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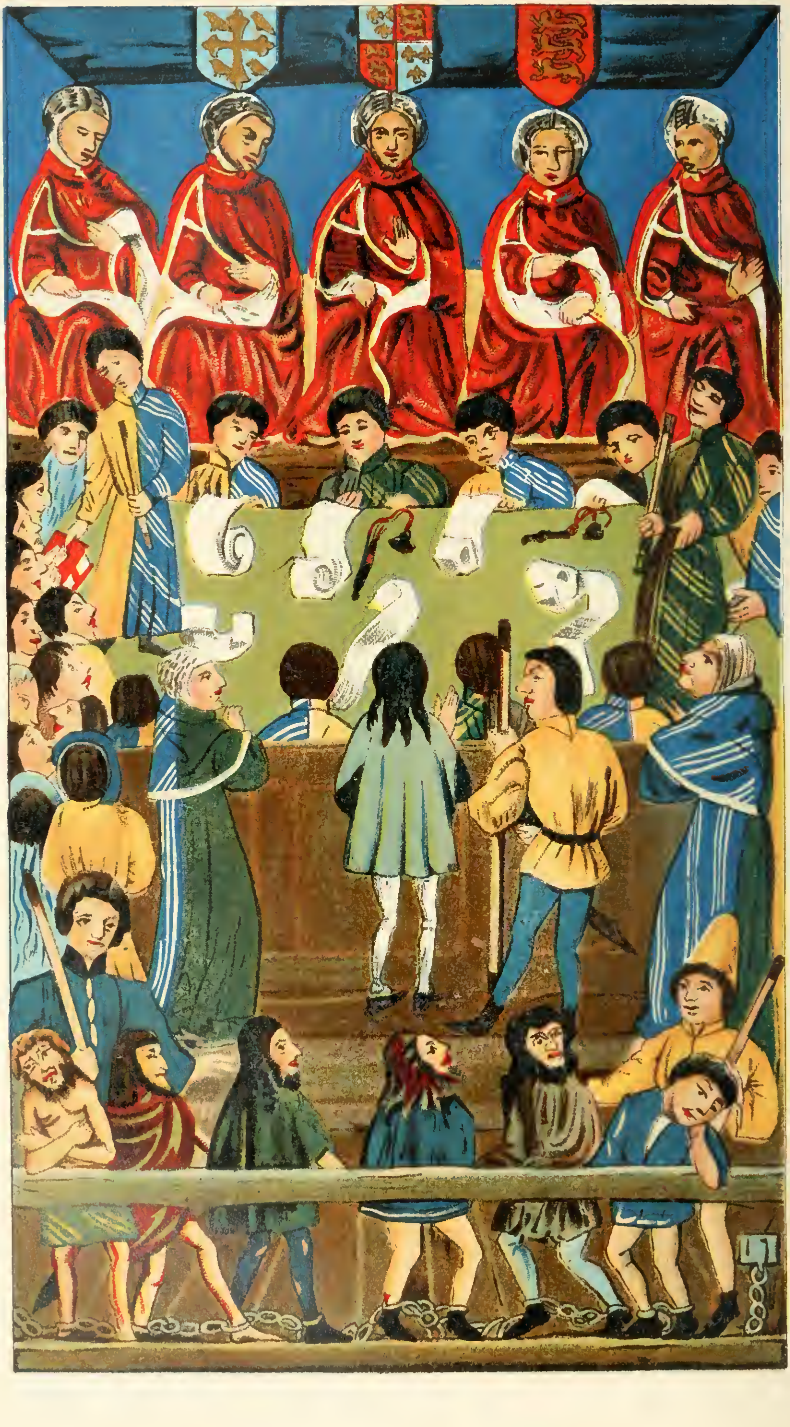

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AND
CRITICAL ESSAYS
BY
MANY EMINENT WRITERS.

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(1851-1899)

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With Nearly Five Hundred Full-page Illustrations and Coloured Plates

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME XIX

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R. Garnett.

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INTRODUCTION
TO VOL. XIX

"THE GREAT YEARS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE"

WRITTEN FOR
"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

COMTE E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ

LA LITTÉRATURE RUSSE

Par Le Vte E. M. de Vogüé de L'Académie Française

Les Grandes Années et les Grands Romanciers, 1840-1880

L'entrée conquérante du génie russe dans la littérature européenne est un des phénomènes historiques les plus notables de ce dernier quart de siècle. Façonné naguère encore par la vieille Europe, dont il recevait docilement les idées et les formules littéraires, ce génie a pris enfin pleine conscience de lui-même : il a franchi ses frontières nationales, il nous rend aujourd'hui ce qu'il avait reçu de nous ; il nous apporte des conceptions et des formes renouvelées. Indépendante chez elle, reconnue et comptée au dehors, la littérature russe, cette vassale d'hier, a pris rang parmi les grandes puissances ; et, semblable en cela à plus d'un état, elle est arrivée à cette haute fortune par le roman.

Au siècle dernier, le mouvement intellectuel ne dépassait guère la cour de l'impératrice Catherine ; l'esprit français régnait, avec le roi Voltaire, sur ce salon qui n'était qu'une annexe des salons philosophiques de Paris, une serre-chaude où l'on acclimatait de frêles boutures d'art et de poésie, dérobées aux jardins français. Notre goût classique dictait ses lois aux hommes qui créaient alors la langue littéraire de la Russie, un Lomonosoff, un Von-Vizine, un Derjavine. L'avénement d'Alexandre Ier, inaugurant le nouveau siècle, marqua le point de départ des idées qui allaient transformer la Russie moderne et autonome. Déjà, avec l'historien Karamsine, la conscience nationale s'éveille ; ce gentilhomme traditionaliste est le véritable fondateur de l'école politique, philosophique et littéraire qui s'appellera plus tard slavophile, moscovite, panslaviste. Le romantisme émancipe en partie la poésie russe des influences françaises: orientée d'abord par Joukovsky vers l'Allemagne de Schiller et de Goethe, cette poésie reçoit ensuite son inspiration de lord Byron, avec Pouchkine, Lermontoff et leurs émules. Les Russes n'admettent pas volontiers qu'on discute l'originalité de leur grand poète Pouchkine; j'admire sincèrement ce merveilleux virtuose: je lui reconnais le mérite d'avoir créé sa langue poétique, d'avoir donné une couleur russe aux idées et aux sentiments qu'il exprimait. Mais le fond même de cette imagination est purement byronien; le chantre de *Childe Harold* l'a éveillée à la vie, lui a imposé ses directions, ses façons de sentir. L'âme passionnée du lyrique russe semblait coulée dans le même moule que celle de son maître anglais; les aventures d'une vie errante et les révélations du ciel d'Orient complétèrent la similitude entre ces deux génies fraternels. Similitude plus sensible encore chez le fougueux Lermontoff: ses magnifiques peintures du Caucase, ses cris de passion, les plus frémissants qu'un poète ait jamais poussés, tout cela n'existerait pas si Byron n'avait fourni le modèle d'après lequel un barde romantique doit aimer, souffrir, admirer la nature et se désespérer en elle.

Pour trouver une individualité absolument russe, une physionomie caractéristique et qui ne doit plus rien aux influences occidentales, il faut arriver au premier en date des grands romanciers, à celui qui fût l'excitateur de tous les autres, Nicolas Gogol.

Né en 1809 dans la petite Russie, Gogol fut d'abord un de ces modestes et malheureux fonctionnaires qu'il devait peindre d'une touche si juste et si mordante. Fils de Cosaques, l'esprit aventureux de sa race se révolta contre la platitude de l'existence que le sort lui avait faite; il quitta l'administration, se mit à écrire. Il débuta par une sorte de poème en prose, *Tarass Boulba*, où il célébrait la vie libre et les hauts faits des Cosaques ses ancêtres. Œuvre débordante de lyrisme, illuminée par le sens de l'histoire, pénétrée d'un sentiment de la nature russe que nul n'avait encore traduit avec une pareille intensité: l'auteur est littéralement enivré par ces horizons infinis de la steppe où il laisse courir son imagination. On a pu dire de *Tarass Boulba* que c'est le seul poème vraiment épique composé par un moderne.

COMTE DE VOGÜÉ

Pourtant le jeune Gogol ne devait pas persévérer dans cette voie. Il y avait en lui un Dickens, un réaliste et un satirique aussi ému, plus âpre que le romancier anglais. Je rapproche ces deux noms parce qu'il y a une étroite parenté d'intelligence et de sensibilité entre les deux écrivains ; mais la comparaison des dates ne permet pas de croire que Gogol ait jamais lu Dickens, qui débutait au même moment et n'était pas encore traduit. Le poète de *Tarass Boulba* fût ramené à l'étude de la vie contemporaine et à l'observation des humbles existences par les encouragements du critique Biélinsky. Dès 1840, Biélinsky proclamait l'agonie du romantisme, la nécessité d'un retour au réalisme, et il voulait qu'on en cherchât les éléments dans la vie du peuple russe. Ce grand agitateur d'idées a exercé une influence prépondérante sur toute la génération qu'on appelle en Russie "les hommes des années quarante." Gogol, soumis plus que tout autre à cette influence, a réalisé le programme conçu par le critique, qui voyait clairement ce qu'il fallait faire et manquait du don créateur pour le faire lui-même.

Ce monde des petits fonctionnaires qu'il connaissait par une triste expérience, l'écrivain le mit en scène dans une série de nouvelles dont la plus typique est *Le Manteau*. "Nous sommes tous sortis du *Manteau* de Gogol," me disait un des grands romanciers de la génération suivante. L'humble et pitoyable héros de cette histoire, Akaky Akakiévitch, est le père d'une innombrable lignée de commis et de scribes formés à sa ressemblance. Mais ce fut surtout dans sa célèbre comédie, *le Revisor*, que Gogol fit éclater sa verve satirique ; le public vit bafouer en plein théâtre les vices de l'administration, le péculat qui gangrenait l'Empire.

Ces tableaux fragmentaires n'étaient qu'une préparation au chef d'œuvre qui immortalisera le nom de Gogol, *les Ames Mortes*. Je n'hésite pas à mettre ce livre tout près du *Don Quichotte*, sinon sur le même rang ; même mélange de satire et de tendresse cachée pour les personnages que l'on raille, même compréhension totale d'un grand pays, dans ces deux épopées comiques où le lecteur retrouve toute l'Espagne et toute la Russie. Celle de Gogol n'a pas et n'aura pas de longtemps à l'étranger la popularité qui a consacré le roman de Cervantes; les peintures des *Ames Mortes* sont trop exclusivement nationales, et la vie populaire russe nous est moins familière que celle de l'Espagne historique. Mais chaque personnage, chaque trait de mœurs observé par l'écrivain est passé en proverbe, dans le pays où Tchitchikoff faisait son singulier commerce; on sait qu'il consistait à acheter les serfs décédés, pour emprunter ensuite de l'argent sur ces listes macabres; leur propriétaire se donnait pour un riche seigneur, maître de ces vassaux fictifs.

Dans les nombreux tableaux de la vie provinciale que ce cadre commode permettait de juxtaposer, la Russie moyenne et populaire apparassait tout entière, avec ses misères, ses difformités, ses ridicules; avec sa bonhomie aussi, et son endurance héroïque. On sentait, dans le regard aigu de l'humoriste, un fond de pitié infinie pour le modèle; des explosions de lyrisme éclataient à chaque instant au travers de cette raillerie joviale. Les figures évoquées par Gogol palpitaient d'une vie intense; comme elles étaient presque toutes chétives et laides, le miroir qui les montrait divertit d'abord, puis il fit réfléchir profondément le lecteur sur l'état social de sa patrie. " L'homme russe s'est effrayé de voir son néant," écrivait l'auteur dans une de ses lettres. Et il ajoutait: " Ceux qui ont disséqué mes facultés d'écrivain n'ont pas su discerner le trait essentiel de ma nature. Ce trait n'a été aperçu que du seul Pouchkine. Il disait toujours que nul n'a été doué comme moi pour mettre en relief la trivialité de la vie, pour décrire toute la platitude d'un homme médiocre, pour faire apercevoir à tous les yeux les infiniment petits qui échappent à la vue. Voilà ma faculté maîtresse." On ne saurait se mieux juger. Mais n'est-ce point cette même faculté que nous retrouverons chez Tolstoï ? Et les sentiments de fraternité évangélique, de pitié pour les souffrants qui animent toute l'œuvre de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky, Gogol les analyse déjà, il les vante en connaissance de cause. Il écrit dans une autre de ses lettres: " La pitié pour la créature tombée est le trait russe par excellence."

Malade et morose avant l'âge, Nicolas Vassiliévitch ne put achever la dernière partie de ses *Ames Mortes.* Les facultés productrices étaient ruinées chez lui à trente trois ans; il s'éteignit obscurément à quarante trois ans, en 1852, dans une de ces crises de mysticisme qui semblent la fin naturelle de tous les écrivains russes. Son œuvre géniale avait ouvert à ses successeurs les routes nouvelles où ils allaient se précipiter. Plus heureux que lui, ils ont imposé leur mérite à l'attention de l'Europe: mais ils ont dit eux-mêmes, et la justice commande de répéter, que nous devons admirer surtout chez eux l'héritage de leur maître et de leur initiateur, Nicolas Gogol.

Magnifique éclosion, bien rare dans l'histoire littéraire! Ils étaient tous du même âge, ils commencèrent tous d'écrire pendant les quelques années qui précédèrent et suivirent la secousse européenne de 1848, ces hommes qui allaient faire parler la silencieuse Russie. Elle s'est transformée durant le quart de siècle qu'ils ont rempli, elle est devenue un des foyers les plus actifs de production intellectuelle et artistique. La plupart de ces esprits étaient nourris de l'hégélianisme germanique, soit qu'ils l'eussent reçu directement dans les universités allemandes, comme Tourguéneff, soit qu'ils l'eussent emprunté au propagateur de cette doctrine, le critique Biélinsky. Le mouvement révolutionnaire et socialiste de 1848, comprimé dans l'empire du tsar Nicolas, s'y métamorphosa en une éruption de talents littéraires. Les conditions faites à la société russe interdisaient toute manifestation de ces talents dans les études historiques ou philosophiques, dans l'éloquence politique et le journalisme; un seul mode d'expression leur était permis: la fiction romanesque. Ils s'appliquèrent tous au roman national et réaliste; ils élargirent l'unique forme où ils pouvaient verser leur pensée, ils y firent entrer toutes leurs idées, toutes leurs aspirations, tous leurs rêves. C'est ainsi que le roman russe devint le grand fleuve où confluaient toutes les sources qui alimentent dans les sociétés plus libres les divers courants de l'activité humaine. Il a été pour la Russie moderne ce que furent pour notre moyen âge les chansons de geste et les fabliaux; il a remplacé la tribune et la chaire, le théâtre et le journal. Il a contenu toute l'âme nationale. On ne comprendrait pas son importance sociale et sa puissance extraordinaire, si l'on perdait de vue cette explication:

création indirecte de l'absolutisme politique, seule résultante immédiate du bouillonnement de 1848, il a été l'organe qui grossit et se nourrit aux dépens de tous les autres dans un corps paralysé. Il a absorbé toutes les forces qui naissaient au même instant dans les cerveaux d'un Gontcharoff, d'un Pissemsky, d'un Tourguéneff, d'un Dostoïevsky, d'un Tolstoï.

Au début du règne d'Alexandre II (1855) Gontcharoff et Pissemsky semblaient destinés à recueillir la plus large part dans la succession de Gogol. L'*Oblomoff* du premier incarnait dans un type devenu proverbial certains défauts du caractère russe : la paresse, le laisser-aller, l'insouciance fataliste. Par l'observation exacte des milieux et par l'analyse psychologique, ce livre annonçait une nouvelle façon de regarder le monde. Ivan Gontcharoff garda les mêmes qualités dans ses autres ouvrages, *Simple Histoire, le Précipice* ; mais le grand succès d'*Oblomoff* ne se retrouva plus ; le romancier péchait par une couleur trop pâle et trop uniforme, par une certaine monotonie dans l'accumulation des détails. Pissemsky traduisait mieux le désarroi de la société ; au lendemain du règne de Nicolas Ier, il rendit plus vivement les incertitudes de la conscience russe. Le *Tourbillon, Mille Ames, Les Faiseurs,* sont les meilleures peintures qu'on ait faites de la classe moyenne. Il manquait à Pissemsky, trop semblable en cela aux réalistes français, le don de sympathie communicative qu'on allait trouver chez d'autres, la vue large et supérieure de l'humanité qu'il étudiait. Des romanciers plus émus et plus philosophes s'emparèrent du premier rang.

D'abord Tourguéneff, déjà classé hors de pair par ses *Récits d'un Chasseur.* Ce recueil de petits tableaux de la vie paysanne, publié au lendemain de 1848, a plus fait pour l'émancipation des serfs que toutes les discussions politiques et philosophiques ; il fut pour l'abolition du servage ce que *la Case de l'Oncle Tom* a été pour la suppression de l'esclavage des noirs. Les récits de Tourguéneff ne sont qu'un chant de la terre russe et un murmure de quelques pauvres âmes, directement entendus par nous : l'écrivain nous a portés au cœur de son pays natal, il s'efface et nous laisse en tête-à-tête avec ce pays. Pourquoi les ressorts de la vie étaient-ils brisés chez tous les personnages du livre ? D'où venait cette malaria sur la campagne russe ?—L'auteur s'en remettait au lecteur du soin de répondre, et de juger. La Russie du servage se regarda avec épouvante dans ces images fidèles ; un long frémissement la secoua ; du jour au lendemain, Tourguéneff fut célèbre, et la cause qu'il plaidait à moitié gagnée.

Il acheva de s'insinuer dans les cœurs avec d'exquises petites nouvelles du même genre, avec des romans sentimentaux comme *la Nichée de gentilshommes*, dont le charme reste toujours jeune pour nous, grâce à la discrétion, à la sobriété des moyens qui le produisent. Il intéressa les esprits en démêlant le chaos d'idées confuses qui brouillaient les cervelles russes, après la secousse de l'émancipation. Dans *Rudine*, il analysait le manque de volonté, l'absence de personnalité morale qu'il reprochait à les compatriotes, plaisamment et trop sévèrement, quand il disait : "Nous n'avons rien donné au monde, sauf le samovar ; et encore n'est-il pas sûr que nous l'ayons inventé."—Dans *Pères et Fils*, il sondait le fossé infranchissable qui s'était creusé entre la génération du servage et celle d'après 1860 ; le premier, il diagnostiquait et baptisait le mal qui allait ronger les nouveaux venus, le nihilisme. Il en suivit les progrès croissants dans *Fumée ;* il en décrivit les manifestations violentes dans *Terres Vierges.*

Tourguéneff n'a pas poussé aussi loin que Tolstoï la connaissance et la domination de l'âme humaine ; mais il ne le cède à personne pour la divination des nuances de sentiment dans la passion ; il demeure supérieur à tous ses rivaux par la force du génie plastique. Instruit à notre discipline intellectuelle par la longue fréquentation de nos écrivains, il est le seul styliste russe qui satisfasse pleinement les exigences d'un goût délicat ; il est l'artiste par excellence. Les courts récits de cet inimitable prosateur faisaient dire à M. Taine que, depuis les Grecs, nul n'a taillé un camée littéraire avec autant de relief, avec une aussi rigoureuse perfection de forme. C'était aussi l'opinion de quelques critiques anglais, si je m'en rapporte au jugement que je lisais dans l'*Athenæum*, au lendemain de la mort du romancier (1883) : "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguenef the first rank in contemporary literature."

Cependant la renommée d'Ivan Tourguéneff a subi une éclipse durant ces vingt dernières années. On le lit moins en Russie ; il a été écrasé par la vogue de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky. Il a souffert du mouvement ombrageux et exclusif de l'esprit russe, qui se repliait sur lui-même pendant cette période, s'enorgueillissait de découvrir sa propre force, repoussait tout alliage étranger. Les nouvelles générations traitaient d'"Occidental" l'écrivain qui restait fidèle à nos procédés classiques de composition. Fixé en France, loin de son pays, il ne connaissait plus ce pays, disait-on. Pourtant ses derniers écrits respirent l'adoration de la terre natale ; mais on ne leur pardonnait pas des critiques mordantes contre les slavophiles, dont il ne fut jamais. On lui en voulait de quelques plaisanteries spirituelles sur "la littérature en cuir de Russie," sur cette infatuation de patriotisme moscovite qu'il caractérisait ainsi : "Chez nous, deux et deux font quatre, mais avec plus de hardiesse qu'ailleurs." Quand il revenait de loin en loin à Pétersbourg ou à Moscou, il n'y retrouvait plus les ovations enthousiastes d'une jeunesse accaparée par ses rivaux. Il ressentait cruellement cet abandon. J'ai vu le grand vieillard s'éteindre près de nous, à Paris ; toute la vie avait reflué dans la tête, superbe sous le désordre de ses cheveux blancs, secouée avec des fiertés de lion blessé. Par une lugubre ironie du sort, il achevait alors sa dernière production, sous ce titre : *Désespoir*. Il y disait son dernier mot sur cette âme russe qu'il fouillait depuis quarante ans.—L'éclipse sera passagère. En Russie comme en Occident, il remontera au premier rang dans l'admiration de la postérité, le romancier qui sait trouver si sûrement le chemin de notre cœur, l'artiste parfait qui satisfait l'intelligence par l'eurythmie attique de ses chefs-d'œuvre, qui enchante les oreilles russes par la musique de sa prose.

Rien de semblable chez Dostoïevsky, nul art appris : une fougue naturelle du tempérament et une intensité maladive de la pensée qui terrassent le lecteur. Compromis à vingt ans, en 1848, dans la conspiration de Pétrachevsky, le jeune homme fut déporté en Sibérie, il y passa quatre années dans la société des forçats. Quand l'amnistie le tira du bagne, il en rapporta une description navrante, *la Maison des Morts,* rendue plus tragique par l'accent de résignation et de douceur qui anime ces étranges mémoires. Les romans qui suivirent, *Humiliés et Offensés, Crime et Châtiment, l'Idiot,* ce sont les chapitres d'un Evangile mystique et fraternel, où l'observateur attendri glorifie les misérables jusque dans leurs vices et leurs troubles d'esprit ; non point, comme nos romantiques, parce que le vice et la misère sont pittoresques, mais parce que " la religion de la souffrance humaine " a des indulgences pour toutes les laideurs. Il étudia le nihilisme, lui aussi, avec *les Possédés* et *les Frères Karamazoff;* il le vit dans un cauchemar de son imagination, surmenée par l'épilepsie. Il s'empara des âmes par des hallucinations de terreur et de pitié, toujours circonscrites dans le cadre de l'exacte réalité. Sa puissance est faite de ce singulier contraste : un débordement de douceur apitoyée chez le plus cruel des hommes qui aient jamais tenu une plume. Je l'appelle cruel parce que tel de ses livres, *Crime et Châtiment,* par exemple, inflige au lecteur une torture comparable au jeu d'un bourreau du Saint Office, qui eût tendrement embrassé son patient en lui plantant des pointes de fer rouge dans le dos.

Des chats ! Des chats ! Des chats avec des âmes vertueuses et philosophiques, emprisonnées par quelque magicien dans les nerfs de ces étranges bêtes, tels nous apparaissent tous les personnages créés par Dostoïevsky à sa propre ressemblance. Pour arriver à les comprendre, pour se représenter matériellement leurs conversations, leurs attitudes, leurs regards, leurs colères et leurs amours, il faut observer sur un toit la vie électrique de la gent féline : allures d'ombres, approches sournoises, fuites sans motifs, caresses cauteleuses, rêveries et paresses inquiétantes de l'animal toujours ramassé pour bondir. Ainsi se comportent, dans les chambres d'étudiants, de conspirateurs et de filles perdues où nous introduit le romancier, ces démoniaques réunis pour s'entr'aimer ou s'entre-haïr, sans qu'on puisse savoir au juste lequel des deux sentiments les martyrise : d'habitude, tous deux en même temps. Ouvrez au hasard *Krotkaïa, les Possédés, les Frères Karamazoff,* lisez une page : le héros de l'action est éperdu de tendresse et de pitié pour ses semblables, avec un besoin instinctif de leur tirer du sang, de les faire souffrir dans leur propre intérêt. Dans les livres de ce russe, on dépense plus de vertu et de sensibilité que dans tous les romans du XVIII^e siècle, on y commet plus de crimes et de plus odieux que dans tout le répertoire du théâtre tragique; mais tandis qu'au théâtre les bons et les méchants se font symétriquement vis-à-vis, ici crimes et vertus logent de compagnie dans les mêmes cœurs. C'est une exagération d'un autre genre; elle est peut-être plus près de la vérité que celle des classiques.

A quelques exceptions près, les récits de Dostoïevsky ne sont point de la littérature fantastique; le fou n'est pas fantastique, au sens exact du mot, il est tragique et très réel; or, la plupart de ces personnages passeraient pour fous en Occident, ils sont en train de le devenir, même en Russie. Personne n'est aussi logique qu'un fou, on le voit bien aux discours si fortement liés que tiennent ceux de Dostoïevsky, à leur application sur une idée fixe; mais le fou est logique dans une seule direction, et jusqu'au bout.

Ai-je besoin d'ajouter qu'il y a au moins un épileptique dans chacun de ces romans, et que l'auteur fait de lui son héros de prédilection? Dostoïevsky était sujet au terrible mal, il le devait sans doute aux épouvantes de sa jeunesse, aux épreuves subies dans le bagne sibérien. Ce mal explique toute son œuvre, toute sa vie. Je n'ai jamais connu un être plus nerveux que ce petit homme aux yeux brillants, une figure plus douloureuse que cette face convulsée où tremblaient perpétuellement des tics inquiétants. Quand il s'animait de colère sur une idée, on eût juré qu'on avait déjà vu cette tête sur les bancs d'une cour criminelle, ou parmi les vagabonds qui mendient en Russie aux portes des prisons. A d'autres moments, elle avait la mansuétude triste des vieux saints sur les images slavonnes. Tout était peuple dans cet homme, avec l'inexprimable mélange de grossièreté, de finesse et de douceur qu'ont fréquemment les paysans grands-russiens.

C'est pourquoi le peuple l'a adopté, l'a aimé avec frénésie. Je ne dis point le peuple des paysans, qui ne lit pas, en Russie, ou ne lit que des almanachs et des livres de piété; mais tout ce petit monde besogneux de la bourgeoisie commençante qui s'éveille à la vie intellectuelle, commis, scribes, fonctionnaires, institutrices, étudiants et étudiantes. Le 10 février 1881, j'ai vu cette clientèle passionnée se ruer dans la chambre où le romancier venait d'expirer, s'étouffer pour approcher de son cercueil, arracher comme des reliques les fleurs mortuaires que d'autres admirateurs avaient entassées sur cette bière. Le surlendemain, j'ai vu cette même foule amassée en grandes vagues tristes, derrière le char de l'écrivain à qui elle faisait des funérailles de triomphateur. Elle se reconnaissait dans ce cœur troublé, dans ce cerveau fumeux qui avait donné une vie surabondante à des types ordinaires en Russie, exceptionnels partout ailleurs; elle le remerciait d'avoir formulé dans tant de pages l'ascétisme maladif et la fraternité touchante qui sont au fond de la plupart de ces natures; une dernière fois, la foule russe se prosternait avec lui "devant toute la souffrance de l'humanité."

J'ai gardé pour la fin de cette étude le comte Léon Tolstoï; d'abord parce qu'il est de quelques années plus jeune que les autres grands romanciers auxquels il survit seul; ensuite parce que la fortune prodigieuse et méritée de son œuvre a fait de lui le représentant universel de la pensée russe, et plus encore: le Napoléon littéraire dont la souveraineté est reconnue aujourd'hui dans les deux hémisphères. Voici tout juste vingt ans que je portai mon premier article sur *Guerre et Paix* au directeur d'une grande revue française. Ce directeur me dit: "Nous imprimerons cela pour vous faire plaisir; mais qui s'imposera jamais l'ennui de lire le fatras de ce russe?" A part quelques amis de Tourguéneff, persuadés par l'admiration chaleureuse qu'il témoignait à son compatriote, on n'eut pas trouvé alors dans Paris vingt personnes qui connussent le nom de Tolstoï. Ce nom a fait depuis un beau chemin autour de la planète.

Il y aura bientôt un demi-siècle que le public russe apprit à l'estimer. Le jeune officier d'artillerie, furieusement adonné aux cartes, avait perdu une forte somme qu'il ne possédait pas. Pour se mettre en mesure de payer sa dette de jeu, il offrit à l'éditeur d'un périodique de Moscou le roman qu'il avait composé au Caucase, durant les loisirs des grand'gardes sur le Térek. C'était *les Cosaques,* le chef-d'œuvre de poésie et de philosophie mélancolique où la nature et les âmes de l'orient, fardées jusqu'alors par l'imagination des romantiques, étaient vues pour la première fois dans leur simplicité, dans leur vérité intime. Né en 1828, âgé à ce jour de soixante et onze ans, Léon Nikolaiévitch, comte Tolstoï, a vécu toutes les formes de la vie. Il n'a pas vécu pour écrire, ni écrit pour vivre. Comme il regardait attentivement autour de lui et en lui-même, les fortes images des spectacles qu'il voyait se sont naturellement projetées sur le papier; tel un médecin qui dessine des planches d'anatomie, non pour dessiner, mais pour mieux apprendre l'homme et ses maladies. Chaque fois qu'il a pris la plume, c'était pour éclaircir à ses propres yeux la grande question: Pourquoi Léon Tolstoï n'est-il pas heureux? Pourquoi les autres ne le sont-ils pas davantage? Et quel serait le moyen qu'ils fussent plus heureux?

Tout jeune, le comte a fait la guerre, au Caucase, en Crimée. Il en a rapporté *les Cosaques,* et ces merveilleux *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol,* procès-verbaux exacts comme ceux d'un major de tranchée qui aurait du génie, avec une aversion raisonnée pour le métier triste et noble qu'il fait héroïquement. Tout jeune, l'observateur s'est regardé vivre à la lumière de la conscience, il a commencé d'étudier sa formation intérieure. De ce premier examen de soi-même est sorti l'impitoyable traité d'auto-psychologie: *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse.* Démissionnaire de bonne heure, l'ex-officier alla tenir son rang dans la société élégante de Pétersbourg. Il vit la cour et le monde; il passa par tous les emportements où ses pareils dépensaient la fougue de l'activité russe, à l'époque où elle n'avait d'autre emploi que le plaisir. On peut tout dire d'un homme qui se confesse si ouvertement, avec un si âpre besoin de se montrer tel qu'il est. Le vin, le jeu, les femmes, il épuisa toutes les ivresses; avec la frénésie qu'elles avaient dans le pays et dans le temps où quelques milliers de privilégiés possédaient des milliers de serfs, tuaient les chevaux pour se griser d'une folie de vitesse, la nuit, sur la neige, en allant entendre les bohémiennes râler leurs chants de passion, et revenaient demander des émotions plus fortes à la carte sur laquelle ils jouaient une fortune, et cherchaient enfin l'étourdissement en noyant dans l'alcool l'insupportable raison ; "la coquine de raison," comme dit encore Tolstoï vieux et apôtre ; l'ennemie et l'angoisse constante de ces cœurs indomptés qu'elle prétend limiter.

