHA.

MY story is about the dearest and best of women, and a little adventure that grew out of my love for her. I am not used to the art of narration, and shall perhaps wander a little in gathering all my points together; but I'll try to begin at once and waste no words beyond letting you understand the good reason I had to prize and value her. My poor, dear mother was an only child, and my grandfather was a widower from the hour of her birth: had it not been for my precious Aunt Martha, the best and kindest of all friends, my mother would have been without a loving hand to check or eye to guide her, for her father was deeply immersed in business interests, with but little time or thought for the baby at home.

She was very beautiful, and a little willful, I am afraid, for when she grew up to womanhood she made a runaway-match, to which my grandfather was so desperately opposed that he never forgave her. My father was a gay and handsome gentleman, fond of fine living and fast company; and the marriage brought no good to either, for the little money my mother had of her own being gone, and her father remaining deaf to her prayers for forgiveness, she gave herself up to sorrow and regret, and he fled from threatening poverty to the excitement of folly and dissipation. It was a short story with a sad, sad close, for my father was killed in a duel, and my poor, dear mother soon followed him to the grave, leaving me, a tiny little creature, with a faint remembrance of her fading beauty. Aunt Martha had followed her from her old home, where she had held the place of housekeeper so many years, and shared her sorrows and lightened her troubles. When my dear mother's eyes closed on earth for ever, their last look was fixed on that kind face, and her heart was cheered by the promise that I should be to her old nurse what she had been in days gone by.

Dear Aunt Martha! how often she and I have cried our hearts full over that last sad scene! for she was never weary telling me of my beautiful girlish mother, whose life had closed when others are scarce begun; but about my father's memory she evinced a strange reluctance, and never named him of her own free will.

Now, I should tell you that she was not my aunt by relationship, being only a distant connexion of my grandfather, whose good-will she had forfeited when she left his handsome home to link her fortunes with his poor, forsaken child's. She was not young, even in those days, but she was always lovely to me, and looking at her sweet, earnest face with its good, hopeful eyes and cheery smile, I often wondered why no one had ever tried to win her for his own; for Aunt Martha was an old maid, and I never heard her allude to her youth or the fancies that belong to it. She was naturally the busiest of all living people: she never seemed to tire or need repose like the rest of the world; and it was such a matter of course to see her fingers flying from morning till night that I am afraid I did not always consider that it was the care of me that made her ceaseless industry necessary.

One day, when I was still a little child and had just begun to read and spell in a little school that was next door to our lodgings, I came in with my primer to tell all I had achieved of its wonderful contents that day, and found Aunt Martha with an open letter in her hand, weeping very bitterly. As soon as she saw me she checked her sorrow, and, becoming calm as usual, in answer to my sympathetic questions told me that she had just heard of the death of an old friend who was once very dear to her. Then she grew quiet, and I had never before known her so silent or abstracted as she appeared all the evening. Once or twice she laid her head down

on the little sewing table, and when she raised it again, her face looked pale and was wet with tears. At last she said:

"Bessie, should you like to have a brother?"

"But I couldn't, you know," I responded promptly.

"Oh yes, you could," she said hastily; "and you are going to have one come here and live with us; and we must love him and try to make him happy."

I never was so astonished before. I gazed at her with wide open eyes, and found no explanation in her rather flushed face and averted glance.

Indeed, it seemed to give her pain to say any more than could be helped on the subject, and she replied reluctantly to my unsparing questions. She said he was to be the same as a real brother to me, and his name was Roy Fielding. His father was the old friend who had once been very dear to her, and now he was dead and the poor boy all alone in the world, which must seem very empty and desolate without his father's love. We must endeavor to make him forget his sorrow; and here she grew very earnest and tender as she reminded me of my own sad little heart, and said it must teach me how to cheer his.

It was not on the next day, but nearly a fortnight afterward, that he came, but I had talked or thought of nothing else for all the time, and I greeted him eagerly as an expected playfellow. But when I saw what a great boy he was, with such a manly, grown-up manner, I hung back disappointed, and even cried.

In the midst of my pettish feeling, and in spite of my childish years, I was impressed with my Aunt Martha's face as she looked for the first time on the new-comer. I had never seen it show so much or such a kind of feeling before, and from that time I felt assured that some strange, strong emotion was awakened when she met him, and that she loved him for the sake of some one who was gone, as well as for his own.

It was not long till I learned to love him too, and forget that he was so tall and manly. He was the kindest of

brothers to me and the best of sons to Aunt Martha; and her heart seemed filled with pride and love from the first hour of his coming.

In the beginning he was sad and quiet, being impressed by the memory of his loss; but as its freshness wore away, his native energy and strong unselfishness of character were asserted and he began to take his place at Aunt Martha's side and help her in everything.

He had brought to our city a letter to some man of influence from a friend of his father's, and it soon gained him a suitable employment that lessened Aunt Martha's cares. He had school-books which he studied or read from at night, and he helped me over the hard places in my little primer with a ready good-humor and interest that made the task light.

And so we lived together just as happily as people in a fairy tale, or at least it seemed so to me; and brother Roy grew to be such a splendid man, rising steadily in business and giving every thought of his heart to dear Aunt Martha and her comfort!

Already our little home began to look so pretty and cheerful, and he never tired filling it with contrivances for her pleasure. Nothing seemed to distress him so much as to see her look weary through working, and yet she was so busy naturally, and had been so long accustomed to the necessity of labor, that it seemed impossible for her to be contented without it. I hope I was always grateful, or rather that I was able to express my gratitude by my efforts to please dear Aunt Martha, for I knew no stronger ambition than the desire to make her happy, until one dreadful night, when I discovered how utterly selfish I was at heart, and how ill I could bear my own happiness to be interfered with.

It was late in the autumn, and we had been making our plans for winter nights: Aunt Martha and I had stores of embroidery and transfer-work to do for the shops, and brother Roy had promised to read to us while we sewed. All day long I studied, being determined to pre-

pare myself for teaching, so as to take my share of the work and charge of our little household. I was almost a woman in years, and full of hope as to assuming my responsibilities.

Brother Roy looked serious and shook his head when I spoke of my eagerness to gain a position, and I had once overheard him saying to Aunt Martha that I was too slender and delicate for such a life.

But I did not mind this: I felt strong and hopeful, and was sure that I should convince him of my ability when I was sufficiently learned in the text-books to go through with the preparatory examination. Thus things stood that startling and long-to-be-remembered night when he came home rather late with a flushed face and excited manner, and broke at once into the awful announcement:

"Mr. Watson, my employer, has found an opening for me in a house in San Francisco, and I'm going out to make a fortune for us all. No more needlework for you, Aunt Martha, or school-teaching for Bessie. I shall come back rich enough to buy a house of our own, where we can live together in comfort, without this endless striving against want."

Aunt Martha looked up quickly and her face changed color. I could not speak, although I saw that his eyes were fixed on me with an asking earnestness that said:

"Do not take away my courage, but help me to do what I know must be for the best."

At length Aunt Martha said, slowly, looking at him steadily as she spoke:

"We are very happy here, Roy, and our labor is lightened by love; but you shall decide for yourself. I never believed in going against a strong impulse, and if yours deepens into resolution, it must be right for you to follow it."

For the first time in my life I felt an angry feeling dawn in my breast against dear Aunt Martha. Was she not wild to further such a plan as this? California seemed a burial-ground to every hope, instead of a field wherein to win

a fortune. I could not account for the bitter prejudice with which its name inspired me. I had never known any one who went there except a fellow-clerk of brother Roy; and of him I only knew through Roy's indignant mention of his faithlessness to a poor girl who loved him dearly, and whom he was to have returned to marry as soon as fortune favored him. They were bound by the tenderest vows, and she relied on him solely, living in the fond hope of his claiming her as his wife; but he, shallow wretch that he was! found a fresher beauty—the daughter of his business partner—and, sending his deserted love a letter of weak excuses for his want of truth, enclosed a handsome draft to make amends for her broken heart.

This little episode was all the personal knowledge I had of California, and somehow it made the whole place seem tainted with faithlessness to me.

Brother Roy's eyes were still watching me with that odd look, though his face was turned toward Aunt Martha and he spoke to her.

"Thank you again and again," he said, warmly. "I knew you would see it in the right light: in fact, it is the only path open to a man without capital, and I have known that for years. See here, Bessie—and this is as good a reason as I can offer for my determination—I have known for five years that California was the place on which I must fix any hope I had beyond slow drudgery, and I have worked for it steadily, and denied you many things you should have possessed, in saving for this end. Well, I have barely accomplished it: I have enough to secure you from trouble till I am able to send more, and the price of my passage and outfit beside."

Still I could not speak. I saw in anticipation his empty place, and felt the sense of desolation that his absence made: then I grew sick at heart and still more unreasonably angry at my quiet aunt, who sat thoughtful and silent, still looking steadily at Roy, as if to read his inmost soul.

"Then I may tell you that I have made arrangements to go at once," he

said, accepting her words as conclusive, and suddenly ceasing to regard me. "I think the time that elapses between decision and action is lost."

"Well," thought I, "he does not care for what I think or feel;" and a pang of offended pride swelled in my soul and kept me silent from that time forward.

True to his word, he lost no time, but worked at a flying rate for the few days that intervened till the sailing of the steamer, and allowed us no opportunity to regret his decision or anticipate our loneliness until it came upon us in the mournful word, Good-bye! and we saw his face turned from us, and went back again into our empty rooms. Then Aunt Martha sat down and cried as I had never seen her do since the night we received the letter that announced his coming.

I could not shed a tear, but I felt that the world was darkened and charmless, and that somehow it was a dreary thing to try to live in it.

It was in October he sailed away, and we should have to wait until December before we should get a letter from him, unless he was fortunate enough to be able to write from the Isthmus, which we scarcely dared to hope for.

As soon as we began our lonely life together, Aunt Martha recovered her cheerfulness, and spoke hopefully of the promising future that she was sure must await him. And so we went on, I being very quiet, for I could not think that all was bright in the future, and I dare not trust myself to say what was in my heart; but dear Aunt Martha either could not or would not see that I was changed toward her, but treated me with redoubled tenderness and love.

All at once two most unlooked-for things occurred, and, strangely enough, they happened on the same day.

The time for receiving the Isthmus letter passed and none came: we had not fully expected to get one, so we could bear that; but when it drew on to the date when the one from San Francisco should be due, and Christmas came and went with not a word of our

wanderer, I could see shadowed in Aunt Martha's face the agony that throbbed in my own heart.

The day I speak of was the first of the New Year, and we were unspeakably sad, as if a heavy foreboding hung over us. Aunt Martha was never idle, not even in trouble, and I worked mechanically in setting our little parlor to rights, whilst she busied herself with her endless lace-work.

Suddenly, in the midst of a long silence, a tap came to the door, and an unknown voice asked without if Miss Martha Watts and Miss Elizabeth Bartoñ lived there.

I hastened to answer, with my heart in my mouth, for I felt instinctively that there was news of Roy. I was right, for opening the door, I found a smartly-dressed but rather confused-looking young man standing there, who told me he was a friend of my brother's, and had brought us messages from him.

Aunt Martha sprang forward, and, crying out that it was three long months since we had seen his dear face or heard a word of his welfare, implored him to tell us everything and lose no time in ceremony. The new-comer stammered a little; but that was because we were strangers to him and so excited, no doubt. His name was John Havens, he said, and he had known Roy since his first landing in California: indeed, he had helped to carry him ashore, for the poor, dear fellow had taken the fever at the Isthmus, and was too weak to stand or walk.

My aunt's cry of distress at this intelligence seemed to disconcert our visitor, for he almost contradicted his first assertion by endeavoring to make light of the disease, and finally assured us that there was not the slightest danger or trouble of any kind, except that it cost so much to be sick in San Francisco that we must try to send him money enough to cover his expenses until he gained strength. Instantly our eyes wandered over the furniture of our little parlor, and I could see Aunt Martha's mind, like my own, was busy calculating what sum might be realized by its



sale ; for we had but little ready money beside.

The stranger, who was more observing than he appeared, seemed to divine our thoughts, for he hastily interposed something about personal sacrifices being unnecessary, and hinted that we were not without rich relatives. I did not take his meaning, but Aunt Martha shook her head despondingly, and answered :

"There is no source from which we have any right to expect help, but we will leave no stone unturned to secure Roy's comfort. What will be our best way to transmit what we can to him?"

"I go back on the next steamer : it is only a flying visit I am making to the East : in fact, I intend sailing for San Francisco by the day after to-morrow. I'll call to-morrow night. Will that suit?"

Aunt Martha said, "Yes." And he took his leave, stopping to assure us, again and again, that there was no trouble about Roy's getting well if he only had the money.

As soon as he left us his efforts to calm our fears seemed forced, and we gave way to the most distracting forebodings about our poor wanderer.

Oh, how can I ever forgive myself when I remember my own selfish excitement, and how, in my dread for Roy, I reproached that dear, patient, loving friend for encouraging his plan, and overlooking its mad sacrifice of home and happiness for the unreal promise of future wealth?

I pictured his suffering and desolation as the reward of the fine scheme she had believed in ; but before I had uttered ten foolish words, I saw their sting had struck home to that gentle heart, and remorse seized upon my own for the wrong I had done her ; so that I fell at her feet and clung to them, praying for forgiveness.

A stranger, whose knock at the door had not been regarded, found me there as he opened it, and looked in with a glance of inquiry on his grave face.

At first I could hardly realize the meaning of the words he began to

speak with cautious precision, and I repeated them to myself without catching their wonderful import. But by and by it dawned on me. My grandfather was dead, and I was an heiress ! A feeling of exultant joy shot through me like a flame, and the knowledge of possessing wealth, that would sweep away care like a black cloud from our lives, filled my heart with triumphant hope. The next moment I remembered that he who had periled his life to enrich us might be beyond its influence, and I shuddered as I thought of a desolate grave by the shore of the far Pacific. Then I fell weeping upon the bosom of dear Aunt Martha, and forgot all and everything in a headlong, passionate outburst of feeling.

After that everything seemed like a dream. I could hear the lawyer's voice, talking so calmly of the strange idiosyncrasy that prevented my grandfather from ever seeing me during his life-time, or making a will whereby to testify his sorrow for his harshness to my poor mother. I could follow Aunt Martha's loving expressions of congratulation, and, left alone together, I could join with her in thanking the merciful and beneficent Father of all, who had bestowed so much upon one so little worthy, and imploring His guidance and care in the disposal of it ; but nothing appeared real or tangible, even California ; and brother Roy partook of the nature of the rest, and seemed to float in a sort of mist through my mind. But this passed off with that first day, and the next I woke to a strong resolve with morning light.

"I am going to San Francisco for my poor sick brother, Aunt Martha," I said, when we sat side by side at our little breakfast-table. "Letters *may* reach him, but I shall be *sure* to do so if I live. Heaven, in its mercy, has given us this blessed fortune to save him and bring him once more into our happy home. You stay and attend to all that long business that Mr. Derrick, the lawyer, talked of, and let me go and bring him back."

I can remember now that a bright-red flush, that deepened into scarlet, covered

Aunt Martha's face as I spoke, and she threw her arms around me and held me close within them without speaking for a little time. Then she said, softly:

"You cannot go alone, my darling."

"Why not?" I cried, in surprise. "There is no possible danger in these days. Mr. Havens said the fever was the only thing, and I can take quantities of quinine."

Dear Aunt Martha had another visitation of that mysterious, flushing color, and then she said, still very softly and gently:

"You know what I told your brother Roy about never thwarting strong impulses; and I say the same to you. If your heart guides you in this, I shall not interfere."

"Interfere?" I repeated her words in astonishment. "Do you not desire to see him as much as I?"

"Oh, yes, Bess, my darling: I long for the sight of his face."

"I know it, dear, dear Aunt Martha; and it is because I was so wicked and sinful as to reproach you in that silly way last evening that I want to prove my love and penitence now."

She smiled such a faint but loving smile, so full of something I could not understand, that I felt bewildered for a moment, and sat looking at her, with my state of mind, no doubt, expressed in my face, for she threw her arms about me once more and held me close in the same silent kind of embrace as she had done before.

Well, at last it was settled, and I was to go out in the next steamer with Mr. Havens; and I do not know why it was, but the moment I made up my mind to do so, that moment all fear left my heart, and I lived in an atmosphere of hopefulness and joy.

Mr. Havens came back, with his business transacted, ready to start, and asked for his message, being much astounded and (I thought) annoyed at my prayer for his kindly escort on that long journey.

Mr. Derrick gave us bank notes, and I took but little luggage for my voyage, for I fear I had slight practical

knowledge of what was before me. Then we started, and, standing on the deck of the steamer and looking off at my aunt's yearning face, as it faded away among the crowd on the shore, I saw the same inexplicable flush lighting it up that had puzzled me so before.

It was in January, 1856, that I saw the snow-clad shores of Governor's Island sink into the wintry sea, and coming, after ten days' sailing, to the town of Aspinwall, crossed over the Isthmus to Panama in a glorious summer verdure that was a feast to my unaccustomed eyes. The whole journey was like a dream to me, and I cannot remember anything that seems like a reality until we entered the "Golden Gate," and I saw a city rising on irregular sand-hills, like a picture I had seen of some ancient place in the Old World. When we drew nearer and it became more clearly defined, I saw that some of the buildings that were perched, like eagles' eyries, on the hills were pretty Swiss or Gothic cottages, with vines and ornamental bushes tastefully arranged around them.

All in an instant a terrible dread took possession of me. I had come out in full hope, and been sustained by the un-failing belief that Roy would greet me as our vessel neared the shore; but when I looked at the crowd of strange and eager faces that clustered round ready to spring up the lowered gangway, and *saw* he was not there, my soul sickened, and I turned away in miserable fear.

Mr. Havens, who had been very distant but quite respectful in his behavior all the way, came to my side, saying that it would have been impossible for Roy to have divined my coming, and that he would take me to a hotel and go out and find my brother. But nothing that he could say would lift the heavy weight that pressed my heart down.

It was a large and quite comfortable building, not very far from the wharf at which we landed, where Mr. Havens left me, after ordering tea to be sent to my room, and went out to look for Roy.

What weary hours they were and how

they dragged until nearly midnight, when he came back dejectedly, and said he could not find any trace of him without going inland and prosecuting a personal inquiry!

He had last seen him at the house of a respectable couple, who, he learned, had left the city for the mines.

"Where are the mines?" I asked, instantly.

"Oh," he said, "there are so many diggings now that it is difficult to tell in which direction to go: I cannot discover, without time and money, whether he went north or south."

"Oh, Mr. Havens!" I cried, "let us go in both directions. I think, if you love my brother as you say, you will give him so much of your time as may be necessary for the journey, and I am sure there will be money enough, too."

He blushed and stammered, and said it would be easier to go alone; but I do not know why I seemed to have lost all sense of delicacy, and declared I would not be left behind; so, rather reluctantly, he took our tickets for Stockton, to go from thence to a place called McGuffey's Camp, where it was said such a party as Roy's had been heard of.

I do not think my courage forsook me, but I felt strangely confused and excited by my new surroundings, and I had to keep in view the dear, trembling watcher at home, and the timely riches I was able to share with those I loved, to keep my fluttering heart from sinking at the strange position in which I found myself.

The best thing to do was to start at once and go forward by the first mule-train leaving Stockton, a small inland city. I wrote to my aunt the evening before starting, and tried to make as light as possible of my missing brother Roy, and speak with as much hope as I could of the surety of meeting him at McGuffey's Camp.

We took the boat for Stockton late in the afternoon, and arrived there at day-break the next morning. It was a flat-lying little place, very muddy and wet, for it was still the middle of the rainy season. It was nearly twenty miles

northward—a journey accomplished on mule-back—before we reached the Calaveras, and, crossing at a ford, followed the river to McGuffey's Camp.