Ce viveur forcené demeurait d'ailleurs l'observateur froid et clairvoyant que je disais tout à l'heure. Conciliez ces contradictions, si vous le pouvez, et vous aurez expliqué le génie de Tolstoï, le génie de la race dont il est la figure représentative. Les critiques y perdent leur latin, peut-être parce que le latin n'a rien à voir dans l'âme du jeune russe qui écrivait : "Je comprends très bien les crimes les plus atroces, commis sans but, sans désir de nuire, *comme cela,* par curiosité, par besoin inconscient d'action. Il y a des minutes où l'avenir se présente à l'homme sous des couleurs si sombres, que l'esprit craint d'arrêter son regard sur cet avenir, qu'il suspend totalement en lui-même l'exercice de la raison et s'efforce de se persuader qu'il n'y aura pas d'avenir et qu'il n'y a pas eu de passé."

Entre temps, Tolstoï acquérait, par des lectures variées dans toutes les langues, un savoir encyclopédique. Rien où l'on sente le travail de cabinet, dans cette acquisition aisée d'une culture universelle, un peu superficielle. On la rencontre fréquemment chez ces prodigieux assimilateurs que sont les russes ; on ne sait d'où ils l'ont prise, en se jouant. Ayant vu les hommes de toute condition et lu leurs livres, il écrivit *Guerre et Paix.*

L'œuvre est trop connue pour que je m'y attarde. Ce qu'avait été la Russie dans le moment où elle prenait conscience d'elle-même, au début du siècle, de quels éléments elle s'était formée, vers quel idéal elle s'acheminait à tâtons,—autant de problêmes qui tentaient l'esprit philosophique de Tolstoï. Ces idées abstraites, il les fit naturellement vivre dans des êtres de chair et de sang, toujours en action, révélateurs de toute une société par chacun de leurs gestes, par chacune de leurs paroles. Sa puissance de vision nous montra plus que la Russie : toute une large part d'humanité, avec les ressorts secrets et les mouvements généraux qui la font agir en tout pays. en tout temps. Roman ou épopée, comme on voudra l'appeler, *Guerre et Paix* est le plus vaste et le plus fidèle miroir qu'on ait jamais présenté à chacun de nous pour y reconnaître ses semblables et s'y retrouver soi-même.

Après cette évocation du passé, la société contemporaine vint témoigner à son tour : *Anna Karénine* la fit comparaître devant le Juge :—c'est le mot qui monte spontanément aux lèvres, quand on considère Tolstoï en force des hommes qu'il interroge. Des deux grands romans où toute la vie russe est enclose, le second embrasse moins d'idées et de faits que le premier ; il sonde plus avant dans les plaies du cœur ; il décrit les troubles de la passion les troubles philosophiques de la conscience russe durant cette ébullition des esprits qui caractérisa le règne d'Alexandre II. Commencée vers 1865, la publication de l'ouvrage souffrit de longs arrêts : Tolstoï l'abandonnait, s'y reprenait, faisait attendre pendant des années les chapitres du livre, qui ne parut au complet qu'en 1877.

Et c'est alors, au moment où le succès d'*Anna Karénine* consacre définitivement la domination de l'écrivain dans son pays, à la veille des jours où son influence et sa renommée vont se répandre sur les autres nations, c'est au zénith de la force et de la gloire que la capricieuse comète change de ciel, plonge dans la nuit, va se perdre entre les nébuleuses. Léon Nikolaiévitch dit adieu à son art qu'il couvre d'anathèmes. Depuis lors, depuis vingt ans, il ne prend la plume que pour accumuler lesréquisitoires contre cet art, contre la civilisation dont il fait partie, contre l'amour, la guerre, la science, l'Eglise établie. Les traités théologico-rationalistes se succèdent sans relâche : *Ma Confession, Ma Religion, Commentaires sur l'Evangile.* Ce forçat de la pensée, dont il voudrait rejeter le boulet, s'acharne à fouiller son âme pour la simplifier ; il tourne laborieusement dans un cercle de complications, toujours les mêmes. Il ne sait pas bien ce qu'il veut, mais il le veut vigoureusement, et surtout il ne veut rien de ce qui existe. Il donne fréquemment des illustrations de sa doctrine plus claires que le texte, avec de courtes paraboles, des contes moraux à l'usage du peuple. L'art est un démon qu'on n'exorcise pas facilement : quelques-uns de ces contes sont des chefs-d'œuvre d'un nouveau genre, comme *Maître et Serviteur*, *De quoi vivent les* *hommes,* ou comme ce drame émouvant et révoltant de la vie paysanne : *la Puissance des Ténèbres.*

La méthode instinctive du grand réaliste triomphe et nous subjugue dans l'exposition de ses thèses, soit qu'il dévoile les méfaits de l'amour dans la *Sonate à Kreutzer* ; soit qu'il dénonce le charlatanisme de l'art, dans sa dernière entreprise de démolition : *Qu'est-ce que l'Art ?* Méthode dont l'essence est de déshabiller le fait réel du verbiage traditionnel sous lequel il nous apparait, et de nous montrer ce fait simple, nu, vivant. Cette vision directe communique une force incomparable aux prémisses critiques de notre démolisseur ; nous nous rendons à l'évidence, nous convenons avec lui du pauvre rien qu'on trouve sous les apparences. Mais nous nous dérobons, par instinct de vie et horreur du vide, à ses conclusions qui nous mènent à l'absurde, au néant.

Tolstoï s'y dérobe lui-même, car le voici qui donne un éclatant démenti à ses blasphèmes contre son art. Il revient à cet art. A soixante-dix ans, le vigoureux vieillard a écrit de nouveau un grand roman. La publication de *Résurrection* commence seulement dans un journal russe ; je n'ai lu que les premières pages de l'œuvre ; si l'on en juge par ces fragments, elle promet d'égaler *Anna Karénine* et *Guerre et Paix* ; elle accroîtra encore l'admiration du monde pour l'écrivain qui ne fut jamais plus fort, plus émouvant, plus maître de la vie qu'il emprisonne dans des tableaux inoubliables.

Retiré dans sa propriété de Yasnaïa-Poliana, près de Toula, *régénéré* sous le caftan du moujick, l'apôtre compliqué de la vie simple ne consacre que quelques heures à ses nombreux écrits. La meilleure partie de son temps appartient aux œuvres philanthropiques, aux directions d'écoles, aux comités de secours pour les victimes des disettes, aux entretiens avec les sectaires et les illuminés qui viennent de toute la Russie paysanne visiter leur grand confrère. On sait que le comte s'impose en outre des travaux manuels : le labourage, la confection de ces bottes qui trouveront moins de clients, je le crains, que les romans ne trouvent de lecteurs. Je me suis laissé dire que Tolstoï ayant voulu un jour prendre son tour pour conduire les troupeaux de la commune au pâturage, les villageois de Yasnaïa-Poliana lui firent doucement entendre qu'ils préféraient un berger de métier, et que leurs vaches seraient mieux gardées.

Est-ce donc qu'il y eut depuis vingt ans changement, rupture d'unité dans la pensée et dans l'œuvre de Tolstoï ? Nullement ; et qui jugerait ainsi aurait bien mal lu cette œuvre. Dans un volume d'articles pédagogiques fort anciens, l'écrivain résumait son idéal en quelques mots : "Je veux apprendre aux enfants du peuple à penser et à écrire ; c'est moi qui devrais apprendre à leur école à écrire et à penser. Nous cherchons notre idéal devant nous, tandis qu'il est derrière nous. Le développement de l'homme n'est pas le moyen de réaliser cet idéal d'harmonie que nous portons en nous, c'est au contraire un obstacle à sa réalisation. Un enfant bien portant est plus près des créatures non pensantes, de l'animal, de la plante, de la nature, qui est le type éternel de vérité, de beauté et de bonté."

Le jeune héros des *Cosaques,* Olénine, aspirait déjà à dépouiller son âme de civilisé, pour se rapprocher de la petite asiatique Marianne, plus heureuse, plus proche de la nature. Dans *Guerre et Paix,* le comte Bézouchoff a fait le tour de toutes les idées ; un pauvre soldat à l'intelligence obscure, à peine pensante, Platon Karataïeff, opère avec quelques paroles naïves la révolution morale d'où Bézouchoff sortira humilié, apaisé, éclairé. De même, dans *Anna Karénine,* la raison tourmentée de Lévine trouve son salut par l'abdication dans les enseignements et les exemples du moujick Fédor.

Tous les fils de l'imagination de Tolstoï ont eu les mêmes aspirations, tous l'ont précédé dans la voie où il les imita plus tard, quand il se mit à l'école des paysans ; quand il rapprit ou crut rapprendre à cette école la science essentielle, qui est de peu savoir, de peu penser, de chercher le règne de Dieu sur la terre sans inquiétude de l'au-delà, de le réaliser sur cette terre par la douceur, par l'abolition des guerres, des justices, des industries, par le retour à la vie pastorale. Mais le Rousseau de notre siècle,—car c'est Rousseau qui reparaît, sous l'habit russe, à cent ans d'intervalle,—ne va pas plus que l'autre jusqu'à l'aboutissement logique de son désir. Pour se libérer complètement de la dépravation de penser, il faudrait rentrer dans l'animal, dans la plante, dans la pierre ; il faudrait s'abîmer dans le *nirvâna ;* et si nihiliste, si bouddhiste qu'il soit parfois, ce disciple de Çakia-Mouni, qui croit commenter la doctrine de Jésus-Christ, n'ose pas pousser jusqu'aux révélations dernières de son vrai maître. C'est pourtant là, dans le vieux monde de l'Inde, que nous devons chercher le pôle d'attraction qui agit le plus fortement sur cet esprit, sur tous les esprits russes qu'il représente.

Avec ses dons magnifiques, ses aspirations chimériques, ses excès de négation absurdes pour notre occident, Tolstoï demeure le grand homme qui a exprimé le premier toute l'âme de sa race. Léon Nikolaiévitch n'est que de chez lui ; il a tout vu, tout dit de son pays ; confusément, parce que l'objet est confus ; grandement, parce que l'objet est grand. Il n'est que de chez lui, et cependant il déborde sur l'humanité : par delà les particularités de la race, il atteint les caractères spécifiques communs à tous les hommes.

Par lui, par les autres romanciers qui l'ont précédé et qui le complètent, la Russie s'est enfin manifestée dans une image littéraire. C'est ce que j'ai tâché de montrer dans ces pages : je me suis attaché au principal, j'ai négligé les essais plus chétifs des philosophes, des historiens, des poètes récents ; à l'exception de l'âpre et puissant poète socialiste Nékrassoff, ils offrent peu d'intérêt. Pendant les quarante années qui se sont écoulées entre la publication des *Ames Mortes* et celle d'*Anna Karénine,* depuis Gogol jusqu'à la disparition de Dostoïevsky, de Gontcharoff, de Tourguéneff, jusqu'à l'interruption de la production romanesque chez Tolstoï, le roman a porté tout le poids et recueilli tout l'honneur de cette admirable fécondité littéraire. Elle ne s'est pas continuée durant ces quinze dernières années ; on écrit toujours beaucoup en Russie, on y monnaie du talent, mais je n'aperçois pas les successeurs qui renouvelleront et remplaceront les écrivains originaux dont je viens de parler. Il semble qu'aucune plante vivace n'ose grandir à l'ombre du chêne géant de Yasnaïa-Poliana, de ce Tolstoï qui accapare toute la force de pensée, toute l'attention de ses compatriotes et du monde. Ne reprochons pas à la terre russe cette stérilité relative ; elle a droit de se reposer, après les riches moissons qui ont constitué à ce grand empire un trésor durable, qui lui ont assuré, dans le domaine intellectuel et moral, une place proportionnée à celle qu'il occupe sur le globe terrestre.

Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé

de l'Académie Française,
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RUSSIAN LITERATURE:

ITS GREAT PERIOD AND ITS GREAT NOVELISTS

1840-1880

Translated from the French of the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé,
of the French Academy

The fact that Russian genius has won for itself a great position in European literature is one of the most notable phenomena in the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Until very lately, Russian literature had been content to accept, with docility, the theories and the literary formulæ of the older European civilisation; but at last it became conscious of its own power, extended its influence beyond the national frontiers, and now it repays its debt to Europe, enriching us by the gift of new ideas and new forms of expression. In its own country it has attained independence; abroad it is recognised as one of the artistic forces of the day; yesterday a vassal, it is to-day one of the Great Powers; and, like more than one state among the nations, it has risen to power by the force of fiction.

In the eighteenth century the intellectual progress of Russia was almost exclusively confined to the Court of the Empress Catherine; the French spirit, with Voltaire as its king, was all powerful in Russian society, which was, indeed, no more than a French colony, an intellectual hothouse in which frail cuttings from the French art and poetry were being acclimatised. The French classic school ruled the men who were creating the literary dialect of the Russian tongue — Lomonosoff, Von-Vizine, and Derjavine. But the coronation of Alexander I. inaugurated the new age, and marked the beginning of the new ideas which were to make modern Russia independent of foreign influences. The historian Karamsine aroused the national spirit, for this gentleman of the old school was the true founder of the political, philosophical, and literary schools which were afterwards to be called Slavophile, Moscovite, and Panslavist. The influence of the Romantic party did much to free Russian poetry from French influences. Joukovsky first gave it an impetus toward the German spirit of Schiller and Goethe, and then the influence of Byron was imported by Pouchkine, Lermontoff, and their rivals. The Russians do not like to hear Pouchkine's originality questioned, and I myself have the most sincere admiration for this marvellous virtuoso; I believe that he created the poetic style which he used, that he gave a Russian colour to the ideas and the emotions he expressed. Yet the Byronic spirit lies at the base of his conceptions; the author of *Childe Harold* stirred Pouchkine's imagination to life, directed its tendencies and its emotional tone. The passionate soul of the Russian poet seems to have been cast in the same mould as that of his English prototype, and the resemblance is all the greater because we perceive that the one, like the other, had wandered in search of adventure; that both had heard the mysterious murmur of the East. The fiery Lermontoff resembles Byron even more closely; his magnificent pictures of the Caucasus, his cries of passion—the most piercing ever uttered—would never have existed if Byron had not shown us all how a bard of the Romantic School should love, should suffer; how he should find in nature his joy and his despair.

In order to find an individual altogether Russian, a characteristic figure which owes nothing to western influences, we must come to Nicholas Gogol, the first of the great novelists, the one who inspired all his successors.

Born in 1809, in Little Russia, Gogol began life as one of the modest and unfortunate minor officials whose lives he was afterwards to portray with so cutting, and yet so just, a pen. A son of the Cossacks, the adventurous spirit of his race rebelled against the dulness of his lot; he resigned his post, and devoted himself to writing. He began with a sort of prose poem, *Tarass Boulba,* in which he celebrated the free life and the splendid feats of his Cossack ancestors. This work, overflowing with lyric power, illuminated by a sense of historic truth, is permeated by a comprehension of the Russian spirit, which no one else had depicted with so much intensity. Its author seems literally intoxicated by the infinite horizons of the steppes over whose expanse his imagination roves. It has been said, with truth, that *Tarass Boulba* is the only true epic written by a modern poet.

Yet the youthful Gogol soon abandoned this channel of expression. There was in him the spirit of Dickens; he was a realist and a satirist, as earnest as the English novelist, and even more bitter. I compare the two, because there is an intimate kinship of thought and of emotion between them, and yet the dates of their works show that Gogol could not have read Dickens, whose works had not yet been translated. It was by the approbation of the critic Bielinsky that the author of *Tarass Boulba* was encouraged to study contemporary life, and to observe the conditions of the poor. As early as 1840 Bielinsky proclaimed the death of the Romantic School, the necessity for a return to realism, and arrived at the belief that the elements of a new art should be found in the life of the masses. This great agitator exercised a preponderant influence upon the generation whom Russians describe as "the men of the forties." Gogol, who felt this influence more keenly than did any of his contemporaries, carried out the programme of Bielinsky, who saw clearly what ought to be done, although he had not the creative force to do it himself.

Gogol brought upon his stage the world of minor officials among whom it had been his misfortune to live; depicting their lives in a series of novels, of which *Le Manteau* is the best type. "We have all come from beneath Gogol's *Manteau,*" said one of the great writers of the following generation. The obscure and unfortunate hero of this story, Akaky Akakiévitch, is the father of an innumerable line of clerks, copyists, and messengers; all formed in his likeness. It was, however, in his comedy, *Le Revisor,* that

Gogol gave fullest vent to his eager satire; holding up to public mockery the vices of the administration, the dishonesty that corrupted the whole empire.

These fragmentary works were preliminaries to the execution of *Les Ames Mortes,* the masterpiece which will preserve immortal the name of Gogol. I have no hesitation in placing this work next to *Don Quixote,* if not, indeed, in the same rank. In these two humorous epopees, one finds Russia and Spain complete and vivid; there is the same combination of irony and of concealed tenderness toward the persons satirised; the same sweeping comprehension of national life and spirit. Gogol's novel has not yet found, and cannot find for many years to come, the favour in foreign eyes which has been accorded to Cervantes, for the episodes of the *Ames Mortes* are so characteristically local that they cannot be appreciated in Western Europe until we are as familiar with the life of the Russian people as with the life of the Spanish. But each character, each detail of popular life observed by Gogol has become proverbial in the country where Tchitchikoff plied his remarkable trade, buying dead serfs, posing as the wealthy owner of these phantasmal creatures, and borrowing money upon the security of their ghostly muster-roll.

The whole of Russian middle-class and lower-class life, in all its misery, its deformity, its grotesqueness—its kindliness, too, and its patience—is shown in the picture of provincial life which Gogol's canvas presented. Keen as was the artist's insight, there was in his heart a great fund of compassion for the models he painted; and the swift flow of his humour is broken by frequent outbursts of genuine poetic feeling. All his characters are full of life; and although they are so gnarled and squalid that at first the picture excites our laughter, it soon makes us ponder the social conditions of Russia. "The Russian," said Gogol in one of his letters, "is appalled when he perceives how utterly insignificant he is." And he adds: "Those who have tried to dissect my literary faculties have failed to perceive the one essential trait of my temperament. No one but Pouchkine understood me. It was he who always declared that it was my peculiar power to display the triviality of life, to share all the dullness of the mediocre type of man, to make perceptible the infinitely unimportant class of persons who would otherwise not be seen at all. That is my special gift." He could not have more accurately described himself. But do we not find this same power in Tolstoi? And Gogol both understood and appreciated at its full worth the feeling of active brotherhood, of pity for the sufferers, which animates the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoïevsky. In another of his letters, he says that "the national characteristic of the Russian is his pity for the fallen."

Nicholas Vassiliévitch, prematurely ill and despondent, was not able to finish the last part of his *Ames Mortes.* His creative power was exhausted when he was three and thirty, and he died obscurely enough, in 1892, suffering from the nervous exaltation which seems to be the inevitable end of the Russian writers. His genius had opened new channels to Russian literature, and his successors hastened to take advantage of their new liberty. More fortunate than he, they made for themselves a recognised position in Europe on literature, but they did not forget to acknowledge that what we should most admire in their work they inherited from Gogol, and it is only just that this should be remembered.

It was a magnificent outburst of talent, such as is rarely to be found in the history of literature. These men, who were to give a voice to silent Russia, were all of the same age; they all began to write during the years immediately following the disturbances which shook Europe in 1848. During the quarter century which they made glorious, their country became one of the most active centres of intellectual and artistic vitality. Most of them were nurtured in the German spirit of Hegel, some imbibing it directly in the German universities, as Tourguéneff did, and others owing their inspiration to the Hegelian propaganda of the critic Biélinsky. The revolutionary and socialist movement of 1848, repressed in the empire of Czar Nicolas, was transformed into an outbreak of literary talent. The conditions imposed upon the Russian society of that period forbade the utilisation of talent in historical or philosophical research, as well as in political oratory or journalism:

only one method of expression was left, that of romantic fiction. All these writers applied their powers to writing national and realistic novels; restricted to this one form of activity, they enlarged its scope until they could pour into it all their ideas, all their aspirations, all their dreams. And the Russian novel thus became the great stream into which flowed all the springs which in a country less oppressed, supply more varied currents of human activity. The novel has been for modern Russia what the *chansons de geste* and the *fabliaux* were for mediæval France; occupying the place now taken by the pulpit and the platform, the theatre and the newspaper. It contained the whole national spirit. Its social importance, its extraordinary influence, would be incomprehensible if one lost sight of this explanation. The indirect result of political absolutism, the only immediate effect of the agitation of 1848, it thrived with the abnormal vigour of one organ in a paralysed body, which nourishes itself at the expense of all the others. It absorbed all the forces which were simultaneously developed in the minds of Gontcharoff, of Pissemsky, of Tourguéneff, of Dostoïevsky, and of Tolstoi.

When the reign of Alexandre II. began, in 1855, Gontcharoff and Pissemsky seemed destined to be chief among the heirs of Gogol. Gontcharoff's *Oblomoff* embodied, in a type which has since become proverbial, certain defects of the Russian character; its indolence, its carelessness, its fatalistic indifference. This book, by its exact observation of environments, and its psychological analysis, showed an altogether new point of view. Ivan Gontcharoff retained these same qualities in his other works, *Simple Histoire* and *le Précipice;* but the great success of *Oblomoff* was not repeated; these later works lacked colour and variety, there was a certain monotony in their accumulation of detail. Pissemsky gave us a much better picture of the social disorders of the day; on the morrow of Nicolas I.'s reign he rendered more vividly than did Gontcharoff the vacillations of national opinion. *The Tourbillon, Mille Ames,* and *Les Faiseurs,* are the best pictures of the middle classes which have ever been painted. Yet Pissemsky lacked (in this respect resembling too closely the

French realists) that power of communicating sympathy which was soon to be displayed by other writers, the broad and superior view of the people he studied. Novelists more passionate and more philosophical took the first rank.

Tourguéneff came first, his pre-eminence already established by his *Récits d'un Chasseur.* This collection of minute pictures of peasant life, published immediately after the events of 1848, did more than all the political and philosophical discussions toward effecting the emancipation of the serfs, doing for them what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had done for the blacks. In his tales we hear the chant of the Russian soil, the murmur of a few unhappy souls. The writer brings us to the heart of his native land, and then retires from the scene and leaves us face to face with the country. Why do the very springs of life seem to have been broken in all his characters? Whence comes this miasma which hangs over the Russian fields? The author leaves it to the reader to answer, to judge for himself. Russia saw with horror her own thraldom in Tourguéneff's mirror; she shuddered; in a moment the writer became famous, and the cause he pleaded was half won. He gained the hearts of all readers by his exquisite short stories conceived in the same spirit, by novels of sentiment like *La Nichée de Gentilshommes,* which owes its unfading charm to the discretion and sobriety with which its writer employed his materials. He interested intelligent men because he reduced to order the chaos of confused ideas which befogged Russian thought, after the rude upheaval of emancipation. In *Rudine,* he analysed the want of will-power, the absence of moral individuality with which he reproached his contemporaries when he said—lightly yet cruelly: "We Russians have nothing of our own but the samovar, and it is not certain that we invented that." In *Pères et Fils* he sounded the impassable abyss which had opened between the last generation of the slavery and the generation which dated from 1860; and he was the first to diagnose the evil which was to corrode this later period; the horror to which he gave the name of nihilism. In *Fumée* he followed the progress of this social malady, and in *Terres Vierges* he described its violent manifestations.

Tourguéneff did not equal Tolstoi either in knowledge of the human mind, nor in his influence upon it; but he yields to no one in the divination of the fine shades of sentiment which are found in the passions, and he is superior to all his rivals in the vigour of his plastic genius. A constant reader of French, he was subjected to the intellectual discipline of the French literary schools, and he is the only Russian writer whose style fully satisfies the exigencies of a delicate taste: the one supreme artist of his race.

The short stories of this inimitable writer led M. Taine to say that no one, since the Greeks, had cut a literary cameo in such bold relief, and in such rigorous perfection of form. This was also the opinion of some of the English critics, if I may rely upon the verdict of the *Athenæum* published on the occasion of Tourguéneff's death in 1883: "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguéneff the first rank in contemporary literature."

The reputation of Ivan Tourguéneff has nevertheless suffered an eclipse during these last twenty years. He is not so much read in Russia as he was. He seems to have been pushed aside in favour of Tolstoi and of Dostoïevsky. His popularity has been affected by the growing exclusiveness of Russian taste, which seems, during the period named, to have been so proud of the newly developed Russian individuality that it turned away from the suggestion of any foreign influence. The new generations applied the epithet "occidental" to the writer who adhered to the classic rules of French art. It was said that Tourguéneff, long a resident of France, no longer knew his own country. It is true that his latest writings show his ardent love for Russia; but they show, too, a cutting criticism of the Slavophiles, to whose party he had never belonged, and this was accounted unpardonable. He was reproached for his jests at the expense of what he called "the Russia-leather school of literature" and of that patriotic infatuation which he summed up when he said that "in Russia two and two make four, and make four with greater boldness than elsewhere." When he occasionally returned to St. Petersburg or to Moscow he no longer received the enthusiastic ovations of the younger generation, for his rivals had won their hearts. He was greatly wounded by this desertion. I saw him when he was dying in Paris, and it seemed as if all the tides of life and passion had swirled through his grand head, with its dishevelled white hairs and its proud movements, suggesting the wounded lion. By the irony of Fate he was at this moment completing his last work under the title *Désespoir*. In this book he said his last word about the Russian character, which he had studied so thoroughly for forty years.

The eclipse of which I have spoken will not prove to be a permanent one. In Russia as in the West he will again be placed in the first rank by the verdict of posterity, and remembered as the teller of tales who knew so surely the path to our hearts, the consummate artist who satisfies the intelligence by the Attic eurythmy of his masterpieces and who enchants Russian ears by the music of his prose.

We find nothing of this in Dostoïevsky. His is not an acquired art; it is the result of a tempestuous nature, a morbid intensity of thought which overwhelms the reader. In 1848, when he was only twenty years of age, he was implicated in the Pétrachevsky plot, and was exiled to Siberia, where he spent four years among the convicts. When the amnesty freed him from his chains he brought back to the world that harrowing description, *La Maison des Morts*, rendered all the more tragic by the tone of resignation and of sweetness which pervades this extraordinary memoir. The novels which followed—*Humiliés et Offensés, Crime et Châtiment*, and *L'Idiot*—are the chapters of a mystic and fraternal gospel, in which the sympathetic observer seems to glorify every aspect of life of the unhappy, even their vices and the disorders of their minds. And this, not from the point of view of the Romantic School, for the sake of the pictorial value of vice and misery, but because the "religion of human suffering is indulgent to everything that is unlovely."

He, too, made a study of Nihilism, when he wrote *Les Possédés* and *Les Frères Karamazoff;* he lived the Nihilist's life in a nightmare evoked by the epileptic disorder of his imagination. He took possession of his readers' souls by his hallucinations, filled with terror and with pity, yet always framed in the most precise realism. His power depends upon a most singular anomaly—a flood of compassion proceeding from the most pitiless of all writers. I call him cruel, because such of his books as *Crime et Châtiment* inflict upon the readers a torture comparable to the procedure of the mediæval inquisitor who kissed his patient while he applied the red-hot irons to his flesh.

Cats—cats with souls full of virtue and philosophy, souls imprisoned by a magician in the nerves of these extraordinary creatures; no other simile so well indicates the characters which Dostoïevsky formed in his own image. In order to understand them, in order to represent to oneself their conversation, their attitudes, their glances, their furies, and their loves, one must watch the electrified roof-life of the feline race—the shadowy movements, the sly approaches, the groundless alarms, the tentative caresses, the disquieting reveries, the threatening laziness of an animal always crouched in readiness to spring. It is in this fashion that the conspirators and the lost women behaved, to whom the novelist introduces us in students' garrets, these demoniacs assembled in mutual love and mutual hate, the two passions so confused that one can never tell which tortures their souls, and that both seem always present. Turn at hazard to a page of *Krotkaia, Les Possédés, Les Frères Karamazoff,* and you find that the hero of the episode is lost in tenderness and pity for his fellow creatures, possessed by an instinctive need to make them bleed and suffer for their own good. In the books of this Russian writer, there is a greater flow of virtue and of sensibility than in all the romances of the eighteenth century, there are more crimes and worse crimes than in the whole repertory of tragedy, but while in the drama the good people and the bad people are ranged in opposing ranks, here one finds crime and virtue side by side in the same hearts. It is another sort of exaggeration, and perhaps nearer to the truth than the exaggeration of the classic writers.

With a few exceptions, the tales of Dostoïevsky are not fantastic, for the madman is not fantastic in the true sense of the word; he is tragic and realistic, and most of his characters would, in the Occident, be considered mad, and even in Russia, are on the road to madness. No one is so logical as a madman; one sees that in the reasoned speeches of Dostoïevsky's madmen, in their adherence to a fixed idea; but the madman is logical in one direction only, and goes to the end of that one road.

Need I add that there is at least one epileptic in each of his novels, and that the author prefers to select that one for his hero? Dostoïevsky was subject to the terrible malady, owing it, no doubt, to the terrors of his younger days, to the torments he suffered during his exile in Siberia. This hypothesis explains his work and his life. I have never known any one more acutely nervous than this little man with the shining eyes, I have never seen a sadder face than his, always contracted or distorted by alarming spasms. When he was animated by anger, in connection with one of his ideas, one could have sworn that one had seen his face before, in the dock of a criminal court, or among the vagabonds who beg at the gates of a Russian prison. At other moments, his face had the gentleness of the old saints one sees depicted in the Slavonic images. All his characteristics were of the people; his inexpressible mixture of grossness, refinement, and sweetness is often seen in Russian peasants. It was for this reason that the masses adopted him for their own, loved him to the verge of frenzy. I do not mean the masses of the peasantry, who, in Russia, do not read at all, or at any rate read nothing save almanacks and religious books: but the new class who are beginning to use their minds—the needy clerks, writers, officials, teachers, male and female students. On the 10th of February 1881, I saw these impassioned adherents of the writer crowd into the room where he had just died, I saw them almost stifled in the effort to approach his coffin, seizing as relics the funeral flowers which other admirers had heaped upon his bier. Two days later, I saw this same throng massed, in great sad waves, behind the hearse of the writer to whom they rendered funeral honours worthy of a conqueror. They recognised the image of their own lives in that troubled heart, in that clouded brain which had endowed with superabundant life the types so common in Russia, so rare elsewhere;

they were grateful to him because he had formulated, upon so many pages, the unwholesome asceticism and the touching sense of brotherhood which lie at the root of their natures; and for the last time the Russian populace knelt with the writer before the "immensity of human suffering."

I have reserved for the final words of this study Count Leo Tolstoi, because he is younger, by several years, than the rest of the great writers of whom he alone survives, and also because the signal and well-deserved success of his works has constituted him the universal representative of Russian thought—more, even—the literary Napoleon whose sovereignty is recognised to-day in both hemispheres. It is now just twenty years since I offered my first article on *Guerre et Paix* to the editor of a great French review: "We will print this to please you," he said, "but who will ever take the trouble to read this Russian's rubbish?" Save for a few friends of Tourguéneff, who were influenced by his enthusiastic admiration of his compatriot, there were not at that time twenty persons in all Paris who knew Tolstoi's name—a name which since then has made its way around the whole planet.

Nearly half a century ago the Russian public learned to esteem him. The young artillery officer, a furious gambler, had lost at play a large sum which he was unable to pay. In order to find the money needed to meet this debt of honour, he offered to the editor of a Moscow periodical the novel which he had written in the Caucasus, during his spare hours while on duty in the Terek pass. This novel was *Les Cosaques*, that masterpiece of poetry and of melancholy philosophy in which Eastern scenery and the Eastern temperament—painted in brilliant hues by the Romantic School of writers—now appeared in their true colours for the first time. Born in 1828, Leo Nikolaievitch, Count Tolstoi, is now (1899) seventy-one years of age. He has not lived merely to write, nor has he written in order to live. As he observed the world, and studied into his own nature, too, bold pictures of all that he saw projected themselves upon the paper; he wrote as a surgeon makes anatomical drawings, not for the sake of the drawings themselves, but in order the better to understand man and his maladies. Each time Tolstoi took up his pen, he tried to answer the same question, "Why am I not happy? Why are other men no happier? By what means can they be made happier?"

As a young man he had seen military action in the Caucasus and in the Crimea. He had brought back from his campaign *Les Cosaques* and the marvellous *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol*, reports as exact as those of a sapper endowed with genius, and possessed by a logical aversion to the sad and noble calling which he follows. Still a youth, this observer studied his own life by the light of his own sense of right, beginning already to analyse his inner nature. From this first study of himself sprang that pitiless treatise of auto-psychology, *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse.* Resigning his commission at an early age, the ex-officer took his place in the elegant society of St. Petersburg. He saw the life of the Court and of society, he experienced all the passions in which Russians of his position expended the ardours of their national character, at a time when there was no other outlet for their energies. One may tell the whole truth about a man who has made his own confession so openly, who has manifested so bitter a desire to reveal his real nature. Wine, women and cards—he exhausted all the intoxications, and this at a period when excesses were frenzied: at a period and in a country where a few thousand of the privileged class owned thousands of serfs, when pleasure-seekers drove horses to death in order to feel the madness of a swift night drive over the snow, as they went to where the gipsies were ready to shout their hoarse songs of passion, returning later to seek for still stronger emotions, staking a fortune on a card, and, later still, drowning in wine the intolerable voice of reason: "the jade reason," as Tolstoi still said, when his gray hairs covered an apostolic head; reason which is an enemy and a torture to the unconquered hearts which she pretends to curb.

This wild pleasure-seeker remained, nevertheless, a cold and keen observer. Reconcile these contradictions, if you can—and you will have explained the genius of Tolstoi, the genius of the race of which he is the type. The critics waste their learning, perhaps because learning has nothing to do with the soul of the young Russian who wrote: "I can quite understand that the most atrocious crimes may be committed without any object, without any desire to injure—'like that!'—from curiosity, from the unconscious need for action. There are moments when a man sees the future in such sombre colours that he dares not pause to contemplate that future, that he suspends his reasoning faculty and tries to persuade himself that he is to have no future, and that he has had no past.

Meantime Tolstoi acquired, from reading in all languages, an encyclopædic knowledge. There was no taint of the midnight oil about this easy acquisition of a culture which was universal, if somewhat superficial. One often finds this sort of learning among the Russians, with their wonderful power of assimilation; and one cannot understand how they have acquired so much without effort. When Tolstoi had seen all sorts and conditions of men, and read all sorts of books, he wrote *Guerre et Paix*.

This work is so well known that I need not pause to describe it. What Russia had been at the moment when she became conscious of herself, at the beginning of the century; from what elements she had formed herself; toward what ideal she was groping—these were the problems which tempted Tolstoi's philosophic mind. These abstract ideas he made flesh in his characters, these characters which were always in action, showing in each of their words and gestures the social type of the time. His powerful vision shows us more than Russia; it reveals a great part of the human race at large, with the undercurrents and the tendencies which inspire its action in all countries and in all periods. A romance or an epopee, call it what one may, *Guerre et Paix* is the largest and the most faithful mirror which has ever been held up before us in order that we may recognise in it our neighbours and ourselves.

After this picture of the past, contemporary society was, in its turn, put in the witness-box by Tolstoi; *Anna Karenina* summoned it before the Judge; that is the word which suggests itself when one thinks of Tolstoi questioning mankind. Of the two great novels which comprehend the whole of Russian life, the second embraces fewer facts and ideas than the first, it probes more deeply the wounds of the heart; it describes the disturbances of the passions, as well as the philosophical disturbance of the Russian soul, during the ebullitions which marked the reign of Alexander II. Begun about 1865, the publication of this work was greatly delayed. Tolstoi abandoned it, took it up again, let some of its chapters wait for years, and the book did not appear in its completeness until 1877.

It was at this time, when the success of *Anna Karenina* had assured Tolstoi's dominion over his compatriots,—on the eve of the extension of his influence and his fame to other parts of the world, at the zenith of his power and of his glory,—that the capricious comet departed to new skies, plunging into the night, losing himself among the nebulæ. Leo Nikolaievitch abandoned his art, covering it with anathemas. Since then, during twenty years, he has used his pen only to heap up accusations against that art, against the civilisation of which it forms a part, against love and war and science and the established church. Theologico-rationalist treatises follow one another without interruption: *Ma Confession, Ma Religion, Commentaires sur l'Evangile.* This prisoner, chained upon a treadmill of thought, struggling always to escape from his enforced task, labours unceasingly in the effort to search his soul and to simplify its functions, drags himself wearily around and around the same circle of complications. He hardly knows what he desired, and yet his vague aspirations are vigorous; above all, he knows that he wishes for nothing that exists. He constantly supplied illustrations of his doctrine, more clear than the dogma itself, brief parables, moral tales adapted to the popular ear. Art is a demon not easily exorcised, and some of these tales are masterpieces of a new form of literature, *Maître et Serviteur* for instance, *De Quoi vivent les Hommes*, or that drama of peasant life, at once touching and revolting, *La Puissance des Ténèbres.*

The instinctive method of the great realist triumphs and conquers us in the exposition of his thesis, whether it unveils the misdeeds of love as in the *Sonate à Kreutzer*, or denounces the charlatanism of art, in the last of his destructive undertakings, *Qu'est-ce que l'Art?*

It is a method of which the essence is to strip from the real fact the traditional verbiage with which we habitually see it clothed, and to show us this fact naked, simple, living. This direct vision communicates an incomparable force to the critical premises of the iconoclast,—we yield to the evidence, we share his opinion of the wretched nothing which is to be found beneath outward appearances. But we avoid, by the force of our vital instinct and our horror of absolute emptiness, a participation in his conclusions, which would lead us to absurdity, to the void.

Tolstoi himself shunned these conclusions, for he himself gives a striking answer to his blasphemies against his art. He returns to that art. At seventy years of age, the robust old man wrote another great romance. The publication of *Résurrection* has been but recently begun in a Russian newspaper, and I have read the first pages of the work; but to judge by these, it promises to equal *Anna Karenina* and *Guerre et Paix,* and it will add to the world's admiration for a writer who was never more powerful, never more touching, more thoroughly master of the life which he fixes in his deathless pictures.

Living in retirement on his property of Yasnaia-Poliana, near Toula, "regenerated" beneath his peasant's captan, the complex apostle of the simple life gives only a few hours a day to his numerous literary tasks. The greater part of his time is devoted to philanthropic undertakings, to the management of the schools, to the work of the famine-committees, to conversations with the sectaries and seers who come from all parts of rural Russia to visit their great colleague. It is well known that he also imposes upon himself the performance of manual labour, tilling the soil, and making boots, which, I fear, find fewer purchasers than his novels. I have even heard that Tolstoi desired, one day, to take his turn at driving the village herd to pasture, but that the villagers gently gave him to understand that they preferred the services of a trained cowherd who could take better care of their kine.

Are we to suppose that there has been in the last twenty years a change, a breach of unity, in Tolstoi's mind and in his work? Not at all: anyone who thinks so has not read his books understandingly. In a volume of pedagogic essays, written long ago, the writer describes his ideal in a few words: "I wish to teach the children of the people to think and to write, it is I who should give them their lessons in writing and thinking while they are at school. We seek the ideal before us, it is behind us. The development of man is not the process by which we can realise our ideal of harmony, it is, on the contrary, an obstacle to its realisation. A healthy child is more like the creatures that do not think, to the animals, the plants, to nature, which is the eternal type of truth, of beauty, and of goodness."

The young hero of *Cosaques*, Olénine, had already been represented as longing to strip himself of his highly civilised soul, in order that he might be more like the little Asiatic, Marianne, happier, closer to nature. In *Guerre et Paix*, Count Bézouchoff had explored all the philosophies, and yet a poor dull-witted soldier, Platon Karataieff, with a few simple words produces a moral revolution, which leaves Bézouchoff humbled, at peace, enlightened. In the same way we see in *Anna Karenina* the troubled soul of Lévine finding its salvation in abdication, taught by the words and the example of the peasant Fédor.

All the children of Tolstoi's imagination have had the same aspirations, they have all preceded him on the path upon which he afterwards followed them, when he went to the peasants' school and learned again, or thought that he had learned again at that school, the essential knowledge which is to know little, to think little, to seek the kingdom of God upon the earth, without thought of the hereafter; to realise that kingdom on earth by kindness, by the abolition of war, of tribunals, of industries, by a return to the pastoral life. But this Rousseau of our age—for it is Rousseau who has re-appeared, in Russian costume, after an interval of a hundred years—does not, any more than did the other Rousseau, follow his theories to their logical conclusion. In order to be completely freed from the depravation of thought, one should hark back to the status of the animal, the plant, the stone; lose oneself in Nirvâna. Nihilist and Buddhist, as he sometimes was, this disciple of Çakia-Mouni thinks that he is teaching the doctrine of Christ, but does not dare to follow to their final teachings the doctrines of his real master. Yet it is in the old world of India that we must search for the magnet which most strongly influenced his soul and the souls of the Russians whom he represents.

With his magnificent gifts, his chimerical aspirations, his excesses of negation, which are absurd in our western eyes, Tolstoi remains the great man who first gave expression to the whole spirit of his race. Leo Nikolaievitch is nothing but a Russian; he has perceived everything which belongs to his country, confusedly, for the subject is confused, grandly, because the subject is grand. He is only a Russian, and yet he passes the frontiers and reaches humanity at large; beyond all racial particularities, he makes his way to the specific temperaments common to all men.

Through him and through the other novelists who preceded him and those who complete his work, Russia has at last manifested herself in literary form. It is this that I have tried to demonstrate in these pages. I have devoted myself to this most important manifestation, neglecting the more feeble efforts of recent philosophers, historians, and poets who, with the exception of the powerful and bitter socialistic poet Nékrassoff, offer very little of real interest to the student. During the forty years which elapsed between the publication of *Ames Mortes* and of *Anna Karenina*, from the time of Gogol to the disappearance of Dostoïevsky, Gontcharoff, and Tourguéneff, to the interruption of Tolstoi's activity as a writer of fiction, the novel has borne all the weight and won all the honours of this admirable period of literary fertility. This fertility has not continued during these last fifteen years; there is still much writing done in Russia, and much talent expended in writing, but I do not perceive any successors who take the place of the original writers of whom I have spoken. It seems as if no living plant can thrive under the shadow of the giant oak of Yasnaia-Poliana, of this Tolstoi who monopolised all the forces of Russian thought, all the attention of his compatriots and of the world at large. Let us not reproach Russia with this condition of comparative sterility; she has earned her rest, after the great harvests which have enriched this great empire with a lasting treasure, which have assured to her, in the intellectual and moral universe, a place proportionate to that which she fills on the terrestrial globe.

Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé

de l'Académie Française,
28*th April* 1899.

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OF

FAMOUS LITERATURE.

MRS. PROUDIE'S RECEPTION.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(From "Barchester Towers.")

[Anthony Trollope: An English novelist; born in London, April 24, 1815; died December 6, 1882. He assisted in establishing the *Fortnightly Review* (1865). Among his works are: "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847); "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (1848); "La Vendée" (1850); "The Warden" (1855); "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," a book of travel (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Orley Farm" (1861–1862); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Tales of All Countries" (1861–1863); "North America," travels (1862); "Rachel Ray" (1863); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "Can You Forgive Her?" (1864); "Miss Mackenzie" (1865); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "Linda Tressel" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "Phineas Redux" (1873); "Lady Anna" (1874); "The Prime Minister" (1875); "The American Senator" (1877); "Is He Popenjoy?" (1878); "Thackeray," in English Men of Letters (1879); "Life of Cicero" (1880); "Ayala's Angel" (1881); "Mr. Scarborough's Family" (1882); "The Landleaguers," unfinished (1882); "An Old Man's Love" (1884).]

The tickets of invitation were sent out from London. They were dated from Bruton Street, and were dispatched by the odious Sabbath-breaking railway, in a huge brown-paper parcel to Mr. Slope. Everybody calling himself a gentleman, or herself a lady, within the city of Barchester, and a circle of two miles round it, was included.

And now the day of the party had arrived. The bishop and his wife came down from town only on the morning of the eventful day, as behooved such great people to do; but Mr. Slope had toiled day and night to see that everything should be in right order. There had been much to do. No company had been seen in the palace since heaven knows when. New furniture had been required, new pots and pans, new cups and saucers, new dishes and plates. Mrs. Proudie had at first declared that she would condescend to nothing so vulgar as eating and drinking; but Mr. Slope had talked, or rather written, her out of economy! Bishops should be given to hospitality, and hospitality meant eating and drinking. So the supper was conceded; the guests, however, were to stand as they consumed it.

People were to arrive at ten, supper was to last from twelve till one, and at half-past one everybody was to be gone. Carriages were to come in at the gate in the town and depart at the gate outside. They were desired to take up at a quarter before one. It was managed excellently, and Mr. Slope was invaluable.

At half-past nine the bishop and his wife and their three daughters entered the great reception room, and very grand and very solemn they were. Mr. Slope was downstairs giving the last orders about the wine. He well understood that curates and country vicars with their belongings did not require so generous an article as the dignitaries of the close. There is a useful gradation in such things, and Marsala at 20*s*. a dozen did very well for the exterior supplementary tables in the corner.

"Bishop," said the lady, as his lordship sat himself down, "don't sit on that sofa, if you please; it is to be kept separate for a lady."

The bishop jumped up and seated himself on a cane-bottomed chair. "A lady?" he inquired meekly; "do you mean one particular lady, my dear?"

"Yes, bishop, one particular lady," said his wife, disdaining to explain.

"She has got no legs, papa," said the youngest daughter, tittering.

"No legs!" said the bishop, opening his eyes.

"Nonsense, Netta, what stuff you talk," said Olivia. "She has got legs, but she can't use them. She has always to be kept lying down, and three or four men carry her about everywhere."

"Laws, how odd!" said Augusta. "Always carried about by four men! I'm sure I shouldn't like it. Am I right behind, mamma? I feel as if I was open;" and she turned her back to her anxious parent.

"Open! to be sure you are," said she, "and a yard of petticoat strings hanging out. I don't know why I pay such high wages to Mrs. Richards, if she can't take the trouble to see whether or no you are fit to be looked at;" and Mrs. Proudie poked the strings here, and twitched the dress there, and gave her daughter a shove and a shake, and then pronounced it all right.

"But," rejoined the bishop, who was dying with curiosity about the mysterious lady and her legs, "who is it that is to have the sofa? What's her name, Netta?"

A thundering rap at the front door interrupted the conversation. Mrs. Proudie stood up and shook herself gently, and touched her cap on each side as she looked in the mirror. Each of the girls stood on tiptoe, and rearranged the bows on their bosoms; and Mr. Slope rushed upstairs three steps at a time.

"But who is it, Netta?" whispered the bishop to his youngest daughter.

"La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni," whispered back the daughter; "and mind you don't let any one sit upon the sofa."

"La Signora Madeline Vicinironi!" muttered, to himself, the bewildered prelate. Had he been told that the Begum of Oude was to be there, or Queen Pomara of the Western Isles, he could not have been more astonished. La Signora Madeline Vicinironi, who, having no legs to stand on, had bespoken a sofa in his drawing-room! Who could she be? He, however, could now make no further inquiry, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope were announced.

The bishop was all smiles for the prebendary's wife, and the bishop's wife was all smiles for the prebendary. Mr. Slope was presented, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of one of whom he had heard so much. The doctor bowed very low, and then looked as though he could not return the compliment as regarded Mr. Slope, of whom, indeed, he had heard nothing. The doctor, in spite of his long absence, knew an English gentleman when he saw him.

And then the guests came in shoals. Mr. and Mrs. Quiverful and their three grown daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and their three daughters. The burly chancellor and his wife and clerical son from Oxford. The meager little doctor without incumbrance. Mr. Harding with Eleanor and Miss Bold. The dean leaning on a gaunt spinster, his only child now living with him, a lady very learned in stones, ferns, plants, and vermin, and who had written a book about petals. A wonderful woman in her way was Miss Trefoil. Mr. Finney, the attorney, with his wife, was to be seen, much to the dismay of many who had never met him in a drawing-room before. The five Barchester doctors were all there, and old Scalpen, the retired apothecary and tooth drawer, who was first taught to consider himself as belonging to the higher orders by the receipt of the bishop's card. Then came the archdeacon and his wife, with their elder daughter Griselda, a slim, pale, retiring girl of seventeen, who kept close to her mother, and looked out on the world with quiet, watchful eyes, one who gave promise of much beauty when time should have ripened it.

And so the rooms became full, and knots were formed, and every newcomer paid his respects to my lord and passed on, not presuming to occupy too much of the great man's attention. The archdeacon shook hands very heartily with Dr. Stanhope, and Mrs. Grantly seated herself by the doctor's wife. And Mrs. Proudie moved about with well-regulated grace, measuring out the quantity of her favors to the quality of her guests, just as Mr. Slope had been doing with the wine. But the sofa was still empty, and five and twenty ladies and five gentlemen had been courteously warned off it by the mindful chaplain.

"Why doesn't she come?" said the bishop to himself. His mind was so preoccupied with the Signora that he hardly remembered how to behave himself as a bishop should do.

At last a carriage dashed up to the hall steps with a very different manner of approach from that of any other vehicle that had been there that evening. A perfect commotion took place. The doctor, who had heard it as he was standing in the drawing-room, knew that his daughter was coming, and retired into the furthest corner, where he might not see her entrance. Mrs. Proudie perked herself up, feeling that some important piece of business was in hand. The bishop was instinctively aware that La Signora Vicinironi was come at last; and Mr. Slope hurried into the hall to give his assistance.

He was, however, nearly knocked down and trampled on by the cortége that he encountered on the hall steps. He got himself picked up as well as he could, and followed the cortége upstairs. The Signora was carried head foremost, her head being the care of her brother and an Italian manservant who was accustomed to the work; her feet were in the care of the lady's maid and the lady's Italian page; and Charlotte Stanhope followed to see that all was done with due grace and decorum. In this manner they climbed easily into the drawing-room, and a broad way through the crowd having been opened, the Signora rested safely on her couch. She had sent a servant beforehand to learn whether it was a right or a left hand sofa, for it required that she should dress accordingly, particularly as regarded her bracelets.

And very becoming her dress was. It was white velvet, without any other garniture than rich white lace worked with pearls across her bosom, and the same round the armlets of her dress. Across her brow she wore a band of red velvet, on the center of which shone a magnificent Cupid in mosaic, the tints of whose wings were of the most lovely azure, and the color of his chubby cheeks the clearest pink. On the one arm which her position required her to expose she wore three magnificent bracelets, each of different stones. Beneath her on the sofa, and over the cushion and head of it, was spread a crimson silk mantle or shawl, which went under her whole body and concealed her feet. Dressed as she was and looking as she did, so beautiful and yet so motionless, with the pure brilliancy of her white dress brought out and strengthened by the color beneath it, with that lovely head, and those large, bold, bright, staring eyes, it was impossible that either man or woman should do other than look at her.

Neither man nor woman for some minutes did do other.

Her bearers too were worthy of note. The three servants were Italian, and though perhaps not peculiar in their own country, were very much so in the palace at Barchester. The man especially attracted notice, and created a doubt in the mind of some whether he were a friend or a domestic. The same doubt was felt as to Ethelbert. The man was attired in a loose-fitting, common black cloth morning coat. He had a jaunty, fat, well-pleased clean face, on which no atom of beard appeared, and he wore round his neck a loose black silk neck handkerchief. The bishop essayed to make him a bow, but the man, who was well trained, took no notice of him, and walked out of the room quite at his ease, followed by the woman and the boy.

Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neck handkerchief, which was fastened beneath his throat with a coral ring, and very loose blue trousers which almost concealed his feet. His soft, glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever.

The bishop, who had made one mistake, thought that he also was a servant, and therefore tried to make way for him to pass. But Ethelbert soon corrected the error.

"Bishop of Barchester, I presume?" said Bertie Stanhope, putting out his hand frankly; "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are in rather close quarters here, a'n't we?"

In truth they were. They had been crowded up behind the head of the sofa, — the bishop in waiting to receive his guest, and the other in carrying her; and they now had hardly room to move themselves.

The bishop gave his hand quickly, and made his little studied bow, and was delighted to make —— He couldn't go on, for he did not know whether his friend was a signor, or a count, or a prince.

"My sister really puts you all to great trouble," said Bertie.

"Not at all!" The bishop was delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming the Signora Vicinironi, — so at least he said, — and attempted to force his way round to the front of the sofa. He had, at any rate, learnt that his strange guests were brother and sister. The man, he presumed, must be Signor Vicinironi, — or count, or prince, as it might be. It was wonderful what good English he spoke. There was just a twang of foreign accent, and no more.

"Do you like Barchester on the whole?" asked Bertie.

The bishop, looking dignified, said that he did like Barchester.

"You've not been here very long, I believe," said Bertie.

"No, — not long," said the bishop, and tried again to make his way between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector, who was staring over it at the grimaces of the Signora.

"You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"Ah, — I thought so," said Bertie; "but you are changed about sometimes, a'n't you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said Dr. Proudie; "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie.

To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

"But the work, I suppose, is different?" continued Bertie. "Is there much to do here, at Barchester?" This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson, — a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best." The bishop could not discuss the point, so he remained silent. "Now, there's my father," continued Bertie; "he hasn't stuck to it. I fancy he didn't like saying the same thing over so often. By the bye, Bishop, have you seen my father?"

The bishop was more amazed than ever. Had he seen his father? "No," he replied; "he had not yet had the pleasure; he hoped he might;" and, as he said so, he resolved to bear heavy on that fat, immovable rector, if ever he had the power of doing so.

"He's in the room somewhere," said Bertie, "and he'll turn up soon. By the bye do you know much about the Jews?"

At last the bishop saw a way out. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I'm forced to go round the room."

"Well, — I believe I'll follow in your wake," said Bertie. "Terribly hot, — isn't it?" This he addressed to the fat rector, with whom he had brought himself into the closest contact. "They've got this sofa into the worst possible part of the room. Suppose we move it. Take care, Madeline."

The sofa had certainly been so placed that those who were behind it found great difficulty in getting out; — there was but a narrow gangway, which one person could stop. This was a bad arrangement, and one which Bertie thought it might be well to improve.

"Take care, Madeline," said he; and turning to the fat rector added, "just help me with a slight push."

The rector's weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran halfway into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable; but she was not in the very best of tempers; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favorite, no doubt; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves. A long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved.

We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train.

"Oh, you idiot, Bertie!" said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences.

"Idiot!" reëchoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning; "I'll let him know——;" and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behooved her to collect the scattered débris of her dress.

Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me," said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. "Unhand it, sir!" she almost screamed.

"It's not me; it's the cursed sofa," said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said, — and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said playfully, "Bertie, you idiot, get up."

By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fell into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and rearray herself.

As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector, said: "After all, it was your doing, sir — not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it."

Whereupon there was a laugh against the fat rector, in which both the bishop and the chaplain joined; and thus things got themselves again into order.

"Oh! my lord, I am so sorry for this accident," said the Signora, putting out her hand so as to force the bishop to take it. "My brother is so thoughtless. Pray sit down, and let me have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Though I am so poor a creature as to want a sofa, I am not so selfish as to require it all." Madeline could always dispose herself so as to make room for a gentleman, though, as she declared, the crinoline of her lady friends was much too bulky to be so accommodated.

"It was solely for the pleasure of meeting you that I have had myself dragged here," she continued. "Of course, with your occupation, one cannot even hope that you should have time to come to us; that is, in the way of calling. And at your English dinner parties all is so dull and so stately. Do you know, my lord, that in coming to England my only consolation has been the thought that I should know you." And she looked at him with the look of a she-devil.

The bishop, however, thought that she looked very like an angel, and, accepting the proffered seat, sat down beside her. He uttered some platitude as to his deep obligation for the trouble she had taken, and wondered more and more who she was.

"Of course you know my sad story?" she continued.

The bishop didn't know a word of it. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that she couldn't walk into a room like other people, and so made the most of that. He put on a look of ineffable distress, and said that he was aware how God had afflicted her.

The Signora just touched the corner of her eyes with the most lovely of pocket handkerchiefs. Yes, she said, — she had been sorely tried, — tried, she thought, beyond the common endurance of humanity; but while her child was left to her, everything was left. "Oh! my lord!" she exclaimed, "you must see that infant, — the last bud of a wondrous tree. You must let a mother hope that you will lay your holy hands on her innocent head, and consecrate her for female virtues. May I hope it?" said she, looking into the bishop's eye, and touching the bishop's arm with her hand.

The bishop was but a man, and said she might. After all, what was it but a request that he would confirm her daughter? — a request, indeed, very unnecessary to make, as he should do so as a matter of course, if the young lady came forward in the usual way.

"The blood of Tiberius," said the Signora, in all but a whisper; "the blood of Tiberius flows in her veins. She is the last of the Neros!"

The bishop had heard of the last of the Visigoths, and had floating in his brain some indistinct idea of the last of the Mohicans, but to have the last of the Neros thus brought before him for a blessing was very staggering. Still he liked the lady. She had a proper way of thinking, and talked with more propriety than her brother. But who were they? It

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was now quite clear that that blue madman with the silky beard was not a Prince Vicinironi. The lady was married, and was of course one of the Vicinironis by right of the husband. So the bishop went on learning.

"When will you see her?" said the Signora, with a start.

"See whom?" said the bishop.

"My child," said the mother.

"What is the young lady's age?" asked the bishop.

"She is just seven," said the Signora.

"Oh," said the bishop, shaking his head, "she is much too young; — very much too young."

"But in sunny Italy, you know, we do not count by years," and the Signora gave the bishop one of her very sweetest smiles.

"But, indeed, she is a great deal too young," persisted the bishop; "we never confirm before ——"

"But you might speak to her; you might let her hear from your consecrated lips that she is not a castaway because she is a Roman; that she may be a Nero and yet a Christian; that she may owe her black locks and dark cheeks to the blood of the pagan Cæsars, and yet herself be a child of grace. You will tell her this, won't you, my friend?"

The friend said he would, and asked if the child could say her catechism.

"No," said the Signora, "I would not allow her to learn lessons such as those in a land ridden over by priests, and polluted by the idolatry of Rome. It is here, here in Barchester, that she must first be taught to lisp those holy words. Oh, that you could be her instructor!"

Now, Dr. Proudie certainly liked the lady, but, seeing that he was a bishop, it was not probable that he was going to instruct a little girl in the first rudiments of her catechism! So he said he'd send a teacher.

"But you'll see her yourself, my lord?"

The bishop said he would, but where should he call?

"At papa's house," said the Signora, with an air of some little surprise at the question.

The bishop actually wanted the courage to ask her who was her papa; so he was forced at last to leave her without fathoming the mystery. Mrs. Proudie, in her second best, had now returned to the rooms, and her husband thought it as well that he should not remain in too close conversation with the lady whom his wife appeared to hold in such slight esteem. Presently he came across his youngest daughter.

"Netta," said he, "do you know who is the father of Signora Vicinironi?"

"It isn't Vicinironi, papa," said Netta; "but Vesey Neroni, and she's Dr. Stanhope's daughter. But I must go and do the civil to Griselda Grantly; I declare, nobody has spoken a word to the poor girl this evening."

Dr. Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope's daughter, of whose marriage with a dissolute Italian scamp he now remembered to have heard something! And that impertinent blue cub who had examined him as to his Episcopal bearings was old Stanhope's son, and the lady who had entreated him to come and teach her child the catechism was old Stanhope's daughter! the daughter of one of his own prebendaries! As these things flashed across his mind, he was nearly as angry as his wife had been. Nevertheless, he could not but own that the mother of the last of the Neros was an agreeable woman.

Mr. Slope in the mean time had taken the seat which the bishop had vacated on the Signora's sofa, and remained with that lady till it was time to marshal the folks to supper. Not with contented eyes had Mrs. Proudie seen this. Had not this woman laughed at her distress, and had not Mr. Slope heard it? Was she not an intriguing Italian woman, half wife and half not, full of affectation, airs, and impudence? Was she not horribly bedizened with velvet and pearls, with velvet and pearls, too, which had not been torn off her back? Above all, did she not pretend to be more beautiful than her neighbors? To say that Mrs. Proudie was jealous would give a wrong idea of her feelings. She had not the slightest desire that Mr. Slope should be in love with herself. But she desired the incense of Mr. Slope's spiritual and temporal services, and did not choose that they should be turned out of their course to such an object as Signora Neroni. She considered also that Mr. Slope ought in duty to hate the Signora; and it appeared from his manner that he was very far from hating her.

"Come, Mr. Slope," she said, sweeping by, and looking all that she felt, "can't you make yourself useful? Do pray take Mrs. Grantly down to supper."

Mrs. Grantly heard and escaped. The words were hardly out of Mrs. Proudie's mouth, before the intended victim had stuck her hand through the arm of one of her husband's curates and saved herself. What would the archdeacon have said had he seen her walking downstairs with Mr. Slope?

Mr. Slope heard also, but was by no means so obedient as was expected. Indeed, the period of Mr. Slope's obedience to Mrs. Proudie was drawing to a close. He did not wish yet to break with her, nor to break with her at all, if it could be avoided. But he intended to be master in that palace, and as she had made the same resolution it was not improbable that they might come to blows.

Before leaving the Signora he arranged a little table before her, and begged to know what he should bring her. She was quite indifferent, she said, — nothing, — anything. It was now she felt the misery of her position, now that she must be left alone. Well, a little chicken, some ham, and a glass of champagne.

Mr. Slope had to explain, not without blushing for his patron, that there was no champagne.

Sherry would do just as well. And then Mr. Slope descended with the learned Miss Trefoil on his arm. Could she tell him, he asked, whether the ferns of Barsetshire were equal to those of Cumberland? His strongest worldly passion was for ferns, — and before she could answer him he left her wedged between the door and the sideboard. It was fifty minutes before she escaped, and even then unfed.

"You are not leaving us, Mr. Slope," said the watchful lady of the house, seeing her slave escaping towards the door, with stores of provisions held high above the heads of the guests.

Mr. Slope explained that the Signora Neroni was in want of her supper.

"Pray, Mr. Slope, let her brother take it to her," said Mrs. Proudie, quite out loud. "It is out of the question that you should be so employed. Pray, Mr. Slope, oblige me. I am sure Mr. Stanhope will wait upon his sister."

Ethelbert was most agreeably occupied in the furthest corner of the room, making himself both useful and agreeable to Mrs. Proudie's youngest daughter.

"I couldn't get out, madam, if Madeline were starving for her supper," said he; "I'm physically fixed, unless I could fly."

The lady's anger was increased by seeing that her daughter also had gone over to the enemy; and when she saw that in spite of her remonstrances, in the teeth of her positive orders, Mr. Slope went off to the drawing-room, the cup of her indignation ran over, and she could not restrain herself. "Such manners I never saw," she said, muttering. "I cannot and will not permit it;" and then, after fussing and fuming for a few minutes, she pushed her way through the crowd and followed Mr. Slope.