It was my first glimpse of mining life, and the busy enthusiasm of hopeful diggers struck me in contrast with the hard life and terrible privations the workers were forced to encounter. It was not a large settlement, and the miners looked all alike in their long beards, gay shirts and tremendous boots; but Roy's face was not there. Oh how my heart sank within me as I heard Mr. Havens inquire without success for the name of Roy Fielding! The men who gathered round us repeated the name without recognizing it, and then began to ask if we meant "Caledonia" or "Tall York," or was it any of "Spinky Sam's" party? Then Mr. Havens explained to me that it was the custom of the country to give sobriquets of this kind to new-comers, who lose sight of their own proper titles under them.

Then he repeated my elaborate description of my brother, and gathered from contradictory sources that such a gentleman might have been there, but did not "locate," and had gone no one could tell where.

Dejectedly we took our way to Stockton again, and there, Mr. Havens said, he learned from an old friend that my brother had gone down to San Francisco, and set sail homeward on a steamer that had gone out a few hours before ours came in.

This was mortifying, but still good news. Dear Roy's face was turned homeward; and although I would not be the first to tell him of our good fortune, Aunt Martha would have the pleasure, and I felt a joyous thrill of anticipative delight. But, by and by, Mr. Havens dropped hints that my poor brother was too ill to remain in California, and that he could scarcely crawl down to San Francisco to reach the home-bound steamer; and then hope forsook me, and I wanted wings to fly over the sea and be in Aunt Martha's little parlor to greet and welcome our poor, broken-down knight, who had gone

out so valiantly to battle with fortune for our sakes.

By traveling without rest, I reached San Francisco many days before the steamer would sail, and there I chafed as I waited, praying and trembling lest that dreadful fever might be pitiless enough to blight all future joy and hope for dear Aunt Martha.

Then Mr. Havens left me suddenly, and I found, to my unspeakable amazement, that all my funds were gone too, for I had given him my purse to buy my ticket, and I was left alone, in a strange city, without a single dollar in the world, and a long, expensive journey between me and home. Some people learn the lessons of life in a single instant; and mine was all *made* plain to me that night as I looked back upon my intercourse with Mr. Havens, in whom I had placed implicit confidence, and recalled the vagueness of every interview we had had since his first appearance in our little parlor with the story of my brother's illness. I had never suspected him for a moment before; but now I saw my own blindness and the rash indiscretion of trusting myself to the guidance of a complete stranger. I remembered his avoidance of Mr. Derrick, our lawyer, and was convinced now that I had accompanied him on his *first* voyage to San Francisco, the story of his life there and friendship for my brother being entirely invented to have himself made the bearer of funds to him, which he knew would follow the knowledge of his illness. How he knew of our good fortune and acted upon it so maliciously I could not guess: he was not a bold villain, or he might have had my purse at the out-start, instead of tramping over the country with me until I offered it to him to buy me a return ticket.

These were not very cheering thoughts; but then the story of Roy's illness was not *true*: that consoled me for a moment; and the next, a fear that he might be dead, since he had never written to us, came upon me like a blighting wind, and I trembled in loneliness and dread.

What should I do?

Wait till morning, at any rate: it was

late now, and I must try to collect my scattered and startled thoughts. I sat down, wrapping a shawl about me, for it seemed impossible to lie down and sleep in such a state of mind as I was in.

I thought and thought till everything became misty and confused about me, and I fell into a troubled sleep.

I dreamed of traveling—such an endless journey over the roughest and meanest road: my feet were blistered and aching, and my limbs refused to bear my weight; suddenly a great, lumbering carriage came rumbling along toward me, with a loud, roaring noise in its wheels, greater than I had ever heard a carriage make before. I started to my feet, awakened by the sound, and heard it still. I rubbed my eyes and gazed around me with astonished fear, when suddenly the great building in which I stood began to shake and sway beneath my feet, and the walls cracked and jarred, and the casements rattled with a sound that froze my blood in my veins. An earthquake! I had never felt and scarcely ever thought of such a thing before; but I knew the fearful sensation at its first shock, and stood horrified and spellbound in the awful lull that followed, till another and greater throe shook the great mass of masonry about me, and the awful rumbling sound, followed by the indescribable rocking and jarring, came again with increased force, and then died away.

Then the whole house became alive with cries and shrieks of terror, and the crashing of opening doors and flying feet. Unable to endure my isolation, I struggled with my own jarred lock, and, with all my strength, turning it, dashed out with the rest of the frightened people into the wide hall, and fell against a gentleman, who was quieting a startled child with assurances of safety. He turned as I struck unwittingly against him and almost fell into his arms, and, with a cry of delight, I recognized my darling brother Roy! Oh, what a blessed moment! There were many wild scenes that night of terror; but none could have exceeded the perfectly reckless way in which I laughed and

cried and hung about my long-sought brother.

I cannot tell even now which feeling reigned supreme in his face—consternation or joy; and after I had explained it all over and over again, he seemed to understand it all as little as at first.

But when he heard how wickedly I had been deceived, and how sadly we had suffered in not getting the letters that had been lost on a wrecked steamer, his good, tender heart was full of self-reproach. He had just succeeded in establishing himself favorably in business, as he had written to us at length; and, becoming a partner in a forwarding house, was that next day to have sailed to China, to attend to business there connected with the firm.

So the terrible earthquake of 1856 threw me right into his arms, or we should have been parted for long, long months—perhaps for ever.

Did I take him back to Aunt Martha?

Well, there is really something rather odd about it, and as truly as I loved her, I never thought of it till he and I stood side by side as the day dawned on us that morning in San Francisco. It

really seemed a far less womanly and devoted thing than I had meant it to be, and when I thought it over I was covered with shame and confusion; particularly as Roy proposed to me—as the only terms on which he would neglect his promising business for two or three months to go and see dear Aunt Martha—that he should take me with him as his wife.

“For it was for your sake, my darling Bess,” he said, “that I left our dear little home to try and make a fortune. Now, I should hardly dare to seek or claim you, but since you came after me”—and here he looked so knowing that it was dreadfully confusing—“why, you must take me. Besides, my dearest, it is the wish of our dear Aunt Martha’s heart.”

Then that was what her blushing and mysterious looks meant. “Oh,” I said, “I will be dreadfully angry when we meet, for I never can forgive such mean scheming.” But Roy laughed, and I had to consent. What could I do, having *gone so far*? But this I will say and declare: it was all done to please my dear old Aunt Martha.

## CONVERSION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT INTO CAPITAL.

**M**ANY propositions in regard to the manner in which the public debt should be disposed of, have appeared from different sources; but they may be divided into three several kinds:

First: That the debt be converted into interminable annuities, like the British Consols; for the redemption of which no time is fixed, but which are understood to be permanent investments.

Second: That a fixed annuity, or annual payment, be provided for the gradual redemption of the principal, sufficient to liquidate the debt in fifty to one hun-

dred and fifty years, according to the amount of the annuity determined upon.

Third: That a sum shall be set apart by the government annually, sufficient to meet the accruing interest, and discharge the entire debt within the present century.

The first of these plans does not contemplate the payment of the public debt at all; the second extends the payment through a protracted period; the third provides for its prompt extinction by the present generation. Which of these several methods will best promote the

general welfare of the country? This question we propose to consider.

The first of these proposals is regarded with complacency by moneyed institutions and heavy capitalists, who have immense sums to invest, and would like to have the nation guarantee the annual interest upon the same to themselves and their successors. To this there would certainly be no objection, provided it be consistent with the public interest. But no class has a rightful claim upon the government for this, any more than the laborers of the country have to a guarantee of a fixed and certain rate of wages and constant employment for themselves and their children for ever. Capital and labor are both entitled to full protection, but neither to any advantage at the expense of the other. If, therefore, it be found that the payment of the public indebtedness would be more conducive to the general welfare than its retention, there should be no unnecessary delay in accomplishing that object. Whether such is the case or not will, perhaps, be made sufficiently clear by our examination of the second proposition, viz.: that the debt be paid so slowly as to extend over a long period. In considering this point, we take, for convenience, a proposition presented by Mr. J. S. Gibbons in his late work, *The Public Debt of the United States*.

In one of his series of "tables of liquidation," Mr. Gibbons assumes that the debt is \$2,700,000,000, and the interest 6 per cent. Commencing with an annual payment of \$10,000,000 of the principal, he proceeds to show how the debt can be extinguished in the year 2008, or one hundred and forty-two years from 1866. This is so gradual a process that the amount of *interest* to be paid, in all, would be \$9,820,000,000—nearly four times the principal—and the total amount required to discharge the debt in this way would be \$12,528,000,000—a sum equal to almost five times the original debt. But, large as this sum is, it is only the amount the government will receive, not the actual amount the people must pay, which we shall

find, as we proceed, to be quite a different matter.

Upon all taxes laid on commodities, foreign or domestic, the merchants and dealers through whose hands they pass charge a profit. These taxes increase their cost; and as the trader, of course, charges his profit per centum upon that, the consumer has to pay profits upon the taxes as truly as upon the original cost of the articles.

Foreign goods pass through the hands of importers, jobbers and retailers. If their aggregate profits are together equal to only 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent., which will be an average of about 11 per cent. each, and probably much less than in the actual fact, and if domestic articles pass through the hands of but two classes of dealers, at 10 per cent. each, which, as the profit of the last dealer is charged upon the first, is equal to 21 per cent., which is a fair estimate in proportion to the former, we shall then have a basis upon which to compute the entire cost to the tax-payers.

Judging from an analysis of the revenue of 1867, and the changes certain to be made, it appears sufficiently clear that about 50 per cent. of our revenue will be derived from custom-house duties, and 25 per cent. from direct or indirect excise upon home products—the balance from income and other special taxes. If so, it will then be true that, of the sum required to pay the gross amount of \$12,528,000,000, one-half, or \$6,264,000,000, will be paid by these duties, and one-half the balance, or \$3,132,000,000, by excise on merchantable commodities. We, then, get at the following result:

On \$6,264,000,000, profits	
33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., amount. . .	\$2,088,000,000
On \$3,132,000,000, profits	
21 per cent., amount. . .	657,720,000

Total paid in profits . . \$2,745,720,000  
Thus it appears that, by the tedious process of procrastination which has been proposed, the people would pay, in mere profit upon taxes, a larger sum than the whole original amount of the national debt! But this is not all. The debt

must be taken care of during the long period contemplated. The English government pays over \$500,000 annually for the care of its debt. Ours could hardly cost less; but as we are supposing that it will be gradually reduced until extinguished, we may safely assume that the cost of management will be for the whole term \$250,000 per annum, which, in one hundred and forty-two years, would amount to \$35,500,000 dollars to be added to the amount the people must pay.

And, again, what must be the expense of maintaining, for more than a century, the vast machinery necessary for raising, by taxation, this aggregate of \$12,528,000,000 contemplated by the procrastination policy? Our custom-house duties cost the government somewhere from 6 to 10 per cent. upon the gross amount collected. Excise taxes, on an average, cost about three per cent.; but it would doubtless be a moderate estimate to place the average expenses of collecting taxes of all kinds at 5 per cent. At this rate we shall find that the mere collection will amount to over \$626,000,000.

But there is still another view of the bad economy of procrastination. The constant speculative operations which are always connected with the public funds would employ an army of stock-dealers and others, who, though not chargeable upon the national treasury, must nevertheless be supported by the public. The experience of England shows that a large part of her consols changes hands every year. The same will be true of American stocks, and consequently the industry of the country, which is ultimately charged with the maintenance of the non-producing classes, must support all those who obtain a livelihood through their connection with the purchase and sale of the national bonds. When the debt is paid the services of these men are dispensed with, and they may devote themselves to some other and more useful employment.

We are now prepared to find the total cost of paying the national debt in the

term of one hundred and forty-two years, and we have—

1. The gross sum paid to the government . . .	\$12,528,000,000
2. Profit upon duties and excise charges . . .	2,745,720,000
3. Expenses of collecting \$12,528,000,000, at 5 per cent. . . . .	626,000,000
4. Care of debt. . . . .	35,500,000

Total . . . . . \$15,935,220,000

Which last sum is nearly equal to the whole estimated wealth of the nation in 1860—slaves included. But this amount does not embrace the speculative operations always connected with public stocks, nor any estimate of the demoralization which they invariably occasion; all of which, whatever the loss or expense connected with them may be, is as truly saddled upon the producers of the country as the taxes, profits and other charges we have enumerated.

We now turn to the consideration of the proposal to liquidate the debt within the present century, or say thirty-four years from 1866. We will assume the debt to be \$2,500,000,000, because that is the amount at which it now stands, and because we have our calculation already made upon that basis. To do this, it will be needful that the sum of \$175,000,000 be set apart annually for the purpose of paying accruing interest and gradually reducing the debt. The whole amount required upon this principle we find to be \$5,898,000,000. If one-half of this sum is paid from custom-house collections, and one-fourth from excise taxes, with the profit upon the same, as before estimated, the result will be as follows:

1. The gross sum paid the government . . . . .	\$5,898,000,000
2. Profits on \$2,949,000,000 paid upon duties, at 33½ per cent. . . .	983,000,000
3. Profits on \$1,474,000,000 paid on excise, at 21 per cent. . . . .	309,645,000
4. Collection of \$5,898,000,000, at 5 per cent. . . . .	294,900,000

5. Care of debt, at \$250,-  
000 per annum, for 34  
years . . . . . , \$8,500,000

Total amount paid by the  
people . . . . . \$7,494,045,000

If this sum be deducted from what the  
total cost would be if extended through  
a period of one hundred and forty-two  
years, the matter will stand thus :

Cost of paying the debt in  
142 years, as before  
shown . . . . . \$15,935,220,000  
Ditto, if paid in 34 years. 7,494,045,000

Saved by the shorter pro-  
cess . . . . . \$8,441,175,000

Which sum is equal to half the estimated  
wealth of the nation in 1860. From  
this should be deducted the difference  
caused by the \$200,000,000 of higher esti-  
mate in Mr. Gibbons' calculation.

If these views are correct, we have a  
striking illustration of the manner in  
which the people of Great Britain have  
been oppressed by the creation and per-  
petuation of their large national debt.  
We see the process by which its yeo-  
manry, once owning independent free-  
holds, have been converted into peasants :  
day-laborers and tenants-at-will have  
been so utterly consumed that they are,  
as we are assured by high English au-  
thority, "on the verge of pauperism."  
This could have been accomplished in  
no other way. Direct robbery by force  
could not have attained this so effect-  
ually as has been done through the crea-  
tion of a permanent national debt, and  
the support of that debt by a system of  
indirect taxation, which has compelled  
the people to maintain one set of men  
to take care of the debt ; another to col-  
lect the taxes to pay the interest upon  
it ; another to live upon the profit  
charged upon those taxes ; and another  
still to speculate upon the public stocks.  
It is here we find by far the greatest  
cause of the impoverishment of the peo-  
ple of Great Britain as it exists to-day ;  
and a similar result, in degree, must in-  
evitably follow the establishment and  
perpetuation of a similar system in this  
country.

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We have thus far endeavored to show  
the great economy of a speedy as com-  
pared with a protracted extinction of our  
national indebtedness ; but two import-  
ant questions remain to be considered,  
viz : Is the measure a feasible one? and  
if so, What would be its effect upon the  
commerce, manufactures and general  
prosperity of the country? for, however  
desirable it may appear in the abstract,  
the measure must be shown to be prac-  
ticable, or it is unworthy of notice.

Assuming then, as before, that the  
national debt is \$2,500,000,000, the in-  
terest upon it \$150,000,000, can the debt,  
principal and interest, be paid during the  
present century without detriment to the  
general prosperity of the country? Our  
present population is estimated in the last  
Report of the Secretary of the Treasury  
at thirty-eight millions. To raise the  
sum of \$25,000,000, the annual tax re-  
quired would be equal to 66 cents *per*  
*capita*, or, allowing five persons to a family,  
the proportion would be \$3.30 to each. If  
the people of the United States can bear  
this burden, the debt is disposed of,  
because that sum annually devoted to  
the payment of principal, in addition to  
the present interest, is all that is required  
to annihilate the debt within a period of  
thirty-four years.

But this is not a full view of the case,  
because the bearing of the tax as reck-  
oned *per capita* is virtually greatly re-  
duced by the fact that a large part of the  
revenue comes from the income tax,  
stamps, licenses, the tax upon banks,  
railroads, &c., which amount in the aggre-  
gate to over \$100,000,000. One-third of  
the whole taxes therefore do not fall upon  
the great mass of the people, upon whom  
the rate *per capita* would be at least one-  
third less than we have stated—say only  
44 cents, or \$2.20 to each family per  
annum. Besides all this, the population  
of the country is so rapidly increasing  
that, taking the whole time together,  
the average *per capita* will not be more  
than half what we first estimated ; that  
is, 33 cents *per capita*, or \$1.65 for each  
family per annum.

To take another view of the subject,  
we find the aggregate accumulated wealth



of the nation, according to the last census, exclusive of slaves, was in round numbers \$15,000,000,000. A tax of two mills upon that sum would raise \$30,000,000, or \$5,000,000 more than necessary for our purpose. Can the nation bear such an additional tax?

Again, the aggregate *annual production* in 1860 has been officially estimated at \$4,000,000,000: can the country from this sum appropriate \$25,000,000 for this purpose, or  $\frac{1}{160}$ th part of it, equal to  $6\frac{1}{4}$  mills on the dollar?

It seems quite idle to suppose there can be any want of ability to do this; and therefore it becomes a question of expediency merely, and we are led to inquire whether the interests of the country will be promoted by such a disposal of the public debt. In answering this question, it seems most proper that we notice the various objections that have been made to paying the debt by so summary a process.

It has been strongly insisted that such a course will "destroy the resources of the country, injure production, impair capital and oppress labor—that capital will actually be consumed by such a policy." Let us see whether these results would necessarily follow.

When the annual payment of \$25,000,000 of the principal is made, what will become of the money? Will it be annihilated? No, because the debt is held by those who live upon their incomes, and must reinvest it in such a manner as to produce income. Will it be sent out of the country? If, as is probably the fact, one-fourth of the bonds are held abroad, one-fourth of the amount paid will go to foreign bondholders, who may or may not choose to reinvest the amount in some other form in the United States. The portion remaining here will be employed by owners in the most productive manner they can devise. In some instances it may be put into railroads: in that case the means of transport for freight and passengers will be increased, and consequently not only the convenience of the people, but the productive power of the nation, will be promoted: or it may be used for banking purposes,

and thus aid the exchanges and trade of the country; or it may be invested in manufactures, and thus enhance the power and profits of that department of production, greatly to the general benefit of the country; or it may be loaned on mortgages to farmers, and thus advance the interests of agriculture; or to builders in the cities, and furnish additional accommodations for all classes of persons; or, lastly, it may be invested in shipping, and thus increase the mercantile marine of the nation.

In some, or more certainly in all, of these ways will the amount paid off be reinvested. It will not be consumed, because the payment of a debt does not destroy anything. Capitalists, as we have said, live upon their incomes, not upon their investments; consequently are certain to place their funds in some reproductive employment. Is not this as absolutely sure as anything human can be? If so, what is the effect of these annual payments of the public debt? Clearly, that the amount so paid is at once brought into active use in the agriculture, manufactures or commerce of the country.

While the amount was invested in bonds it merely represented the debt of the government contracted for commodities mostly destroyed by war, which debt was a lien or mortgage on the whole property of the nation, personal and real: when paid, it becomes a part of the active capital of the country. The debt itself is not capital. It is not wealth *to the nation*: to individuals it is the promise of wealth, which gives them an annual claim for the interest, and an ultimate claim for the principal in gold, and therefore, for convenience, we call this class of persons capitalists.