When she reached the room above, she found it absolutely deserted, except by the guilty pair. The Signora was sitting very comfortably up to her supper, and Mr. Slope was leaning over her and administering to her wants. They had been discussing the merits of Sabbath-day schools, and the lady had suggested that as she could not possibly go to the children, she might be indulged in the wish of her heart by having the children brought to her.

"And when shall it be, Mr. Slope?" said she.

Mr. Slope was saved the necessity of committing himself to a promise by the entry of Mrs. Proudie. She swept close up to the sofa so as to confront the guilty pair, and stared full at them for a moment, and then said as she passed on to the next room, "Mr. Slope, his lordship is especially desirous of your attendance below; you will greatly oblige me if you will join him." And so she stalked on.

Mr. Slope muttered something in reply, and prepared to go downstairs. As for the bishop's wanting him, he knew his lady patroness well enough to take that assertion at what it was worth; but he did not wish to make himself the hero of a scene, or to become conspicuous for more gallantry than the occasion required.

"Is she always like this?" said the Signora.

"Yes, — always, — madam," said Mrs. Proudie, returning; "always the same, — always equally adverse to impropriety of conduct of every description;" and she stalked back through the room again, following Mr. Slope out of the door.

The Signora couldn't follow her, or she certainly would have done so. But she laughed loud, and sent the sound of it ringing through the lobby and down the stairs after Mrs. Proudie's feet. Had she been as active as Grimaldi she could probably have taken no better revenge.

"Mr. Slope," said Mrs. Proudie, catching the delinquent at the door, "I am surprised that you should leave my company to attend on such a painted Jezebel as that."

"But she's lame, Mrs. Proudie, and cannot move. Somebody must have waited upon her."

"Lame," said Mrs. Proudie; "I'd lame her if she belonged to me. What business had she here at all? — such impertinence — such affectation."

In the hall and adjacent rooms all manner of cloaking and shawling was going on, and the Barchester folk were getting themselves gone. Mrs. Proudie did her best to smirk at each and every one, as they made their adieux, but she was hardly successful. Her temper had been tried fearfully. By slow degrees, the guests went.

"Send back the carriage quick," said Ethelbert, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope took their departure.

The younger Stanhopes were left till the very last, and an uncomfortable party they made with the bishop's family. They all went into the dining room, and then, the bishop observing that "the lady" was alone in the drawing-room, they followed him up. Mrs. Proudie kept Mr. Slope and her daughters in close conversation, resolving that he should not be indulged, nor they polluted. The bishop, in mortal dread of Bertie and the Jews, tried to converse with Charlotte Stanhope about the climate of Italy. Bertie and the Signora had no resource but in each other.

"Did you get your supper at last, Madeline?" said the impudent or else mischievous young man.

"Oh, yes," said Madeline; "Mr. Slope was so very kind as to bring it me. I fear, however, he put himself to more inconvenience than I wished."

Mrs. Proudie looked at her, but said nothing. The meaning of her look might have been thus translated: "If ever you find yourself within these walls again, I'll give you leave to be as impudent, and affected, and as mischievous as you please."

At last the carriage returned with the three Italian servants, and La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni was carried out, as she had been carried in.

The lady of the palace retired to her chamber by no means contented with the result of her first grand party at Barchester.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

By W. G. SIMMS.

[WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS: An American author; born at Charleston, S.C., April 17, 1806; died there June 11, 1870. He was admitted to the bar, but chose to devote himself to literary work, and in 1827 published his first book, "Lyrical and Other Poems." He edited the *City Gazette*, 1828–1833, and wrote: "The Vision of Cortes" (1829); "The Tricolor" (1830); "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea" (1832); "Southern Passages and Pictures" (1839); "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," and "Beauchampe," novels; and many works of history, biography, and fiction. His life was written by Cable in 1888.]

THE revolutionary war had but a little while been concluded. The British had left the country; but peace did not imply repose. The community was still in that state of ferment which was natural enough to passions, not yet at rest, which had been brought into exercise and action during the protracted seven years' struggle through which the nation had just passed. The state was overrun by idlers, adventurers, profligates, and criminals. Disbanded soldiers, half-starved and reckless, occupied the highways, — outlaws, emerging from their hiding places, skulked about the settlements with an equal sentiment of hate and fear in their hearts; — patriots were clamoring for justice upon the Tories, and sometimes anticipating its course by judgments of their own; while the Tories, those against whom the proofs were too strong for denial or evasion, buckled on their armor for a renewal of the struggle. Such being the condition of the country, it may easily be supposed that life and property lacked many of their necessary securities. Men generally traveled with weapons, which were displayed on the smallest provocation; and few who could provide themselves with an escort ventured to travel any distance without one.

There was, about this time, and while such was the condition of the country, a family of the name of Grayling, that lived somewhere upon the skirts of "Ninety-six" district. Old Grayling, the head of the family, was dead. He was killed in Buford's massacre. His wife was a fine woman, not so very old, who had an only son named James, and a little girl, only five years of age, named Lucy. James was but fourteen when his father was killed, and that event made a man of him. He went out with his rifle in company with Joel Sparkman, who was his mother's brother, and joined himself to Pickens' Brigade.

Well, when the war was over, Joel Sparkman, who lived with his sister Grayling, persuaded her that it would be better to move down into the low country, and so, one sunny morning in April, their wagon started for the city. It was driven by a negro fellow named Clytus, and carried Mrs. Grayling and Lucy. James and his uncle loved the saddle too well to shut themselves up in such a vehicle; and both of them were mounted on fine horses which they had won from the enemy. The roads at that season were excessively bad, for the rains of March had been frequent and heavy, the track was very much cut up, and the red-clay gullies of the hills of "Ninety-six" were so washed that it required all shoulders, twenty times a day, to get the wagon wheels out of the bog. This made them travel very slowly,— perhaps not more than fifteen miles a day. Another cause for slow traveling was the necessity of great caution, and a constant lookout for enemies both up and down the road. James and his uncle took it by turns to ride ahead, precisely as they did when scouting in war, but one of them always kept along with the wagon. They had gone on this way for two days, and saw nothing to trouble and alarm them. But just as they were about to camp the evening of the second day, while they were splitting light wood, and getting out the kettles and the frying pan, a person rode up and joined them without much ceremony. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere between forty and fifty; had on very coarse and common garments, though he rode a fine black horse of remarkable strength and vigor. He was very civil of speech, though he had but little to say, and that little showed him to be a person without much education and with no refinement. He begged permission to make one of the encampment, and his manner was very respectful and even humble; but there was something dark and sullen in his face. Mrs. Grayling did not like this man's looks, and whispered her dislike to her son; but James, who felt himself equal to any man, said promptly : —

"What of that, mother? We can't turn the stranger off and say 'No'; and if he means any mischief, there's two of us, you know."

The man had no weapons — none, at least, which were then visible, and deported himself in so humble a manner that the prejudice which the party had formed against him when he first appeared, if it was not dissipated while he remained, at least failed to gain any increase. He was very quiet, did not mention an unnecessary word, and seldom permitted his eyes to rest upon those of any of the party, the females not excepted. This, perhaps, was the only circumstance that, in the mind of Mrs. Grayling, tended to confirm the hostile impression which his coming had originally occasioned. In a little while the temporary encampment was put in a state equally social and warlike. The wagon was wheeled a little way into the woods, and off the road; the horses fastened behind it in such a manner that any attempt to steal them would be difficult of success, even were the watch neglectful, which was yet to be maintained upon them. Extra guns, concealed in the straw at the bottom of the wagon, were kept well loaded. In the foreground, and between the wagon and the highway, a fire was soon blazing with a wild but cheerful gleam; and the worthy dame, Mrs. Grayling, assisted by the little girl Lucy, lost no time in setting on the frying pan, and cutting into slices the haunch of bacon which they had provided at leaving home. James Grayling patrolled the woods meanwhile for a mile or two round the encampment, while his uncle, Joel Sparkman, foot to foot with the stranger, seemed — if the absence of all care constitutes the supreme of human felicity — to realize the most perfect conception of mortal happiness. But Joel was very far from being the careless person that he seemed. Like an old soldier, he simply hung out false colors, and concealed his real timidity by an extra show of confidence and courage. He did not relish the stranger from the first, any more than his sister; and having subjected him to a searching examination, such as was considered, in those days of peril and suspicion, by no means inconsistent with becoming courtesy, he came rapidly to the conclusion that he was no better than he should be.

"You are a Scotchman, stranger?" said Joel. The answer was given with evident hesitation, but it was affirmative.

"Well, now, 'tis mighty strange that you should ha' fou't with us and not agin us," responded Joel Sparkman. "There was a precious few of the Scotch — and none that I knows on, saving yourself, perhaps — that didn't go dead agin us, and for the Tories, through thick and thin. That 'Cross Creek settlement' was a mighty ugly thorn in the sides of us Whigs. It turned out a real bad stock of varmints. I hope — I reckon, stranger — you ain't from that part?"

"No," said the other; "oh no! I'm from over the other quarter. I'm from the Duncan settlement above."

"I've hearn tell of that other settlement, but I never know'd as any of the men fou't with us. What gineral did you fight under? What Carolina gineral?"

"I was at Gum Swamp when General Gates was defeated," was the still hesitating reply of the other.

"Well, I thank God *I* warn't there, though I reckon things wouldn't ha' turned out quite so bad if there had been a leetle sprinkling of Sumter's, or Pickens', or Marion's men among them two-legged critters that run that day. They did tell that some of the regiments went off without ever once emptying their rifles. Now, stranger, I hope you warn't among them fellows?"

"I was not," said the other, with something more of promptness.

"I don't blame a chap for dodging a bullet if he can, or being too quick for a bagnet, because, I'm thinking, a live man is always a better man than a dead one, or he can become so; but to run without taking a single crack at the inimy is downright cowardice. There's no two ways about it, stranger.

"But you ain't said," he continued, "who was your Carolina gineral. Gates was from Virginny, and he stayed a mighty short time when he come. You didn't run far at Camden, I reckon, and you joined the army agin, and come in with Greene? Was that the how?"

To this the stranger assented, though with evident disinclination.

"Then, mou't be, we sometimes went into the same scratch together? I was at Cowpens and 'Ninety-six,' and seen sarvice at other odds and eends, where there was more fighting than fun. I reckon you must have been at 'Ninety-six' — perhaps at Cowpens, too, if you went with Morgan?"

The unwillingness of the stranger to respond to these questions appeared to increase. He admitted, however, that he had been at "Ninety-six," though, as Sparkman afterwards remembered, in this case, as in that of the defeat of Gates at Gum Swamp, he had not said on which side he had fought.

"And what mou't be your name, stranger?"

"Macnab," was the ready response — "Sandy Macnab."

"Well, Mr. Macnab, I see that my sister's got supper ready for us; so we mou't as well fall to upon the hoecake and bacon."

Sparkman rose while speaking, and led the way to the spot, near the wagon, where Mrs. Grayling had spread the feast. "We're pretty nigh on to the main road here, but I reckon there's no great danger now. Besides, Jim Grayling keeps watch for us, and he's got two as good eyes in his head as any scout in the country, and a rifle that, after you once know how it shoots, 'twould do your heart good to hear its crack, if so be that twa'n't your heart that he drawed sight on. He's a perdigious fine shot, and as ready to shoot and fight as if he had a nateral calling that way."

"Shall we wait for him before we eat?" demanded Macnab, anxiously.

"By no sort o' reason, stranger," answered Sparkman. "He'll watch for us while we're eating, and after that I'll change shoes with him. So fall to, and don't mind what's a coming."

Sparkman had just broken the hoecake when a distant whistle was heard.

"Ha! That's the lad now!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "He's on trail. He's got sight of an inimy's fire, I reckon. 'Twon't be onreasonable, friend Macnab, to get our we'pons in readiness;" and, so speaking, Sparkman bade his sister get into the wagon, where the little Lucy had already placed herself, while he threw open the pan of his rifle, and turned the priming over with his finger. Macnab, meanwhile, had taken from his holsters, which he had before been sitting upon, a pair of horseman's pistols, richly mounted with figures in silver. These were large and long, and had evidently seen service. Unlike his companion, his proceedings occasioned no comment. What he did seemed a matter of habit, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Having looked at his priming, he laid the instruments beside him without a word, and resumed the bit of hoecake which he had just before received from Sparkman. Meanwhile, the signal whistle, supposed to come from James Grayling, was repeated. Silence ensued then for a brief space, which Sparkman employed in perambulating the grounds immediately contiguous. At length, just as he had returned to the fire, the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and a sharp, quick halloo from Grayling informed his uncle that all was right. The youth made his appearance a moment after, accompanied by a stranger on horseback — a tall, fine-looking young man, with a keen flashing eye, and a voice whose lively clear tones, as he was heard approaching, sounded cheerily like those of a trumpet after victory. James Grayling kept along on foot beside the newcomer, and his hearty laugh and free, glib, garrulous tones betrayed to his uncle, long ere he drew nigh enough to declare the fact, that he had met unexpectedly with a friend, or, at least, an old acquaintance.

"Why, who have you got there, James?" was the demand of Sparkman, as he dropped the butt of his rifle upon the ground.

"Why, who do you think, uncle? Who but Major Spencer — our own major."

"You don't say so! — what! — well! Li'nel Spencer, for sartin! Lord bless you, major, who'd ha' thought to see you in these parts; and jest mounted, too, for all natur, as if the war was to be fou't over agin. Well, I'm raal glad to see you. I am, that's sartin!"

"And I'm very glad to see you, Sparkman," said the other, as he alighted from his steed, and yielded his hand to the cordial grasp of the other.

"Well, I knows that, major, without you saying it. But you've jest come in the right time. The bacon's frying, and here's the bread; — let's down upon our haunches, in right good airnest, camp fashion, and make the most of what God gives us in the way of blessings. I reckon you don't mean to ride any farther to-night, major?"

"No," said the person addressed, "not if you'll let me lay my heels at your fire. But who's in your wagon? My old friend, Mrs. Grayling, I suppose?"

"That's a true word, major," said the lady herself, making her way out of the vehicle with good-humored agility, and coming forward with extended hand.

"Really, Mrs. Grayling, I'm very glad to see you." Their greetings once over, Major Spencer readily joined the group about the fire, while James Grayling — though with some reluctance — disappeared to resume his toils of the scout while the supper proceeded.

"And who have you here?" demanded Spencer, as his eye rested on the dark, hard features of the Scotchman. Sparkman told him all that he himself had learned of the name and character of the stranger, in a brief whisper, and, in a moment after, formally introduced the parties.

Major Spencer scrutinized the Scotchman keenly. He put a few questions to him on the subject of the war, and some of the actions in which he allowed himself to have been concerned; but his evident reluctance to unfold himself — a reluctance so unnatural to the brave soldier who has gone through his toils honorably — had the natural effect of discouraging the young officer, whose sense of delicacy had not been materially impaired amid the rude jostlings of military life. But, though he forbore to propose any other questions to Macnab, his eyes continued to survey the features of his sullen countenance with curiosity and a strangely increasing interest. This he subsequently explained to Sparkman, when, at the close of supper, James Grayling came in, and the former assumed the duties of the scout.

"I have seen that Scotchman's face somewhere, Sparkman, and I'm convinced at some interesting moment; but where, when, or how, I cannot call to mind. The sight of it is even associated in my mind with something painful and unpleasant; where could I have seen him?"

"I don't somehow like his looks myself," said Sparkman, "and I mislists he's been rether more of a Tory than a Whig; but that's nothing to the purpose now; and he's at our fire, and we've broken hoecake together; so we cannot rake up the old ashes to make a dust with."

"No, surely not," was the reply of Spencer. "Even though we knew him to be a Tory, that cause of former quarrel should occasion none now. But it should produce watchfulness and caution. I'm glad to see that you have not forgot your old business of scouting in the swamp."

"Kin I forget it, major?" demanded Sparkman, in tones which, though whispered, were full of emphasis, as he laid his ear to the earth to listen.

"James has finished supper, major, — that's his whistle to tell me so; and I'll jest step back to make it cl'ar to him how we're to keep up the watch to-night."

"Count me in your arrangements, Sparkman, as I am one of you for the night," said the major.

"By no sort of means," was the reply. "The night must be shared between James and myself. Ef so be you wants to keep company with one or t'other of us, why, that's another thing, and, of course, you can do as you please."

The arrangements of the party were soon made. Spencer renewed his offer at the fire to take his part in the watch; and the Scotchman, Macnab, volunteered his services also; but the offer of the latter was another reason why that of the former should be declined. Sparkman was resolute to have everything his own way; and while James Grayling went out upon his lonely rounds, he busied himself in cutting bushes and making a sort of tent for the use of his late commander. Mrs. Grayling and Lucy slept in a wagon. The Scotchman stretched himself with little effort before the fire; while Joel Sparkman, wrapping himself up in his cloak, crouched under the wagon body, with his back resting partly against one of the wheels. From time to time he rose and thrust additional brands into the fire, looked up at the night, and round upon the little encampment, then sank back to his perch and stole a few moments, at intervals, of uneasy sleep. The first two hours of the watch were over, and James Grayling was relieved. The youth, however, felt in no mood for sleep, and taking his seat by the fire he drew from his pocket a little volume of Easy Reading Lessons, and by the fitful flame of the resinous light wood he prepared, in this rude manner, to make up for the precious time which his youth had lost of its legitimate employment, in the stirring events of the preceding seven years consumed in war. He was surprised at this employment by his late commander, who, himself sleepless, now emerged from the bushes and joined Grayling at the fire. They sat by the fire and talked of old times and told old stories with the hearty glee and good nature of the young. Their mutual inquiries led to the revelation of their several objects in pursuing the present journey. Those of James Grayling were scarcely, indeed, to be considered his own. They were plans and purposes of his uncle, and it does not concern this narrative that we should know more of their nature than has already been revealed. But, whatever they were, they were as freely unfolded to his hearer as if the parties had been brothers, and Spencer was quite as frank in his revelations as his companion. He, too, was on his way to Charleston, from whence he was to take passage for England.

"I am rather in a hurry to reach town," he said, "as I learn that the Falmouth packet is preparing to sail for England in a few days, and I must go in her."

"For England, major!" exclaimed the youth with unaffected astonishment.

"Yes, James, for England. But why — what astonishes you?"

"Why, Lord!" exclaimed the simple youth, "if they only knew there, as I do, what a cutting and slashing you did use to make among their redcoats, I reckon they'd hang you to the first hickory."

"Oh, no! scarcely," said the other, with a smile.

"But I reckon you'll change your name, major?" continued the youth.

"No," responded Spencer; "if I did that, I should lose the object of my voyage. You must know, James, that an old relative has left me a good deal of money in England, and I can only get it by proving that I am Lionel Spencer; so you see I must carry my own name, whatever may be the risk."

"Well, major, you know best. But I don't see what occasion you have to be going cl'ar away to England for money, when you've got a sight of your own already."

"Not so much as you think for," replied the major, giving an involuntary and uneasy glance at the Scotchman, who was seemingly sound asleep on the opposite side of the fire. "There is, you know, but little money in the country at any time, and I must get what I want for my expenses when I reach Charleston. I have just enough to carry me there."

"Well, now, major, that's mighty strange. I always thought that you was about the best off of any man in our parts; but if you're strained so close, I'm thinking, major,—if so be you wouldn't think me too presumptuous,—you'd better let me lend you a guinea or so that I've got to spare, and you can pay me back when you get the English money."

And the youth fumbled in his bosom for a little cotton wallet, which, with its limited contents, was displayed in another instant to the eyes of the officer.

"No, no, James," said the other, putting back the generous tribute; "I have quite enough to carry me to Charleston, and when there I can easily get a supply from the merchants. But I thank you, my good fellow, for your offer. You *are* a good fellow, James, and I will remember you."

The night passed away without any alarms, and at dawn of the next day the whole party was engaged in making preparation for a start. Mrs. Grayling was soon busy in getting breakfast in readiness. Major Spencer consented to remain with them until it was over; but the Scotchman, after returning thanks very civilly for his accommodation of the night, at once resumed his journey. His course seemed, like their own, to lie below; but he neither declared his route nor betrayed the least desire to know that of Spencer. When he was fairly out of sight, Spencer said to Sparkman: —

"Had I liked that fellow's looks, nay, had I not positively disliked them, I should have gone with him. As it is, I will remain and share your breakfast."

The repast being over, all parties set forward; but Spencer, after keeping along with them for a mile, took his leave also. The slow wagon pace at which the family traveled did not suit the high-spirited cavalier; and it was necessary, as he assured them, that he should reach the city in two nights more. James Grayling never felt the tedium of wagon traveling to be so severe as throughout the whole of that day when he separated from his favorite captain. But he was too stout-hearted a lad to make any complaint; and his satisfaction only showed itself in his unwonted silence and an overanxiety, which his steed seemed to feel in common with himself, to go rapidly ahead. Thus the day passed, and the wayfarers at its close had made a progress of some twenty miles from sun to sun. The same precautions marked their encampment this night as the last, and they rose in better spirits with the next morning, the dawn of which was very bright and pleasant and encouraging. A similar journey of twenty miles brought them to the place of bivouac as the sun went down; and they prepared as usual for their security and supper. Their wagon was wheeled into an area on a gently rising ground in front. Here the horses were taken out, and James Grayling prepared to kindle up a fire; but, looking for his ax, it was unaccountably missing, and after a fruitless search of half an hour the party came to the conclusion that it had been left on the spot where they had slept last night. This was a disaster, and while they meditated in what manner to repair it, a negro boy appeared in sight, passing along the road at their feet, and driving before him a small herd of cattle. From him they learned that they were only a mile or two from a farmstead, where an ax might be borrowed; and James, leaping on his horse, rode forward in the hope to obtain one. He found no difficulty in his quest; and, having obtained it from the farmer, who was also a tavern keeper, he casually asked if Major Spencer had not stayed with him the night before. He was somewhat surprised when told that he had not.

"There was one man stayed with me last night," said the farmer, "but he didn't call himself a major, and didn't much look like one."

"He rode a fine sorrel horse,— tall, bright color, with white forefoot, didn't he?" asked James.

"No, that he didn't! He rode a powerful black, coal black, and not a bit of white about him."

"That was the Scotchman! But I wonder the major didn't stop with you. He must have rode on. Isn't there another house near you, below?"

"Not one. There's ne'er a house either above or below for a matter of fifteen miles. I'm the only man in all that distance that's living on this road; and I don't think your friend could have gone below, as I should have seen him pass."

Somewhat wondering that the major should have turned aside from the track, though without attaching to it any importance at that particular moment, James Grayling took up the borrowed ax and hurried back to the encampment, where the toil of cutting an extra supply of light wood to meet the exigencies of the ensuing night sufficiently exercised his mind as well as his body to prevent him from meditating upon the seeming strangeness of the circumstance. But when he sat down to his supper over the fire that he had kindled, his fancies crowded thickly upon him, and he felt a confused doubt and suspicion that something was to happen, he knew not what. His conjectures and apprehensions were without form, though not altogether void; and he felt a strange sickness and a sinking at the heart which was very unusual with him. Joel Sparkman was in the best of humors, and his mother was so cheery and happy that, when the thoughtful boy went off into the woods to watch, he could hear her at every moment breaking out into little catches of a country ditty, which the gloomy events of the late war had not yet obliterated from her memory.

"It's very strange!" soliloquized the youth, as he wandered along the edges of the dense bay or swamp bottom, which we have passingly referred to,— "it's very strange what troubles me so! I feel almost frightened, and yet I know I'm not to be frightened easily, and I don't see anything in the woods to frighten me. It's strange the major didn't come along this road! Maybe he took another higher up that leads by a different settlement. I wish I had asked the man at the house if there's such another road. I reckon there must be, however, for where could the major have gone?"

He proceeded to traverse the margin of the bay, until he came to its junction with, and termination at, the highroad.

The youth turned into this, and, involuntarily departing from it a moment after, soon found himself on the opposite side of the bay thicket. He wandered on and on, as he himself described it, without any power to restrain himself. He knew not how far he went; but, instead of maintaining his watch for two hours only, he was gone more than four; and, at length, a sense of weariness, which overpowered him all of sudden, caused him to seat himself at the foot of a tree, and snatch a few moments of rest. He denied that he slept in this time. He insisted to the last moment of his life that sleep never visited his eyelids that night,—that he was conscious of fatigue and exhaustion, but not drowsiness,—and that this fatigue was so numbing as to be painful, and effectually kept him from any sleep. While he sat thus beneath the tree, with a body weak and nerveless, but a mind excited, he knew not how or why, to the most acute degree of expectation and attention, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of his friend, Major Spencer. The voice called him three times,—"James Grayling!—James!—James Grayling!" before he could muster strength enough to answer. It was not courage he wanted,—of that he was positive, for he felt sure, as he said, that something had gone wrong, and he was never more ready to fight in his life than at that moment, could he have commanded the physical capacity; but his throat seemed dry to suffocation,—his lips effectually sealed up as if with wax, and when he did answer, the sounds seemed as fine and soft as the whisper of some child just born.

"Oh, major! is it you?"

Such, he thinks, were the very words he made use of in reply; and the answer that he received was instantaneous, though the voice came from some little distance in the bay, and his own voice he did not hear. He only knows what he meant to say. The answer was to this effect.

"It is, James! It is your own friend, Lionel Spencer, that speaks to you; do not be alarmed when you see me! I have been shockingly murdered!"

James asserts that he tried to tell him that he would not be frightened, but his own voice was still a whisper which he himself could scarcely hear. A moment after he had spoken, he heard something like a sudden breeze that rustled through the bay bushes at his feet, and his eyes were closed without his effort, and indeed in spite of himself. When he opened them, he saw Major Spencer standing at the edge of the bay about twenty steps from him. Though he stood in the shade of a thicket, and there was no light in the heavens save that of the stars, he was yet enabled to distinguish perfectly, and with great ease, every lineament of his friend's face.

He looked very pale, and his garments were covered with blood; and James said that he strove very much to rise from the place where he sat and approach him; — "for, in truth," said the lad, "so far from feeling any fear, I felt nothing but fury in my heart; but I could not move a limb. My feet were fastened to the ground; my hands to my sides; and I could only bend forward and gasp. I felt as if I should have died with vexation that I could not rise; but a power which I could not resist made me motionless and almost speechless. I could only say, 'Murdered!' — and that one word I believe I must have repeated a dozen times.

"'Yes, murdered! — murdered by the Scotchman who slept with us at your fire the night before last. James, I look to you to have the murderer brought to justice! James! — do you hear me, James?'

"These," said James, "I think were the very words, or near about the very words, that I heard; and I tried to ask the major to tell me how it was, and how I could do what he required; but I didn't hear myself speak, though it would appear that he did, for almost immediately after I had tried to speak what I wished to say, he answered me just as if I had said it. He told me that the Scotchman had waylaid, killed, and hidden him in that very bay; that his murderer had gone to Charleston; and that if I made haste to town, I would find him in the Falmouth packet, which was then lying in the harbor and ready to sail for England. He further said that everything depended on my making haste, — that I must reach town by to-morrow night if I wanted to be in season, and go right on board the vessel and charge the criminal with the deed. 'Do not be afraid,' said he, when he had finished; 'be afraid of nothing, James, for God will help and strengthen you to the end.' When I heard all I burst into a flood of tears, and then I felt strong. I felt that I could talk, or fight, or do almost anything; and I jumped up to my feet, and was just about to run down to where the major stood, but, with the first step which I made forward, he was gone. I stopped and looked all around me, but I could see nothing; and the bay was just as black as midnight. But

I went down to it, and tried to press in where I thought the major had been standing; but I couldn't get far, the brush and bay bushes were so close and thick. I was now bold and strong enough, and I called out, loud enough to be heard half a mile. I didn't exactly know what I called for, or what I wanted to learn, or I have forgotten. But I heard nothing more. Then I remembered the camp, and began to fear that something might have happened to mother and uncle, for I now felt, what I had not thought of before, that I had gone too far round the bay to be of much assistance, or, indeed, to be in time for any, had they been suddenly attacked. Besides, I could not think how long I had been gone; but it now seemed very late. Well, I bethought me of my course,—for I was a little bewildered and doubtful where I was; but, after a little thinking, I took the back track, and soon got a glimpse of the camp fire, which was nearly burnt down; and by this I reckoned I was gone considerably longer than my two hours. When I got back into the camp, I looked under the wagon, and found uncle in a sweet sleep, and though my heart was full almost to bursting with what I had heard, and the cruel sight I had seen, yet I wouldn't waken him; and I beat about and mended the fire, and watched, and waited, until near daylight, when mother called to me out of the wagon, and asked who it was. This wakened my uncle, and then I up and told all that had happened; for if it had been to save my life, I couldn't have kept it in much longer. But though mother said it was very strange, Uncle Sparkman considered that I had been only dreaming; but he couldn't persuade me of it; and when I told him I intended to be off at daylight, just as the major had told me to do, and ride my best all the way to Charleston, he laughed, and said I was a fool. But I felt that I was no fool, and I was solemn certain that I hadn't been dreaming; and though both mother and he tried their hardest to make me put off going, yet I made up my mind to it, and they had to give up. Soon as the peep of day, I was on horseback. I rode as briskly as I could get on without hurting my nag. I had a smart ride of more than forty miles before me, and the road was very heavy. But it was a good two hours from sunset when I got into town, and the first question I asked of the people I met was, to show me where the ships were kept. When I got to the wharf, they showed me the Falmouth packet, where she lay in the stream, ready to sail as soon as the wind should favor."

James Grayling, with the same eager impatience which he has been suffered to describe in his own language, had already hired a boat to go on board the British packet, when he remembered that he had neglected all those means, legal and otherwise, by which alone his purpose might be properly effected. He did not know much about legal process, but he had common sense enough to know that some such process was necessary. This conviction produced another difficulty: he knew not in which quarter to turn for counsel and assistance; but here the boatman, who saw his bewilderment, came to his relief, and from him he got directions where to find the merchants with whom his uncle, Sparkman, had done business in former years. To them he went, and, without circumlocution, told the whole story of his ghostly visitation. Even as a dream, which these gentlemen at once conjectured it to be, the story of James Grayling was equally clear and curious; and his intense warmth and the entire absorption, which the subject had effected, of his mind and soul, was such that they judged it not improper, at least, to carry out the search of the vessel which he contemplated. It would certainly, they thought, be a curious coincidence — believing James to be a veracious youth — if the Scotchman should be found on board.

"At least," remarked the gentlemen, "it can do no harm to look into the business. We can procure a warrant for searching the vessel after this man Macnab; and should he be found on board the packet, it will be a sufficient circumstance to justify the magistrates in detaining him until we can ascertain where Major Spencer really is."

The measure was accordingly adopted, and it was nearly sunset before the warrant was procured, and the proper officer in readiness. The impatience of a spirit so eager and so devoted as James Grayling, under these delays, may be imagined; and when in the boat, and on his way to the packet where the criminal was to be sought, his blood became so excited that it was with much ado he could be kept in his seat. His quick, eager action continually disturbed the trim of the boat, and one of his mercantile friends, who had accompanied him, with that interest in the affair which curiosity alone inspired, was under constant apprehension lest he would plunge overboard in his impatient desire to shorten the space which lay between them. The same impatience enabled the youth, though never on shipboard before, to grasp the rope which had been flung, at their approach, and to mount her sides with catlike agility. Without waiting to declare himself or his purpose, he ran from one side of the deck to the other, greedily staring, to the surprise of officers, passengers, and seamen, in the faces of all of them, and surveying them with an almost offensive scrutiny. He turned away from the search with disappointment. There was no face like that of the suspected man among them. By this time his friend, the merchant, with the sheriff's officer, had entered the vessel, and were in conference with the captain. Grayling drew nigh in time to hear the latter affirm that there was no man of the name of Macnab, as stated in the warrant, among his passengers or crew.

"He is — he must be!" exclaimed the impetuous youth. "The major never lied in his life, and couldn't lie after he was dead. Macnab is here — he is a Scotchman ——"

The captain interrupted him.

"We have, young gentleman, several Scotchmen on board, and one of them is named Macleod ——"

"Let me see him — which is he?" demanded the youth.

"Where is Mr. Macleod?"

"He is gone below — he's sick!" replied one of the passengers.

"That's he! That must be the man!" exclaimed the youth. "I'll lay my life that's no other than Macnab. He's only taken a false name."

It was now remembered by one of the passengers, and remarked, that Macleod had expressed himself as unwell but a few moments before, and had gone below even while the boat was rapidly approaching the vessel. At this statement the captain led the way into the cabin, closely followed by James Grayling and the rest.

"Mr. Macleod," he said, with a voice somewhat elevated, as he approached the berth of that person, "you are wanted on deck for a few moments."

"I am really too unwell, captain," replied a feeble voice from behind the curtain of the berth.

"It will be necessary," was the reply of the captain. "There is a warrant from the authorities of the town to look after a fugitive from justice."

Macleod had already begun a second speech declaring his feebleness, when the fearless youth, Grayling, bounded before the captain and tore away, with a single grasp of his hand, the curtain which concealed the suspected man from their sight.

"It is he!" was the instant exclamation of the youth as he beheld him. "It is he, — Macnab, the Scotchman, — the man that murdered Major Spencer!"

Macnab — for it was he — was deadly pale. He trembled like an aspen. His eyes were dilated with more than mortal apprehension, and his lips were perfectly livid. Still, he found strength to speak and to deny the accusation. He knew nothing of the youth before him, — nothing of Major Spencer, — his name was Macleod, and he had never called himself by any other. He denied, but with great incoherence, everything which was urged against him.

"You must get up, Mr. Macleod," said the captain; "the circumstances are very much against you. You must go with the officer!"

"Will you give me up to my enemies?" demanded the culprit. "You are a countryman — a Briton. I have fought for the king, our master, against these rebels, and for this they seek my life. Do not deliver me into their bloody hands!"

"Liar!" exclaimed James Grayling. "Didn't you tell us at our own camp fire that you were with us? that you were at Gates' defeat and 'Ninety-six'?"

"But I didn't tell you," said the Scotchman, with a grin, "which side I was on!"

"Ha! remember that!" said the sheriff's officer. "He denied, just a moment ago, that he knew this young man at all; now he confesses that he did see and camp with him."

The Scotchman was aghast at the strong point which, in his inadvertence, he had made against himself; and his efforts to excuse himself, stammering and contradictory, served only to involve him more deeply in the meshes of his difficulty. Still he continued his urgent appeals to the captain of the vessel. One or two of the passengers, indeed, joined with him in entreating the captain to set the accusers adrift and make sail at once; but the stout Englishman who was in command rejected instantly the unworthy counsel. Besides, he was better aware of the dangers which would follow any such rash proceeding. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, had been already refitted and prepared for an enemy; and he was lying at that moment under the formidable range of grinning teeth, which would have opened upon him, at the first movement, from the jaws of Castle Pinckney.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "you mistake your man. God forbid that I should give shelter to a murderer, though he were from my own parish."

"But I am no murderer," said the Scotchman.

"You look cursedly like one, however," was the reply of the captain. "Sheriff, take your prisoner. Steward," he cried, "bring up this man's luggage."

He was obeyed. The luggage was brought up from the cabin and delivered to the sheriff's officer, by whom it was examined in the presence of all, and an inventory made of its contents. It consisted of a small new trunk, which, it afterwards appeared, he had bought in Charleston, soon after his arrival. This contained a few changes of raiment, twenty-six guineas in money, a gold watch, not in repair, and the two pistols which he had shown while at Joel Sparkman's camp fire; but, with this difference, that the stock of one was broken off short just above the grasp, and the butt was entirely gone. It was not found among his chattels. A careful examination of the articles in his trunk did not result in anything calculated to strengthen the charge of his criminality; but there was not a single person present who did not feel as morally certain of his guilt as if the jury had already declared the fact. That night he slept — if he slept at all — in the common jail of the city.

His accuser, the warm-hearted and resolute James Grayling, did not sleep, and with the dawn he was again up and stirring, with his mind still full of the awful business in which he had been engaged. We do not care to pursue his course in the ordinary walks of the city, nor account for his employments during the few days which ensued. Macnab or Macleod,— and it is possible that both names were fictitious,— as soon as he recovered from his first terrors, sought the aid of an attorney — one of those acute, small, chopping lawyers to be found in almost every community, who are willing to serve with equal zeal the sinner and the saint, provided that they can pay with equal liberality. The prisoner was brought before the court under *habeas corpus*, and several grounds submitted by his counsel with the view to obtaining his discharge. It became necessary to ascertain, among the first duties of the state, whether Major Spencer, the alleged victim, was really dead. Until it could be established that a man should be imprisoned, tried, and punished for a crime, it was first necessary to show that a crime had been committed; and the attorney made himself exceedingly merry with the ghost story of young Grayling. In those days, however, the ancient Superstition was not so feeble as she has subsequently become.

The judge — who it must be understood was a real existence, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south — proceeded to establish the correctness of his opinions by authorities and argument, with all of which, doubtlessly, the bar were exceedingly delighted; but to provide them in this place would only be to interfere with our own progress. James Grayling, however, was not satisfied to wait the slow processes which were suggested for coming at the truth. Even the wisdom of the judge was lost upon him, possibly for the simple reason that he did not comprehend it. But the ridicule of the culprit's lawyer stung him to the quick, and he muttered to himself, more than once, a determination "to lick the life out of that impudent chap's leather." But this was not his only resolve. There was one which he proceeded to put into instant execution, and that was to seek the body of his murdered friend in the spot where he fancied it might be found — namely, the dark and dismal bay where the specter had made its appearance to his eyes.

The suggestion was approved — though he did not need this to prompt his resolution — by his mother and uncle, Sparkman. The latter determined to be his companion, and he was further accompanied by the sheriff's officer who had arrested the suspected felon. Before daylight, on the morning after the examination before the judge had taken place, and when Macleod had been remanded to prison, James Grayling started on his journey. His fiery zeal received additional force at every added moment of delay, and his eager spurring brought him at an early hour after noon to the neighborhood of the spot through which his search was to be made. He led them round it, taking the very course which he had pursued the night when the revelation was made him; he showed them the very tree at whose foot he had sunk when the supernatural torpor — as he himself esteemed it — began to fall upon him; he then pointed out the spot, some twenty steps distant, at which the specter made its appearance. To this spot they then proceeded in a body, and essayed an entrance, but were so discouraged by the difficulties at the outset that all, James not excepted, concluded that neither the murderer nor his victim could possibly have found entrance there.

But lo, a marvel! Such it seemed, at the first blush, to all the party. While they stood confounded and indecisive, undetermined in which way to move, a sudden flight of wings was heard, even from the center of the bay, at a little distance above the spot where they had striven for entrance. They looked up, and beheld about fifty buzzards — those notorious domestic vultures of the south — ascending from the interior of the bay, and perching along upon the branches of the loftier trees by which it was overhung. Even were the character of these birds less known, the particular business in which they had just then been engaged was betrayed by huge gobbets of flesh which some of them had borne aloft in their flight, and still continued to rend with beak and bill, as they tottered upon the branches where they stood. A piercing scream issued from the lips of James Grayling as he beheld this sight, and strove to scare the offensive birds from their repast.

"The poor major! the poor major!" was the involuntary and agonized exclamation of the youth. "Did I ever think he would come to this!"

The search, thus guided and encouraged, was pressed with renewed diligence and spirit; and, at length, an opening was found through which it was evident that a body of considerable size had but recently gone. They followed this path, and, as is the case commonly with waste tracts of this description, the density of the growth diminished sensibly at every step they took, till they reached a little pond, which, though circumscribed in area, and full of cypresses, yet proved to be singularly deep. Here, on the edge of the pond, they discovered the object which had drawn the keen-sighted vultures to their feast, in the body of a horse, which James Grayling at once identified as that of Major Spencer's. The carcass of the animal was already very much torn and lacerated. The eyes were plucked out, and the animal completely disemboweled. Yet, on examination, it was not difficult to discover the manner of his death. Two bullets had passed through his skull, just above the eyes, either of which must have been fatal. The murderer had led the horse to the spot, and committed the cruel deed where his body was found. The search was now continued for that of the owner, but for some time it proved ineffectual. At length the keen eyes of James Grayling detected, amidst a heap of moss and green sedge that rested beside an overthrown tree, whose branches jutted into the pond, a whitish, but discolored, object that did not seem native to the place. Bestriding the fallen tree, he was enabled to reach this object, which, with a burst of grief, he announced to the distant party was the hand and arm of his unfortunate friend, the wristband of the shirt being the conspicuous object which had first caught his eye. Grasping this, he drew the corse, which had been thrust beneath the branches of the tree, to the surface; and, with the assistance of his uncle, it was finally brought to the dry land. The head was very much disfigured; the skull was fractured in several places by repeated blows of some hard instrument, inflicted chiefly from behind. A closer inspection revealed a bullet hole in the abdomen, the first wound, in all probability, which the unfortunate gentleman received, and by which he was, perhaps, tumbled from his horse. The blows on the head would seem to have been unnecessary, unless the murderer — whose proceedings appeared to have been singularly deliberate — was resolved upon making "assurance doubly sure." But, as if the watchful Providence had meant that nothing should be left doubtful which might tend to the complete conviction of the criminal, the constable stumbled upon the butt of the broken pistol which had been found in Macleod's trunk. This he picked up on the edge of the pond in which the corse had been discovered, and while James Grayling and his uncle, Sparkman, were engaged in drawing it from the water. The place where the fragment was discovered at once denoted the pistol as the instrument by which the final blows were inflicted. . . .

The jury, it may be scarcely necessary to add, brought in a verdict of "Guilty," without leaving the panel; and Macnab, *alias* Macleod, was hanged at White Point, Charleston, somewhere about the year 178–.

FATE.

By SUSAN MARR SPAULDING.

[185–.]

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act

And bend each wandering step to this one end,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet with wishful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

[Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, the noted American author, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, the daughter of Lyman Beecher and sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She was educated at Hartford, Conn.; taught there and in Cincinnati; and in 1836 was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, with whom she removed to Brunswick, Me., upon his appointment to a professorship in Bowdoin College. While at Brunswick she wrote the celebrated novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was published serially in the *National Era*, an antislavery paper of Washington, D.C. Over half a million copies of the book were sold in the United States in five years, and many more than that number in the British dominions. It was also translated into the principal European and several Asiatic languages. Mrs. Stowe died at Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896. Her other works include: "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," and "Oldtown Folks."]

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's sufferings and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object, — the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband, — everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound: every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above, — "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning, — if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape, — how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, — the little sleepy head on your shoulder, — the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck? For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep, —

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling; sleep, if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her large, dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, an't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe!

We must go on, — on, — till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement, that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends," — all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore, on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferryboat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly:—

"Maybe you're wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious."

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in a leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas anyway prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I have hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up *de novo*, with due care and formality. Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she "warn't a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody's catchings." One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that "Mas'r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn't sit in his cheer noways, but was walkin' and stalkin' to the winders and through the porch."

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don't mend his ways. *His* master'll be sending for him, and then see how he'll look!"

"He'll go to torment, and no mistake," said little Jake.

"He desarves it!" said Aunt Chloe, grimly; "he's broke a many, many, many hearts, — I tell ye all!" she said, stopping with a fork uplifted in her hands; "it's like what Mas'r George reads in Ravelations, — souls a callin' under the altar! and a callin' on the Lord for vengeance on sich! — and by and by the Lord he'll hear 'em, — so he will!"

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her and to listen to her remarks.

"Sich'll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won't ther?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be boun'," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice that made them all start. It was

Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeared you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on 'em?" said Aunt Chloe. "Don't dey tear der suckin' baby right off his mother's breast and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes, — don't dey pull 'em off and sells 'em? Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em? — and all the while does they feel one bit, — don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy! Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em!" said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough; I can't pray for 'em."

"It's natur, Chloe, and natur's strong," said Tom, "but the Lord's grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur's soul's in that'll do them ar things, — you oughter thank God that you an't *like* him, Chloe. I'm sure I'd rather be sold, ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor crittur's got to answer for."

"So'd I, a heap," said Jake. "Lor, *shouldn't* we cotch it, Andy?"

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad Mas'r didn't go off this morning, as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt me more than sellin', it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but 'twould have come despit hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen Mas'r, and I begin to feel sort o' reconciled to the Lord's will now. Mas'r couldn't help hisself; he did right, but I'm feared things will be kinder goin' to rack, when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be spected to be a pryin' round everywhar, as I've done, a keepin' up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they's powerful car'less. That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you. He's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over yer master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he'd hear to me he wouldn't trust any on ye, — slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom, — and he stood very straight, — "I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can anyway bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wus for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; li'ves trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin', you know, ma'am; that's all any on us wants, I s'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno, — he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley, — and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered, —

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept up a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward him."

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up, now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em, — they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's the idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river, — de dirt road and der pike, — which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizy'd take de dirt road, bein' it's de least traveled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best, — it's all one to us. Now, when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road de best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar an't no sayin'," said Sam; "gals is pecul'ar; they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go t'other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added gravely, "but I've studded on de matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it noway. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way, — whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road

HOME OF MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, HARTFORD, CONN.

was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an't it. Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly noncommittal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities, between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road, aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well, — indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "despit rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin', — so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits, — professed to keep a very brisk lookout, — at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if thar wasn't Lizy down in the hollow;" always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through, — Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; — stumbling, —

leaping, — slipping, — springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone, — her stockings cut from her feet, — while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes! — save me, — do save me, — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it!"

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you, — they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' crittur a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind o' 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher fer other folks, neither!"

So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

* * *

SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAYBREAK.[1]

By WALT WHITMAN.

[Walt Whitman, an American poet, was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. In early life he drifted from one occupation to another, and was at various times a school-teacher, compositor, carpenter, and journalist. During the Civil War, as volunteer nurse, he tended the wounded in the army hospitals of Washington and Virginia, and undermined his health by continued exertion and exposure. After the war he was a government clerk in Washington until 1873, when he was disabled by paralysis. He removed to Camden, N.J., and lived there up to the time of his death, which occurred March 27, 1892. "Leaves of Grass" (1855) is his best-known work; and next in importance are: "Drum Taps," "Democratic Vistas," "Two Rivulets," "Specimen Days and Collect," "Good-by, My Fancy."]

Poet.

O a new song, a free song,
Flapping, flapping, flapping, flapping, by sounds, by voices clearer,
By the wind's voice and that of the drum,
By the banner's voice and child's voice and sea's voice and father's voice,
Low on the ground and high in the air,
On the ground where father and child stand,
In the upward air where their eyes turn,
Where the banner at daybreak is flapping.

Words! book words! what are you?
Words no more, for hearken and see,
My song is there in the open air, and I must sing,
With the banner and pennant a flapping.

I'll weave the chord and twine in
Man's desire and babe's desire, I'll twine them in, I'll put in life,

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[1] By permission of Horace C. Traubel and Small, Maynard & Co., publishers of "Leaves of Grass," 1898.

I'll put the bayonet's flashing point, I'll let bullets and slugs whiz,
(As one carrying a symbol and menace far into the future,
Crying with trumpet voice, *Arouse and beware! Beware and arouse!*)
I'll pour the verse with streams of blood, full of volition, full of joy,
Then loosen, launch forth, to go and compete,
With the banner and pennant a flapping.

Pennant.

Come up here, bard, bard,
Come up here, soul, soul,
Come up here, dear little child,
To fly in the clouds and winds with me, and play with the measureless light.

Child.

Father, what is that in the sky beckoning to me with long finger?
And what does it say to me all the while?

Father.

Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky,
And nothing at all to you it says — but look you, my babe,
Look at these dazzling things in the houses, and see you the money shops opening,
And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl along the streets with goods;
These, ah these, how valued and toiled for these!
How envied by all the earth.

Poet.

Fresh and rosy red the sun is mounting high,
On floats the sea in distant blue careering through its channels,
On floats the wind over the breast of the sea setting in toward land,
The great steady wind from west or west by south,
Floating so buoyant with milk-white foam on the waters.

But I am not the sea nor the red sun,
I am not the wind with girlish laughter,
Not the immense wind which strengthens, not the wind which lashes,
Not the spirit that ever lashes its own body to terror and death,
But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings,
And the shore sands know and the hissing wave, and that banner and pennant,
Aloft there flapping and flapping.

Child.

O father, it is alive — it is full of people — it has children,
O now it seems to me it is talking to its children,
I hear it — it talks to me — O it is wonderful!
O it stretches — it spreads and runs so fast — O my father,
It is so broad it covers the whole sky.

Father.

Cease, cease, my foolish babe,
What you are saying is sorrowful to me, much it displeases me;
Behold with the rest again I say, behold not banners and pennants aloft,
But the well-prepared pavements behold, and mark the solid-walled houses.

Banner and Pennant.

Speak to the child, O bard, out of Manhattan,
To our children all, or north or south of Manhattan,
Point this day, leaving all the rest, to us over all — and yet we know not why,
For what are we, mere strips of cloth profiting nothing,
Only flapping in the wind?

Poet.

I hear and see not strips of cloth alone,
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men, I hear Liberty!
I hear the drums beat and the trumpets blowing,
I myself move abroad swift-rising flying then,
I use the wings of the land bird and use the wings of the sea bird, and look down as from a height,
I do not deny the precious results of peace, I see populous cities with wealth incalculable,
I see numberless farms, I see the farmers working in their fields or barns,
I see mechanics working, I see buildings everywhere founded, going up, or finished,
I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad tracks drawn by the locomotives,
I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New Orleans,
I see far in the West the immense area of grain, I dwell awhile hovering,
I pass to the lumber forests of the North, and again to the Southern plantation, and again to California;

Sweeping the whole I see the countless profit, the busy gatherings,
earned wages,
See the Identity formed out of thirty-eight spacious and haughty
States, (and many more to come,)
See forts on the shores of harbors, see ships sailing in and out;
Then over all, (aye! aye!) my little and lengthened pennant shaped
like a sword,
Runs swiftly up indicating war and defiance — and now the halyards
have raised it,
Side of my banner broad and blue, side of my starry banner,
Discarding peace over all the sea and land.

Banner and Pennant.

Yet louder, higher, stronger, bard! yet farther, wider cleave!
No longer let our children deem us riches and peace alone,
We may be terror and carnage, and are so now,
Not now are we any one of these spacious and haughty States, (nor
any five, nor ten,)
Nor market nor depot we, nor money bank in the city,
But these and all, and the brown and spreading land, and the mines
below, are ours,
And the shores of the sea are ours, and the rivers great and small,
And the fields they moisten, and the crops and the fruits are
ours,
Bays and channels and ships sailing in and out are ours — while we
over all,
Over the area spread below, the three or four millions of square
miles, the capitals,
The forty millions of people, — O bard! in life and death supreme,
We, even we, henceforth flaunt out masterful, high up above,
Not for the present alone, for a thousand years chanting through you,
This song to the soul of one poor little child.

Child.

O my father, I like not the houses,
They will never to me be anything, nor do I like money,
But to mount up there I would like, O father dear, that banner I
like,
That pennant I would be and must be.

Father.

Child of mine, you fill me with anguish,
To be that pennant would be too fearful,
Little you know what it is this day, and after this day, forever,
It is to gain nothing, but risk and defy everything,

Forward to stand in front of wars — and O, such wars! — what have you to do with them?
With passions of demons, slaughter, premature death?

Banner.

Demons and death then I sing,
Put in all, aye all will I, sword-shaped pennant for war,
And a pleasure new and ecstatic, and the prattled yearning of children,
Blent with the sounds of the peaceful land and the liquid wash of the sea,
And the black ships fighting on the sea enveloped in smoke,
And the icy cool of the far, far north, with rustling cedars and pines,
And the whir of drums and the sound of soldiers marching, and the hot sun shining south,
And the beach waves combing over the beach on my Eastern shore, and my Western shore the same,
And all between those shores, and my ever-running Mississippi with bends and chutes,
And my Illinois fields, and my Kansas fields, and my fields of Missouri,
The Continent, devoting the whole identity without reserving an atom,
Pour in! whelm that which asks, which sings, with all and the yield of all,
Fusing and holding, claiming, devouring the whole,
No more with tender lip, nor musical labial sound,
But out of the night emerging for good, our voice persuasive no more,
Croaking like crows here in the wind.

Poet.

My limbs, my veins dilate, my theme is clear at last,
Banner so broad advancing out of the night, I sing you haughty and resolute,
I burst through where I waited long, too long, deafened and blinded,
My hearing and tongue are come to me, (a little child taught me,)
I hear from above, O pennant of war, your ironical call and demand,
Insensate! insensate! (yet I at any rate chant you,) O banner!
Not houses of peace indeed are you, nor any nor all their prosperity, (if need be, you shall again have every one of those houses to destroy them,
You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort, built with money,
May they stand fast, then? not an hour except you above them and all stand fast;)

O banner, not money so precious are you, not farm produce you, nor
the material good nutriment,
Nor excellent stores, nor landed on wharves from the ships,
Not the superb ships with sail power or steam power, fetching and
carrying cargoes,
Nor machinery, vehicles, trade, nor revenues — but you as henceforth
I see you,
Running up out of the night, bringing your cluster of stars, (ever-enlarging stars,)
Divider of daybreak you, cutting the air, touched by the sun, measuring the sky,
(Passionately seen and yearned for by one poor little child,
While others remain busy or smartly talking, forever teaching thrift,
thrift;)
O you up there! O pennant! where you undulate like a snake hissing so curious,
Out of reach, an idea only, yet furiously fought for, risking bloody
death, loved by me,
So loved — O you banner leading the day with stars brought from
the night!
Valueless, object of eyes, over all and demanding all — (absolute
owner of all) — O banner and pennant!
I too leave the rest — great as it is, it is nothing — houses, machines
are nothing — I see them not,
I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so broad, with stripes,
I sing you only,
Flapping up there in the wind.

* * *

WEBSTER ON THE COMPROMISES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

March 7, 1850.

[For biographical sketch, see Volume XV., page 7260.]

Mr. President, in the excited times in which we live, there is found to exist a state of crimination and recrimination between the north and the south. There are lists of grievances produced by each; and those grievances, real or supposed, alienate the minds of one portion of the country from the other, exasperate the feelings, and subdue the sense of fraternal connection, and patriotic love, and mutual regard. I shall bestow a little attention, sir, upon these various grievances, produced on the one side and on the other.

I begin with the complaints of the south: I will not answer, farther than I have, the general statements of the honorable senator from South Carolina, that the north has grown upon the south in consequence of the manner of administering this government, in the collecting of its revenues, and so forth. These are disputed topics, and I have no inclination to enter into them. But I will state these complaints, especially one complaint of the south, which has in my opinion just foundation; and that is, that there has been found at the north, among individuals and among legislatures of the north, a disinclination to perform, fully, their constitutional duties, in regard to the return of persons bound to service, who have escaped into the free states.

In that respect, it is my judgment that the south is right, and the north is wrong. Every member of every northern legislature is bound, by oath, like every other officer in the country, to support the constitution of the United States; and this article of the constitution, which says to these states, they shall deliver up fugitives from service, is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. No man fulfills his duty in any legislature who sets himself to find excuses, evasions, escapes from this constitutional obligation. I have always thought that the constitution addressed itself to the legislatures of the states themselves, or to the states themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other states shall be delivered up, and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the states themselves. When it is said that a person escaping into another state, and becoming therefore within the jurisdiction of that state, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the passage is that the state itself, in obedience to the constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up. That is my judgment. I have always entertained that opinion, and I entertain it now. But when the subject, some years ago, was before the supreme court of the United States, the majority of the judges held that the power to cause fugitives from service to be delivered up was a power to be exercised under the authority of this government. I do not know, on the whole, that it may not have been a fortunate decision. My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations, and the solemnity of judicial decisions.

But, as it now stands, the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up resides in the power of congress and the national judicature, and my friend at the head of the judiciary committee has a bill on the subject, now before the senate, with some amendments to it, which I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent. And I desire to call the attention of all sober-minded men, of all conscientious men, in the north, of all men who are not carried away by any fanatical idea, or by any false idea whatever, to their constitutional obligations. I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the north, as a question of morals and a question of conscience, What right have they, in all their legislative capacity, or any other, to endeavor to get round this constitution, to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the constitution, to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all — none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience, nor before the face of the constitution, are they justified, in my opinion. Of course, it is a matter for their consideration. They probably, in the turmoil of the times, have not stopped to consider of this; they have followed what seemed to be the current of thought and of motives as the occasion arose, and neglected to investigate fully the real question, and to consider their constitutional obligations, as I am sure, if they did consider, they would fulfill them with alacrity. Therefore, I repeat, sir, that here is a ground of complaint against the north, well founded, which ought to be removed — which it is now in the power of the different departments of this government to remove — which calls for the enactment of proper laws, authorizing the judicature of this government, in the several states, to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and for the restoration of them to those who claim them. Wherever I go, and whenever I speak on the subject — and when I speak here, I desire to speak to the whole north — I say that the south has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain; and the north has been too careless of what I think the constitution peremptorily and emphatically enjoins upon it as a duty.

Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the north, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this district, but sometimes recommending congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the states. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in congress, and, therefore, I should be unwilling to receive from the legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions, expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the states, for two reasons: because — first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it; and next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have anything to do with it. Sir, it has become, in my opinion, quite too common; and if the legislatures of the states do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down, than I have to uphold it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the state legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us here on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape.

I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject made the other day in the senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and character, from whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts as to what their members of congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master, all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common — a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question, and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter of interest pending in this body, while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own, not adverse to the general interest of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time affects the interests of all other states, I shall no more regard her political wishes or instructions than I would regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right, and who might *instruct* me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government; if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all, appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all, sitting here under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think is best for the good of the whole.

Then, sir, there are those abolition societies, of which I am unwilling to speak, but in regard to which I have very clear notions and opinions. I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable. At the same time, I know thousands of them are honest and good men; perfectly well-meaning men. They have excited feelings; they think they must do something for the cause of liberty; and in their sphere of action, they do not see what else they can do, than to contribute to an abolition press, or an abolition society, or to pay an abolition lecturer. I do not mean to impute gross motives even to the leaders of these societies, but I am not blind to the consequences. I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the south has produced. And is it not plain to every man? Let any gentleman who doubts of that, recur to the debates in the Virginia house of delegates in 1832, and he will see with what freedom a proposition, made by Mr. Randolph, for the gradual abolition of slavery, was discussed in that body. Every one spoke of slavery as he thought; very ignominious and disparaging names and epithets were applied to it. The debates in the house of delegates on that occasion, I believe, were all published. They were read by every colored man who could read, and if there were any who could not read, those debates were read to them by others. At that time Virginia was not unwilling nor afraid to discuss this question, and to let that part of her population know as much of it as they could learn. That was in 1832.

As has been said by the honorable member from Carolina, these abolition societies commenced their course of action in 1835. It is said — I do not know how true it may be — that they sent incendiary publications into the slave states; at any event, they attempted to arouse, and did arouse, a very strong feeling; in other words, they created great agitation in the north against southern slavery. Well, what was the result?

The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before; their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle. I wish to know whether anybody in Virginia can, now, talk as Mr. Randolph, Governor McDowell, and others talked there, openly, and sent their remarks to the press, in 1832. We all know the fact, and we all know the cause, and everything that this agitating people have done has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster, the slave population of the south. That is my judgment.

Sir, as I have said, I know many abolitionists in my own neighborhood, very honest, good people, misled, as I think, by strange enthusiasm; but they wish to do something, and they are called on to contribute, and they do contribute; and it is my firm opinion this day, that within the last twenty years as much money has been collected and paid to the abolition societies, abolition presses, and abolition lecturers as would purchase the freedom of every slave, man, woman, and child, in the state of Maryland, and send them all to Liberia. I have no doubt of it. But I have yet to learn that the benevolence of these political societies has at any time taken that particular turn.

Again, sir, the violence of the press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the north against the south, and there are reproaches in not much better taste in the south against the north. Sir, the extremists of both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest, reasons the best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here — and I trust always will be — for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government, on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists, there will be foolish paragraphs, and violent paragraphs, in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both houses of congress. In truth, sir, I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted, by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for our debates in congress to vitiate the principles of the people as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out, "God save the republic."

Well, in all this I see no solid grievance — no grievance presented by the south, within the redress of the government, but the single one to which I have referred; and that is, the want of a proper regard to the injunction of the constitution, for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

There are also complaints of the north against the south. I need not go over them particularly. The first and gravest is that the north adopted the constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery in the states, and recognizing the right, to a certain extent, of representation of the slaves in congress, under a state of sentiment and expectation which do not now exist; and that, by events, by circumstances, by the eagerness of the south to acquire territory, and extend their slave population, the north finds itself, in regard to the influence of the south and the north, of the free states and the slave states, where it never did expect to find itself when they entered the compact of the constitution. They complain, therefore, that, instead of slavery being regarded as an evil, as it was then, an evil which all hoped would be extinguished gradually, it is now regarded by the south as an institution to be cherished, and preserved, and extended — an institution which the south has already extended to the utmost of her power by the acquisition of new territory. Well, then, passing from that, everybody in the north reads; and everybody reads whatsoever the newspapers contain; and the newspapers, some of them — especially those presses to which I have alluded — are careful to spread about among the people every reproachful sentiment uttered by any southern man bearing at all against the north — everything that is calculated to exasperate, to alienate; and there are many such things, as everybody will admit, from the south, or some portion of it, which are spread abroad among the reading people; and they do exasperate, and alienate, and produce a most mischievous effect upon the public mind at the north.

Sir, I would not notice things of this sort appearing in obscure quarters; but one thing has occurred in this debate which struck me very forcibly. An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more slow to give offense to anybody, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offense. But what did he say? Why, sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the south and the laboring people of the north, giving the preference in all points of condition, and comfort, and happiness to the slaves of the south. The honorable member, doubtless, did not suppose that he gave any offense, or did any injustice. He was merely expressing his opinion. But does he know how remarks of that sort will be received by the laboring people of the north? Why, who are the laboring people of the north? They are the north. They are the people who cultivate their own farms with their own hands — freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the north is in the hands of the laborers of the north; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence; if they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds; and small capitalists are created. That is the case, and such the course of things, with us, among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the south are more in conformity with the high purposes and destinies of immortal, rational, human beings, than the educated, the independent free laborers of the north?

There is a more tangible and irritating cause of grievance at the north. Free blacks are constantly employed in the vessels of the north, generally as cooks or stewards. When the vessel arrives, these free colored men are taken on shore, by the police or municipal authority, imprisoned, and kept in prison, till the vessel is again ready to sail. This is not only irritating, but exceedingly inconvenient in practice, and seems altogether unjustifiable and oppressive. Mr. Hoar's mission, some time ago, to South Carolina was a well-intended effort to remove this cause of complaint. The north thinks such imprisonment illegal and unconstitutional; as the cases occur constantly and frequently, they think it a great grievance.