If the debt were repudiated, not a dollar of wealth would be destroyed; only so much debt would be wiped out, while the aggregate property of the nation would remain intact. The few who own public stocks would be robbed of their just demands upon the government, while the many would be relieved from the taxation necessary to meet the interest.

To pay off the national bonds, therefore, is to change mere debt, that creates no wealth, but simply transfers it from one party to another, into actual wealth and efficient capital. This is not accomplished by any financial legerdemain. The manner can be easily shown by an illustration. A farmer's estate is mortgaged for \$2000. He determines to pay it off by annual installments. How can he do this? Evidently by his *savings*. If, besides paying the accruing interest, he will save from the expenses of himself and family \$100 per annum, in twenty years the debt may be extinguished. If he can and will do this, his property is freed from mortgage, he is an independent man, and can then afford to expend more in living, or, if he continues the same economy, may purchase more land and extend his operations. He will have increased his capital by \$2000. Just so with the people of the United States. To pay off the debt each person must save in proportion to the amount he is taxed for that purpose.

That this would be highly advantageous to the country is beyond dispute: nay more, that the prosperity and full development of the national industry imperatively demand that this course should be adopted, we suppose no sensible man will question. If so, ought the richest nation on the face of the globe, the people which of all has the largest margin for taxation over necessary expenditures, to hesitate for a moment in establishing a policy that shall ensure so favorable a result? So far from impairing the resources and productive energies of the country, every intelligent man must see that it will increase both as rapidly as the payment of the debt takes place. The nation will be absolutely richer by the entire amount of \$2,500,000,000 when the debt has been paid off, as the farmer would be richer when he had discharged his mortgage: greater economy in expenditures would, in both cases, be the cause of this increase of wealth.

The idea of procrastinating the payment of the debt to such an extent as to carry the final extinction of it into the twenty-

first century, or even to the middle of the twentieth, as some have proposed, seems preposterous—practically equivalent to an indefinite postponement. To one who reflects at all upon the great uncertainties of the future, of the fearful contingencies that surround national existence, it appears like presumption to lay such far-reaching plans.

Besides, we surely ought not for a moment to contemplate a national debt as a legacy that we may properly bequeath to a future generation. We may have the power, but certainly we have not the right, to do this. Each generation of men ought to be left free to choose their own mode of disposing of their labor and wealth; but if we of the present have the right to impose upon a coming generation a debt, the bare interest of which shall require a tenth part of all they can produce, have we not equally a right to impose on them a still greater burden, one that shall require nine-tenths of their earnings, leaving them only the bare necessaries of life, and reducing them to the condition of mere serfs? The right to tax at will is the right to enslave; for debt, so far as it deprives a person of the fruits of his toil is slavery: "the borrower is *servant* to the lender."

Again, if a national debt, so far from being, as some would have us believe, "a national blessing," is in fact a great calamity, an incubus upon industry, and an increasing source of official corruption, the sooner the fact is recognized and the principle fully settled that the burden shall be removed as speedily as practicable, the better. The longer the payment of a debt is postponed, the greater will be the reluctance to pay it at all. This we know to be true as between individuals, and it is equally true of nations. We may take England as an example. She makes no effort to pay her debt, though she might wipe out the whole of it in comparatively few years by efficient taxation. Her government has no heart for it. To pay in 1868 the expenses of a war made in the reign of Anne or George the Second is certainly no agreeable task; so the British people struggle hopelessly on under an oppressive taxa-

tion to meet the mere interest upon debts contracted long before the present generation came upon the stage. Do we wish to repeat such an experiment?

Another matter to be taken into consideration, in connection with the reduction of currency and the discharge of the national debt, is, that as soon as the first is accomplished and the latter is earnestly commenced, economy in public and private expenditures will be realized to such an extent as to exert a controlling influence over the public mind.

For several years past, and ever since the expansion of the currency and the vast outlays of the government occasioned by the war, the most reckless extravagance has pervaded the entire country. Not only in the national legislation, but in the action of States, counties, cities and towns, all the ordinary considerations of economy have, in a most alarming degree, been disregarded. Enormous debts have been created, involving the necessity for heavy taxation for a long time to come.

Another result of paying the national debt, and thus changing a public burden into active capital, would be, that such capital would be compelled to take its legitimate share of the risks and responsibilities of business. While his funds are locked up in the public stocks, it is nothing to the capitalist what weal or woe the trade, manufactures and commerce of the country may experience. He has no interest whatever, except to cash his coupons; and if the bonds he holds are exempt from taxation, it matters little to him what the condition of the country is, what its expenditures, how high its taxation, or how depressed its industry. Now, that a large class should exist in any community thus isolated from the general interests of the country, and relieved of social responsibilities, it is quite clear cannot be consistent with the public welfare. It needs no argument to show that every class alike should enjoy its natural rights and bear its appropriate burdens.

There is one more consideration, which, were there no other, should be sufficient to ensure the early liquidation

of a public debt, and that is, that while it exists it greatly diminishes the safety of the nation. The individual who owes a large sum of money is, in so far, unprepared for the emergencies of life. Should he meet with disasters, should he encounter unforeseen losses, or be involved in an expensive law-suit in maintenance of his rights, his indebtedness becomes a great embarrassment, and may prove his ruin; since, with the burden already upon him, he may not be able to meet his new and unexpected liabilities. His credit, indeed, will be suspected from the very fact that he owes a large amount which, for the present, at least, he is unable to pay.

Precisely so it is with a nation. With a large debt, it is never fully prepared for any great struggle. Suppose the United States had owed \$1,000,000,000 at the commencement of the late war, would not its credit in consequence have been doubted, and its power to raise new loans greatly lessened? Must not the government, other things equal, have paid larger premiums and made heavier sacrifices? England is hampered to-day (perhaps fortunately for other nations) by her heavy load of indebtedness. Indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that an exigency might present itself in which the fact that the nation was oppressed with a debt of \$4,000,000,000 would be sufficient to decide its destiny. At all events, it is easy to see that such a burden might prove a terrible calamity if the nation were called to enter upon a great struggle for existence, like that through which the United States has recently passed.

In conclusion, then, if it be so much more economical to pay the public debt in thirty-four than in one hundred and forty-two years; if the saving in taxes and charges upon the people by the shorter process be equal to one-half of the present wealth of the nation; if the additional tax required to extinguish the debt will be so slight as to be almost imperceptible; if \$2,500,000,000 of debt will thus be gradually converted into active capital, and the industry of the country be thereby greatly promoted and

its trade extended ; if a fruitful source of political corruption will be removed and the safety of the nation largely increased ; if, as honest and high-minded men, we disdain to entail upon posterity a debt we have ourselves contracted and are abundantly able to pay ; if the longer we delay the process of liquidation, the more difficult will be its accom-

plishment and the more uncertain its ultimate completion,—ought we not, by every consideration of honor and patriotism, to commence the work of extinction at once, and, in the most earnest and efficient manner, carry it steadily and persistently forward to its final consummation ?

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### AMERICAN CULTURE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD has said much of sweetness and light, but less of another essential element of culture—*strength*. If the word culture means anything, look at its analogies. A plant, in growth, strikes down earth-fast roots and uplifts a firm stem before it unfolds its leaves, flowers and fruit. So must manhood, under culture, become strong and erect to bear the most perfect bloom of human beauty and life. Not that there has not been often in the world much culture with but little strength, but this is always morbid, false, transitory.

Most of all in America should we not fail to honor strength in culture ; for, whatever else may be denied to us abroad, our national character surely displays vigor. Of our own time, one might select, to represent American culture most fully, Everett ; and of all our great men, the one to whom his best friends would assign the least of finer culture would be Lincoln. And yet not only will Lincoln stand in history as much the higher name, but even some of his utterances, with tongue and pen, will be immortal—as his Gettysburg speech and his last inaugural. Power, in him, wrought its own grand culture : “out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

Two things strike us in comparing American culture with that of the Old World. First, of course, is the

greater diffusion of cultivation—in a wide sense, popular education. Every one here may learn to read, and every one may obtain access to literature. Not only so, but, by the marvelous art of photography, the lights and shadows of the most beautiful paintings, statues and scenes of nature, from all quarters of the world, are scattered almost on the winds, shown in shop-windows, laid upon tables, or hung on the walls even of the poor. This is, in its degree, a culture of the many.

But this very diffusion may be unfavorable to the highest refinement of culture in individuals. As in politics, so in letters and art—democracy and aristocracy are incompatible. When the many ascend, the few must come down to meet them. Where, as in Europe, culture belongs to the few, it is concentrated, intensified ; although this is not the most healthy life of culture, and especially does not favor its *strength*.

Another obvious element in the comparison of our country with Europe is a certain crudeness and immaturity, hurried, unfinished work—in a word, provincialism. Our public works and buildings show this in contrast to the permanent method of England ; and we have to send abroad for the finest finish of common manufactures. We were, indeed, but the other day colonies—now grown to be States : how could we be other than immature ?

Much modification of these traits, however, comes from the consciousness of them—the dread of provincialism among refined and intelligent men. They strive to avoid it; often with success.

For instance, ought not *sensationalism* to be expected in the literature of such a country? Yet, when we put aside the “yellow-covered” novelists and melodramatists, and the humorists, whose vocation, in part, must be exaggeration, who, among leading writers, have been the sensationalists of the last twenty-five years? Not Americans, but such men as Victor Hugo, Renan, Alexander Smith and Swinburne. Among our poets, Longfellow is as artistic as Tennyson; Bryant as correct and elegant as Gray; even Lowell is never so erratic as either of the Brownings. The only one of our leading poets ever rude and unequal is Whittier; and he, in his last and best years—since *Maud Muller*—has shown that he can be an artist as well as a genius.

In prose, American writers have excelled in history, which, in modern times, almost beyond all things, requires labor and finish. What European writers are above Irving, Prescott and Motley? As cultivators of the fine arts, sculpture has had a number of distinguished Americans—an illustration of the same principle. In painting, the works which most please American taste to-day—as those of Church and Bierstadt—are marked by a studious and minute realism.

We often hear the cry, Give us a purely American, national literature and art. What reason is there in this? Only thus far is it rational: that mere imitation can never make anything great. But neither can mere eccentricity. Slavish copying of models can do scarcely worse than willful, blind avoidance of every standard. True genius can never be hurt by genuine culture.

But, if we admit this demand, what culture and literature should be American? What is America? *A bas* the spread-eagle: it is, in part, a question in physical geography. Our continent has the capacities of all the continents.

North America, from the Arctic zone to the sub-tropical South, has all climates, and may yield all products, with no natural bar or boundary of segregation. So, too, with our race. It is a composite of all races: first, of those of Europe, and then of all the continents, reaching now for supply even to China. If familiar with his own country, the American, great as is the good that will come to him from foreign travel, need not go abroad to become a citizen of the world: the world comes to him at home. True, he must travel for the resources of full culture. Luxor, Athens, Rome, Florence cannot be, as yet, imported. Also, it is true that some things in nature—many things—are unique on our continent. Bryant, Whittier and Thoreau, among others, give us pictures of these upon their pages, as Bierstadt, Church and Hamilton do upon canvas, and our academies, more dryly, in their museums. But ours is the last of the continents to be civilized. Our history, even, is that of progress, liberty, humanity: it is world-history. Hence, when American culture ceases to be provincial, it must become, not metropolitan, but *cosmopolitan*.

One department, at least, thrives now somewhat among us—that of physical culture. The antique Hercules was a gnarled and knotty figure, with almost no lines of grace like those of the Apollo. We have changed all that; the Hercules of to-day—the Windship or Dio Lewis—is a person of good figure, with the appearance of a gentleman and the language of a scholar. Once it was thought that only good wine needed a body; intellect could do without it. Now it is well understood that “*mens sana*” can *only* exist long in “*corpore sano*.” Thanks to Charles Kingsley for his phrase, Muscular Christianity. But why did he not pursue farther the morbid anatomy of his subject? We meet some bony Christians, with very little soft tissue of any sort. Sometimes, in either sex, we see a nervous Christianity, intense with electricity or Calvinism; and now and then adipose Christians, undergoing a fatty degeneration of the heart. Against all

these, physical culture, and the manliness and womanliness it gives, afford good prevention.

Scientific culture is, at least, respected among us. Mr. Lowe, whatever he might justly claim upon the positive side of the comparison, could scarcely sustain so long a list of charges of omission against Harvard, Yale, or the University of Pennsylvania as he has lately made against Oxford and Cambridge. Let us only hope that, on this question, common sense may not yield to utilitarianism, and the Philistines get a victory. There is no real ground of quarrel between the classics and science. Can the language of Aristotle, one of the greatest of naturalists, or that of Pliny, a victim of science, be an unwelcome acquisition to those who study Owen, Darwin, Faraday or Tyndall now?

Our greatest want, for *high* development in science and literature, is of a class of men of leisure—independent of the daily necessity of self-support. College-fellowships and public endowments—such as the Smithsonian Institute and the National Academy—might create such. Will not our millionaires, lavish in the organization of new colleges and

universities, consider that, with these and our admirable public-school system, the root-work of our culture is well planted, and that we need now some support and grafting of the upper branches?

One thought more of our American culture, present and future. No other civilization is, as yet, so founded upon what, in Neander's words, we may call the "Christian cultus." To-day, America is the most Christian country of the world in its polity, South and North, domestic and foreign. If there be, then, a school of culture which affects to despise, as there is one in science which rejects, Christianity, here should it not flourish. Do not our school-boys know, what even Buckle could not disprove, not only that Christianity did, but that it alone could, give birth to the finest art of the most artistic age—that of Raphael, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo? Only Christendom could have produced the *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, *Hamlet*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Enoch*, *Evangeline*. The bloom of all culture is, everywhere, of religious growth; hence may we hope for that of America to be—though yet but in the stem and bud—unlimited, perennial.

## THE STRANGE PASSENGERS.

"And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle complain,  
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to old Spain!"

THE schooner Unadilla, refitted and newly named, had shaken all her linen to the gale, and was flying down the river's mouth, a fruiter on her way to Malta for a cargo of red-hearted oranges. Captain Deverard himself had named her after a twenty-dollar bank-bill that once, in a critical moment of his finances, came into his possession, and which in its clear blue and white expanse had seemed to him the loveliest thing he had yet beheld. It had been the most elastic piece of paper, too, that ever was—what

a quantity it covered! In the first place, a barrel of flour—for wicked men did not just at that time make their millions out of the flesh and blood of the poor, and flour was cheap; there was enough of the bill remaining then for a pig—a little one, to be sure—for a cloak for Em, and a pair of shoes for Em's mother; and lastly, there was still a corner left that just tucked over a steel-shod sled to delight the heart of little Jack. Captain Deverard could see the boy now, in his great boots and his cap tied down about such a rosy face, making plunges, with his sled mounting and falling behind him,

through the snowdrifts that lined the yard that day like fortifications. There had been another lastly, too, which it would seem like a breach of confidence to mention, if it were not that Captain Deverard held the remembrance of the night he spent with that bottle of brandy—juicy old Cognac, he called it: it could never have been anything in the world but Catawba,—if it were not, I say, that the captain held the remembrance of that night, in spite of his wife's tears, Em's dismay and Jack's fright, as one of the very brightest ones of his experience. "Reg'lar blow-out," said the captain with a chuckle. "Never was so happy in my life. By George! I wouldn't lose the having had it for all the parsons betwixt here and Georgy!"

He had prospered since then better than he deserved, perhaps. And now he had bought a dismantled and nearly worthless old schooner—"On her last legs," said the captain, "sea-legs"—had mortgaged her for new rigging and repairs, had named her for his friend in need, and having hugged his wife and kissed the children till they were red in the face indeed, was scorning a pilot and running before the wind across the bar and out to sea. Em was shaking her handkerchief in the front door when he ran down. "I'll have a house of my own when I come back," grumbled the captain, "and be beholden to nobody!" He took his glass and made out his wife standing behind the child and wiping her eyes with her apron, as one tear oozed after another so fast that she could not catch a glimpse of the Unadilla. He dipped his flag three times to salute them, fired his swivel, and when its echo had died out across the marshes and silver streams, heard Jack's little cannon give a puff of reply: then put sentiment and home behind him and turned to the business of the hour.

It was a November afternoon, but belonging to one of those delicious days that, bewildered in the order of their going, fall among us in doubt whether they are a part of spring or fall. Resinous odors from the pine forests swept over them on the fresh wind, soft

blue hazes shrouded the horizon behind all the red and russet distances of shorn meadows and low hills; but when the Unadilla was once over the bar and rocking on the broad swells, the air thickened with a warm and pleasant vapor, into which the sudden twilight of that season fell with a cooling shock.

"Guess we'll give the shoals a little wider berth," said Captain Deverard to his mate. "There's that old Spanish craft that laid her bones there, they used to tell about, and the ten or eleven graves among the rocks: well, I don't care to make the twelfth. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas thickening up for foul weather. I'm afraid it's one of those false winds. If it holds, we'll get out into blue water and let it blow!"

The wind, however, not having that regard for persons which a well-conditioned wind should have, refused to hold, began to fall and began to veer, played various pranks of its own, and threatened to give him the lie in his teeth by turning about altogether, as if, now it had Captain Deverard out of reach of shore, it would just show him that there were two of them. The shoals were rising, on one hand, like faint purple phantoms in the less purple twilight as the captain spoke: the white light-house loomed like a ghost, with the air trembling all around it: suddenly its spark of fire struck out upon the gathering dimness, fluttered there on the fixed stone pinnacle a moment, and went wheeling on its way, laying long beams of light athwart the dark and purple sea. A trifling, baffling land-breeze blew out from the islands, and delayed them in the region of waters that Captain Deverard scarcely liked: there was something half supernatural in all the gloaming and glimmer and the long rise and fall of the dark wave with its white lips on the edges of the low islands not a mile away. "Hark, will ye?" said Captain Deverard. "What may that be?"

It was only a voice—a low, plaintive voice—to which one must listen ere distinguishing it from the murmur of the breeze through the cordage—a sound half complaining, half entreating, and as

if spoken through the palms of hollowed hands that it might reach the farther.

"Well," said the captain, "if ever I heard the lingua Franca, that's it!—the identical gibberish they chatter round the ports where this Unadilla's bound. Shouldn't wonder—what'll you bet? It's those old Spanish ghosts I told you of! Always heard the place was haunted."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the mate, strengthening himself with some fresh tobacco.

"Here, you devil-too-whits," shouted the captain through his trumpet, "what do you want?"

If ever a mortal or immortal voice were heard, all hands on board the Unadilla heard the answer come: once in lingua Franca, again in broken Spanish speech, the third time in good English—

"A passage to old Spain!"

"Well, that's more'n I can give you," answered back the captain. "We didn't put up no bunks for ghosts, and we ain't laid in any glowworms or that sort of provisions. To be sure, though, there's the dead-lights," added the captain.

Came back the cry again, forlorn and sad, as if with the wringing of hands—

"A passage to old Spain!"

"Well, it's sort of too bad," said Captain Deverard then. "They're buried up there in a foreign country, you see, just where the storm tossed them; while, if they'd been left to themselves in the furrer of the seas that drowned them, they'd have made a shift—who knows?—to get back to their own shore. I should myself, I know, if the case'd been mine. Come now! Dessay, they've left their sweethearts and wives, and a heap of little Marias and Jesuses, in that blasphemous country of theirs. I'll tell them. What do you want a passage home for?" shouted Captain Deverard, raising his trumpet again. "Don't you know your sweethearts are dead, or married to other men? Your wives have played you false long ago. Your children—" But here the captain dropped his trumpet. "I d'no," said the captain. "It's kinder hard on 'em. I s'pose they were little red-cheeked rogues like Jack, them chaps of theirs,

when they come away with the elf-locks hanging round their faces, just as you see 'em now swarming about the wharves like rats, and their eyes as black and bright. I reckon, now, if they could go back and see them children's grandchildren, they'd take 'em for their onty-donty. But there! I wouldn't have a ghost aboard o' me for all—the oranges in Seville!"