Now, sir, so far as any of these grievances have their foundation in matters of law, they can be redressed, and ought to be redressed; and so far as they have foundation in matters of opinion, in sentiment, in mutual crimination and recrimination, all that we can do is to endeavor to allay the agitation, and cultivate a better feeling and more fraternal sentiments between the south and the north.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union should never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion that in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with pain, and anguish, and distress, the word secession, especially when it falls from the lips of those who are eminently patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish — I beg everybody's pardon — as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these states, now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live here — covering this whole country — is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun — disappear almost unobserved, and die off? No, sir! no, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the states; but, sir, I see it as plainly as I see the sun in heaven — I see that disruption must produce such a war as I will not describe, in its twofold characters.

Peaceable secession! peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What states are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? — an American no longer? Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors — our fathers, and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us with prolonged lives — would rebuke and reproach us; and our children, and our grandchildren, would cry out, Shame upon us! if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government, and the harmony of the Union, which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty states to defend itself? I know, although the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be a southern confederacy. I do not mean, when I allude to this statement, that any one seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere, that that idea has originated in a design to separate. I am sorry, sir, that it has ever been thought of, talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination. But the idea must be of a separation, including the slave states upon one side, and the free states on the other. Sir, there is not — I may express myself too strongly, perhaps — but some things, some moral things, are almost as impossible as other natural or physical things; and I hold the idea of a separation of these states — those that are free to form one government, and those that are slaveholding to form another — as a moral impossibility. We could not separate the states by any such line, if we were to draw it. We could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation, that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break, if we would, and which we should not if we could.

Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment — nobody can see where its population is most dense and growing — without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that, erelong, America will be in the valley of the Mississippi.

Well, now, sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting off that river, and leaving free states at its source and its branches, and slave states down near its mouth? Pray, sir — pray, sir, let me say to the people of this country that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free states north of the river Ohio: can anybody suppose that this population can be severed by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What will become of Missouri? Will she join the arrondissement of the slave states? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected in the new republic with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it — I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great government! to dismember this great country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government! No, sir! no, sir! There will be no secession. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

Sir, I hear there is to be a convention held at Nashville. I am bound to believe that if worthy gentlemen meet at Nashville in convention, their object will be to adopt counsels conciliatory — to advise the south to forbearance and moderation, and to advise the north to forbearance and moderation, and to inculcate principles of brotherly love, and affection, and attachment to the constitution of the country, as it now is. I believe, if the convention meet at all, it will be for this purpose; for certainly, if they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, sir, that when the treaty was concluded between France and England, at the peace of Amiens, a stern old Englishman and an orator, who disliked the terms of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the house of commons that if King William could know the terms of that treaty, he would turn in his coffin. Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham, in all its emphasis, and in all its force, to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of the Union of this country, over the bones of Andrew Jackson.

Sir, I wish to make two remarks, and hasten to a conclusion. I wish to say, in regard to Texas, that if it should be hereafter at any time the pleasure of the government of Texas to cede to the United States a portion, larger or smaller, of her territory which lies adjacent to New Mexico and north of the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude, to be formed into free states, for a fair equivalent in money, or in the payment of her debt, I think it an object well worthy the consideration of congress, and I shall be happy to concur in it myself, if I should be in the public counsels of the country at the time.

I have another remark to make: In my observations upon slavery as it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or melioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose on that subject, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to consider it, that if any gentleman from the south shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, sir, following an example set here more than twenty years ago, by a great man, then a senator from New York, I would return to Virginia, and through her for the benefit of the whole south, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to this government, for any such purpose as to relieve, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with the free colored population of the southern states. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands ceded by Virginia. If the residue should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the south see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, they have my free consent that the government shall pay them any sum of money out of its proceeds which may be adequate to the purpose.

And now, Mr. President, I draw these observations to a close. I have spoken freely, and I meant to do so. I have sought to make no display; I have sought to enliven the occasion by no animated discussion; nor have I attempted any train of elaborate argument. I have sought only to speak my sentiments, fully and at large, being desirous, once and for all, to let the senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects. These opinions are not likely to be suddenly changed. If there be any future service that I can render to the country, consistently with these sentiments and opinions, I shall cheerfully render it. If there be not, I shall still be glad to have an opportunity to disburden my conscience from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve, on any generation of men, higher trusts than now devolve upon us for the preservation of this constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest, and the brightest link, in that golden chain which is destined, I fully believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this constitution, for ages to come. It is a great popular constitutional government, guarded by legislation, by law, by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these states together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government, popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and calculated, we hope, to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no state. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. It has received a vast addition of territory. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles —

Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned,
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

TOM'S EFFRONTERY.[1]

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

(From "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.")

[George Macdonald: a Scottish author; born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824. He was educated at King's College and the University of Aberdeen, and became an Independent minister. He later removed to London and adopted a literary career. His writings are voluminous and consist chiefly of novels. They include: "Poems and Essays" (1851), "David Elginbrod" (1863), "Alec Forbes of How Glen" (1865), "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" (1867), "The Seaboard Parish" (1868), "Ronald Bannerman's Boyhood" (1875), "Malcolm" (1875), "The Marquis of Lossie" (1877), "Castle Warlock" (1882), "What's Mine's Mine" (1886), "The Elect Lady" (1888), "There and Back" (1891), "Heather and Snow" (1893), "Lilith" (1895), "The Lost Princess" (1895), and "Salted with Fire" (1897).]

As soon as my wife and I had settled down at home, and I had begun to arrange my work again, it came to my mind that for a long time I had been doing very little for Tom Weir. I could not blame myself much for this, and I was pretty sure neither he nor his father blamed me at all; but I now saw that it was time we should recommence something definite in the way of study. When he came to my house the next morning, and I proceeded to acquaint myself with what he had been doing, I found to my great pleasure that he had made very considerable progress both in Latin and Mathematics, and I resolved that I would now push him a little. I found this only brought out his mettle; and his progress, as it seemed to me, was extraordinary. Nor was this all. There were such growing signs of goodness in addition to the uprightness which had first led to our acquaintance, that although I carefully abstained from making the suggestion to him, I was more than pleased when I discovered, from some remark he made, that he would gladly give himself to the service of the Church. At the same time I felt compelled to be the more cautious in anything I said, from the fact that the prospect of the social elevation which would be involved in the change might be a temptation to him, as no doubt it has been to many a man of humble birth. However, as I continued to observe him closely, my conviction was deepened that he was rarely fitted for ministering to his fellows; and soon it came to speech between his father and me

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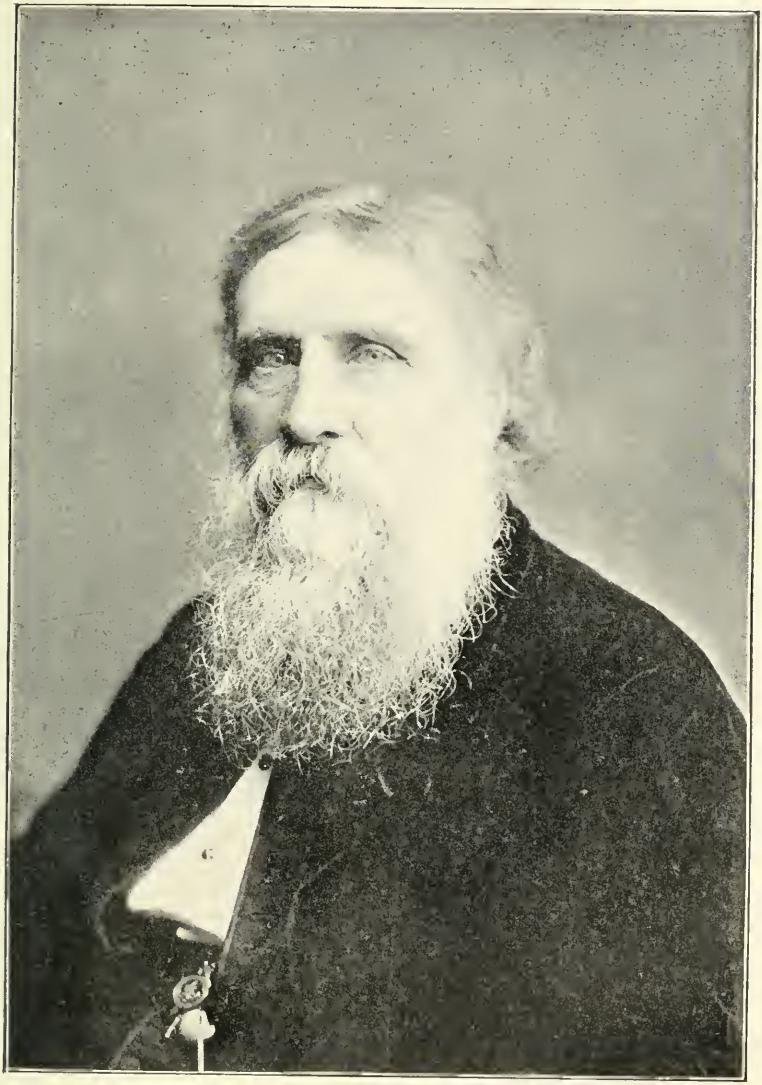

GEORGE MACDONALD

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

when I found that Thomas, so far from being unfavorably inclined to the proposal, was prepared to spend the few savings of his careful life upon his education. To this, however, I could not listen, because there was his daughter Mary, who was very delicate, and his grandchild, too, for whom he ought to make what little provision he could. I therefore took the matter in my own hands, and by means of a judicious combination of experience and what money I could spare, I managed at less expense than most parents suppose to be unavoidable, to maintain my young friend at Oxford till such time as he gained a fellowship. I felt justified in doing so in part from the fact that some day or other Mrs. Walton would inherit the Oldcastle property, as well as come into possession of certain moneys of her own, now in the trust of her mother and two gentlemen in London, which would be nearly sufficient to free the estate from incumbrance, although she could not touch it as long as her mother lived and chose to refuse her the use of it, at least without a lawsuit, with which neither of us was inclined to have anything to do. But I did not lose a penny by the affair. For of the very first money Tom received after he had got his fellowship, he brought the half to me, and continued to do so until he had repaid me every shilling I had spent upon him. As soon as he was in deacon's orders, he came to assist me for a while as curate, and I found him a great help and comfort. He occupied the large room over his father's shop, which had been his grandfather's: he had been dead for some years.

I was now engaged on a work which I had been contemplating for a long time, upon the development of the love of Nature as shown in the earlier literature of the Jews and Greeks, through that of the Romans, Italians, and other nations, with the Anglo-Saxon for a fresh starting point, into its latest forms in Gray, Thomson, Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson; and Tom supplied me with much of the time which I bestowed upon this object, and I was really grateful to him. But, in looking back and trying to account to myself for the snare into which I fell, I see plainly enough that I thought too much of what I had done for Tom, and too little of the honor God had done me in allowing me to help Tom. I took the high-dais throne over him, not consciously, I believe, but still with a contemptible condescension, not of manner but of heart, so delicately refined by the innate sophistry of my selfishness, that the better nature in me called it only fatherly friendship, and did not recognize it as that abominable thing so favored of all those that especially worship themselves. But I abuse my fault instead of confessing it.

One evening a gentle tap came to my door and Tom entered. He looked pale and anxious, and there was an uncertainty about his motions which I could not understand.

"What is the matter, Tom?" I asked.

"I wanted to say something to you, sir," answered Tom.

"Say on," I returned cheerily.

"It is not so easy to say, sir," rejoined Tom, with a faint smile. "Miss Walton, sir ——"

"Well, what of her? There's nothing happened to her? She was here a few minutes ago — though, now I think of it ——"

Here a suspicion of the truth flashed on me, and struck me dumb. I am now covered with shame to think how, when the thing approached myself on that side, it swept away for the moment all my fine theories about the equality of men in Christ their Head. How could Tom Weir, whose father was a joiner, who had been a lad in a London shop himself, dare to propose marrying my sister? Instead of thinking of what he really was, my regard rested upon this and that stage through which he had passed to reach his present condition. In fact, I regarded him rather as of my making than of God's.

Perhaps it might do something to modify the scorn of all classes for those beneath them to consider that, by regarding others thus, they justify those above them in looking down upon them in their turn. In London shops, I am credibly informed, the young women who serve in the showrooms, or behind the counters, are called *ladies*, and talk of the girls who make up the articles for sale as *persons*. To the learned professions, however, the distinction between the shopwomen and milliners is, from their superior height, unrecognizable; while doctors and lawyers are again, I doubt not, massed by countesses and other blue-blooded realities, with the literary lions who roar at *soirées* and kettledrums, or even with chiropodists and violin players! But I am growing scornful at scorn, and forget that I too have been scornful. Brothers, sisters, all good men and true women, let the Master seat us where He will. Until He says, "Come up higher," let us sit at the foot of the board, or stand behind, honored in waiting upon His guests.

All that kind of thing is worth nothing in the kingdom; and nothing will be remembered of us but the Master's judgment.

I have known a good church woman who would be sweet as a sister to the abject poor, but offensively condescending to a shopkeeper or a dissenter, exactly as if he was a Pariah, and she a Brahmin. I have known good people who were noble and generous towards their so-called inferiors and full of the rights of the race — until it touched their own family, and just no longer. Yea, I, who had talked like this for years, at once, when Tom Weir wanted to marry my sister, lost my faith in the broad lines of human distinction, judged according to appearances in which I did not even believe, and judged not righteous judgment.

"For," reasoned the world in me, "is it not too bad to drag your wife in for such an alliance? Has she not lowered herself enough already? Has she not married far below her accredited position in society? Will she not feel injured by your family if she see it capable of forming such a connection?"

What answer I returned to Tom I hardly know. I remember that the poor fellow's face fell, and that he murmured something which I did not heed. And then I found myself walking in the garden under the great cedar, having stepped out of the window almost unconsciously, and left Tom standing there alone. It was very good of him ever to forgive me.

Wandering about in the garden, my wife saw me from her window, and met me as I turned a corner in the shrubbery.

And now I am going to have my revenge upon her in a way she does not expect, for making me tell the story: I will tell her share in it.

"What is the matter with you, Henry?" she asked.

"Oh, not much," I answered. "Only that Weir has been making me rather uncomfortable."

"What has he been doing?" she inquired in some alarm. "It is not possible he has done anything wrong."

My wife trusted him as much as I did.

"No—o—o," I answered. "Not anything exactly wrong."

"It must be very nearly wrong, Henry, to make you look so miserable."

I began to feel ashamed and more uncomfortable.

"He has been falling in love with Martha," I said, "and when I put one thing to another, I fear he may have made her fall in love with him, too." My wife laughed merrily.

"What a wicked curate!"

"Well, but you know it is not exactly agreeable."

"Why?"

"You know why well enough."

"At least, I am not going to take it for granted. Is he not a good man?"

"Yes."

"Is he not a well-educated man?"

"As well as myself — for his years."

"Is he not clever?"

"One of the cleverest fellows I ever met."

"Is he not a gentleman?"

"I have not a fault to find with his manners."

"Nor with his habits?" my wife went on.

"No."

"Nor with his ways of thinking?"

"No. — But, Ethelwyn, you know what I mean quite well. His family, you know."

"Well, is his father not a respectable man?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Thoroughly respectable."

"He wouldn't borrow money of his tailor instead of paying for his clothes, would he?"

"Certainly not."

"And if he were to die to-day, he would carry no debts to heaven with him?"

"I believe not."

"Does he bear false witness against his neighbor?"

"No. He scorns a lie as much as any man I ever knew."

"Which of the commandments is it in particular that he breaks, then?"

"None that I know of; excepting that no one can keep them yet that is only human. He tries to keep every one of them, I do believe."

"Well, I think Tom very fortunate in having such a father. I wish my mother had been as good."

"That is all true, and yet ——"

"And yet, suppose a young man you liked had had a fashionable father who had ruined half a score of tradespeople by his extravagance — would you object to him because of his family?"

"Perhaps not."

"Then, with you, position outweighs honesty — in fathers, at least."

To this I was not ready with an answer, and my wife went on.

"It might be reasonable if you did though, from fear lest he should turn out like his father. — But do you know why I would not accept your offer of taking my name when I should succeed to the property?"

"You said you liked mine better," I answered.

"So I did. But I did not tell you that I was ashamed that my good husband should take a name which for centuries had been borne by hard-hearted, worldly-minded people, who, to speak the truth of my ancestors to my husband, were neither gentle, nor honest, nor high-minded."

"Still, Ethelwyn, you know there is something in it, though it is not so easy to say what. And you avoid that. I suppose Martha has been talking you over to her side."

"Harry," my wife said, with a shade of solemnity, "I am almost ashamed of you for the first time. And I will punish you by telling you the truth. Do you think I had nothing of that sort to get over when I began to find that I was thinking a little more about you than was quite convenient under the circumstances? Your manners, dear Harry, though irreproachable, just had not the tone that I had been accustomed to. There was a diffidence about you also that did not at first advance you in my regard."

"Yes, yes," I answered, a little piqued, "I dare say. I have no doubt you thought me a boor."

"Dear Harry!"

"I beg your pardon, wifie. I know you didn't. But it is quite bad enough to have brought you down to my level, without sinking you still lower."

"Now there you are wrong, Harry. And that is what I want to show you. I found that my love to you would not be satisfied with making an exception in your favor. I must see what force there really was in the notions I had been bred in."

"Ah!" I said, "I see. You looked for a principle in what you had thought was an exception."

"Yes," returned my wife; "and I soon found one. And the next step was to throw away all false judgment in regard to such things. And so I can see more clearly than you into the right of the matter. — Would you hesitate a moment between Tom Weir and the dissolute son of an earl, Harry?"

"You know I would not."

"Well, just carry out the considerations that suggests, and you will find that where there is everything personally noble, pure, simple, and good, the lowliness of a man's birth is but an added honor to him; for it shows that his nobility is altogether from within him, and therefore is his own. It cannot then have been put on him by education or imitation, as many men's manners are, who wear their good breeding like their fine clothes, or as the Pharisee his prayers, to be seen of men."

"But his sister?"

"Harry, Harry! You were preaching last Sunday about the way God thinks of things. And you said that was the only true way of thinking about them. Would the Mary that poured the ointment on Jesus' head have refused to marry a good man because he was the brother of that Mary who poured it on His feet? Have you thought what God would think of Tom for a husband to Martha?"

I did not answer, for conscience had begun to speak. When I lifted my eyes from the ground, thinking Ethelwyn stood beside me, she was gone. I felt as if she were dead, to punish me for my pride. But still I could not get over it, though I was ashamed to follow and find her. I went and got my hat instead, and strolled out.

What was it that drew me towards Thomas Weir's shop? I think it must have been incipient repentance — a feeling that I had wronged the man. But just as I turned the corner, and the smell of the wood reached me, the picture so often associated in my mind with such a scene of human labor rose before me. I saw the Lord of Life bending over His bench, fashioning some lowly utensils for some housewife of Nazareth. And He would receive payment for it too; for He at least could see no disgrace in the order of things that His Father had appointed. It is the vulgar mind that looks down on the earning and worships the inheriting of money. How infinitely more poetic is the belief that our Lord did His work like any other honest man, than that straining after His glorification in the early centuries of the Church by the invention of fables even to the disgrace of His father! They say that Joseph was a bad carpenter, and our Lord had to work miracles to set the things right which he had made wrong! To such a class of mind as invented these fables do those belong who think they honor our Lord when they judge anything human too common or too unclean for Him to have done.

And the thought sprang up at once in my mind — "If I ever see our Lord face to face, how shall I feel if He says to me: 'Didst thou do well to murmur that thy sister espoused a certain man for that in his youth he had earned his bread as I earned mine? Where was then thy right to say unto me, Lord, Lord?'"

I hurried into the workshop.

"Has Tom told you about it?" I said.

"Yes, sir. And I told him to mind what he was about; for he was not a gentleman, and you was, sir."

"I hope I am. And Tom is as much a gentleman as I have any claim to be."

Thomas Weir held out his hand.

"Now, sir, I do believe you mean in my shop what you say in your pulpit; and there is *one* Christian in the world at least. — But what will your good lady say? She's higher born than you — no offense, sir."

"Ah, Thomas, you shame me. I am not so good as you think me. It was my wife that brought me to reason about it."

"God bless her."

"Amen. I'm going to find Tom."

At the same moment Tom entered the shop, with a very melancholy face. He started when he saw me, and looked confused.

"Tom, my boy," I said, "I behaved very badly to you. I am sorry for it. Come back with me, and have a walk with my sister. I don't think she'll be sorry to see you."

His face brightened up at once, and we left the shop together. Evidently with a great effort Tom was the first to speak.

"I know, sir, how many difficulties my presumption must put you in."

"Not another word about it, Tom. You are blameless. I wish I were. If we only act as God would have us, other considerations may look after themselves — or, rather, He will look after them. The world will never be right till the mind of God is the measure of things, and the will of God the law of things. In the kingdom of heaven nothing else is acknowledged. And till that kingdom come, the mind and will of

God must, with those that look for that kingdom, override every other way of thinking, feeling, and judging. I see it more plainly than ever I did. Take my sister, in God's name, Tom, and be good to her."

Tom went to find Martha, and I to find Ethelwyn.

"It is all right," I said, "even to the shame I feel at having needed your reproof."

"Don't think of that. God gives us all time to come to our right minds, you know," answered my wife.

"But how did you get on so far ahead of me, wifie?"

Ethelwyn laughed.

"Why," she said, "I only told you back again what you have been telling me for the last seven or eight years."

So to me the message had come first, but my wife had answered first with the deed.

And now I have had my revenge on her.

Next to her and my children, Tom has been my greatest comfort for many years. He is still my curate, and I do not think we shall part till death part us for a time. My sister is worth twice what she was before, though they have no children. We have many, and they have taught me much.

Thomas Weir is now too old to work any longer. He occupies his father's chair in the large room of the old house. The workshop I have had turned into a schoolroom, of the external condition of which his daughter takes good care, while a great part of her brother Tom's time is devoted to the children; for he and I agree that, where it can be done, the pastoral care ought to be at least equally divided between the sheep and the lambs. For the sooner the children are brought under right influences, — I do not mean a great deal of religious speech, but the right influences of truth and honesty, and an evident regard to what God wants of us, — not only are they the more easily wrought upon, but the sooner do they recognize those influences as right and good. And while Tom quite agrees with me that there must not be much talk about religion, he thinks that there must be just the more acting upon religion; and that if it be everywhere at hand in all things taught and done, it will be ready to show itself to every one who looks for it. And besides that action is more powerful than speech in the inculcation of religion, Tom says there is no such corrective of sectarianism of every kind as the repression of speech and the encouragement of action.

Besides being a great help to me and everybody else almost in Marshmallows, Tom has distinguished himself in the literary world; and when I read his books I am yet prouder of my brother-in-law. I am only afraid that Martha is not good enough for him. But she certainly improves, as I have said already.

THE JEWELED DRINKING CUP.

By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

[1825–.]

The sky is a drinking cup
  That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
  Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
  Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
  By the jewels in the cup!

ELIZABETH.[1]

By MARGARET DELAND.

[Margaretta Wade (Campbell) Deland, better known as Margaret Deland: An American novelist; born at Allegheny, Pa., February 23, 1857. She was educated at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N.Y., afterward taking a course in art at the Cooper Institute. She taught industrial art in the Normal College of the city of New York for some years, and in 1880 was married to Lorin F. Deland of Boston. After her removal to that city, she devoted much time to literary work. She has published: "An Old Garden, and Other Verses" (1886); "John Ward, Preacher" (1888), which passed through six editions within five months; "Florida Days" (1889); "Sidney" (1889); "The Story of a Child" (1892); "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories" (1893); "Philip and his Wife" (1894); and "The Wisdom of Fools" (1897).]

I.

Mr. Thomas Sayre had a very disagreeable moment when he learned that his mother had chosen to rent to an artist the top floor of her old house in Bulfinch Court.

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"You had no business to let her do such a thing, without first telling me," he said sharply to his sister. "Mother only had to speak, and I'd have given her all the money she wanted."

"But mother never would speak, you know, Tom," Elizabeth Sayre answered gently; "and it scarcely seemed necessary, either, for you knew exactly how much her income was lessened when the bank failed."

"Well, suppose I did? I didn't think — I mean, I didn't realize ——" He paused. His sister did not reply, but her silence was significant. "You ought to have reminded me," he ended sullenly.

And indeed there was some excuse for his annoyance. He had come home on his first visit, after an absence of several years abroad, bringing with him his pretty daughter Fanny, and anxious to give his mother some of the overflowing satisfaction of his own life; and, as he told his wife afterward, "this lodger, this artist fellow, met me in the hall, and was going to do the honors of the house! A lodger showing me into my own home, if you please! Mother had not had my dispatch, and so was not looking for me."

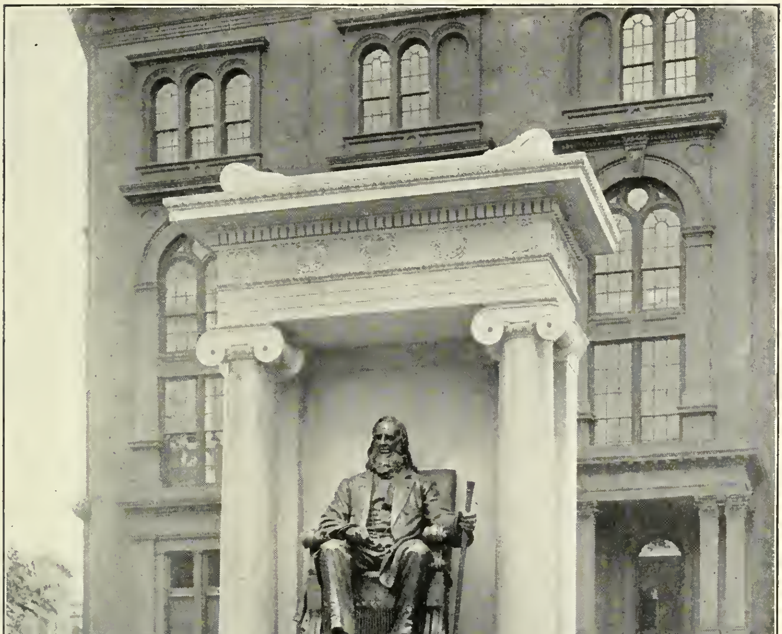
He had scarcely waited for his mother's kiss before he asked the meaning of the stranger's presence; and then he stored up the vials of his wrath, to pour them upon his sister's head, when, later in the evening, they should be alone.

"Well," he said, after an uncomfortable pause, "it's lucky I'm here now and can put a stop to it. How long has it been going on?"

"Mr. Hamilton has been here four years ——"

"He wouldn't be here four minutes," Mr. Sayre interposed viciously, "if I could have my way. But I suppose I can't turn him out without some notice. Well, I'll arrange it. I'll see him the first thing in the morning. Oh, I'll be civil to him, Lizzie; you needn't be worried. Really, I don't blame the man; I blame *you*. My mother's house turned into a lodging house — it's outrageous to think that neither you nor aunt Susan wrote me about it!"

He glanced around the room with indignant pride. The suggestion of a lodger did seem out of place. And yet, could Mr. Sayre have known it, the greater number of the houses on Bulfinch Court had gradually fallen to such cheap ends. They kept their dignity, however, in spite of their changed fortunes; and they had that air of accommodating themselves to circum-


ERECTED BY THE
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THE COOPER INSTITUTE AND MONUMENT, NEW YORK

stances with calm indifference, which is as characteristic of houses with a past as it is of people. Possibly these old residences not only endured, but were even a trifle amused at the changing human life which came and went through their wide halls, and below the carved white lintels of the front doors.

Admiral Bent's house, just opposite the Sayres', sheltered dapper young clerks now in its hall bedrooms ; there were dressmakers on the ground floor, and some teachers two flights up. In the admiral's time, the manners and people were different, but possibly not so interesting. A little further down on that side of the Court was a house once made reverend by the name of "parsonage." When the clergyman died, his heirs let it to a pretty widow with two flaxen-haired children and a dog ; and now the two or three old families left in the Court looked at the house doubtfully, and said they wished they knew something about the inmates ; but none of them took the trouble to learn anything about them by calling. The heirs, however, found that in spite of rumors, the rent was paid promptly, so they had no reason to complain. The whole neighborhood had run down. Mr. Thomas Sayre pointed that out to his father a dozen years ago, but old Mr. Sayre shook his white head.

"Your mother doesn't find fault," he said.

Nor did she. Her husband found his happiness here ; he loved every brick in the house, every tree on the sidewalk ; the whole Court was full of small landmarks of association with his past ; so, as he said, his wife found no fault, — for his happiness was hers ; the quiet of the forsaken old Court was a trial to her cheerful heart, and she did resent the behavior of the children who came up out of the alley to play in the plot of grass in the middle of the square ; they dropped orange skins about, and stared rudely at the occasional passer-by, or followed in solemn and ecstatic procession the ubiquitous organ grinder in his daily tour up one side of the Court and down the other. But William loved it all, and so, she said to herself, "it was of no consequence." Afterward, when William had been taken away from her, all these small annoyances grew to have a certain beauty of their own ; a deep and tender sacredness, about which she spoke to her daughter, and her husband's sister, Susan, with the simplicity of a child ; — a characteristic which neither of her listeners shared, and scarcely understood.

Her son understood her better ; yet even he did not see that, with all the frankness of a sweet old age, she would hesitate to tell him that it had become necessary to take a lodger at No. 16. A mother often feels that a child should have the intuitive knowledge which belongs to a parent, and it seemed to Mrs. Sayre, although she did not put it into words even to herself, that Thomas, if he stopped to think, would be aware of her needs; but of course, being his mother, she found immediate excuse that he did not stop to think. She had been careful, during the four years that Mr. Hamilton had been an inmate of her house, to avoid mentioning his name in her letters to her son; so now, on this, his first visit home, as he walked up and down the sitting room, scolding his sister to express his self-reproach, Mr. Thomas Sayre had many things to learn.

"Yes, it's outrageous, Lizzie, that neither you nor aunt Susan wrote to me about it," he repeated crossly. "But I'll put an end to it, now I've found it out for myself. I'll give the fellow notice to-morrow!"

Elizabeth Sayre's face hardened. It was a delicate face, and fine; with sensitive lips, and brown, calm eyes shining from under dark brows; the straight, dark hair was parted in the middle, over a tranquil forehead, and then brushed smoothly down behind her ears; it was a face in which sweetness was hidden by determination, but the sweetness was there.

"No," she said quietly. "Mr. Hamilton will remain here as long as he wishes. Mother would be very sorry to have him go."

Her brother, his hands in his pockets, turned and looked at her.

"Ah?" he said. The significance in his tone was unmistakable. Elizabeth flushed like a rose, but she looked at him with clear, direct eyes.

"*I* should be sorry to have him go, too. He is a very unhappy and lonely man, and if we can cheer him, and make his life brighter, we are glad to do it."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He has lost his wife."

"Oh!" Mr. Sayre said blankly, but with a little irritation as well. He was mistaken, then; Lizzie was not "interested." "Well, I can't help that," he said. "Widower or not, you can't expect me to let my mother come down to taking lodgers while I have plenty of money."

"I should not have expected it."

Thomas Sayre flushed angrily. "Well, you've no right to reproach me: you should have told me about it. As for this artist fellow, I suppose his wife died here, and mother had all the annoyance of that?"

"No, she did not die here," his sister answered briefly; "it was before he came here."