"Do' no' what harm they'd do?" said the mate, in a superior way.

"D—— this wind!" said the captain, then at that. "Here we are creeping along like that old ivy-plant, when we should have put just twice our distance between us and Old Town hills. We'll have that wailing in our ears all night at this rate!"

"A passage to old Spain!" the cry told out again like a funeral bell.

"Blowed if they sha'n't have it!" exclaimed Captain Deverard, turning on the mate in good fighting trim, having been an atom nettled by that dignitary's latest remark. "What d'ye say?"

"Well, I don't mind, if the men don't," answered the other. "Fact is, I don't believe in 'em much."

"You ain't superstitious, be ye?" said the good captain, sneering as well as he knew how to do. "Some isn't. Maybe it's only the air singing through two rocks: I've heard say as much. But if you'll take the yawl and Turner and Janvrin, Mr. Coffin, we'll just make believe giving these Spanishers a lift. George! a man with your name's just the fellow to send for ghosts!" The captain chuckled with satisfaction, in spite of a certain creepiness that he experienced.

It is very likely that Mr. Coffin would have preferred another man to stand in his boots just at that minute of time, even if it hung a calf-skin on his recreant legs; but bravado goes a great way, and before Captain Deverard could make up his mind to countermand the imprudent order, he saw Mr. Coffin and his two subordinates already distant a half-dozen oars' lengths on their errand. They were Newburyport boys, brought up in the schools of that old town side by side



with rich men's sons, possessing little awe and less fear, entirely disbelieving in the preternatural, and full enough of dash and daring to humor Captain Deverard's whim for the sake of the adventure. There was that absence of discipline on board the *Unadilla*, where crew and officers all messed together, which would have made it quite safe for them in the general free-and-easiness to have refused to stir an inch.

The mate did not exactly tell them what was the business in hand, and whether they divined it or overheard it, nobody knows.

"New branch of the business," said Janvrin, spitting in his palms and shipping his oars. "Hope it pays—doubloons, I s'pose."

"No you don't," said Turner. "Nothing but old Continental paper—spectralist kind."

"Better shut up!" growled the mate. "Them Spanish ghosts ain't none of your common cut. Run you through with their moustaches. Don't stand any joking. Wear sombreros and carry stiletos. Hope I may die if they don't strike you dead first time you see 'em!"

"Jes' so," said Turner—"first time."

"You be dashed," remarked Janvrin.

The boat had reached a distance of twice its length from the innumerable low rocks of the shore, when the captain, from the schooner's deck, signaled the rowers to pause just where the shallow water had not more than a foot's depth. "Come now," cried Captain Deverard to his shipwrecked Spaniards; "here's your chance, unless you're too 'feard of salt water to wet your feet!"

The three men afterward averred to the captain that at that moment there was a rush and scurry in the air behind them, a sound like the skipping of stones over smooth water: looking down where their shadow was thrown on the brown, weed-imbedded bottom, that in the golden sunlight of day was always transmuted into such a wrought-work of splendor, but at this hour seemed only a place of darkness and mystery, they fancied that they saw it lessen and

lessen, as a boat's shadow would be apt to do while the boat settled more deeply with fresh freight. When, at the word of return, they had measured half the way back to the schooner, Captain Deverard heard the familiar cry again—"A passage to old Spain!"—but coming from the boat itself, and in such a different intonation, such a cry of hope and of surprise and joy, that he hardly believed his ears. The men heard it too, for it rose from among them: a cold chill shivered up their backs; and whether they pulled against an adverse current or they carried a weight no boat had ever borne before, the three men climbed their vessel's side, at length, with aching ribs and beaded brows, tired with toil and drenched to the skin, but not by sea-water.

"Guess he'll get his come-uppance," muttered Mr. Coffin, striding by the little captain, and discharging some double-barreled oaths on his underlings, who recognized them as mere safety-valves. As for the little captain, he declared, somewhat later, that he felt himself growing white about the gills, though, nevertheless, he kept a stiff upper lip. "Now my hearties," said he to his guests, addressing them, as one would say, by a slightly inappropriate term—"Now my hearties, you're passengers aboard this schooner, the *Unadilla*, bound for Malta. Behave yourselves respectably, and you're welcome; that is to say—well—no matter! But go to kicking up a bobbery and I'll pitch you every one overboard again, just as true as Jonah swallowed the whale!"

"Don't think they'll stand much of that," said the mate surlily. "Papisers, you know. Their Bible's different sort of talk; all the stories there run t'other way. S'pose 'twould be as easy for Jonah as the whale, though."

"None o' yer lip!" said the captain.

There was a sound upon the deck—one of those sounds that set your teeth on edge and make the flesh crawl, as the sound of a slate-pencil does in grating down a slate sometimes—as if every ghost of them all had scraped a foot and pulled a forelock: then there was nothing

to be heard but the lapping of the water and the swelling of the wind.

"Now, Mr. Coffin," said the captain, "I'll leave the deck to you. We'll keep her as she is, I think. There's quite a little air of wind: shouldn't wonder if we made a run before the storm, after all."

So Captain Deverard, in his new dignity, went below for forty winks, while the mate took in his royals, the ship held on her course, and the "air of wind" went frolicking with the waves and whipping their caps white.

When the captain came on deck, as he did with the change of watch, every soul in sight was sound asleep. Who struck the bell then? who, indeed? Captain Deverard went aft as quickly as he could step: it was not a swift business, for the crank little Unadilla, leaning far over, carried one side almost under water. He seized the mate by the shoulder, shaking him till his teeth rattled. "What's this mean?" said he, as soon as the bewildered man had his blinking eyes open. "If ever I see a Yankee schooner turned into a Spanish brigantine, here she is! Where'd all this square rig come from?"

"Square rig be blown!" exclaimed Mr. Coffin. "Nobody's touched a rope since you went below, except to shorten sail some when the wind got round into the north."

The captain rubbed his eyes, to the full as bewildered as the mate had been. He looked up the dim height of the great sail rising far and faint in the darkness: very true, there was nothing but the usual gear of a foreign-going topsail schooner above him. "That beats all!" cried he: then falling back upon a more defensible position, "Well," said he, wetting his finger and holding it up for a weathercock, "I s'pose you see where the wind is now? As dead an east as ever whistled, and the Unadilla flying on it fluking. If 'twasn't too thick to see a star, I should say we'd been taken up in the air and set down the other way. What's that light on the bows? When I turned in I left one on the quarter—White Island light, or you

may have my head for an orange! White Island light, as I'm a sinner! Hark a minute, will ye?" as a dull, low roar fell upon his ear—the awful sound of a breaker. "We're driving straight on destruction! We're turned completely round! That ought to be the spot where we took them fellers aboard. By George, sir!" as if an idea had struck him so that he staggered, "they're working their passage!"

"About ship!" thundered the mate into the instant's silence, while the captain's brain yet reeled. In a moment the mate had leaped into the ratlines and was trumpeting his orders to the hands, who, thoroughly awakened, sprang to the ropes like cats.

"Hard a-lee!" cried the captain, and threw his whole weight on the wheel as he spoke.

A momentary shudder, a throbbing of the hard waves beneath, and the Unadilla, minding her helm and helped by the men who worked the head-sails, moved about slowly and came up in the wind, gathered headway and left the white danger astern.

"Good for her!" said the captain then, wiping his forehead, something well pleased with his craft's first tussle. "She'll ride it out. Butts at the sea like a little piece of cattle. I think we'll reduce the rag, though, Mr. Coffin—less muslin for this kind of tornadoes."

"Let go the flying jib!" cried the mate, the vessel careening under him with the force of the gale. "Let go fore and main sails! Stand by to lower the t'gallant halyards and clew them up!"

In a moment more, as it seemed, darkness had swallowed the sails: the schooner lay-to under her jib and a close-reefed topsail, and the tempest howled over her harmless.

"All's well that ends well!" said Captain Deverard. "Call the watch, Mr. Coffin!"

When everything was quiet again on board the Unadilla, her little skipper kept the helm still in his own hands, and seized the opportunity for reflecting on the situation, that he might discover, if possible, how all this rout came about.

But, do what he would, Captain Deverard could collect neither thought nor argument: there was as much confusion in his mind as there had been in the last ten minutes. He could not rid himself of the idea that not his own crew obeyed his commands, but a dozen swarming shadows. By what earthly or unearthly instrumentality they were here, when they ought to be thirty miles away, straight sailing; how, when he left the Unadilla putting down her nose and running for the high seas, he had found her back again on these winter-curst shores, with her head toward her old wharf; who it could be on board, the mate and his watch asleep, that, in such a growing gale, knew how to wind a ship till her prow was in the place where her stern had been; through what kind of atmosphere, in what kind of glimmer, neither darkness nor light, he had seen his schooner spreading the sail of another sort of vessel, as if she had been the phantom of that other vessel long since wrecked and rotten,—as easily as those propositions he could have answered what material or immaterial souls were made of! It caused the captain to shiver from his crown to his heel. Had a decree gone out against the Unadilla? Was she never to make port again? Were they all imprisoned on a spectral ship for daring to make light of death and doom in trying to give respite to those sentenced souls? What had cast such a sleep upon the watch? Was it real thickness, real storm, or was it all some wild hallucination of the night—the night conjured up again in which that Spanish ship went down?

While he mused and marveled, and kept his place at the wheel, and the schooner drifted and still drifted, ever so slightly, in from sea, a singular effect of music stole toward him, whether rising over the halloo of the heavens and the piping of the cordage, or heard only in a lull of the boisterous wind—a soft, singing murmur, in spite of its power, swelling gently, till it seemed a chorus of voices far, far away—rough, male voices, it may be, but clarified and attuned by distance into a sweetness that

was unutterable, a sadness that was unbearable, and yet nothing, as it were, but a hollow shell of sound. Captain Deverard was not skilled in foreign tongues, yet he heard the burden of these dead men's song as distinctly as ever it had been heard when, two hundred years ago, it was transferred from Calderon's old theatres to the streets, and descended thence in the hearts of that people whose religions and superstitions went with them to their play and sat down with them to their meat. The strain vibrated now round Captain Deverard's ears as if breathed from some æolian lyre:

"Pecador soy, tus favores  
Pido por justicia yo,  
Pues Dios en ti poderió  
Solo por los pecadores,  
A mí me debes tus loores,  
Qui por mi solo muriera  
Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera."

Though he could by no means give the words their literal meaning, Captain Deverard knew as well what they signified as if they had been his own speech: there was something in them, words or voice, that belonged to the general language which all men utter. Their melody seemed to come to him from every side—from the forecabin, from the cross-tree, from the hold: it was full of woe, and, with all its sweetness, seemed to emit horror as a flame does smoke. He felt himself growing colder and colder as he listened. From every side: they were all about him then. The captain shouted to his men. A hoarse and dismal voice replied—a Spanish hail. His own men slept—that he understood—as those before them did, and, in their turn, once more the ghosts held the watch. From farther and farther away the sound at length was floating, while it left dullness in his ears and dimness in his eyes. By the broad daylight, with all his powers in play, he had defied the might of any apparition: now darkness robbed him and oppressed him: even his flesh forgot any longer to creep, and the spell of slumber was closing over him. No! not while such a blast as that almost tore him from the wheel—a good, real blast—a stinging, roaring buffet. Then, all at once, a rending noise

that the captain knew too well—a sharp report, as of an exploding gun, and the topsail had torn from its bolt-ropes and had whirled away through the night like a flying ghost itself. A lifting of the Unadilla, as though she would pierce heaven with her topmast—a sinking, a swooping: she had broached-to and lay in the trough of the seas, billow on billow beating her bows, a wall of waves rising on either side, and one that, climbing over them in a towering cataract and illumined for a moment by the rays of some light-house lantern, in a great, blinding suffusion of spray and glory, leaned, with all its vastness and weight and suffocating darkness, down, down, and plunged and weltered and washed away; and the Unadilla rose like a cork, but with her bulwarks stove, her water-casks afloat and her deck-load swept from sight.

The wild cry of a drowning man cleft even the scream of the wave and overwhelmed all other terrors in its own. He might find a water-cask: there was no time nor place to help him—they might all be with him in a moment. For while Captain Deverard had questioned himself, and trusted his topsail, minding his helm the while, in order to escape the assault of such a sea, had listened and felt the glamour stealing over him, the gale had gathered and swelled and burst in its fury—a hurricane of snow and sleet, the air full of the driving flakes, stinging like needles and icing plank and rope as they fell—no light but the binnacle's, the blackness of death throughout the crippled little schooner.

“Hoist the mainsail!” roared the captain, putting the strength of ten men upon the wheel, and in a despair lest none were left on deck to hear him. “Hoist the mainsail and we'll work her out of this!” He could not see his hand before him. Whether it were his own men, or the shades and apparitions of the last hour, that slowly bent the great sail till it caught the wind, the captain dared not say; but it caught the wind, bellied forth, soared with them out of the abyss where they had been plunged, up, up, up, and suddenly bel-

lowed and split from end to end, and with a shock, as of the meeting of the firmaments, the Unadilla was thrown on her beam-ends, the sea making a complete breach over her, while furious surge after surge rushed and raked her in a havoc of ruin.

“Cut away the weather lanyards!” cried out the captain, in tones firmer and clearer than a well-blown clarion, his courage rising with his need. He heard the men's familiar voices as they yelled reply, and a single stroke separated the ropes that were stretched as tense as harp-strings, and sent the whole quivering pile of rigging by the board. It hung there for one dreadful moment, hammering against the schooner's sides with mighty blows, that threatened in each fall to batter her to fragments. “Clear it away, for God's sake!” cried the captain.

The mate came dashing up the companion-way, echoing his superior's words; and then, as if remembering with Homer that “examples make excitements strong and sweeten a command,” he himself clambered, axe in hand, swiftly along into the thick of the peril: the ponderous mass parted and fell astern. What was left of the Unadilla righted again, but Mr. Coffin was seen no more: he had gone with his work. And the schooner, rolling like a log, pounded by every sea, refused her helm and drifted toward the treacherous breakwater of Bar Island, a helpless wreck.

“Heaven save us!” groaned the captain; and he called out to them to lash themselves to what they could find.

The water piled itself in great polished masses of blackness: they could see it, colder than ice, yet outlined in fire, as it rose and swayed and shattered over them in a wild fierce way that had lost all semblance of frolic or play, and raged with a kind of malignity, as if the gaping jaws of every awful wave hungered for them. The light of the shoals wheeled upon its way on the one side: its flash shot up through the midnight every minute in a wide sheet that made only a visible horror: the Ipswich light shone steadily upon the other, while the fainter

ray of the Plum Island light lit up the tumbling waste of roaring shadow behind them. "Wrecked in sight of three light-houses!" groaned the captain again, as he bound himself fast to his broken wheel. And he thought of his wife watching the storm through the darkened pane that night; of Jack leaving his restless bed to slip a hard little hand in hers for comfort; of Em's deep unconscious sleep, with the white ruffled nightcap that was the pride of her heart, making her pretty face look like a blushing flower. It was little likely he would ever see the three again—his clothes freezing on his back as fast as the last wave left him, his hands and feet mere lumps of grave-cold clay, save when they tingled with sharp hot pains as if they were on fire. The air was all one fluff of heavy snow, that made mere breathing a labor: now and then it parted, and he caught glimpses of those things, those strange passengers, now no longer shades, but moving flames, that would only leave him when the Unadilla quenched them by settling underneath the flood with her ungodly freight.

The hull of the little schooner could scarcely endure much more of this: these seas that brayed her in their mortar would soon finish her. She had sprung a leak, he fancied, already: it was impossible to man the pumps—a great plank came ripping off her side—she would go to pieces as she went down. Still, she drifted constantly to leeward. The waters on either hand were milk-white about her now: they spread themselves in broad and changing flourishes of silver on the black field of the night. It might be that the running sea had carried them faster than any wind could have done: this might be the bar at the river's mouth—it might be the white and spouting shafts of the North and South breaker that shot up here, it seemed to him, mast-high, as the Unadilla rolled in the depths. Now and then he hallooed to his men: now and then they called to one another. Drifting, drifting, they had left that tract of churned sea behind them: could he have clearly distinguished the first thing to mark his course, Captain Deverard would have thought him-

self on the way back to his own door-stone. "I know every drop of the river," said he to himself, "just let me get into still water: too black to see a b'y. Bump! Shouldn't wonder if 'twas the Gangway rocks—it's your last bump if it is. Off again? I'll be blest if 'twasn't the North flat. She's nothing but a log! a log! There's a sea for you! What's this? Bump—bump—the South flat? No? The Half-tide rocks then? Steady, you jade, and your own wharf two rods to looard! No, again? What? Great Heavens!" shouted the captain, "we are going to pieces in the middle of Bar Island breaker!"

It was entirely true. The Unadilla would never see wharf or river-mouth, neither Gangway rocks, nor buoys, nor flats again: miles and miles away from them all, she was fixed fast and buried in the quicksand, and the waves had leaped on board and were tearing her apart with a thousand strokes and shocks and shivers. It seemed to Captain Deverard as if he saw them at their work in the shape of vast and awful spirits, as if he heard the hoarse and hollow shibboleth of their cries, as if he felt their icy breath blown full upon his forehead. Their great hands were upon him, were over him and under him: they lifted him, floated him, tore him free, tossed him on from one to another. Far and far away he heard them singing—

"Pecador soy, tus favores  
Pido por justicia yo,  
Pues Dios en ti poderió  
Solo por los pecadores,  
A mí me debes tus loores,  
Qui por mi solo muriera  
Dios, si mas mundo no hubiera."

Faintly and more faintly it came: then a blow as if from a thunderbolt, a blaze of light upon his brain, in which the rosy face of Em flashed forth and burst in a myriad sparks—the solid earth rose to meet him, and he fell in blackness and oblivion.

Little Captain Deverard, made of iron and muscle, was the kind of man that dies hard.

When, by and by, he opened his eyes, it was all at once as wide and clear as

he woke up every morning in his bed at home.

The wind had fallen a little, he fancied—had fallen very perceptibly: the roar of the waves on the beach was duller, the dark was being undershot with gray: he judged that the night had long since turned toward morning. He had been thrown in the hollow of two sand-hills: he was on a sort of dry land, if all the shifting ledges of Bar Island have any actual claim to land at all: he was alive and whole—so much was certain. Could it be possible that no others shared his safety?

"Halloo!" cried Captain Deverard, at the top of his voice.

"Halloo!" came back an answer from just below.

"That you, Mr. Coffin?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Whereabouts?" cried the bewildered captain.

"Here—just come ashore on a water-cask I found as I went over. Lend a hand, I say, before the next big wave comes!"

The little captain sprang by instinct to the spot where the mate lay face downward and clutching the sand, and drew him up beside himself and out of the way of his howling pack of pursuers, but nearly spent with weariness and pain. If he did not perform a dervish's dance around this piece of real flesh and blood, which, at first, he had half doubted to be flesh and blood at all, so hollow and so muffled was the voice, it was because he was in no condition to do so. He did the next best thing.

"Had some mountain-dew in my pocket-flask," said he. "S'pose it's smashed? 'Tain't glass, though. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas all mixed with sea-water. Here it is, by all that's good! Sweet as a nut. That's a blessing I didn't look for. Here, Coffin, have a sip: now a swallow—another—drink it off: leave a drop and I'm blest if you sha'n't be tried for mutinying against superior orders!" The mate was never tried for mutiny.

"There's no more of us?" asked he.

"No more," answered the captain.

"By George!" said Mr. Coffin, in a

tone that no words could have strengthened.

"Make out where we be?" he added, by and by.

"Well, as near as I can reckon—I've been looking about since it began to gray—the Unadilla's made her grave in the sand-bar yonder, and the currents, or something else, have tossed us here. If we can cross these hills, I've an idea we should find ourselves on the old Bluff road, nine miles from home. It'll be a tough pull. What do you say—find your legs?"

"Good as yours," said the mate. And they started on their way without more ado. They wasted no words, nor uttered any regrets, but bent all their energies upon their travel, stumbling, falling, lying down to rest, dropping asleep, swearing out their groans, their feet frost-bitten, half dead at last, when the stars, that had one by one stolen out, melted into a warmer light, and the spires of the old town tipped themselves in sunshine and sparkled in the morning rays.

"It's surprisin'," said Captain Deverard then, "that there's no one hurrying to the beach this morning. There's more'n one wreck there by this time, I'll dare swear!"

"There's the tavern at last," said his companion, feebly, not being of the same indomitable stuff as his superior, and feeling utterly unequal to conjecture or remark upon conjecture.

"Guess we'll go in and rest a spell," replied the worthy captain. "'Morning, Remick! Little blow last night"—as if his news were so great that he must lead up to it by degrees, lest, if broken suddenly, it might prove too much for the hearer.

"Little," said Mr. Remick, casually, in response.

"Little?" repeated the insulted captain, with a rising voice. "You call a tempest that tears the Unadilla to chips a little blow?"

"You said it was, yourself," retorted the innkeeper. "As for me, I never opened an eye all night. How was it, Charlie?—much wind last night?"

"None that I heard," said the hostler; "sea was smooth as a mill-pond."

"Well, that beats all!" exclaimed the captain and the mate together—the captain stentorian with indignation; the mate as if it certainly beat him.

"Have anything?" asked Mr. Remick.

It was of no use talking to such dun-derheads as they. "Don't care if we do," answered Captain Deverard. "Got a team to set us home?" In ten minutes they were spinning up the turnpike, up the Water street, and had stopped before the cottage, where Jack was just filling the tea-kettle at the pump.

"What's that?" exclaimed the mate, suddenly.

"What's what?" answered the captain.

"The Unadilla, or I'll be ——!"

"You've lost your wits!" cried Captain Deverard, seizing his arm and looking in his face.

It was something to look at, assuredly, that face of Mr. Coffin's: the jaw had fallen, the eyes were fixed and staring: it was as white and ghastly as a galvanized corpse; he shook as if struck by palsy.

"Don't look at me, man!" he continued to stammer between his chattering teeth. "Look at there!"

Captain Deverard followed then the mate's gaze with his own, alarmed for him and full of condescending pity; and there—beside the wharf—there she lay, the blue and white streamer at her mast-head, the signal for her captain flying—the Unadilla!

"Is she real?" gasped the mate.

"You may break her up for firewood!" cried the captain; "you may sell her for old iron. I'll never set my foot upon her waist again!"

"She's the devil's own darling," whispered the mate, below his breath.

But there lay the Unadilla, to all appearance as solid reality as she had ever been. There sat Turner on the side; there was Janvrin strolling down to meet him. Captain Deverard surveyed them with a long and leisurely survey, and his amazement crystallized into a scorn beyond expression. Turner and Janvrin! whom he had seen rolled into their rest-

less graves! That these appearances were those men in the flesh, not all the power of all the gods could force him to believe: evil spirits in their guise it might be. He went into his own house and shut the door behind him, and, though it was broad daylight, went to bed. If his head ached for the next twenty-four hours as though it would roll together like a scroll, it was no more than might be expected, he said, after all he had gone through on the previous night. But from that day to this he has never exchanged a syllable with either of those unsubstantial beings—Spanish ghosts, it may be—who have stolen, to the best or worst of his belief, the bodies of other men to become visible in—beings never to have dealings with, never to be in any way countenanced by this honest captain, who absolutely looks through them and ignores their existence.

As for the Unadilla,—which lay there taut and trim, and positively inviting you with all her blue and white beauty,—set foot upon her planks again he had said he would not: to sell her would be like being in the receipt of blood-money. If anybody wanted her—if anybody dared be so foolhardy—let him take her!

When, then, a couple of weeks had rubbed away the sharp edge of the remembrances of that fearful night, Mr. Coffin, a trifle braver or more unbelieving, perhaps, than his superior officer, began to consider the matter of having a schooner for little more than the asking. It ended by his calling up all the reserved forces of his courage; and when he had obtained permission of the party holding her mortgage, he took the Unadilla down to Thomaston for lime, burnt her up and sunk her, and himself with her, on the homeward trip.

"Just as I expected!" said the captain. "The devil's own darling he said she was; and now she's proved it by fire and brimstone. Don't tell me!" he used to add, in reciting his adventures, at the time when, for a commission of five cents, he was in the habit of carrying to the dwellings of various purchasers their baskets from the fish-mar-

ket—"Don't tell me! I might have been upon a spree, but how'd it happen that Mr. Coffin was on a spree too? Nothing so remarkable in that? What? When it was the same sort of a spree, with the same identical visions and accidents and experiences to a tittle?" said the captain, warming himself with his wrath. "How'd it happen we both thought we took in the strange passengers off the shoals—both thought they worked the ship after their old ways to their old wreck, and both thought we were cast away together on Bar Island

for flying in the face of Providence? How'd it happen I heard them singing that '*Pecador soy, tus favores*,' when I don't know a word more Spanish than I do Japanese, if I *didn't* hear them? How'd it happen I got this crik in my back—that isn't moonshine, I can tell you—and he that scar on his hand, if we warn't cast away on board the Unadilla? How'd it happen we both brought up at Plum Island tavern in the morning, if we hadn't been cast away on board the Unadilla in the night?"

Ah! how, indeed, Captain Deverard?

## THE HOME OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE past hundred years have produced three great lyric poets. In France, thousands of peasants and workmen unable to read are familiar with the lays of her gifted son, have learned them from their fathers, and will teach them to their children. Unlike his own *Roi d'Yvetot*, there is little danger of his being forgotten or "*peu connu dans l'histoire*:" in crowded workshops and roadside *cabarets*, the songs of Pierre Jean Beranger will continue to be sung, his memory continue to be cherished.

In the Emerald Isle, so long as her beautiful lakes, and mountains, and valleys remain, her sons will still sing to her fair daughters,

"Oh could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds, and accept the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth 't would be!"

and the thousand other matchless melodies of Thomas Moore which will keep his memory green within their souls for ever.

But to Scotland, for two centuries a favorite haunt with the Muses, belongs the Ayrshire poet, the "grandest o' them a'," who died seventy years ago, before he had attained his thirty-eighth year. What may we not suppose he would have

produced had he been spared until he reached the threescore and ten of man, or even the age at which Shakespeare and Milton gave to the world their greatest works? What never-dying, patriotic strains from his pen, had he lived to see the victories of Nelson and Wellington and the deeds of the Highland regiments at Waterloo? But we should be thankful for the rich and abundant legacy left to us.

Beranger outlived the Scottish poet by forty years, yet he bequeathed to the world no more tender or patriotic songs. Moore, born the same year as the author of *Le Senateur*, and who died five years earlier, no sweeter or sadder strains.

What writer more beautifully delineates the emotions of love, and hope, and youth, or more vividly describes nature—her flowers, and fields, and singing birds? Surely no one, except Shakespeare, nor does any other writer share to the same extent, notwithstanding he wrote in a provincial dialect, a like universal sympathy or the same universal appreciation.

It was a bright, beautiful summer morning that I left "Gude sanct Mungo's town sae smeeky," in an early train of the Glasgow and Ayr railway, on a



pilgrimage to the home of Robert Burns. At the station of Irvine, a little seaport town, somewhat celebrated as being the birth-place of James Montgomery and of Galt the novelist, the train was very fortunately detained for about fifteen or perhaps twenty minutes, as by the delay an opportunity was afforded the passengers of listening to a Highland piper, who, notwithstanding his being so very *fon* that he could hardly stand, *skirled* away without cessation until the train started.

From a matter-of-fact farmer who sat near, I afterward learned that Donald McFarlane was esteemed one of the best players in all Scotland, being quite as well known as was the famous piper of Kilbarchan, of whom mention is made in Francis Semphill's admirable song "Maggie Lauder":

"Weel hae you played your part, quo' Meg,  
Your cheeks are like the crimson:  
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel  
Since we lost Habbie Simpson."

"Drunken Donald" had been piper for several years to the Duke of Sutherland, but owing to his strong proclivity toward *Glenlivet*, had some months previously lost his situation, since which time he had gone wandering about, attending all the races and fairs occurring in that part of the country.

To poor Donald, although with more than "a wee drap in his e'e," I was indebted for the reel of "Tullochgorum," "He na Bodachin," "Lochaber," the "Lea Rig," etc., much better rendered than I had ever heard them before, and also for calling to mind, by his playing "On wi' the Tartan," Hew Ainslie, the genial author of the "Rover of Lock Ryan":

"Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,  
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,  
And tamely sits while Donald plays  
A pibroch peal,  
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze  
O' patriot zeal."

Having, in the course of conversation, informed my fellow-traveler, the farmer, that I was from the United States, and observing that he was evidently wondering what had brought me so far from home, I was on the point of

giving him some light on the subject, when he said: "I'm thinkin' ye'll be ganging to Ayr to veesit the birth-place o' Robert Burns." "Yes, sir." "Weel, it's jist wonderfu' how ye American folk gae wanderin' owre a' the warld jist to see wee bits o' auld hooses an' tam-stanes, an' throwin' awa' siller an' time in walkin' aroond an' sailin' on bits o' lakes an' clauming to the vera tops o' mountains. I hae nae great liking for wanderin' aboot mysel', and hae never been frae Scotland, nor vera far frae Ayrshire; an' if there's naething mair wonderfu' to see in ither countries, I ken, if I had ever so muckle siller, I should nae care to gang, but wad jist be weel content whar I am." Before parting with my Scotch friend, he urged me strongly to accompany him to his farm, some three miles distant from Maybole, saying that the "gude wife would be muckle pleased to see a gentleman frae America, as she had twa cousins—he was na' jist sure if they were of the second or third degree—leevin' there, whom nae doubt I kened;" and promised, as I had expressed a desire to get a taste of one, that "an' I wad but gae wi' him, I should hae baith haggis an' sheephead kail," and that he would invite in a neighbor, who was familiar with Burns, to "hae a crack" and some toddy with us. He also added that the "gude wife, Jean, wha was a braw singer," would entertain me with as many old Scotch songs as I could desire to hear. I sincerely regretted that my time would not admit of spending a day with my warm-hearted acquaintance, and separated from him with a promise that, should an opportunity occur before leaving the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

I would gladly avail myself of it to accept his hospitality.

On arriving at Ayr—

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lasses—"

the object first seen is the river Ayr and the "Twa Brigs"—the new about fifty, the old perhaps two hundred yards distant.

According to tradition, the "auld brig," still in good preservation, but fallen into disuse, was built by two maiden sistèrs, who spent their fortunes in the undertaking, being actuated by the philanthropic desire to prevent the loss of life sustained by the inhabitants while crossing a ford known as the Doo-cote stream, a considerable distance farther up the river.

The Wallace Tower, a modern and handsome structure of the Gothic order, containing at the top the old "dungeon clock" and bells alluded to in the poem of the *The Twa Brigs*, stands upon the site of an ancient tower, with which has always been associated the name of Sir William Wallace. In a niche in the corner is a statue of Scotia's "ill-requited chief," done by the famous sculptor of "Tam O'Shanter," "Souter Johnny" and "Old Mortality." Another figure of the Scottish patriot occupies a niche in the gable of an old house, placed there, I was told, to commemorate the sheltering of Wallace under that roof. A few fragments still remain of the walls of a fort erected by Cromwell, on the ground where once stood a palace and castle built and occupied by William the Lion.

In rambling about in quest of the above, which are the principal objects of interest to the stranger, I was particularly struck by the cleanliness of the streets and the general air of neatness, forming a contrast to most—or at least many—other Scotch towns.

Procuring what, in the "land o' cakes," is known as a dog-cart—a one-horse vehicle on two wheels—I took the road from Bridgehouse, about two miles south of Ayr, to call upon a sister of Robert Burns, being provided with a letter of introduction by the last and most eminent of his eight biographers.

On my way I had a glimpse of Greenan Castle, supposed to have been built during the twelfth century, now an interesting ruin on the rocks overhanging the sea, which stands

"Like some bold veteran gray in arms,  
And marked with many a scar."

The breath of the young autumn, as I passed the honeyed hedge-rows, the new-mown hay and the harvest-fields, was delicious. The robin and lintie and laverock were caroling on every side, and ever and anon I caught a glimpse of the blue-bells of Scotland, the wild rose, the yellow fox-glove, the green bracken, the crimson bells of heather, and groups of hoary thistles, robbed of their snowy parachutes by the passing breeze ;

"Beautiful children of the woods and fields,  
That bloom by mountain streamlet 'mid the heather,  
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—  
Or when by rocks you make your bields,  
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,  
I love you all."

And from the golden harvest-fields came the merry and gladsome voices of the reapers gathering their sheaves.

Mrs. Isabella Burns Begg, the youngest sister of the poet, was at the time of my visit in her eighty-fourth year, in the enjoyment of good health and in possession of all her faculties, and bore a strong resemblance to Nasmyth's portrait of her brother, especially in her large, dark and lustrous eyes. During the interview, I heard from her many most interesting details of her family and of the olden time.

Mrs Begg remembered her brother's paying his addresses, when in his twenty-second year, and for the first time seriously entertaining thoughts of matrimony, to a rustic beauty named Ellison Beggie, residing a few miles distant on the banks of Cessnock, on which he composed his curious song of "Cessnock Banks." From the late hour at which he usually returned from visiting his fair *inamorata*, he at length caused his father some anxiety about the irregularity of his habits, and the old man resolved to inflict a rebuke on his son by sitting up to let him in, and also to administer a few words of gentle admonition. On his being asked what had detained him so long, he gave a ludicrous account of what he had met with and seen on his way home, concluding with the particulars wrought up in his "Address to the De'il":

"Ae dreary, windy winter night,  
The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,  
Wi' you mysel I gat a fright,  
Ayont the lough ;  
Ye like a rash bush stood in sight,  
Wi' weaving sough.

"The cudgel in my nieve did shake,  
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,  
When wi' an eldritch stoor quack—quack,  
Among the springs  
Awa' ye squattered like a drake,  
On whistling wings."

His father was so much amused with his whimsical narrative that he entirely forgot the intended scolding, and the affair ended by his sitting up an hour later enjoying the conversation of his gifted son. Mrs. Begg's account of a ball which she attended in company with her brother Robert and her sisters Agnes and Annabella, nearly seventy years ago, was full of interest. Of all the merry party who were present on that occasion she was the only known survivor.

Mrs. Begg recalled distinctly the death of her worthy father, which occurred on the 13th of February, 1784. She stood by his bedside that morning with no other company than her brother Robert. Seeing her crying bitterly at the thought of parting with him, her father endeavored to speak, but could only murmur a few words of comfort, such as were suitable for a child, concluding with an injunction to walk in virtue's path, shunning every vice.

After a pause he said there was only one member of his family for whose conduct he feared.

He repeated the same expression, when the young poet said: "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" The old man replied it was. Robert turned to the window, the tears streaming down his cheeks and his bosom swelling as if it would burst.

The father had marked his son,

"Misled by fancy's meteor ray  
By passion driven,"

and the son had repented his faults, although he lacked the power to correct them. The old man was buried in "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," where I visited his grave. Mrs. Begg also alluded to Mrs. James Thomson, the

Jessy Lewars of Burns, who filled the part of a ministering angel during his last sickness. Two of his latest songs, written little more than a month before his death, and several epigrams, are in celebration of her beauty and excellence of heart. One of the songs alluded to, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!" attracted the attention of a distinguished artist, Felix Mendelssohn, who wedded the words to an air of great beauty.

The other, "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear," his last, and by many esteemed the most beautiful, of his songs, I need offer no apology for introducing in this connection:

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

"Altho' thou maun never be mine ;  
Altho' even hope is denied ;  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !

"I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,  
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;  
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy !

"I guess by the dear angel smile,  
I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;  
But why urge the tender confession  
'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree?—Jessy !

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !"

Mrs. Thomson died at Dumfries, the 10th of June, 1855, at the advanced age of eighty, the last of Burns' heroines, except Miss Keith Dunlop, who died on the 22d of June, 1858, at the age of eighty-six. Her name occurs in that exquisite poem, "New Year's Day," addressed to her mother, Mrs. Dunlop, the poet's cherished friend—one of the few that rightly appreciated him while living. Her reward lies in the immortality of his fame, their names being joined for ever.

Mrs. Begg showed me two letters of the poet, all that she had retained, having given every other scrap of his writing which she possessed to his sons, who had parted with all their father's songs and letters, unable to resist the importunities of autograph-hunters. She ex-

pressed little admiration for any of the busts or portraits of Burns, with the exception of Nasmyth's, an engraving of which, with a few paintings of Ayrshire scenery, adorned her parlor. She listened with great interest, and her intelligent, dark eyes kindled with pleasure and enthusiasm when I spoke of the high estimation in which her brother and his writings were held among us; of the anniversary of his birth being celebrated in many of our cities and towns; the great delight it afforded me to sit under her roof and hear from her lips so much *anent* her gifted brother; and that it was a meeting the memory of which I should always cherish and revert to with pleasure. My limited time compelled me to decline a cordial invitation to return and take a cup of tea with her and her two daughters, and spend the evening with them; so, after receiving a few leaves of ivy as a memento, plucked by her own hands from the vine which embowers her pretty cottage, I bade adieu to Isabella Burns.

A few minutes' drive from Bridgehouse brought me to "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," a now roofless ruin, whose walls, however, are well preserved. The "Winnowed Bunker in the East," where the Prince of Darkness

"Screwed his pipes and gart them skirl  
Till roofs and rafters a' did dirl,"

is still preserved, as well as the old bell. My cicerone through the churchyard was the sexton, a frail old man, who, on my arrival, I found employed on his hands and knees in cutting, with a short and uncouth-looking knife, the grass from the area now densely filled with graves—many of which, I observed, were of persons brought from great distances.

Near the entrance is the grave of William Burns, marked by a plain tombstone, on which is inscribed the following epitaph, written by his son:

"Oh, ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,  
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!  
Here lies the loving husband's dear remains,  
The tender father and the gen'rous friend:  
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;  
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,  
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Upon alluding to the newness of it, I was told it had recently been erected, the original headstone having been entirely destroyed by the vandalism of relic-hunters.

My venerable guide having, in the course of our conversation, learned that I came from the other side of the Atlantic, remarked that "nae doubt I wad like to ken his name, as the American folk aye askit his name and pit it down in buiks."

Before leaving, having presented Mr. Hugh Paton, *ætatis* 76, with a half crown, it elicited the remark from him that I was a "vera dascreet young gentleman."

A few yards to the west, on the gently sloping bank of Doon's classic stream, is the old well

"Whar Mungo's mither hanged hersel'."

A short distance from the Kirk, and near the bridge, stands the beautiful monument of Burns. It is of the composite order, blending the pure models of Grecian and Roman architecture. On the ground floor of the monument, which is about sixty feet high and built upon the summit of the eastern bank, is a circular apartment lighted by a cupola of stained glass, in which are exhibited several articles appropriate to the place—various editions of the poet's works, copies and engravings of several original portraits, a beautiful bust in marble; and, more interesting than all, is to be seen, carefully preserved in a neat glass case, the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary, of which a Scottish writer gives the following account: "On the 14th of May the lovers had their favorite meeting in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr. Their adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment had devised to prolong tender emotions and impose awe.