"But he's been here four years!" cried Mr. Sayre. Elizabeth looked at him with a puzzled frown. "I mean, you said he was all broken up by his wife's death?"

"Well?"

"And she died four years ago!" He put his head back and laughed.

"Five years ago," she corrected him; "it was a year before he came here."

"Five years?" He chuckled and slapped his thigh. "My dear Lizzie, you are a great goose. I don't mean to imply that Mr. Hamilton did not regret his wife properly, and all that sort of thing; but a man doesn't sit in dust and ashes for five years, you know. It's absurd to pretend he does, and give him house room as an expression of sympathy."

"You don't know Mr. Hamilton," Elizabeth said. "Dust and ashes may not be your idea of bereaved Love, Tom, but it is some people's; and perhaps if you had known his wife, even you might understand a grief lasting five years. She was a very lovely woman."

"He has been comforted, though, since he has been here, has he?" Mr. Sayre observed. "'Even I' can understand that."

He had begun to be good-natured, as he found himself amused, but his sister turned upon him.

"No; and he never will be comforted! He will never care for any one else. Oh, how contemptible you are, Tom, how ——" The indignant tears sprang to her eyes; "Good night," she said. "I think we won't talk any longer. Of course he stays here. He leases the rooms by the year. I'll — I'll go upstairs now. Oh, *Tom!*"

She left him without trusting herself to look at him. Mr. Sayre sat down, threw one leg over the arm of his chair, and whistled.

II.

No. 16 Bulfinch Court was on the corner where Diamond Alley came over from the thoroughfare beyond to connect it with the world. The house had been painted white once, but was a dingy drab now; the windows, set deep in the brick walls, had wide sills, upon which Mrs. Sayre kept her flower pots and knitting basket, or where she could rest her book and her after-dinner cup of tea, with that happy disregard of order which tried the delicate precision of her daughter. There was a small yard in front of the house, inclosed by a high iron fence that looked like a row of black pikes, rusted here and there, or gray with matted cobwebs, and spotted with little white cocoons. The earth was hard and bare, except for a skim of green mold and occasional thin, wiry blades of grass; the continual shadow of a great ailantus tree which stood in one corner kept the yard faintly damp even in the hottest weather, and there was always the heavy scent of the strange blossoms, or else of the fallen leaves. Elizabeth tried to keep some pansies alive here in the summer, but they languished for want of sunshine.

On this still, hot August afternoon, the young woman looked as languid as her dark flowers. Her talk with her brother, the night before, and her shame that she had lost her temper, had been a pain that still showed itself in her face. Mr. Sayre's indifference, too, to her repentance (for in the morning, when she asked his pardon, he only laughed, and said: "Bless you, Lizzie, dear, that's all right. I was a bear; the fellow shall stay, if you think it wouldn't be the square thing to turn him out"), — such indifference had pinched and chilled her, as a burly north wind might shut a flower. She knew intuitively that his change of purpose had something to do with that hint of Mr. Hamilton's being "comforted," which had so wounded her the night before in its slight to Love and Grief. Still, she felt the recoil of her own sharp words to her brother, as one unused to firearms feels the recoil of a shot, and her face betrayed the pain of self-reproach.

Thomas Sayre was out; he had taken his pretty Fanny and gone to make some calls on old friends, and now his mother was letting the moments of waiting for his return melt into a pleasant dream of her good son, her dear boy. The windows were open, and the noises of the alley came in. Elizabeth was moving about in the dusk, laying the table for tea. It was too hot for lights, and Mrs. Sayre had put down her sewing and was sitting by the window, her active old hands folded in her lap. Once or twice she glanced at her daughter. Elizabeth's unfailing precision made this task of setting the table every evening a long one. Mrs. Sayre lifted her hands at last with good-natured impatience.

"My dear, when you have a husband and children, you will really have to move about a little quicker. Dear me! when I was your age, I could have set ten tables in the time you've taken to set one!"

Elizabeth started, and blushed faintly.

"I didn't know you were in any hurry, mother dear," she said; and as she tried to make haste, one of the plates slipped through her fingers, striking another with that suspicious sound which tells of a nicked edge.

Mrs. Sayre looked away, and tapped her fingers on the window sill.

"Oh, I am afraid I have chipped the willow plate!" Elizabeth said, with the sensitive quiver in her voice which always went to her mother's heart.

"Never mind, dearie," she reassured her; "it's no matter."

Elizabeth sighed, and even frowned a little in the darkness; her mother's indifference was a continual trial to her. "I ought not to have been so careless," she said, with faint severity in her voice; and Mrs. Sayre was silenced.

It was a relief to both of them when the third member of the household entered. Miss Susan Sayre was a tall, timid woman, older than Mrs. Sayre, and yet, as is often the case with unmarried women, indefinitely younger than her sister-in-law; she had Elizabeth's exactness, but with it a deprecatory tremor that gave all her actions the effect of uncertainty. Many a time Mrs. Sayre would hold her own dear old hands tight together, to keep from seizing some bit of work on which Miss Susan was toiling with laborious and painstaking clumsiness. "It would be so much easier to do it myself," she would think, although she hoped she would have the grace never to say so! "Fussy," she called her sister-in-law, sometimes, when she felt she must have the relief of speech. But she was glad to see her now, because of the disapproval of Elizabeth's silence.

She and 'Liz'beth did not seem to get along together, Mrs. Sayre thought. Often enough, upon her knees, she had asked herself "why?" searching her simple heart to find her own offense.

There is, perhaps, some psychical and uncomprehended reason why the truest confidences between mother and daughter are so difficult and so rare. Usually, a girl can speak of the deepest things in her life with greater ease to any one else than to her mother. Mrs. Sayre felt her daughter's remoteness, but no one thought she did. Such generous, tender, healthy natures rarely think themselves of enough importance to use the phrase of the day, and say that "they are not understood." And yet it is very often the case; the more morbid souls about them are baffled by their very frankness and openness, and are really unable to understand them — and, too often, unable also to appreciate them.

Elizabeth, loving her mother with a curious intensity which spent itself in the subtleties of conscientious scruples, was as unaware of Mrs. Sayre's longing for a more tender companionship as she was of her mother's ability to understand her; — for, quite without confidences from Elizabeth, and in spite of "not getting along," Mrs. Sayre could read her daughter's nature with wonderful clearness, although she could not explain it in relation to her own. It would have been well for the daughter could the mother have boldly broken down the reserve between them, and confessed just what she read, — confessed that she knew that the most vital interest in Elizabeth's life was Oliver Hamilton. She would have added to this that Lizzie did not know she was in love with Mr. Hamilton. Here, however, would have been her first mistake: Elizabeth was perfectly aware that she loved him. Mrs. Sayre made one other mistake, too: she said to herself, amused and good-natured and annoyed all together, that it was plain enough that Mr. Hamilton was in love with 'Liz'beth. "And there is no earthly reason why he shouldn't speak!" she reflected. But there was a reason, and an excellent reason, for Oliver Hamilton's silence: he did not know that he was in love with Elizabeth.

It was no wonder, though, that Mrs. Sayre's penetration failed her here. How could she suppose that her daughter's one aim had been to keep the young man blind to any such possibility in himself as falling in love? She never imagined that Elizabeth was holding him rigidly to his ideal of the sacredness and eternity of love, — an ideal which had sprung up out of his passionate grief when his wife died. That was five years ago. He had come then to Elizabeth, for she had been Alice's friend, that he might take that poor, empty, human comfort of talking of the past. He had told her all his grief, and his simple, hopeless conviction that his life was over ; told it with that pathetic assertion of an undying sorrow with which human nature seeks to immortalize a moment.

Such loyalty seemed to Elizabeth so beautiful, that her reverence for it fed the flame of his devotion to his ideal, even as time began to stand between him and the substance of his grief. He did not know it, — he could not, with Elizabeth's worshiping belief in it, — but now, five years later, it was the memory of grief, not grief itself, which still darkened his life. It was a lonely life, save for Elizabeth's friendship : long days in his studio, dreaming over unfinished canvases, brooding upon anniversaries of which she reminded him ; talking of an ideal love, in which he believed that he believed. And so, gradually, as his mind yielded to the pressure of her thought of him, and his life mirrored a loyalty which was hers, he began to be the embodiment of nobility to Elizabeth Sayre, and by and by the time had come when she said to herself, very simply, that she loved him ; but she said, also, very proudly, that he would never love her. That "never" was the very heart of her love for him.

Surely, the last person in the world to appreciate such a state of mind was Elizabeth's cheerful, simple-minded, sensible mother. And so she continued to hope and plan for this marriage which she so much desired, and to try by small hints to "encourage" Oliver Hamilton. This hinting was, perhaps, the hardest thing which Elizabeth had to bear. Her silent endurance told of the smothered antagonism between mother and daughter, which each would have denied indignantly in herself, but was quite aware of in the other.

It had been a great relief to Mrs. Sayre to confide her desires and impatience to her son. She had done it that very morning ; which accounted for his change of mind in the matter of the objectionable lodger, when Elizabeth went to him with her apology for her quick words. With instant good nature, he had decided to further his mother's hopes. With this purpose in his mind, he had gone up to Mr. Hamilton's studio that afternoon and looked at his sketches with far more helpful and discriminating criticism than Elizabeth, with her wondering praise, had ever given. Fanny went, too, hanging on her father's arm, shyly watching Mr. Hamilton, or answering his occasional reference to herself in a half-frightened, schoolgirl fashion. She was certainly very pretty, Mr. Hamilton thought.

"Pretty, and a dear child!" Mrs. Sayre said, watching her with the fondest pride, but with a curious jealousy, too, for her daughter's sake. Fanny was so gay and pretty, so light-hearted and careless, she revealed Elizabeth's impossibilities.

"Not that I'd have Lizzie different," she assured her sister-in-law, as they sat in the darkened parlor, while Elizabeth went to get another willow plate from the china closet—"not that I'd have her different; only I would like to see her enjoy life a little more."

"I don't think 'Liz'beth is unhappy," protested the old aunt, "only she just doesn't show her happiness in the way we used to when we were girls."

"*Girls!*" said Mrs. Sayre. "You really can't call Lizzie a 'girl,' Susy. Why, I was married at her age, and had three children. Dear, dear, I wish the child was settled!"

"Oh, now, Jane," remonstrated the other, mildly, "I've always been happy, and there's no reason why 'Liz'beth shouldn't be, too, even if she doesn't marry. Indeed, it's better to be as I am than to be unhappily married; and that is possible, you know, Jane."

"Not among nice people," Mrs. Sayre said, with decision; "not when people do their duty. And a poor husband's better than none. No woman's happy unless she's married. And then, to think here is poor, dear Oliver—well, well, I suppose the Lord knows best."

"If you think so, sister, why don't you leave it in his hands?" said Susan, piously. "The Lord will provide, you know."

"That's just it!" cried Mrs. Sayre. "He has provided, and she won't take his provision. And she's not as young as she was once, Susy, you can't deny that; little Fanny made me realize it. She's old enough herself to settle down, bless her heart! She's nineteen, isn't she? Here's 'Liz'beth," she interrupted herself, as her daughter entered; "she knows. How old is Fanny, 'Liz'beth,—nineteen?"

"Eighteen, mother; she is not nineteen until next month," Elizabeth corrected her.

"Nonsense!" cried her mother; "what difference does a week or two make? She's nineteen; and the first thing we know, she'll be getting married. I hope so, I'm sure. You needn't look shocked, my dear; I was eighteen when your blessed father married me. I believe in early marriages, — anything to save a girl from being an old maid! And see here, Lizzie, I want Oliver Hamilton to see Fanny. I'm not a matchmaker, but there's no harm in Oliver's seeing Fanny."

She looked at her daughter with something as much like malice as could come into her motherly face. Elizabeth smiled.

"But no good, either, if you mean that he might care for Fanny."

"Oh, 'Liz'beth! 'Liz'beth! Where did you get your fancies?" cried the other. "Not from me, surely. Lizzie, second marriages are the Lord's means of healing broken hearts. Oliver would be a thousand times better off with another wife, instead of brooding over his loss. Bless me, if I had died when I was a young woman, I would have made your dear father promise to get another wife as soon as he possibly could. I always used to say that my last words would be, 'William, marry again!'"

"And you, mother," Elizabeth inquired, smiling, "you would have married again, if ——"

"Not at all," Mrs. Sayre declared; "that's quite different. It is the men who should remarry, not the women. It's a great misfortune when a man remains a widower. I wish you'd remember that, Lizzie."

Elizabeth Sayre blushed with indignation, and made no reply. Mrs. Sayre sighed. She was glad that Tom was at home for a little while. Tom was like her, she thought.

"Neither of us will ever be as good as Elizabeth," she assured herself. And she seemed to find the assertion a comfort.

III.

Mr. Thomas Sayre knew the satisfaction of self-approval when he and his daughter turned their faces toward home. He had done his duty; he had made his visit, he had given himself the pleasure of adding to his mother's income, and now he could allow these dear people to drift into that pleasant background of his thoughts where he took his affection for them for granted. He congratulated himself, too, upon his kindness to his sister; he had done what he could to make Elizabeth happy; he had dropped a few hints to Mr. Hamilton, even going so far as to refer, casually, to the time when Lizzie would marry somebody, and his mother would be left alone. "Of course she'll marry one of these days; I only hope it will be some fellow who is worthy of her!" said Mr. Sayre, feeling that he was very subtile, and that Hamilton must surely come to the point, pretty soon. Indeed, anxious to prove his friendliness, he had made the artist promise that when he came on to the academy with his picture, he would call upon him.

"Let us know when you're in town, Hamilton," he said heartily; "we'll be delighted to see you, and hear the latest news of Lizzie and the old people."

And Mr. Hamilton was glad to promise. He had enjoyed this visit. Thomas Sayre seemed like a breath of bracing mountain wind coming into his dreamy life; and Fanny gave him pleasure, too. Her fresh girlish laughter brightened all the old house, and her little foolish talk was as useless and as pleasant as the dancing sparkle of sunshine on deep, still water.

The night that Mr. Sayre and his daughter went away, Oliver Hamilton came in to take Elizabeth to prayer meeting. This custom of going together every Wednesday evening to prayer meeting was very dear to both these people; there was no time when they talked so freely of Oliver's sacred past as when they came out into the solemn starlight, the last words of the benediction lingering in their reverent ears. That night, as they walked toward the church, Oliver began to speak of Alice almost immediately. "How it brightened your mother and your aunt Susan, Elizabeth, to have your niece here! Do you know, she made me think of Alice, sometimes; there's a look ——"

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully, "there is a look of Alice. And yet, dear little Fanny has not the earnestness in her face which made Alice the strength that she was to those who loved her. She was so strong. That is why she lives in your life still, Oliver."

Oliver's quick appreciation of her words gratified her, as only the confirmation of an ideal can gratify one who loves. It brought a serious joy into her eyes, which he noticed as they sat side by side in the prayer meeting, singing from the same book, or standing together in prayer.

Oliver did not follow the service very closely. That merry glimpse of life which Mr. Sayre's visit had given to No. 16 lingered in his thoughts. Ah, if Alice had only lived, how different his life would have been! How truly Elizabeth loved her, how truly she understood her! What would he have done without Elizabeth? As this thought came into his mind, another followed it, as the shadow of a cloud chases the sunshine from an upland pasture: What should he do without Elizabeth? "When she marries" (Mr. Sayre's words suddenly sounded in his ears) — "when she marries, what shall I do?" — The shock of the idea was almost physical. He turned and looked at her; her face was bent a little, but he saw the pure line of her cheek under the shadow of her chip hat, which was tied beneath her chin with lavender ribbons. She wore a white crape shawl, embroidered above the deep, soft fringe with a running vine of silk; her hands were clasped lightly in her lap; her gray alpaca gown gleamed faintly in the light of the lamp on the wall above her. Elizabeth marry? Impossible! But suppose she should? What difference would it make to him? Would she not still be Alice's friend, — his friend? In this sudden confusion, his ideal seemed to evade him. Did he — did he love Elizabeth?

He felt his face grow white. He had spiritually the sensation of a man who wakes because he dreams that he is falling from a height. Oliver Hamilton's eyes were opening to life and light and a possibility. His grief was withdrawing, and withdrawing, and in its place were pain and confusion and doubt.

Elizabeth, listening to the preacher, her head bending like a flower on its stalk, was so calm and so remote that his reverence for her was almost fear. When they rose to sing the last hymn, and she missed his voice, she looked at him inquiringly, and, with an effort, he followed mechanically the guidance he had known so long. He tried to sing, but at first he was not aware of the words: —

Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above.

* * * * *

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
  And sin we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity!

Love, through all eternity!

"Do I love her?" he was asking himself, and the very question seemed an affirmation.

"You didn't sing?" Elizabeth said, when they were alone under the stars.

"No," he said shortly. She was startled at his tone, and looked at him anxiously, but without a question. (This habit of hers of waiting silently was, although she did not know it, a most insistent and inescapable question.) "Elizabeth," he said hoarsely, "it has just come to me — I — Listen! What should I have done without you all these years? Do you — do you *understand?*"

It seemed to Elizabeth Sayre as though for one instant her heart stood still. But the pause between Oliver's words and her answer was scarcely noticeable.

"It has been a great privilege to me," she said, with a breath as though her throat contracted; "it is a great happiness to have helped you in any way. It is my love for Alice that has helped you."

"*Alice!*"

Oliver made no answer. They walked on, Elizabeth knowing that her hand trembled on his arm, and feeling still that clutch upon her throat.

IV.

"Why, Lizzie, aren't you going to stop a minute? Aren't you going to sit down?"

Elizabeth stood on the threshold of the parlor, her hand on the door knob. Through her mother's words, she was listening to Oliver Hamilton's step as he went up to his studio. Mr. Hamilton had left her at the front door, and gone at once to his rooms, instead of stopping as usual for a chat with Mrs. Sayre. The rest of their walk home, after that word "Alice," had been full of forced and idle talk, which covered the shocked silence of their thoughts.

Mrs. Sayre's voice now seemed to her daughter like a stone flung into a still pool, which shattered the silence, and let loose a clamorous repetition of this strange thing Oliver had said, or rather this terrible thing he had left unsaid. Elizabeth leaned against the door, holding the knob in a nervous grip.

"Come, child, sit down and tell us about the sermon," Mrs. Sayre commanded her, cheerily.

"No," Elizabeth said, "I only stopped to say good night. I — I am rather tired."

"Why, what's happened to Oliver?" said Mrs. Sayre. "Why doesn't he come in a minute? Have you and Elizabeth quarreled, Oliver?" she called out good-naturedly, thinking him still in the hall.

Elizabeth turned abruptly.

"Good night," she said, and a moment later they heard her light step on the stairs.

Her mother and aunt looked at each other.

"I believe they *have* quarreled, Susy. Why, she didn't kiss us good night, said Mrs. Sayre, in rather an awed voice.

Elizabeth, in the darkness of her bedroom, stood still in the middle of the floor, her fingers pressed hard upon her eyes; her heart beating so that she could hardly breathe. The white crape shawl slipped from her shoulders, and fell like a curve of foam about her feet. The light from the street lamp, which flared in an iron bracket on the corner of No. 16, traveled across the worn carpet, and showed the spare, old-fashioned furnishing of the room; it struck a faint sparkle from the misty surface of the old mirror, and it gleamed along the edge of a little gilt photograph frame that was standing on the dressing table. Elizabeth, shivering a little, the soft color deepening in her cheeks, and her eyelashes glittering with tears, saw the flickering gleam, and, with a sudden impulse, lifted the photograph, holding it close to her eyes and staring at it in the darkness. But the light from the lamp in the court was too faint to show the face. With an unsteady hand she struck a match and lit her candle. She had forgotten to take off her bonnet; she stood, the light flaring up into her face, looking with blurred eyes at Alice's picture. At last, with a long sigh, she kissed it gently and put it again on the table. Then she sat down on the edge of her bed, staring straight before her at the candle, burning steadily in the hot, still night; her hands were clasped tightly upon her knees.

It was long after that — it must have been nearly midnight — that Mrs. Sayre heard a step in her bedroom, and said, with a start: —

"What is it? Is that you, 'Liz'beth?"

"Yes, mother dear. I — I wanted to kiss you; I wanted — you!"

Mrs. Sayre gathered the slender figure down into her arms.

"Why, 'Liz'beth! Why, my precious child! Are you sick, my darling?"

"No, no," she answered, a thrill of comfort in her voice; "only I didn't kiss you good night. I oughtn't to have wakened you. Good night, mother darling."

"But, Lizzie," said the tender old voice, "something troubles you, my precious child. Did Oliver ——" She felt the instant stiffening of the arms about her, and her daughter drew herself away.

"There's nothing the matter, mother dear," she said, her breathless voice quivering into calmness. "You will go to sleep now, won't you? I ought not to have disturbed you." And she had gone.

Mrs. Sayre sighed. "I wish I could learn not to speak about him," she thought. "Yet if she would only tell me!"

But nothing could have been more impossible. Alas for those natures that cannot give their sorrow to another! Elizabeth longed for sympathy and comfort, yet she knew not how to open her heart to receive it. Such natures suffer infinitely more than those happier souls whose pain rushes to their lips.

Elizabeth's struggle with herself had ended when she sought her mother; she knew what she must do. She said to herself with exultation that she loved Oliver with all her soul; loved him enough to help him to be true to himself. He had told her, oh, how often, in those earlier days, that to him marriage was for eternity as well as time; that Love, from its very nature, could not be untrue, and so there could be but one love in a life. "If a second comes," he used to say, "either it is an impostor, or the first was; either the first marriage was not sacred, or the second will not be!" She remembered how she had heard him say once of a man who had suffered as he had suffered: "No, his living is over; he can remember, but he cannot live again. If he dares to try, life will be ashes in his mouth!"

Should she let him try? Should she let him think that his love for Alice was not love, or his love for her was disloyalty to Alice? How plain, how easy, was the answer, just because she loved him!

V.

The next morning Mrs. Sayre looked at Elizabeth anxiously. It was evident that her daughter suffered, and she longed to find one weak spot in that armor of reserve where she might pour in the oil and wine of love. But Elizabeth's face had settled into the invincible calm which sympathy dare not touch. Indeed, her mother would even have wondered whether her suspicion, in that hurried kiss at midnight, had not been all wrong, had it not been for Mr. Hamilton's manner.

Oliver Hamilton was too confused and dazed by his own possibilities to take thought of what his face or manner might betray; he said to himself that Elizabeth did not know what self-knowledge had leaped into his astounded brain in those brief words of his. But he would tell her; only, not to-day, — not to-day! He did not doubt that he loved her, — at least he loved Love; but to love her, gave the lie to five years' protestations!

Elizabeth made no effort to avoid him. She believed so firmly in his loyalty to the past, — a loyalty so beautiful that it had kindled in her the very love which it denied, — she believed so entirely in him and his love for the dead Alice, that she would not permit herself to doubt that his thought of her was only a fleeting fancy.

To avoid him was to confess a fear that it was more. So when, on Sunday afternoon, he suggested that they should go out and walk across the bridge and along the road that led over the marshes, she assented with pleasure — a pleasure in which, when they started, there was a thread of irritation, because she knew, as they walked down the Court, that her mother and aunt Susan were looking after them, and speculating as to whether Oliver was "going to speak." She was glad to turn into the first side street, and lose the consciousness of the eyes that were watching the back of her head. It was that sense of relief that made her draw a long breath, and Oliver instantly turned and looked at her with a solicitude in his eyes which was new.

"Are you tired?" he said gently.

"No," she answered. She saw that the hour she had refused to think possible was coming; yet it should not come! "Oh, Oliver," she said hurriedly, "I wish you would make a study of the marshes in September; there is no autumnal coloring so lovely as those stretches of bronze and red, with pools here and there that are like bits of the sky. Suppose we try to find just what you want, this afternoon, and then this week you can go to work. I wish you would really and seriously begin to work."

"I want to, now, myself," he said soberly. "I have wasted too much time. Elizabeth, I have lived in a dream."

"Yes," she agreed, wondering whether the unsteadiness which she felt in her voice could be heard, "I know you have. I have been thinking about it lately, and I wanted to say to you — I know you will forgive me for Alice's sake, if it seems a hard thing — I wanted to say to you that it seems to me you ought to make your grief an inspiration in your life, not a hindrance. It ought to mean achievement, not a dream, Oliver."

He did not answer her, and when, a little later, he began to speak, it was of something else.

The walk across the marshes was toward the east; the city lay behind them, and the little tidal river, catching a faint glow on its darkening expanse, wandered on ahead, fading at last into the cold violet of the distant hills.

"Oh, this is what you ought to do," Elizabeth said, as they paused a moment, and turned to look back at the town, whose windows flared with a sudden ruddy blaze. The house tops were black against the yellow sky; a cross upon a distant spire flashed, and then faded into the sunset. The sea stretched its fingers in among the marshes, and rifts of water shone blue with the faint upper sky, or fiercely red where the clouds along the west were mirrored. The salt grass had bronzed and bleached, and had a hundred rippling tints of dull purple or warmer russet. Some of it had been cut, and lay in sodden yellow swaths, and some had been gathered into haystacks, that stood here and there like little thatched domes. A group of boys were playing down by the water, and their black figures stood out clear against the amber sky; a tongue of flame from their bonfire leaped up, red and sharp, and lapsed again; and the lazy trail of white smoke, lying low along the marsh, brought to the two watchers the faint delicious scent of burning brush and drift.

"Oh, couldn't you do this?" Elizabeth said, breathless with the joy of color. "Oh, how wonderful the sky is!"

But Oliver, instead of planning for a picture, was staring into her face.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I want to tell you — something.

When I said I wanted to begin to work, did you understand what I meant? My past, you know what it is to me, but — Oh, Elizabeth ——"

She turned her eyes away from his, but she answered calmly: —

"Yes, indeed, I do know what it is to you, Oliver; and it is your present, too, — I know that. I know how real Alice is to you. It is she who makes your life now, just as she has made it in the past, and will make it in the future."

He opened his lips to speak, but he had no words, only blank impatience at the impossibility of putting aside that sacred name; and yet he was aware of a curious willingness to accept the check; he could not understand himself.

"Ought we not to go home?" Elizabeth was saying gently. "See how gray the marshes are getting."

He shivered.

"Yes, come."

The walk home was very silent.

VI.

The yellow elm leaves were thick upon the ground in Bulfinch Court, when September, weary with its noon heats, held out an entreating hand to cool October. Mrs. Sayre found it necessary to have a fire occasionally in the evening, and she could not understand why it was that Oliver Hamilton did not sometimes ask to join the little circle about the hearth.

"He used to, last autumn," she complained. "What's the matter, Lizzie, — what does it mean?"

The anxious interest in her mother's face offended Elizabeth Sayre: "Have you refused him?" it said. "Have you had any disagreement?"

The indestructible tie between mother and daughter was sadly strained in those fading fall days. Elizabeth had withdrawn more and more into her own life; and she was too eager in her reticent living to know how cruelly she put her mother aside. The thought of Oliver Hamilton shut every other thought out. He loved her! Here was glory and sweetness, but pain and disappointment as well. His love for the dead Alice, his serene and lofty loyalty, in which Elizabeth had so rejoiced, — where were they? Yet they should not cease!

He must be true to his own ideal, she said to herself again and again; he must conquer this passing unfaith.

With this determination tingeing every action and word, absorbing every thought, it was no wonder Mrs. Sayre felt shut out of her daughter's heart. Elizabeth lived, in those fall days, only to turn Oliver back to his own better life. In all her talks with him, as they went to prayer meeting, or wandered through the picture galleries, or came home together from the library, there was this strange fencing and parrying. How many times, when she thought she saw the words trembling on his lips which would make him untrue to his best self, and bring her the sweetness of human love, had she turned his thoughts back to Alice! How many times, when the door to happiness had seemed about to open, had she closed it with that single word, "Alice"!

Alice! Alice! The name rang in her ears; it seemed to her sometimes as though she hated Alice.

This suppressed excitement told upon her; her face grew paler, and there was a weary look in her eyes which her mother noted with anxiety. Mrs. Sayre almost betrayed her satisfaction when, one evening late in September, Oliver told her that he was going to New York for a fortnight, and promised her to call upon her son while he was there. He told Elizabeth, gloomily, that he was glad to get away; life was a miserable puzzle, he said, and he was going to forget it for a while if he could.

Her face brightened. "I am so glad you are going!" she said. It was well that he should not see her for a time, she thought; he would have regained his old faith before he came back again.

The look of relief in her face did not escape him.

"She doesn't love me," he said to himself. "Well, I will not urge her, I will not trouble her; but our friendliness is over: it can never be the same again."

Of course he was right. He was wakening to find himself still a man, although he had slept so long beneath his cloak of sorrow that he was yet half blind and dazed; and he knew that he and Elizabeth must be either more to each other, or less.

It would have been hard for him to say which was the stronger in his mind: his conviction that he was yet capable of love, or his shame that his love was capable of death. It was this confusion of shame and exultation and pain that made it easy for

Elizabeth to check the words which came again and again to his lips. This sudden vanishing of the darkness of unreality left him groping in a blaze of light; he was full of bewilderment. He could not live as he had been living; he dared not think of Alice; — it seemed as though his love for Elizabeth had masqueraded beneath the thought of Alice!

But Elizabeth felt a burden lifted when he went away.

"It will be all right when he comes back," she said to herself; "he does not know that I saw it, and he will forget it." And so she fell into the old round of duties, and she and her mother came a little closer together, only jarring apart again when Mrs. Sayre mentioned Oliver Hamilton in any way. But by the time his two weeks' absence had lengthened into three, and the fourth was just opening, Mrs. Sayre had learned, she said to herself, to hold her tongue, and so she and her daughter came to know something like friendship, as well as the love which had always been theirs.

"But I would like to know what keeps Oliver," she confided to her sister-in-law, as they sat beside the fire, in the Saturday evening dusk. "'Liz'beth won't let anybody see that she misses him, but she does."

Susan shook her head doubtfully. "I think Lizzie's glad he's gone. I can't say why; but that's how it seems to me."

"Well, Susy," interposed the other, with amiable contempt, "you can't be expected to be a judge — *you*. But I, being married, understand such things. She misses him terribly, my dear. Well, I'm glad there's a letter from him to-night. I wish she'd come home and read it to us."

Susan leaned forward and stirred the fire gently.

"I'm not married, Jane, I know," she acknowledged humbly; "but sometimes I think 'Liz'beth feels *proud* because Oliver's faithful to the deceased."

Mrs. Sayre took off her glasses and polished them quickly on her black silk apron. Her handsome black eyes snapped.

"Susy, if you weren't *born* an old maid, you never would have thought of anything so ridiculous!" She picked up the unopened letter from the table and looked at it longingly. "Dear me! I wish I knew what was in it. It's thick enough to be an offer, and —— "

She did not finish the sentence, for Elizabeth opened the sitting-room door. The faint glow of the fire dazzled her eyes, fresh from the rainy darkness of the streets, so that at first she did not notice the letter. Her mother, however, accustomed to the half-light, could see her daughter's face, and was troubled by its pallor.