"They stood on each side of a small purling stream, they laved their hands in the limpid brook, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. Mary presented to her lover a small Bible in

one volume. Burns returned the compliment with a more elegant one in two volumes," in both of which are inscribed his name, together with his Mason's mark. "In one of them is preserved a lock of Mary Campbell's hair. The same little case contains a small box made from the wood of Alloway Kirk, of which, *en passant*, I may observe there have been made more snuff-boxes, toddy and porridge spoons, *said* to be part and parcel of the 'Auld Haunted Kirk,' than would build a dozen churches of much larger dimensions than Alloway."

From the top of the monument there is a view of surpassing beauty, the interest of which is greatly enhanced by the associations connected with it. Of this scene of loveliness an eminent artist says: "I have been at several places taken notice of by Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, and have found great difficulty in being able to get a sketch that I could make a picture of, the beauty of the place consisting only in its being associated with the authors; but here, and in the neighborhood, I can scarcely turn around without being able to take a sketch which would make a most interesting picture, independent of associations." Prof. Wilson, in an allusion to the same scene viewed from Carrick Hill, remarks: "It has a richness in natural beauty, in elegant and picturesque building, and in moral associations which it may be very confidently asserted is nowhere surpassed, if indeed anywhere equaled, in Scotland." In a small cottage near the monument are shown the celebrated figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by the self-taught sculptor Thom, out of solid blocks of freestone. They are the size of life. "Tam" is seated in an antique elbow-chair, with his right hand in the act of carrying a horn of "steaming swats" to his mouth, but suspended for a moment near the lips, until the laugh with which his face is lighted up shall be over. The "de'il-may-care" expression of the countenance is admirable: the very same that is still to be seen among drouthy Scots in their cups, "o'er a' the ills of life victorious."

The artist has been no less successful in his delineation of the Souter. They were universally admired by artists and connoisseurs during their exhibition throughout England, Ireland and Scotland; but the highest compliment ever paid to them was by an Irish tar in Dublin, who, fancying he had given his money to see theatricals, after standing looking for some time, said, addressing Tam, who he thought was laughing at him: "Put yer grog in yer mouth, my boy, and get on with yer play, and don't sit laughing and keeping the company waiting."

On leaving the Burns' monument grounds, embracing nearly two acres, tastefully laid out in winding walks and filled with shrubs and flowers—among the most interesting of which are two scion plants of Shakespeare's famous mulberry tree, from Stratford-upon-Avon—I crossed Doon's classic stream on the old bridge over which Tam was pursued by the witches till he reached the "Auld Nick"—defying "keystane," where the "old gray mare, Meg," lost her tail—returning by the new bridge, from which a beautiful view of the river, with its finely-wooded bank, is seen.

The Scotch, above all other nations, glory in their rivers and streams: their smallest brooks are named—their beauties sung by her sweetest singers. Burns invested the Doon and many other waters with a music more delicious than their own. How many bosoms have melted over the simple lines:

"We twa hae paidled in the burn  
From morning sun till dine!"

On the way back, my Jehu pointed out, at a short distance, the group of trees which marks

"The cairn  
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;"

and soon after we reached a spot sacred to every Scotchman, and, indeed, to all men—the birth-place of Robert Burns—which, as is well known, was originally a "clay biggin," consisting of but two rooms, built by the poet's father.

In the interior of the cottage, in the *spence*, or sitting-room (where a book is kept for visitors to register their names,

and in which I found many of eminence from our own and other lands), were a great number of people drinking whisky, etc., as it is now, to the disgrace of the land of Bruce and Wallace, converted into an ale-house; and a sign over the door informs the public that the occupants are "licensed to sell spirits, to be drunk on the premises."

In the kitchen is shown the recess in the wall where stood the bed—still to be seen at Brownhill Inn, near Thornhill, Dumfriesshire—in which the poet was born.

All the biographers of Burns coincide in believing this room to be the fancied scene of that exquisite poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

It was in this little thatched cottage where, after the poet's birth,

"The gossip keekit in his loof:  
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof;  
This walie boy will be nae coof:  
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

After seeing the garden, in which are various trees said to have been planted by the poet, and getting a bouquet of roses from the exceedingly civil person who now keeps the inn, I returned to the principal room. The building has been enlarged by the addition of a barn to the north and several rooms to the south end of the original "biggin."

While indulging in a dish of fresh-culled strawberries from the garden, oatmeal bannocks, and water out of the same well used by the Burns' family, I observed upon the walls numerous photographic views of the adjacent country, a bust and portrait of the bard of Coila, and, printed in large type, in a neat frame suspended from a conspicuous part of the room, the beautiful lines on Burns from the pen of my friend, the late Fitz Greene Halleck, one of America's most gifted sons, than whom no one entertained a deeper love and admiration for Scotland and her greatest poet.

The innkeeper informed me that every year he forwarded a number of buds from the poet's rose bush to an enthusiastic lady in New York, who, although absent from auld Scotia upward of twenty years, still retained a warm Scottish

heart, filled with associations and recollections of her native land.

It is little more than a century since Burns came among us, and seventy years since he departed to "the land o' the leal," consequently there are few, if any, of his friends or personal acquaintances living, although there are many persons still surviving who profess to have conversed or taken "a wee drap wi' him." A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of Burns, who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says: "I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the 'Farewell to the Masons' Lodge, Tarbolton.' 'Haud your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang,' quoth he. 'I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear onybody abuse it.' 'And where happened ye to hear it?' said I. 'I heard it,' said he, with emphasis, 'the first time it was sung in this kintry.' 'Ye couldna do that,' said I; 'for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public.' 'Ay, did he, man, and I sat at his right hand,' quoth the old man. I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: 'It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches, every one taking up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces to our ain satisfaction. The night cam' when we were to have a farewell meeting o' the lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were sae fu' o' our speeches, we durstna open our mouths, for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance,

so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night—a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration in onybody. He looked bigger-like than usual, and wild-like. His een seemed stern and his cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and no for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad. He could get to us no sooner. He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him. He had composed a song for the occasion and would sing it.

“He looked round on us and burst into a song, such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. Oh, man, when he came to the last verse, where he says—

“A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round—I ask it wi' a tear—  
To him, the bard that's far awa'.”

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They werna sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae mony men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themsel's. Soon after the song he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought, for ever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that nicht. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by onybody; but there is a feeling remains I wadna like to part wi'.' I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech."

All are familiar with the gem of his English poems, "To Mary in Heaven," but the circumstances under which he composed it, as related by Mrs. Burns

to Lockhart, may not be so generally known.

Burns spent that day—the anniversary of the day on which the sad tidings of the death of his early love reached him—though laboring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits; but as the twilight disappeared, he seemed to grow more and more sad about something, and at length wandered into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside.

On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry.

At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, that shone like another moon. Having prevailed on him to come, he immediately on entering the house called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, those most beautiful and pathetic lines:

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usherest in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

"That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget that hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity cannot efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace;  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene!  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray—  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er those scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Another point in Tam O'Shanter's journey, which was pointed out to me after leaving the Burns' cottage, was the

"Miekle stane,  
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;"

and farther on we came upon the ford,

"Where in the snow the chapman smoor'd."

While wandering about Ayr, on my return, I was attracted by such signs as "Miller Goudie's Inn," "Robert Burns' Tavern," "Tam O'Shanter Hotel," and by the names of the good people, from among whom might be supplied all the names of the *dramatis personæ* of Shakespeare's Scotch tragedy, as well as MacBains and MacBeans, MacPhails and MacPhuns, MacTurks and MacTavishes, and other Macs *ad infinitum*.

On arriving at the railway-station, and finding that I had still half an hour to spare before the train started for Glasgow, I sat down at the auld brig, and while *crooning to mysel'* some of the

old familiar songs of the locality, and watching the effects of the sunset on the beautiful bay and the masts of the many vessels resting in its waters, idly as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," and anon indulging in reveries of my far-distant home, I was interrupted by two weaver-looking bodies—one of whom I overheard, as they passed, ask: "Weel, Jock, wull we get *fou* or no?" Jock's reply did not reach me, but I presume—as, after a brief consultation together, they made, in Western parlance, a bee-line for the Tam O'Shanter Hotel—that Mr. Jock assented.

Of the poet's large family but two sons are left, Robert, the eldest, having died in May, 1857, in Dumfries. James and William, the survivors, after passing through most honorable careers, have attained the respective ranks of lieutenant-colonel and major in the East India Company's service. In their wanderings in foreign lands they have ever found their name and birth a sufficient passport to the friendship of all whom they have met.

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### MAJOR M. M. NOAH.

WHAT a dreary, cold, gusty day it is! Thanks that I am in my cozy "covert from the storm," enjoying a brief respite, a luscious, dreamy lull in the carking course of professional toil. Oh, but the wind is a pitiless verity to-day! The merciless, fierce-winged ogre! how he howls down the mountains; and how he wrings the forest with his invisible whirlwind clutch; and what a roar of terror that umbrageous panic lets off: even the old oak, half denuded, with a chill moan bends to the fury of the blast. And on through the valleys, and the swoop of the storm fairly sets rocking every hamlet home. Then screaming up the seething city's narrow streets—there the wind-demon gets on

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a reckless rampage, now doing tragical misdeeds, and now cutting capers in the drollest style—in fact, taking the most decidedly objectionable liberties with every pedestrian garb he meets, whether masculine or crinoline; for he is equally inhuman and ungallant: then turning the corners with most uncivil rudeness, much as a coarse, brawny bully, whistling a sort of "rogue's march," and bidding everybody "move on!"

The screaming wind has now sunk to a soft, song-like cadence. There is now a snow storm, "one of the olden kind," and the soft flakes flatten themselves against the window panes, like white-breasted birds beseeching to be let into my cozy ark. But I have dozed into a



reminiscent mood. Why does so-called "bad weather," in begetting this quasi somnolence, also wake up the recollective faculty? It is ever thus. And here they come—the leaflets of memory; the actualities of the long ago.

One of these flaky intangibilities takes on form, and seems also to draw unto itself its own proper surroundings. The tiny sprite assumes the aspect and dimensions of an aged man, sitting in an office-chair at a desk in the *sanctum* of a city journal. In a similar seat sits the junior by his side, exactly as an old man and a younger often sat together over twenty years ago.

But who is that elder one? Portly as one who has lived generously, erect even under a load of years, with the dignity of culture and position, his face ruddy and not lean, orbs small, yet twinkling with good-humor, like two well-auguring stars, locks age-frosted, and speech smooth and slow. That is Major Mordecai Manuel Noah! We often addressed him as Judge; and if there is a living semblance of the man, it is in the person of Judge Naar, of Trenton, New Jersey.

Major Noah was indisputably a gentleman, urbane and polite, affable, and ever ready to take by the hand the youthful aspirant. Though often in company found standing alone in his religious and political sentiments, and although decided in them, yet we never knew him to pit his opinions against those of his friends. In American politics he figured with prominence, but was not an originator of measures or the leader of a party; but a hard worker on the platform of his adoption. Many may remember in the most active period of his political career his sudden desertion of his party and taking sides with the opposite. The cry of "turn-coat," which assailed him, was not soon quieted. Accosted by one who met him in the street just after the transaction, the following dialogue is said to have taken place:

"Major, what the deuce is in the wind?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean to ask, are Democracy and

Whiggery the same, as you have left the one and gone over to the other?"

"Bless you, my good friend, no!—as wide apart as the east is from the west!"

"Then how comes it you went over to the opposite party?" demanded the friend, growing warm.

"God bless you!" said the Major with a countenance expressive of intense pity at the inquirer's verdancy: then with the air of one imparting important information, he blandly added: "My dear sir, it's the *party* which has changed, not I! The truth is, I found, to my surprise, that the *principles* had gone over to the other side; and as I could not honorably desert my principles, or suffer them to desert me, I had, in all conscience, to go over too!"

Was ever a party slip so admirably made, or political somersault so deftly done? Who could gainsay the defence? There was such an air of sincerity too. Besides, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The Major was himself a dramatist, and considered Shakespeare "good authority."

It was one of those hard-toiling nights of editorial life. So far as *my* work went, the paper was "made up" for the morrow, and I, in common parlance, was "lying off" a moment before going home.

"Major," said I, having in mind a poor fellow who had excited my sympathy that morning, "it is hard to see a man, well and willing to work, wanting bread."

"It is," was the response; "and despite all that has been said to the contrary, such men are sometimes found. In such a case this extremity is oftentimes a turning-point in the man's life. For instance, when connected with the *Courier*, of the 'respectable sixpennies,' then so called, a young man came into the office, and very modestly asked for something to do. He was a Scottish emigrant. To all appearance the poor fellow was suffering from hunger. I gave him a Spanish quarter, told him to go and get his dinner, and then come back and we would see about it. We set him to sweeping the office and righting things

generally, to which the duties of mail-boy were soon after added. It soon appeared that he had two excellent qualities—an eye quick to detect the worth of items in the mail, and a memory most tenacious of everything he had ever read. In fact, he soon became a sort of referee in these matters. Ere long he showed extraordinary talent in reporting the money markets; which last fact was really his starting-point as respects journalism. That hungry immigrant is now among the wealthiest of our journalists; and most assuredly in the art of conducting a newspaper stands second to none in the land."

As already hinted, by birth and education Major Noah was of the "stock of Israel." Whether, in the religious observances of the "peculiar people" he was up to the "straitest sect," is rather dubious. He certainly was considered by many of them as a "tithe" too liberal. We remember his having delivered a public address before the Hebrews in what was then known as the Broadway Tabernacle, in which address he broached an occasional idea rather too free for the liking of the more orthodox of the ancient faith.

"Ah," said he, when reminded of the fact by an outsider, "I know it; but it will do them good. Besides, I can say things to them which no other of our race can. They take it kindly from *me*."

And he surely could, with his bland assurance, which seemed to say: "Now, isn't it so?" So that, should the statement fail of impressing conviction on the hearer by its logic, yet would it seduce to a belief in the speaker's conviction of its truth.

I recollect once when the subject broached in the company was man's religious obligations. Among others present was a certain non-practising M. D. This man was a vapid, blatant atheist, but whose contemptible toadyism had successfully managed to keep the fact concealed from the Major. Addressing himself, for some reason, to this doctor of medicine, most particularly, Judge Noah said, with unusual emphasis:

"I am not at ease with a man of no religious creed. Any religion—even a bad one—is better than none at all. Let a man confess some one, and then I know where to find him."

"Major Noah," exclaimed the doctor, in very feeble petulance, "I am astonished at you! I thought you were a man of better sense."

Less cannot be said than that, being a young man and greatly pestered with the doctor's irreverent inanities, against which argument was about as effective as cannonading at moonshine, I was highly delighted with the effect of this random shot. It certainly struck home. In fact, I regarded the medicine-man as most egregiously dosed with his own physic. Like his tribe generally, he was restlessly eager for proselytes; but no more inflections visited us from that quarter.

Often the Major would break the silence of the *sanctum* by "letting off," with a seeming abruptness, some thought engendered as a side issue by the article which he was writing. In this way, on one occasion, much to our surprise, he introduced the Christ, or—as he seems to prefer the expression—the Jesus of Christianity.

"I tell you, sir," said he, and his small eyes twinkled with something very nearly akin to enthusiasm—"I tell you, I admire this Jesus of the Christians. There never was a philosopher like him, and the world has never had another philosophy at all comparable to the system which he taught. In this respect the New Testament unfolds a system of truly wonderful humanizing power. The world has never had the scheme to which it has been anything like so much the debtor as it is unto this system of Jesus. Were I traveling in Palestine, and should find his bones, although it would make me immediately rich, I would never divulge it—the secret should go with me to my grave."

"But, why," I ventured to ask, "would you not divulge it?"

"Because thus to weaken the faith in that system would be in effect to turn back the only tide which has ever been

adequate to roll a flood of blessings over the different races of men. It contains in itself such an adaptiveness to the world's wants, it is so unselfish, so indisputably benevolent."

In two things the Hebrew and the Gentile will agree. They will both regard these as extraordinary sentiments coming from such a source; and will also admit, that however much they are supposed to honor the Founder of the Christian scheme, yet do they fall vastly short of what his disciples do and must claim for him. From one point of view the Major would seem herein to forestall some of the positions found in *Ecce Homo*.

A compliment of a different kind was paid to Christianity by Major Noah at another time. It was in connection with his holding the office of sheriff of the city of New York. To this officer, as is well known, falls the unpleasant duty of executioner in all capital cases. The objection was gravely raised by some that it would be shocking to the general feeling that a Jew should be permitted to hang Christians. To which the reply, with mock seriousness, was made: "Gentleman, I have not the slightest intention to hang any Christian!" To the same objection repeated, his reply, although coarser, was, if possible, more pungent. He said: "It would be a d—d poor Christian that would want to be hanged!"\*

It was, I think, in the autumn of 1846, when crossing Canal street, that my attention was drawn to a singular-looking personage going in the direction of the Elm Street Synagogue. He was in stature tall and in person finely proportioned. Wearing the loose yet graceful dress of the Orient, with turbaned head and complexion olive-cast, the cheeks displaying a delicate tinge of almost feminine ruddiness, with eyebrows finely arching, eyes large and of the softest hazel, and a forehead of noble aspect,

\* The above is according to my recollection. The squib is given by Duyckinck differently, although the gist is the same. "Pity," said his opponent, "that Christians are to be hereafter hung by a Jew." "Pretty Christians," replied the Major, "to require hanging at all!"—*Cyc. Am. Lit.*, vol. ii. 74.

and a beard reaching to his breast, and with all this patriarchal dignity in the expression of countenance, just enough of the pensive to impart the idea of tenderness, the conviction was irresistible that I was gazing at a very remarkable personage. Indeed, my etiquette suddenly left me, for I found myself staring at the stranger in a manner not to be called polite. The inference was that he was a noble Jew from some Eastern clime. I was going down town, and thinking on the stranger brought Châteaubriand's saying to mind. To the query, Why the physiognomy of the Jewish men is so generally impressed with a peculiar, unpleasant stamp, while that of the women is, on the contrary, so generally lovable and beautiful? the volatile Frenchman propounds a solution, and such as only a poet could—that the men incurred God's lasting displeasure by their hostility to our Saviour; but the women were ever found befriending "the Man of Sorrows:" hence God's angels impressed on the one remorse and heaviness of heart, but on the cheeks of the other only sweetness, smiles and beauty. Ah, sir traveler in the Holy Land, your theory, though beautiful, in the face of this noble stranger is met by an objection that is unanswerable. These thoughts were stopped as I paused to look at an unusually large daguerreotype in front of an establishment in Broadway. Behold, there he was again—the illustrious stranger. My mind was now made up to refer the matter to the Major.

"Major Noah, I've just seen, near the Elm Street Synagogue, a singular-looking stranger. And, sir, the truth told, he has quite excited my curiosity." After an attempt at description, I asked: "Do you know who he is?"

"I do!" said the Major, in that peculiar firmness of tone which seemed to add, "And I'm proud of it, too! His name, sir, is Michael Cohen Becher, and he comes from Hebron in Palestine" (the *o* was pronounced very long, and the gutturals received their peculiar Hebrew force). "He is a delegate from the Hebrews there to their brethren here on a mission of charity,

for they are suffering from the effects of a terrible famine. Rabbi Becher is indeed a very extraordinary man, and of great attainments, for he converses in half a dozen languages. On his arrival he became, for a while, my guest. At the introduction he addressed me in Hebrew; and I tell you," said the Major, laughing, "I found myself almost in a fix. It reminded me of Queen Elizabeth when she gave audience to the Spanish ambassadors. In courtly style, it was necessary to conduct the conference in Latin. Finding herself a little rusty, she is reported to have said to her courtiers afterward (I omit the prefatory oath which is credited to the bluff virgin), 'I had to brush up my Latin.' So I found I had to brush up my Hebrew; and it went rather rough, too, for he speaks it with ease and elegance.

"There is a circumstance connected with that famine at Hebron which I think will interest you. It was very severe. For six long months they had not one drop of rain. The inhabitants, both Jewish and Moslem, were wellnigh driven to distraction. They actually killed many of their cattle to save them from the horrors of starvation. Now, you know that at Hebron is the cave of Machpelah, which contains the graves of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, also Sarah, the wife of Abraham. The cave has for many centuries been held by the Mohammedans, who have a mosque over it. At this place, as the most sacred spot to be found, the Moslem priests in a body offered up prayers to Allah, that he would send rain. For three days they offered supplications; but no rain came. In the general distress, the Mohammedan prejudice began to yield, and they actually applied to the Jews to unite their supplications for the common object. A union of this character would demand considerable relaxation of the differences on both sides. To this the Jews consented on one condition—that *they* should be permitted to offer *their* prayers in the sepulchre of their fathers. This the Mohammedans stoutly refused, believing, if not declaring, that the foot of a Jew would contaminate that sacred

spot, and that such a sacrilege would disturb the repose of the holy dust. Never had they knowingly let any but the faithful followers of the Great Prophet enter there. (A Spaniard once, who spoke Arabic well, by dressing himself as a Moslem, and assuming the name of Ali Bey, gained admittance; but he was the only Frank or Jew that had ever done so.)\* So the devout Mussulmans again went to their supplications, crying this time, with increased earnestness, 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' Still no rain came, and the distress had become unbearable. Another interview was had with the Hebrews, who still insisted on the former condition, that they should be allowed to implore the Divine compassion in the tomb which held the dust of their patriarch fathers; and, what was truly remarkable, the Moslems at last yielded. So it was agreed that certain Jews of distinction, to be selected, should enter the cave of Machpelah to pray for rain. Among those thus privileged was Michael Cohen Becher.

"When the Mohammedans opened the door of the mosque which encloses the cave, the Hebrews entered reverently, forgetting its character as a temple of the 'false prophet.' And when they reached what is called the cave itself, a great awe came over them. But when they found themselves before the very grave of their fathers, their aching hearts were full. Where were they? In the very cave of Ephron the Hittite! Before them, indeed, was the sepulchre, containing the ashes of the great patriarchs. The dust of their father Abraham was there! And they felt themselves to be his children. And for many hundreds of long, long years, except themselves, no child of his had been permitted to visit his dust. What a blessing was theirs! And what an awful place! They scarcely dared to breathe. Here was the dust of Abraham, God's fast friend, † and Sarah, the mother of our nation, and Isaac, the child of promise,

\* These words in parentheses are the Major's. For the precise fact we do not vouch. Since the Major's demise, the present Prince of Wales, by very gracious privilege, was permitted to visit the grave.

† See 2 Chron. xx. 7.

and Jacob, the father of the Twelve Tribes. Not one of them spoke a word; but every eye glistened with tears in the light of the lamp which dimly shone into the tomb.

"But the signal for prayer was given. The eldest rabbi raised his hand and led in the solemn supplication:

"God of our fathers—of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob—who lovest thine Israel, and turnest, as the waters are turned, the wills of the enemies of thy people: Our hearts turn to thee and thank thy holy Name, that our feet this day stand by the dust of our fathers, even Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob. Now, O God of Israel, compassionate thy servants, and bid thine angel that we *die, even* HERE, in the sepulchre of our fathers!"

"And from the full hearts of all came the deliberate response—'Amen!'

"Venerable men! They had forgotten to pray for rain. But one idea filled their breasts. They would lie down and die, that they might sleep in death, even there, by the dust of their fathers."

And since then Major Noah himself has gone the way of the fathers. Peace be to *his* ashes! His memory to me is pleasant, and I believe it is to many. Never can I forget his narrative of the Jews praying in the cave of Machpelah. It seemed to me an historic *morceau* of deeper interest and higher sublimity than most of the *res geste* which glitter in the rhetoric of the chronicles of that land of wonder, reverence and song. Nor will the appearance of the rabbi, Michael Cohen Becher, the Hebrew delegate from Hebron, ever be effaced from my memory. I seem to see him now; ay, the Major too, and to hear him telling that wonderful story all over again; and not without manifest emotion, for he told it as only a true descendant from the dust in the cave of Ephron the Hittite could. Only at this one time did I ever see anything like the

pride of origin in the old man's conversation; and then it certainly showed itself, imparting not brilliancy so much as liveliness and warmth to his conversation.

It appears to me that, properly written, a biography of Major Noah would be a very interesting book. Splendid, romantic or profound it would not be; for Noah was a man of talents, rather than genius—a quiet, steady worker, but little more. His versatility was wonderful—sometimes, perhaps, audacious. He could lecture on the origin of the American Indians with a complacent assurance that set the venerable Albert Gallatin, and all the other American ethnologists, aghast. But he was a man of the world, and knew the world well. Sheriff, judge, major, consul, politician, dramatist (or rather playwright) and journalist, with a style racy, easy, genial and humorous, what a wealth of incidents the life and times of Noah would unfold! As an editor, how long was his career, fixing on him the high distinction of "the Nestor of the Press," and fully warranting the old man's wit at a public dinner, where the editors were out in force, that "he saw the press had many fathers, but he believed that he was the only grandfather."

Major Noah was genial and kind. Indeed, his benevolence was occasionally of an admirable order; for he could, and did, "come down handsomely." But, standing as he did, like Saul, the son of Kish, head and shoulders above the tribes in privilege and influence, what mark has this kind-hearted man left? What, for the public good, has this remarkable man accomplished commensurate with his august and long-continued opportunities? Knowing his kindness, which I loved, and his varied abilities, which I admired, how happy would I be could I see his influence for the general weal yet alive and with us, as a rich legacy of the dead.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE ignorance of Englishmen respecting the United States has been the subject of frequent comment and much astonishment. Yet how complete and widespread this ignorance is, none save those who have themselves sojourned for some time in England can fully imagine. It is no exaggeration to say that the more intelligent and cultivated portions of English society know far more about the geography of Abyssinia and the inhabitants of Asia Minor than they do about the United States and the so-called Yankees. Were an American to state before an assemblage of intellectual, educated people in London that Illinois was a thriving town in the lovely State of Philadelphia, that the cataract of Niagara was formed by the Mississippi river as it flowed over the Rocky Mountains into Lake Superior, and that lions, tigers and hyenas prowled amid the virgin forests of the State of Natchez, his assertions would pass uncontradicted and unquestioned.

Every traveler in England has some amusing story to relate about the ludicrous mistakes into which this ignorance leads the unwary wight who attempts to converse about our country. The daughter of an eminent English surgeon, for example, on being presented to a young American lady who was in very delicate health, remarked sympathizingly: "You must have found the long sea voyage from America very fatiguing, *but perhaps you came by land!*" An English lady, connected by marriage with an eminent Pennsylvania family, asked an American not very long ago, in London, if Philadelphia was near Pennsylvania?

A well-known resident of Philadelphia was once entertaining, at dinner, a young English gentleman, who had brought letters of introduction to him from a friend residing in London. In the course of conversation he mentioned his intention of taking his guest out to drive the next day, for the purpose of showing

him whatever the environs of the city afforded of interest to a stranger. The Englishman expressed his thanks. "But could you not, my dear sir," he said, "in the course of our drive, take me where I can see a prairie and a few buffaloes?"

The following is a literal transcription of a dialogue which occurred in Paris: Time, 1864—scene, the reading-room of the Grand Hotel. American lady seated by the window reading the *Herald*—English lady at the table turning over a file of the *London Times*. Enter colored nurse, black as the ace of spades, gives message to American lady, and exit.

English lady to American: "I beg your pardon, madam, but will you tell me if that colored person is from the Confederate States?"

American lady: "No, madam, she is from the city of Philadelphia."

English lady: "Indeed! Are *all* the people of Philadelphia that color?"

An American was conversing with a French count recently at an evening party, in Paris, when she happened to mention the name of Washington. "Ah! oui, Vasington!" exclaimed her companion—"Le grand homme qui a fondu la Philadelphie!"

But such mistakes as these are more pardonable than are those ludicrous errors which so often astonish the student of English literature. Dean Swift, in a letter written in 1729 (*Works*, vol. ix., p. 387), says that he was very well acquainted with William Penn, who assured him that Pennsylvania "wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees, and were even pernicious to all common vegetables! But indeed," adds Swift, "New York, Virginia and other parts less northward or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries." This statement is most extraordinary, as Swift very well knew that

Pennsylvania means the wooded country of Penn, and it is quite incredible that the founder of this Commonwealth should have stated that the winds from the Frozen Sea destroyed all plantations of trees! An early English traveler, when Mr. Jefferson was President, relates his astonishment on visiting the Chestnut Street Theatre to find "the President, Mr. Jefferson," delighting a large audience by his comical caricature of Richard the Third. Lawrence, the brilliant author of *Guy Livingstone*, remarks in *Border and Bastille* (p. 24), that "It was pleasant, from the ferry-boat which was our last change, to meet the lights of Philadelphia gleaming out on the broad, dark Susquehanna." A feat of vision only paralleled by that of Le Capitaine Pamphile, the hero of one of the earlier novels of the elder Dumas, who saw Philadelphia "rising like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean." Amelia B. Edwards, authoress of *Barbara's History* and *Half a Million of Money*, in her charming novel of *Hand and Glove* (p. 233 of the Tauchnitz edition), says that "All day long, Claude paces backward and forward like an overseer on a *Massachusetts* cotton plantation."

The novel entitled *Zoe's Brand*, published by Chapman & Hall, and afterward included in the Tauchnitz Series, has never, we believe, been reprinted in this country. The scene is laid chiefly in the Southern States, and the heroine is one of those quadroons of dazzling beauty so common in English novels and so rarely to be found anywhere else. The whole book abounds with errors of the most laughable description. In one place the authoress speaks of the "scarlet Virginia nightingale," a bird certainly unknown to Audubon. She evidently imagines, also, that the mocking-bird is a sort of small, brown parrot, as the following extract will show: "He had not been many minutes in the drawing-room when a mocking-bird's clear note rang out upon the stillness.

"'Zoe, Zoe! pretty Zoe, pretty, pretty Zoe,' cried the bird, as it bowed and

curtsied on its perch, jerking up and down its long, brown tail as if in an ecstasy of happiness.

"A sudden pang of jealousy seized upon the listener.

"'Good God!' he thought, 'who could have taught the bird to say such words as these?'" (Vol. ii., p. 21 English edition; p. 230 Tauchnitz edition.)

The following paragraph gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans:

"A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind, blowing straight from the wintry regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." (Vol. i., p. 316 English edition.)

We will close this comedy of errors by transcribing, without comment, the concluding lines of an article on Benjamin Franklin, entitled, "Love Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," which appeared in *Once a Week*, number for June 16, 1866 (new series, vol. i., p. 658):

"A few days afterward Franklin embarked with Richard, at Havre, for America, and, as is more generally known as matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that State" (qu. the State of Philadelphia?), "and shortly afterward *President of the United States!*"

This gross ignorance on the part of educated persons in England is owing in great part to the exclusive attention to the classics and mathematics which characterizes the schools, colleges and universities of Great Britain—an ignorance to which it is said the English owe the loss of the fine island of Java. The story is that the minister by whom it was ceded, in 1816, to Holland, was under the impression that it was too small and insignificant a place to contend about.

Mr. Swinburne has contributed to the present number of *Lippincott's Magazine* one of the most elaborate and splendid poems he has ever written. The poet resided for several years in Italy, and has a thorough personal knowledge of the subject of his verse.

The writer spoken of in stanza 28 is Giacomo Leopardi: he was born in 1798, and is the author of some of the choicest Italian lyrics.

We have read Mr. Tennyson's forthcoming poem with sorrow. "*Lucretius*" contains none of those qualities which, till very recently, we never sought fruitlessly in any of the Laureate's productions. As its title indicates, the author of *De rerum natura* is the central figure in the piece:

"Lucilla, wedded to Lucretius, found  
Her master cold." \* \* \*

Thereupon, to recover and retain his love, she administers to her lord a philter, under the influence of which he thinks and acts; and, finally, to put an end to a life now become intolerable, stabs himself. This, in brief, is the story Mr. Tennyson has contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*. We miss in it not only that clearness and elevation of thought to which we have been accustomed by the poet, but there is sad falling-off even in beauty of expression. The epithets chosen are, we think, not very happy. Paris is called "apple-arbiter," and the "*Hetairai*" are designated as "hired animalisms."

The current number of the *British Quarterly Review* contains an article on Longfellow's "Dante." The author is Mr. J. A. Heraud. This gentleman was formerly better known in literature than he is now. He assisted for three years in editing *Frazer*, when it was under the management of Maginn, and was at one time sole editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He is also the author of *The Inner Life of Shakespeare*, and of several tragedies—the only two whose names we can recall, however, are *The Descent into Hell* and *The Judgment of the Flood*. An amusing story is told in reference to the former work. When "The Descent" appeared, it is said that the author, meeting Douglas Jerrold, was desirous of learning his opinion of its merits. "Jerrold, have you seen my *Descent into Hell*?" eagerly inquired the author. "No!" replied Jerrold, coolly, "I have not. I console

myself, however, with the knowledge that some day I shall have that happiness."

#### A PARIS CAUSERIE.

Allow me to vent a very small fit of ill-humor through the columns of your valuable Magazine. During thirty years' residence in France nothing has appeared to me so prodigious as the *aplomb* with which English and American correspondents, after a few months' sojourn in this capital, and where they generally only associated with their country-people, settle the affairs of the nation—have the pretension of thoroughly understanding the French character, needs and wishes—the civil, political and religious state of the country, and, in fact, know far better what suits *Messieurs les Français* than *ces Messieurs* do themselves. They view everything through the spectacles of prejudice, fashioned in their own homes, allowing nothing for the difference of race, of tradition, or of religion.

Would it not be wiser and more modest to allow the French to judge sometimes what will be best for themselves, both as to home and as to foreign policy? The movement in Italy, during the autumn of last year, toward Rome, is a striking instance of what I have said above; and, the abuse lavished on the Emperor for going to the rescue of the Pope is ill deserved. Sometimes His Majesty must follow the current of public opinion, all-powerful as he is; and the vote in the legislative body, which forced from Monsieur Rouher the assurance of a decided policy in favor of the Pope, was not the expression of a personal opinion on the part of an overwhelming majority of the deputies, but was the echo of a national sentiment. I don't enter into the question whether the second military expedition to Rome was right or wrong, but only certify to the fact that the nation was with the government, and that not only what our wise folks call the *parti clerical*, but the world at large (the French world, be it understood), are resolved that, with their concurrence, the Pope shall not be driven from Rome, either by the red-shirts of the Garibaldians or by the troops carrying the flag of the Italian army. The nation demanded from the Emperor, not an Italian, but a French policy. It is willing to spend money and shed blood for *une idée*; but prefers that the *idée* should be a French, and not an English or American opinion. Napoleon is answerable to public feeling in France, and not to the wishes or prejudices of an



English Parliament or of an American Congress.

And then, again, these gentlemen indulge in a chorus of abuse against the ingratitude of Pius IX. in sending the gold rose to Her Majesty of Spain instead of to the Empress Eugénie. Had they been better informed, they would know that it is not the custom to make this offering twice to the same royal personage; and as the gold rose was bestowed on the French Empress, with all the due ceremonial, by Cardinal Patrizi, delegated by the Pope, in 1856, the same honor could not be repeated in 1868.

Strangers residing in or passing through this capital only frequent the operas, theatres, masked balls, the Champs Elysées, the Bois, all the resorts of the gay and dissipated, and then solemnly shake their heads over the sad state of the spiritual condition of this godless people. But if, *en passant*, they would but peep into the churches, not only at mid-day on Sunday, when all the world goes to church, but in the week, early in the morning, at different hours of the day, they would perhaps be surprised to find them filled with a pious, attentive audience. They might pick up a few words of advice, too, falling from the pulpit, which would prove to them that the French do know a little something about Holy Writ, although so benighted as not to speak or understand a word of English.

Your fair readers may be glad to have a few words of advice as to what they may wear and what they may not wear for spring paraphernalia: The *veritable* crinoline has been discarded; but in its place there is a petticoat, or foundation, on which to build the superstructure of the robe, fashioned with hoops of small rotundity, having an appendage intended to imitate the *pannier*, as it was worn by the dames of the Pompadour reign—unfortunately not the only fashion of those unhallowed days that has found favor with modern *lionnes*. A slight, graceful and youthful figure looks well in a *pannier*; but, alas! all the female sex—even the majority of those who are born in the aristocratic world—are not gifted with elegance or grace; and when these two requisites are lacking, the *pannier* simply renders the short and dumpy belle ridiculous.

The horror of the conscription, now extended to all Frenchmen of the height of one metre and fifty-four hundredths (say five feet), shows itself, among other places, in the comic periodicals. The *Journal Amusant*, for example, has a picture of a gentle-

man taking his child to a private school. He says to the principal of the establishment:

"I confide the education of my son to you, on condition that he takes no gymnastic exercise."

"But, my dear sir, that will make him grow!"

"That is just what I don't want. Remember, they have once more reduced the standard. Good heavens! do you think I want my son to be a pretorian?"

These things are straws, which show which way the wind blows.

We are indebted to Prof. Samuel H. Dickson for the following interesting anecdote of the late king of Bavaria:

Devotion to female beauty and the fine arts, as is well known, was the special characteristic of Louis of Bavaria. The magnificent architectural embellishments of his chief city, Munich, and his ardent love of his country, will endear his memory to the people of Bavaria through all future time.

His passionate attachment to the fascinating Lola Montes in his advanced age; his adoption, even, of her political views and submission to her counsels; his chivalrous fidelity to her in her downfall; his extreme unpopularity on that account; and his resentful abdication of his throne,—are the essential points of his more recent history.

His death, on the 29th of February last, at Nice, has been noticed in many of our journals, and writers have been of one accord in referring to and dwelling on his unshrinking courage—his "pluck," as our English brethren, proud themselves of the quality as a national one, delight to call it.

A remarkable exhibition on his part of this lofty trait was once recited to me by an eyewitness, a learned Jewish rabbi—a gentleman of high character, warmly attached to his sovereign, and one of the minority who believed, as he still believes, in the true faith and honesty of the charming countess, and in the profound wisdom and expediency of her proposed diplomacy. His countrymen, however, entertained very opposite sentiments on the subject; and the inhabitants of Munich especially held the mistress of their once worshiped lord and master in deep detestation. She could hardly show herself in public without hearing offensive and menacing cries. Her carriage was often covered with mud, and her glasses repeatedly broken.

On one night there gathered before the house which had been given her by her royal

lover a vast mass of citizens of every degree. The excitement increased, until from shouts and hooting, they proceeded to the employment of missiles of all kinds, and heavy stones were thrown against the doors and shutters, which had been prudently closed at the first apprehension of a coming tumult. The tempest raged with ever augmenting fury, some of the frailer portions of the building being crushed in, and its entire ruin and demolition impending, in which case the life, also, of the illustrious but hated tenant would be in the most imminent danger.

At this crisis the true knight and brave champion of the persecuted woman appeared upon the scene. Louis, as soon as informed of the state of affairs, left his palace on foot and unattended, entered the premises by a postern door, and passed through the house, emerging by a low window, suddenly thrown open, upon a balcony overhanging the street. There he stood, in the dim half-shadow, with his hat on, his arms folded, in plain dress, looking down calmly upon the infuriated crowd surging madly below.

Astonishment at the boldness of the unknown person who thus defied them occa-

sioned a moment's comparative stillness and suspension of the riotous attack, few stones being thrown, and fortunately none of them striking him. Just then some one uttered audibly, though in an undertone, two words—"The king! the king!" The whisper soon spread, and the rude congregation began to melt away.

My friend remained near the balcony in admiration of the gentleman—grand and noble in his old age, and worthy, whatever his faults, the honor and esteem of all true men and gentlemen—until the echoes of the last loitering footsteps had died away in the distance, and then left this most kingly of modern kings standing, like a statue, calm and solitary under the starry sky.

Until recently, we have received all the finest chromo-lithographs from Europe, but now, through the enterprise of Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, we are able to procure those of American production that will rival, judging from their "Easter Morning," the efforts of trans-Atlantic artists.

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## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Salem Witchcraft, with an account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects. By Charles W. Upham. Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 469, 553.

Since his retirement from the public service, in which he won an honorable fame, Mr. Charles W. Upham has been devoting his leisure hours (and he must have been favored with a good many) to the preparation of a work on the Salem Witchcraft. The first volume is wholly preliminary. Salem Village, the starting-place and chief seat of the great delusion, was then the outlying parish and farming district of the town of Salem. For more than a century it has been known as Danvers, and a community more staid and peaceful is nowhere to be found. Mr. Upham goes very minutely into the history and topography of the "Village." The homes of many early settlers, and the

lands which they obtained by grant or purchase, are described in the text and marked upon a map. Much light is thrown on their personal, domestic and social habits. We see them in their homes, go with them to the field, follow them into the woods, and sit with them at the meeting on Sunday. While their better and nobler qualities are not forgotten, we are enabled to see something of the other side. Conscientious and religious to an extreme, they were yet human and earthly. Their disagreements and strifes in regard to property, their controversies in relation to church and parish and ministerial affairs, were prosecuted with an intensity and obstinacy of hate which none but men of such a type and of such antecedents could ever exhibit.

The author's purpose in this portraiture of colonial and Puritan life and manners is to prepare his readers for the appalling nar-

rative which follows. It shows them that here was fitting soil for such seed and such a harvest. However warmly the good people of Salem and Danvers may thank Mr. Upham for the patient toil which has enabled him to put before them so much information concerning their excellent though rather grim ancestors, the general reader may, perhaps, think that there is a little too much of prefatory matter. If we are not mistaken, there will be a good deal of skipping in this part of the book.

In the second part of the first volume the subject of Witchcraft and its kindred topics is treated in a general way and with much historic detail. The Witch of Endor figures here, of course—a miserable impostor who got out her magic lantern to deceive the poor king with a spectral illusion, when at a mightier touch, and to her own consternation, the dead prophet actually appeared. Toward the close of the fifteenth century prosecutions for witchcraft became frequent in Europe, and the slaughtered victims were counted by thousands. During the whole of the seventeenth century there were trials and executions for witchcraft in every country called civilized. In our mother England more than two hundred were hanged, and the pious Presbyterians of Scotland burned at least ten times that number. Compared with European atrocities in this line, the Salem tragedy is hardly worth mentioning.

We have nothing on this side to match the story of "Witch-finder Hopkins," who traversed the country hunting for witches and received so much a head for each victim. In one year and in a single county this fellow procured the death of more than three times as many as suffered in Salem. It seems almost incredible that the gentle Calamy and the saintly Baxter not only encouraged this wretch in his cruelty, but actually accompanied him in some of his torturing and murdering tours.

Among the treatises relating to this subject which aided in the formation of public opinion, a work by William Perkins, a distinguished preacher of Cambridge in England, was specially influential. Mr. Perkins was a man of strong feelings, which seem to have cropped out in the very title of his book: *Discourse of the Damned Art*, &c.

One idea mentioned by our author as a prominent part of the common creed of those days is calculated to temper, in some degree, the wonder and abhorrence with which we have usually contemplated the judicial murder of the witches. According to the notions

then prevailing, death was the only remedy in the case of witchcraft. For though you should incarcerate and torture the body of a witch, she would still be abroad in her spirit, or by her imp, with a fiendish malice and power intensified by suffering. Nothing, certainly, but a vivid belief in a personal, ubiquitous, dreadful devil, acting in combination with human agency, could have induced that blinding and distracting terror which impelled so many persons—some of whom are still regarded as models of wisdom and goodness—to take part in transactions that seem to us utterly absurd and cruel and wicked. And let us not forget that we, who thus sit in judgment on our fathers, would have felt and would have acted just as they did, had our whole training and circumstances and surroundings been the same as theirs. We will be grateful for our happier lot, and though we must condemn the conduct of our ancestors, pity and kindness shall not fail to mitigate the sentence.

In this connection we gladly testify to the kind and liberal spirit that pervades the work before us. Its execution is certainly exhaustive of the subject, and in the main highly satisfactory. Leaving for another opportunity all expression of opinion on the second and principal volume of the work, we shall confine our attention to a single case, recorded by Mr. Upham, among the few prosecutions for witchcraft which occurred in New England before the Salem trouble came. The case is one which we have long regarded with peculiar interest, as connecting a particular folly of our own day with one of the follies of our fathers:

In the year 1679, William Morse, a simple, honest, good old man, was living with his aged wife—as exemplary as himself—in a small house, which stands—or was standing twenty years ago—on the corner of Market street, in Newburyport, and directly opposite to the Episcopal Church. Besides a cat "sedate and grave," their only inmate was a grandson, who seems to have been an uncommonly vivacious youth. All of a sudden the quiet of this peaceful home was broken up, as if by the very spirit of mischief. Things began to move hither and thither, as though there were no such principle as gravitation or as inertia. Often the demon seemed to be lurking in the chimney, up whose huge throat he suddenly drew whatever loose object there was about, only to hurl it back as suddenly. The shoemaker's hammer and awl, stones and bricks, sticks of wood and

burning brands, were thus snatched up and tossed back. Strings of sausages hung up to dry would descend to the floor, and then vault into a chair. Pots hanging over the fire got into a scuffle, and knocked one another so hard that they had to be separated. One of the andirons, after dancing a jig on the hearth, jumped, still pirouetting, into the kettle, and thence made a spring to the table, kicking over the pot. The bedstead became ambulatory, and the bed refused to be made up, so turbulent were sheet, blanket and pillow. Tubs and trays were upset. The spinning-wheel turned topsy-turvy. Drawers opened and shut of their own accord, and so did the doors, going to with a slam. The iron wedges and the garden spade flew about as if they were feathers. Nor were these missiles wholly innocuous. Mrs. Morse was hurt by a flying stone, and her husband was hit by a volant shoe. Mr. Morse being at prayer, one of the chairs began making bows to him, and getting no return, gave him a sharp dig in the side. There was a good deal more of the same sort; but enough for the present.

Of phenomena like these there could be in those days only one interpretation. The power and the will to do such things must be diabolical, and the immediate agency must be witchcraft. Amid the general excitement and outcry that ensued, it is pleasant to find that the Morses had one sensible neighbor and true friend. Caleb Powell was a sailor—had been mate of a vessel—a man of plain, common sense, who kept his eyes open. He had watched the proceedings, and felt sure that they were connected, in some way, with the presence of the grandson. He promised them relief, on condition that he might take the boy away. A reluctant consent was given, the boy was removed and the movements ceased.

Here one would think might be the end. Far from it. A case of sorcery so flagrant, so atrocious, must not go unpunished. And who, suppose ye, was first hauled over the coals? None other than the sensible and kind-hearted mariner. Not making much of him, they fell next upon the poor old grandmother. Goody Morse was arraigned as a witch, tried and condemned to die. But old Simon Bradstreet sat in the governor's chair: the woman was reprieved, and after a long imprisonment was permitted to go home and die in her bed.

The point to which we would invite special attention is the character of those remarkable phenomena which brought so much

trouble to Goodman Morse's house a hundred and eighty years ago. In regard to their nature, Mr. Upham expresses no opinion, beyond what we may gather from the words "audacious operations" applied, in one instance, to the boy. For all that appears, he regards all those extraordinary manifestations as the mischievous pranks of a quick-witted and quick-handed young rogue. Just so, also, they appear to have been regarded by Joshua Coffin, whose minute account of the whole affair may be seen in his history of Newbury, published in 1845. This, too, so far as we can make it out, was the view of Caleb Powell at the time and on the spot. Since we first read the narrative in Coffin's Newbury, we have had but one opinion respecting it, and that certainly is very different from the impressions just referred to.

Let us look at the case. Upon the testimony of William Morse and other eye-witnesses no doubt was cast at the time, nor has been cast since. What, then, are the unquestioned facts? Articles both light and heavy are suddenly lifted from their resting-place to rush up the chimney or career about the room. The dinner-pot and tea-kettle go to loggerheads, and the andiron capers like a French posture-master. Within the house and without—by night and by day—bricks, sticks and stones are seen, heard, felt, as they whirl through the air or strike objects within their reach. Heavy articles of wood and iron lose for the moment all their weight and become automatically locomotive. How were these effects produced? That they depended in some way on the boy is evident. They occurred only when he was present or near at hand, and they ceased when he went away. Some of them—very few, however—may have been merely roguish performances, such as any bright lad could practice on a fond and unsuspecting grand-parent. Very clearly the greater part of the movements were of a class that cannot be explained on grounds of mere dexterity or as feats of *legerdemain*. No conjuror, however cunning, could have enacted such a part. The flying missiles, the clashing kettles, the dancing and vaulting andirons, were evidently subjected to an influence and moved by some power quite out of the common range of motive forces. That such a power over matter has repeatedly been manifested by persons of a peculiar constitution we regard as an established fact.

The capers of the New Rowley meal-chest, an incident which occurred less than a hun-

dred years ago, in what is now called Georgetown, were of the same type. A meal-chest in those days was a cumbersome and heavy article, and this meal-chest got bewitched, and trotted round the room—with three or four men sitting on it—in a very lively fashion. Still more akin to the story of our little Newbury boy is that of the young French girl, whose remarkable case was scrutinized and described by the celebrated Arago and other learned Frenchmen. And, finally, in our own times, the many hundred well-authenticated instances of tables tipping, turning and walking about, and of pianos self-suspended, must be set down under the same category. That spectacles of this sort have been witnessed by thousands is as much a matter of fact as anything else that we accept on sufficient and undoubted testimony. That impostors should take advantage of it by playing tricks on the credulous is just what we might expect. To distinguish the false from the true is not always easy, but is none the less a necessity.

Had these manifestations of a peculiar and exceptional force been regarded only as phenomena which, though not explicable on any known principles of the physical or the mental world, were yet in undoubted accordance with those principles, how widely different would have been their influence and their consequences! In the days of William Morse the belief in witchcraft and demoniacal agency was all but universal, and offered the easiest way of accounting for anything out of the common course. As late even as the adventure of the Rowley meal-chest, the belief still lingered in many minds, and furnished a ready solution of that remarkable problem. We claim to be more enlightened now. We are well rid of witchcraft. But are we quite out of the woods?

There is in our country a class of persons who call themselves *Spiritualists*. They hold that after death man's incorporeal part still walks the earth, conscious of what goes on among the living, and capable of communicating with them. They claim to count by the hundred thousand, and we know that they are numerous, for we have seen them out on pic-nics. To our mind it is clear that Spiritualism rests on the same foundation with Elizabeth Morse's witchcraft. It began in table-tipping, and through table-tipping it still keeps its hold.

Thus it appears that here and now there exists, as the majority of our countrymen believe, an actual delusion—not fierce and dangerous like the old epidemic in Salem

Village—but still deep and widespread, with tendencies which, in the opinion of not a few, are mischievous and immoral. The great question in regard to all such hallucinations of the popular mind is—or should be—how best to meet and dispel them. Many with slight knowledge of the actual facts, rank all such appearances as those above-mentioned under the convenient head of humbug, and think they are due solely to deception and collusion, with some help from jugglery. If it be so, it is our solemn duty, at all times and everywhere, to detect and expose the fraud. Show up the miserable tricksters and consign them to the derision and disgrace which they deserve. In matters of this sort all honest folks have a common interest and an imperative duty.

But suppose it turns out—as sometimes it has turned out—that the appearances in question cannot be accounted for on the score of trickery, while they unquestionably transcend the ordinary laws of nature, as hitherto recognized, must we therefore regard them as *supernatural*? Does it relieve the difficulty to call in a spirit from above or from below? Is it, on the whole, more likely that these abnormal, yet visible and palpable results, are due to some immaterial essence—the shadow of a shade—than to that complex and wonderful machine, a living man, with his magnetic apparatus of brain, nerve and muscle—the whole instinct with thought and passion, and under the energizing influence of the irresistible will?

It is our belief that there have been, and probably still are, persons who possess a peculiar power over matter near them, to which they often impart motion, either with or without conscious volition; and that this property, where it exists, is as truly a physical energy as any other human function. Just where it resides, just how it acts, we do not yet know, and perhaps never can know. But this is not the only unexplained mystery of our animal mechanism. It is a case that calls for careful observation and profound study. It should no longer remain under the custody and cultivation of the ignorant, the credulous, or the crafty. We commend the whole subject to the practical men of our day—to the earnest, truth-loving, truth-seeking philosopher—as eminently worthy of a calm and candid and thorough investigation.

As the basis of such an investigation, the curious facts which Mr. Upham has brought together in the book before us deserve a careful consideration.

Bacon's Essays. With Annotations by Richard Whately, D. D., and Notes and a Glossarial Index by Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 8vo. pp. xlix. 641.

To the student who desires to trace the history of the spirit of modern inquiry to its origin, a knowledge of the great philosophical works of Bacon is a prime necessity, but the general reader may rest satisfied after having mastered the Essays. "*The Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*," writes Macaulay, "are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind, but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world." The Essays, however, should be read by every one who aspires to the rank of a man of education. Hallam tells us, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, that "it would be somewhat derogatory to a man of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the Essays of Bacon;" and we may add that no one can read them thoughtfully without having his thoughts ennobled and the grasp of his intellectual powers widened. The mere titles indicate breadth and vigor: "Of Truth," "Of Death," "Of Unity in Religion," "Of Empire," "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates," "Of Honor and Reputation," and so throughout the list; while the matter is worthy of the subjects, and the manner is at once terse, dignified and proverb-like in its simplicity.

Bacon's Essays may, in fact, be called storehouses of proverbs, and every page will furnish pithy sentences ready for instant use. A prominent example has just been given in an important decision recently pronounced in one of our local courts of justice. One of the judges, in speaking of the delicacy which should be observed by legal tribunals in interfering with established customs, made a most apt and beautiful application of a sentence from the essay "Of Innovations": "It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived."

But to undertake a review of Bacon's Essays would be a work of supererogation. They have been before the world for more than two centuries, and their merits are too well known, and have been too often enlarged upon, to need any treatment at our hands.

That they have at all times been extensively read is proved by the numerous editions that have been published, and which must have been issued in answer to a constant demand. The first edition, published by Humphrey Hooper, London, 1597, and containing but ten essays, was in one year followed by the second, and in 1606 by a pirated reprint published by John Jaggard. In 1612 an enlarged edition appeared, containing twenty-nine new essays, and in 1625, the year before Bacon's death, the complete collection as it now stands was published, the number of essays being increased to fifty-eight. In the interim several reprints of the edition of 1612 had been issued, and from 1625 to the present day the frequency of publication seems something marvelous. It is gratifying to know that the Essays received early attention in this country, and that they were the first product of the press of William Bradford, in 1638.

In the present elegant edition the editor has gathered everything that can assist the reader to a clear understanding of the Essays. The "annotations" of Archbishop Whately, which are, perhaps, somewhat voluminous, but are full of information, together with the glossarial footnotes published under his supervision, have been carefully indexed by Mr. Heard, and thereby rendered for the first time available for reference. The excellent "Bibliography of the Essays" which appeared in Mr. Wright's edition has been included in the present volume, and the whole has been complemented by nearly fifty pages of additional notes and references, in preparing which, the editor modestly says that he has made free use of Singer's and Wright's editions of the Essays, and of the Ellis, Spedding & Heath edition of Bacon's works. In fact, we state but the truth when we say that the volume is as complete as good taste and industry can make it.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret. After the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 321.

Several of our friends who have read this fascinating book have been skeptical as to the existence of E. Marlitt. It were as well here to say that she is a woman already distinguished in literature by this present and one other novel. She has had somewhat more than justice at the hands of the translator, since not only is it impossible to detect a single Germanism in these pages, but also

in places the German text has been handled with extreme freedom, to the manifest gain of every English reader; and this, we presume, is why Mrs. Wister has spoken of the book as being "After the German." Contrasted with the haste of recent translations, Mrs. Wister's work is singular in the freedom and force of its English. As to a translator's right to give the spirit rather than the letter of a foreign author, few will be found to complain where at least prose alone is dealt with, and even in regard to poetry we have high authority for this method of treatment, and one memorable example in Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

We are severely of opinion that a reviewer has no business to spoil the future reader's interest by relating the plot of a story, and, so shall honestly refrain in this present instance, especially as the book before us is what a novel should be—a tale of character and incident. The characters lie chiefly in German middle life, and are drawn with great skill, with the exceptions, perhaps, of Frau Hellwig and the Baron Von Hirschsprung, both of which are overdrawn—the first in her utter brutality, the last in his aristocratic pride. On the other hand Felicitas is charmingly etched, and the Old Mam'selle Cordula is a masterpiece of tender and suggestive delineation. Perhaps the character of Professor Hellwig may, on first thought, seem open to comment for the suddenness of its variations; but this personage, as a whole, is not unnatural. Such a man must have been unpopular, and, in fact, you quarrel with and hate him on every page, and even grudge him the good luck he gets, with an anger made quite real by the naturalness of the drawing. Such men, however, are sure to fascinate certain women. As an attempt to depict a doctor it is wonderfully successful, and this is the more remarkable, because it is just here that almost all novelists have failed conspicuously. This doctor comes into the story with his art in use so naturally as to surprise one; and this is high praise, because here even Thackeray has had but a partial success.

We hope soon to see a translation of Miss Marlitt's other book from the same clever hand. Meanwhile we commend this present volume as one which, to our knowledge, has fascinated young and old.

### Books Received.

- David, the King of Israel. A Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D. Translated by Rev. M. G. Easton, M. A. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 518.
- Life, Letters and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer. Edited by her sister Charlotte Bremer. Translated from the Swedish by Fredr. Milow. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 439.
- The Mexican; or, Love and Land. A Poem, founded on the Invasion of Maximilian. By John M. Dagnall, author of "Daisy Swain." New York: American News Co. 16mo. pp. 228.
- The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Cunning Woman. A Prophetic Drama, followed by A Change of Base, and Doctor Mondschein. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 12mo. pp. 141.
- People's Edition of Dickens' Works. The Holly-Tree Inn, and other Stories. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 532.
- A Treatise on Meteorology. With a Collection of Meteorological Tables. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 305.
- Harper's Phrase-Book; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk, for Travelers and Schools. By W. P. Fetridge. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 309.
- Charlotte's Inheritance. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon. A Sequel to "Birds of Prey." New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 145.
- Jeanie's Quiet Life. A Novel. By the author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo. pp. 128.
- The Song of Higher Water. By James W. Ward. [Authorized edition]. New York: Robert H. Johnston & Co. 12mo. pp. 30.
- Italy, Rome and Naples. From the French of Henri Taine. By John Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. 356.
- Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. Nos. 25, 26, 27, 28. New York: Harper & Bros. Folio.
- The Ghost. A Comedy in Three Acts. Taken from the French. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 12mo. pp. 50.
- The American Genealogist. By Wm H. Whitmore. Albany: Joel Munsell. 8vo. pp. 287.
- A Sister's Bye-Hours. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo.







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