There was a reason for it; a new pain had come to Elizabeth in her walk home. She had gone out early in the afternoon to visit a sick Sunday-school child; but, the call made, she had stood hesitating in the doorway of the tenement house. There was nothing of importance that she must do; there was no other visit which must be made. She might as well go home. But she was strangely restless; she did not want to go home. The thought of sitting by the fire, watching the rainy evening gather into darkness, while her mother and aunt Susan talked about Oliver, was unbearable. She had borne it often in the past, but then Oliver had been in the house; while they were speaking, she could listen for his step upon the stairs, or the sound of the studio door closing, and then the echo jarring through the empty halls. But how different it all was at No. 16 Bulfinch Court without him! All her life seemed bleak and useless, filled only with that gentle chatter over cups of tea by the fireside. No, she could not go home just yet. The rain beat against the houses on the opposite side of the street, and there was a gush and gurgle from the tin spout that carried the water from the gutters under the eaves. A sudden gust of wind twisted the loose folds of her umbrella into a wet spiral; she shook it and opened it, and then found herself plodding out into the rain.

She missed Oliver with a sort of sick pain about her heart which she did not understand. "It's enough happiness to love him, even if he doesn't love me," she assured herself, as she had done many times before, never doubting her own sincerity. Ever since she had recognized her love for him, she had been holding with all her might to this belief which human experience gives us the right at least to doubt, — that the human heart can be satisfied to give love, when it receives none in return.

Elizabeth, walking aimlessly into the storm, feeding the hunger of her heart with this assertion, found herself at last on the road that led over the marshes.

The sky was low and dull; the gray rain was sweeping in from the sea, and through the sodden grass the winding fingers of water were blackened at the touch of the wind. The memory of the yellow August sunset came back to her, and Oliver's words; she bit her lip, and the landscape blurred as though with some sudden, driving mist.

It is hard enough at best to keep the exaltation of sacrifice in one's daily commonplace living; but when into that commonplace living creeps the suggestion that the sacrifice has been unnecessary, then a sick bewilderment falls upon the soul. This suggestion came now, suddenly, to Elizabeth Sayre. Perhaps she had made a terrible mistake! If Oliver loved her, whether he put it into words or not,—if he *did*, was not the untruth to his ideal come? Would any hiding it from herself and him do away with the fact? Merely to keep him silent could not make him loyal to Alice.

Elizabeth caught her breath as one who sobs, and yet with a strange, sharp pang of joy. Oliver, by all those unuttered words, was hers!

But she would not allow herself to think such thoughts. Her mind was in a tumult; she doubted her own sincerity. She turned and began to walk back to town. She was very tired; her dress was heavy with dampness, and her face wet with rain; her tears were hot upon her cheeks. No one noticed her in her long walk across the marshes; the occasional pedestrian cared only to shelter himself behind his umbrella, and did not look into the faces of young women foolish enough to be out in such a storm. When she got into town, it was quite dark; the street lamps gleamed with faint, quivering reflections along the wet pavements, and the people were pushing and jostling, in their haste to reach the cheerful shelter of their homes.

Elizabeth found herself thinking of the fireside and her mother's face. She was weary of herself; she wanted to escape from this strange triumph of defeat; for, at last, she knew, without reasoning about it, that she was going to accept the facts as they were,—she was going to be happy, and let Oliver be happy. Joy had been hiding itself under the pain of the thought that Oliver might never regain the past. She knew now that she did not want him to regain it. *He loved her;*—and she was glad.

She did not go into the sitting room when she reached home; she was too wet, she said, standing in the doorway and smiling at her mother and aunt; tired, but with delicate color deepening in her face, and with the rain still shining in her soft hair, all roughened by the wind and curling about her forehead. "I'll go upstairs and put on some dry clothes, and then come down and set the tea table," she said; "and I'm sorry I've been out so long, mother dear." There was a little burst of joyousness in her voice; yet all the while she was wondering whether a reaction would come, and she would find herself capable of taking up her sacrifice again. Then she saw the letter which her mother, in smiling silence, held up to her. Mrs. Sayre's look turned her back into her old reserve; she would read her letter alone.

"I will be down in a moment and set the table," she repeated, and, taking the letter, she slipped out into the chilly darkness of the hall and up to her bedroom.

It seemed to Mrs. Sayre, waiting impatiently for news, that Elizabeth took a long time to read her letter. "'Liz'beth's like you, Susy," she said, "she can't hurry." Indeed, the pause grew so long that Susan offered to go upstairs to see what detained 'Liz'beth. Susan was sensitive about her niece's slowness, because Mrs. Sayre always pointed out in this connection Elizabeth's resemblance to her aunt. "Do, Susy," Mrs. Sayre assented, "and tell her we want to hear what Oliver says." But Susan, when she returned, looked troubled, and did not bring any news of Oliver.

"'Liz'beth's lying down; she says she has a headache. Dear me! I hope the child hasn't taken cold, Jane. Don't you think you'd better give her something hot to drink?"

Mrs. Sayre's solicitude banished instantly all thought of Oliver; she went bustling up to her daughter's room, full of tender anxiety. But Elizabeth, lying white and still upon the bed, would only assure her, faintly, that she was tired; that her head ached; that there was nothing the matter with her; that she didn't want anything. "Oh, nothing! *Nothing!* Only let me be alone, mother; and — and perhaps I shall sleep. Oh, won't you *please* go?" Distressed and worried, there was nothing for Mrs. Sayre to do but kiss her daughter, resting her soft old hand upon Elizabeth's forehead, and stroking her hair gently, with little murmuring sounds of love, and then slip out of the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

When she had gone, Elizabeth Sayre rose, with sudden, violent haste; she slipped the bolt of her door, and then fell upon her knees at her bedside.

Mrs. Sayre knocked gently a few hours afterward, but there was no answer, and she said to Susan that Elizabeth must be asleep, and sleep was the best thing for her; so she wouldn't disturb her by going in to see how she was. She meant to let her sleep in the morning, too, she told her sister-in-law. But when she went down to breakfast she found her daughter in the sitting room. Elizabeth answered all her mother's inquiries, and kissed her gently, assuring her that she was quite well. A headache was of no consequence, she said; yet it made her absent-minded, and she did not talk very much. Breakfast was almost over, Mrs. Sayre told her son afterward, before Lizzie remembered the great piece of news, and said, with a sort of start: —

"Mother, Mr. Hamilton writes me to say that he is very happy. Fanny has promised to marry him. Tom is very much pleased, and I — I am so glad for dear little Fanny."

THE STRENGTH OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.[1]

By JAMES BRYCE.

(From "The American Commonwealth.")

[JAMES BRYCE: A British statesman and author: born in Belfast, Ireland, May 10, 1838. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and at Trinity College, Oxford; was graduated from the latter in 1862, and in 1870 was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford. He was elected to Parliament in 1880; was made Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1885, and in 1892 was appointed chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet of Mr. Gladstone. He wrote: "The Holy Roman Empire" (1864; ninth edition, 1888), "Transcaucasia and Ararat" (1877), "Two Centuries of Irish History" (edited 1888), "The American Commonwealth" (1888), and "Impressions of South Africa" (1897).]

THOSE merits of American government which belong to its Federal Constitution have been already discussed: we have now to consider such as flow from the rule of public opinion, from the temper, habits, and ideas of the people.

I. The first is that of Stability. As one test of a human body's soundness is its capacity for reaching a great age, so it is high praise for a political system that it has stood no more changed than any institution must change in a changing world, and that it now gives every promise of durability. The people are profoundly attached to the form which their national life has taken. The Federal Constitution is, to their eyes, an almost sacred thing, an Ark of the Covenant, whereon no man may lay rash hands. Everywhere in Europe one hears schemes of radical change freely discussed. There is a strong monarchical party in France, a republican party in Italy and Spain. There are anarchists in Germany and Russia. Even in England, it is impossible to feel confident that any one of the existing institutions of the country will be standing fifty years hence. But in the United States the discussion of political problems busies itself with details and assumes that the main lines must remain as they are forever. This conservative spirit, jealously watchful even in small matters, sometimes prevents reforms, but it assures to the people an easy mind, and a trust in their future which they feel to be not only a present satisfaction but a reservoir of strength.

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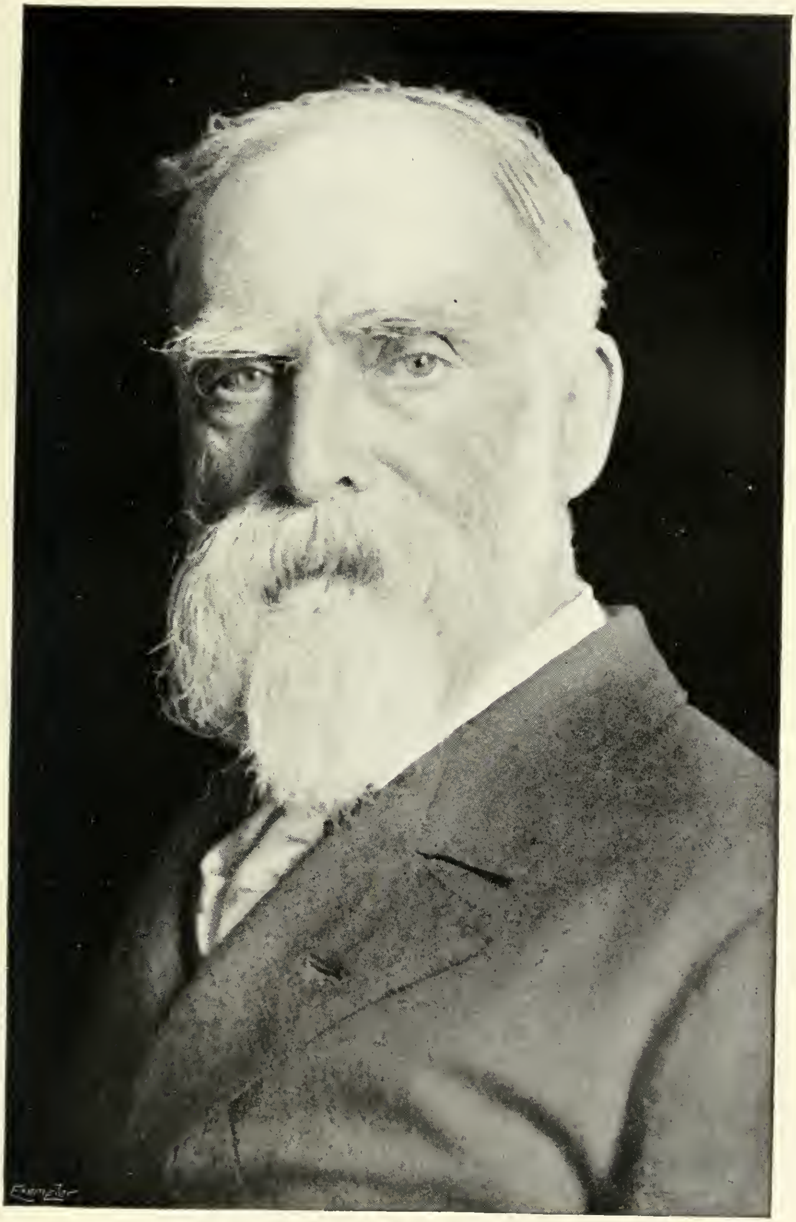
[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

The best proof of the well-braced solidity of the system is that it survived the Civil War, changed only in a few points which have not greatly affected the balance of National and State powers. Another must have struck every European traveler who questions American publicists about the institutions of their country. When I first traveled in the United States, I used to ask thoughtful men, superior to the prejudices of custom, whether they did not think the States' system defective in such and such points, whether the legislative authority of Congress might not profitably be extended, whether the suffrage ought not to be restricted as regards negroes or immigrants, and so forth. Whether assenting or dissenting, the persons questioned invariably treated such matters as purely speculative, saying that the present arrangements were far too deeply rooted for their alteration to come within the horizon of practical politics. So when a serious trouble arises, a trouble which in Europe would threaten revolution, the people face it quietly, and assume that a tolerable solution will be found. At the disputed election of 1876, when each of the two great parties, heated with conflict, claimed that its candidate had been chosen President, and the Constitution supplied no way out of the difficulty, public tranquillity was scarcely disturbed, and the public funds fell but little. A method was invented of settling the question which both sides acquiesced in, and although the decision was a boundless disappointment to the party which had cast the majority of the popular vote, that



RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

From a Photo by Hollinger, New York.

party quietly submitted to lose those spoils of office whereon its eyes had been feasting.

II. Feeling the law to be its own work, the people is disposed to obey the law. It is the best result that can be ascribed to the direct participation of the people in their government that they have the love of the maker for his work, that every citizen looks upon a statute as a regulation made by himself for his own guidance no less than for that of others, every official as a person he has himself chosen, and whom it is therefore his interest, with no disparagement to his personal independence, to obey. Plato thought that those who felt their own sovereignty would be impatient of all control; nor is it to be denied that the principle of equality may result in lowering the status and dignity of a magistrate. But as regards law and order the gain much exceeds the loss, for every one feels that there is no appeal from the law, behind which there stands the force of the nation. Such a temper can exist and bear these fruits only where minorities, however large, have learned to submit patiently to majorities, however small. But that is the one lesson which the American government through every grade and in every department daily teaches, and which it has woven into the texture of every citizen's mind. The habit of living under a rigid constitution superior to ordinary statutes — indeed, two rigid constitutions, since the State Constitution is a fundamental law within its own sphere no less than is the Federal — intensifies this legality of view, since it may turn all sorts of questions which have not been determined by a direct vote of the people into questions of legal construction. It even accustoms people to submit to see their direct vote given in the enactment of a State Constitution nullified by the decision of a court holding that the Federal Constitution has been contravened. The same spirit of legality shows itself in misgoverned cities. Even where it is notorious that officials have been chosen by the grossest fraud, and that they are robbing the city, the body of the people, however indignant, recognize the authority, and go on paying the taxes which a Ring levies, because strict legal proof of the frauds and robberies is not forthcoming. Wrongdoing supplies a field for the display of virtue.

III. There is a broad simplicity about the political ideas of the people, and a courageous consistency in carrying them out in practice. When they have accepted a principle, they do not shrink from applying it "right through," however disagreeable in particular cases some of the results may be. I am far from meaning that they are logical in the French sense of the word. They have little taste either for assuming abstract propositions or for syllogistically deducing practical conclusions therefrom. But when they have adopted a general maxim of policy or rule of action, they show more faith in it than the English for instance would do, they adhere to it where the English would make exceptions, they prefer certainty and uniformity to the advantages which might occasionally be gained by deviation. If this tendency is partly the result of obedience to a rigid constitution, it is no less due to the democratic dislike of exceptions and complexities, which the multitude finds not only difficult of comprehension but disquieting to the individual who may not know how they will affect him. Take for instance the boundless freedom of the press. There are abuses obviously incident to such freedom, and these abuses have not failed to appear. But the Americans deliberately hold that in view of the benefits which such freedom on the whole promises, abuses must be borne with, and left to the sentiment of the people and the private law of libel to deal with. This tendency is not an unmixed blessing, for it sometimes allows evils to go too long unchecked. But on the whole it works for good. In giving equability to the system of government, it gives steadiness and strength. It teaches the people patience, accustoming them to expect relief only by constitutional means. It confirms their faith in their institutions, as friends value one another more when their friendship has stood the test of a journey full of hardships.

IV. It is a great merit of American government that it relies very little on officials, and arms them with little power of arbitrary interference. It is natural to fancy that a government of the people and by the people will be led to undertake many and various functions for the people, and in the confidence of its strength will constitute itself a general philanthropic agency for their social and economic benefit. There has doubtless been of late years a tendency in this direction. But it has taken the direction of acting through the law rather than through the officials. That is to say, when it prescribes to the citizen a particular course of action it has relied upon the ordinary legal sanctions, instead of investing the administrative officers with inquisitorial duties or powers that might prove oppressive, and when it has devolved active functions upon officials, they have been functions serving to aid the individual and the community rather than to interfere with or supersede the action of private enterprise.

V. There are no struggles between privileged and unprivileged orders, not even that perpetual strife of rich and poor which is the oldest disease of civilized states. One must not pronounce broadly that there are no classes, for in parts of the country social distinctions have begun to grow up. But for political purposes classes scarcely exist. No one of the questions which now agitate the nation is a question between rich and poor. Instead of suspicion, jealousy, and arrogance embittering the relations of classes, good feeling and kindliness reign. Everything that government, as the Americans have hitherto understood the term, can give them, the poor have already, political power, equal civil rights, a career open to all citizens alike, not to speak of that gratuitous higher as well as elementary education which on their own economic principles the United States might have abstained from giving, but which political reasons have led them to provide with so unstinting a hand. Hence the poor have had nothing to fight for, no grounds for disliking the well to do, no complaints to make against them. The agitation of the last few years has been directed, not against the richer classes generally, but against incorporated companies and a few individual capitalists, who have not unfrequently abused the powers which the privilege of incorporation conferred upon them, or employed their wealth to procure legislation opposed to the public interests. Where language has been used like that with which France and Germany are familiar, it has been used, not by native Americans, but by newcomers, who bring their Old World passions with them. Property is safe, because those who hold it are far more numerous than those who do not; the usual motives for revolution vanish; universal suffrage, even when vested in ignorant newcomers, can do comparatively little harm, because the masses have obtained everything which they could hope to attain except by a general pillage. And the native Americans, though the same cannot be said of some of the recent immigrants, are shrewd enough to see that the poor would suffer from such pillage no less than the rich.

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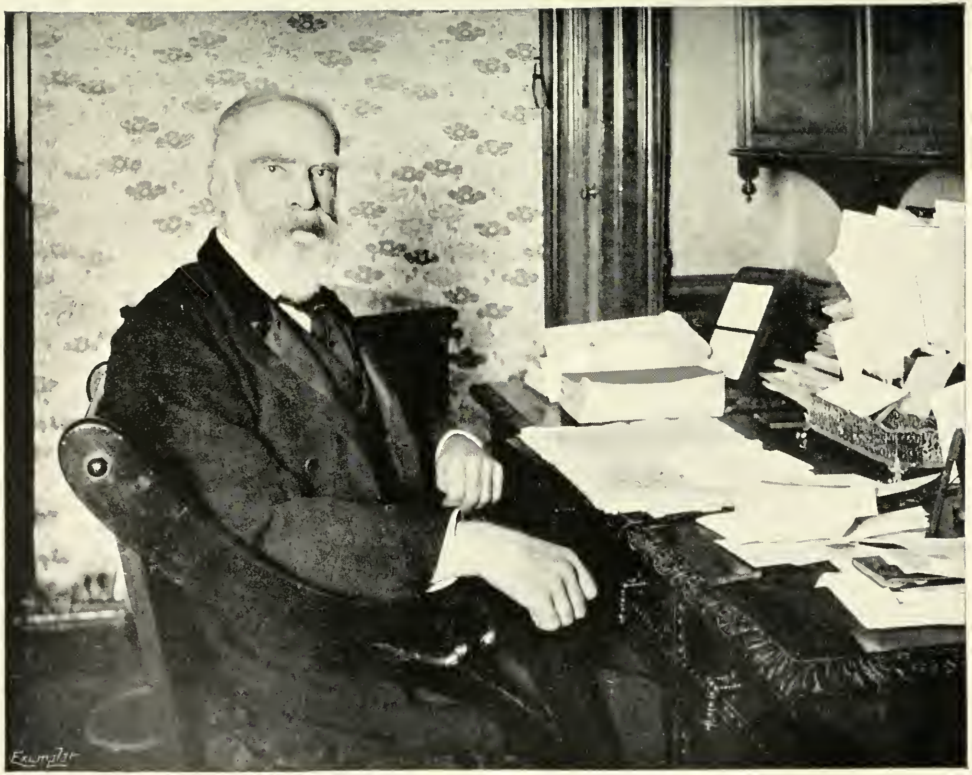
VI. The government of the Republic, limited and languid in ordinary times, is capable of developing immense vigor. It can pull itself together at moments of danger, can put forth unexpected efforts, can venture on stretches of authority, transcending not only ordinary practice, but even ordinary law. This is the result of the unity of the nation. A divided people is a weak people, even if it obeys a monarch; a united people is doubly strong when it is democratic, for then the force of each individual will swells the collective force of the government, encourages it, relieves it from internal embarrassments. Now the American people is united at moments of national concern from two causes. One is that absence of class divisions and jealousies which has been already described. The people are homogeneous: a feeling which stirs them stirs alike rich and poor, farmers and traders, Eastern men and Western men — one may now add, Southern men also. Their patriotism has ceased to be defiant, and it is conceived as the duty of promoting the greatness and happiness of their country, a greatness which, as it does not look to war or aggression, does not redound specially, as it might in Europe, to the glory or benefit of the ruling caste or the military profession, but to that of all the citizens. The other source of unity is the tendency in democracies for the sentiment of the majority to tell upon the sentiment of a minority. That faith in the popular voice, whereof I have already spoken, strengthens every feeling which has once become strong, and makes it rush like a wave over the country, sweeping everything before it. I do not mean that the people become wild with excitement, for beneath their noisy demonstrations they retain their composure and shrewd view of facts. I mean only that the pervading sympathy stirs them to unwonted efforts. The steam is superheated, but the effect is seen only in the greater expansive force which it exerts. Hence a spirited executive can in critical times go forward with a courage and confidence possible only to those who know that they have a whole nation behind them. The people fall into rank at once. With that surprising gift for organization which they possess, they concentrate themselves on the immediate object; they dispense with the ordinary constitutional restrictions; they make personal sacrifices which remind one of the self-devotion of Roman citizens in the earlier and better days of Rome.

VII. Democracy has not only taught the Americans how to use liberty without abusing it, and how to secure equality:



JAMES BRYCE IN HIS STUDY

it has also taught them fraternity. That word has gone out of fashion in the Old World, and no wonder, considering what was done in its name in 1793, considering also that it still figures in the programme of assassins. Nevertheless, there is in the United States a sort of kindliness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man, stronger than anywhere in the Old World, and certainly stronger than in the upper or middle classes of England, France, or Germany. The natural impulse of every citizen in America is to respect every citizen, and to feel that citizenship constitutes a certain ground of respect. The idea of each man's equal rights is so fully realized that the rich or powerful man feels it no indignity to take his turn among the crowd, and does not expect any deference from the poorest. An employer of labor has, I think, a keener sense of his duty to those whom he employs than employers have in Europe. He has certainly a greater sense of responsibility for the use of his wealth. The number of gifts for benevolent and other public purposes, the number of educational, artistic, literary, and scientific foundations, is larger than even in England, the wealthiest and most liberal of European countries. Wealth is generally felt to be a trust, and exclusiveness condemned not merely as indicative of selfishness, but as a sort of offense against the public. No one, for instance, thinks of shutting up his pleasure grounds; he seldom even builds a wall round them, but puts up low railings or a palisade, so that the sight of his trees and shrubs is enjoyed by passers-by. That any one should be permitted either by opinion or by law to seal up many square miles of beautiful mountain country against tourists or artists is to the ordinary American almost incredible. Such things are to him the marks of a land still groaning under feudal tyranny.

It may seem strange to those who know how difficult European states have generally found it to conduct negotiations with the government of the United States, and who are accustomed to read in European newspapers the defiant utterances which American politicians address from Congress to the effete monarchies of the Old World, to be told that this spirit of fraternity has its influence on international relations also. Nevertheless, if we look not at the irresponsible orators, who play to the lower feelings of a section of the people, but at the general sentiment of the whole people, we shall recognize that democracy makes both for peace and for justice as between nations. Despite the admiration for military exploits which the Americans have sometimes shown, no country is at bottom more pervaded by a hatred of war, and a sense that national honor stands rooted in national fair dealing. The nation is often misrepresented by its statesmen, but although it allows them to say irritating things and advance unreasonable claims, it has not for more than forty years permitted them to abuse its enormous strength, as most European nations possessed of similar strength have in time past abused theirs.

The characteristics of the nation which I have passed in review are not due solely to democratic government, but they have been strengthened by it, and they contribute to its solidity and to the smoothness of its working. As one sometimes sees an individual man who fails in life because the different parts of his nature seem unfitted to each other, so that his action, swayed by contending influences, results in nothing definite or effective, so one sees nations whose political institutions are either in advance of or lag behind their social conditions, so that the unity of the body politic suffers, and the harmony of its movements is disturbed. America is not such a nation. It is made all of a piece; its institutions are the product of its economic and social conditions and the expression of its character. The new wine has been poured into new bottles; or to adopt a metaphor more appropriate to the country, the vehicle has been built with a lightness, strength, and elasticity which fit it for the roads it has to traverse.

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THE HAND OF LINCOLN.[1]

By E. C. STEDMAN.

[Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, was born in Hartford, Conn., October 8, 1833. Having finished his course at Yale College, he edited successively the Norwich *Tribune* (1852–1853) and the Winsted *Herald* (1854–1855). After remaining a year on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, he became war correspondent of the *World* (1861–1863), and from 1864 to 1883 was a banker and a member of the New York Stock Exchange. He has published: "Poems Lyric and Idyllic," "Alice of Monmouth," "The Blameless Prince," "Hawthorne," "Lyrics and Idylls," "Victorian Poets," "A Library of American Literature," and "A Victorian Anthology."]

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[1] Copyright, 1897, by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
  That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
  What Lincoln was,—how large of mold

The man who sped the woodman's team,
  And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
  Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
  The ax — since thus would Freedom train
Her son — and made the forest ring,
  And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
  A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
  With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
  Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
  When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
  The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
  Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
  I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
  The weight of Atlas — and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
  That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
  Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
  This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
  Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
  Round one who, longer to endure,

Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
  Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
  Built up from yon large hand, appears:
A type that Nature wills to plan
  But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
  To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
  The thought that bade a race be free!

THE ERIE RAILWAY SCANDAL.[1]

By HENRY ADAMS.

[Henry Adams: An American historian and grandson of J. Q. Adams; born in Boston, February 16, 1838. His principal work is "The History of the United States." Among his other writings are: "Document relating to New England Federalism" (1877), "Life of Albert Gallatin" (1879), and "John Randolph" (1882).]

The Civil War in America, with its enormous issues of depreciating currency and its reckless waste of money and credit by the government, created a speculative mania such as the United States, with all its experience in this respect, had never before known. Not only in Broad Street, the center of New York speculation, but far and wide throughout the Northern States, almost every man who had money employed a part of his capital in the purchase of stocks or of gold, of copper, of petroleum, or of domestic produce, in the hope of a rise in prices, or staked money on the expectation of a fall. To use the jargon of the street, every farmer and every shopkeeper in the country seemed to be engaged in "carrying" some favorite security "on a margin." Whoever could obtain twenty-five dollars sent it to a broker with orders to buy two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stocks, or whatever amount the broker would consent to purchase. If the stock rose, the speculator prospered; if it fell until the twenty-five dollars of deposit or margin were lost, the broker demanded a new deposit, or sold the stock to protect himself. By means of this simple and smooth machinery, which differs in no essential respect from the processes of *roulette* or *rouge-et-noir*, the whole nation flung itself into the Stock Exchange, until the "outsiders," as they were called, in opposition to the regular brokers of Broad Street, represented nothing less than the entire population of the American Republic. Every one speculated, and for a time every one speculated successfully.

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[1] From "Historical Essays, 1891." By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. (Large Crown 8vo. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The inevitable reaction began when the government, about a year after the close of the war, stopped its issues and ceased borrowing. The greenback currency had for a moment sunk to a value of only 37 cents to the dollar. It is even asserted that on the worst day of all, the 11th of July, 1864, one sale of $100,000 in gold was actually made at 310, which is equivalent to about 33 cents in the dollar. At this point, however, the depreciation stopped, and the paper which had come so near falling into entire discredit steadily rose in value, first to 50 cents, then to 60 and to 70, and within the year to more than 90 cents.

So soon as the industrious part of the public felt the curb of this return to solid values, the whole fabric of fictitious wealth began to melt away under their eyes. Thus it was not long before the so-called "outsiders," the men who speculated on their own account, and could not act in agreement or combination, began to suffer. One by one, or in great masses, they were made the prey of the larger operators; their last margins were consumed, and they dropped down to the solid level of slow, productive industry. Some lost everything, many lost still more than they had; and there are few families of ordinary connection and standing in the United States which cannot tell, if they choose, some dark story of embezzlement or breach of trust committed in these days. Some men who had courage and a sense of honor found life too heavy for them; others went mad. But the greater part turned in silence to their regular pursuits, and accepted their losses as they could. Almost every rich American could produce from some pigeonhole a bundle of worthless securities, and could show check books representing the only remaining trace of margin after margin consumed in vain attempts to satisfy the insatiable broker. A year or two of incessant losses swept the weaker gamblers from the street.

But even those who continued to speculate found it necessary to change their mode of operations. Chance no longer ruled over the Stock Exchange and the gold market. The fate of a battle, the capture of a city, or the murder of a President had hitherto been the influences which broke the plans of the strongest combinations, and put all speculators, whether great or small, on fairly even ground; but as the period of sudden and uncontrollable disturbing elements passed away, the market fell more and more completely into the hands of cliques which found a point of adhesion in some great mass of incorporated capital. Three distinct railways, with all their enormous resources, became the property of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who by means of their credit and capital again and again swept millions of dollars into his pocket by a process curiously similar to gambling with loaded dice. But Vanderbilt was one of the most respectable of these great operators. The Erie Railway was controlled by Daniel Drew, who used the mean tactics of a common swindler too timid to risk his person. Vanderbilt acted in the interests of his corporations; Drew cheated equally his corporation and the public. Between these two men and the immense incorporated power they swayed, smaller operators one after another were crushed to pieces, until the survivors learned to seek shelter within some clique sufficiently strong to afford protection. Speculation in this manner began to consume itself, and the largest combination of capital was destined to swallow every weaker combination which ventured to show itself in the market.

Thus between the inevitable effect of a currency which steadily shrank the apparent wealth of the country, and the omnipotence of capital in the stock market, a sounder and healthier state of society began to make itself felt. Nor could the public, which had been robbed with such cynical indifference by Drew and Vanderbilt, feel any sincere regret when they saw those two cormorants reduced to tearing each other. In the year 1867 Mr. Vanderbilt undertook to gain possession of the Erie Road, as he had already obtained possession of the New York Central, the second trunk line between New York and the West. Mr. Vanderbilt was supposed to own property to the value of $50,000,000, all of which might be made directly available for stock operations. He bought the greater part of the Erie stock. Drew sold him all he wanted, and then issued as much more as was required to defeat Vanderbilt's purpose. After a violent struggle, which overthrew all the guaranties of social order, Drew triumphed, and Mr. Vanderbilt abandoned the contest. The Erie corporation paid him a large

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

sum to reimburse his alleged losses. At the same time it was agreed that Mr. Drew's accounts should be passed, and he obtained a release in full, and retired from the direction. And the Erie Road, almost exhausted by such systematic plundering, was left in the undisturbed, if not peaceful, control of Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. James Fisk, Jun., whose reign began in the month of July, 1868.

An intrigue equally successful and disreputable brought these two men into the Erie board of directors, whence they speedily drove their more timid predecessor Drew. In July, 1868, Gould made himself president and treasurer of the corporation. Fisk became comptroller. A young lawyer named Lane became counsel. These three directors made a majority of the executive committee, and were masters of Erie. The board of directors held no meetings. The executive committee was never called together, and the three men — Fisk, Gould, and Lane — became from this time the absolute, irresponsible owners of the Erie Railway, not less than if it had been their personal property and plaything.

This property was in effect, like all the great railway corporations, an empire within a republic. It consisted of a trunk line of road four hundred and fifty-nine miles in length, with branches three hundred and fourteen miles in extent, or seven hundred and seventy-three miles of road in all. Its capital stock amounted to about $35,000,000. Its gross receipts exceeded $15,000,000 per annum. It employed not less than fifteen thousand men, and supported their families. Over all this wealth and influence, — greater than that directly swayed by any private citizen, greater than is absolutely and personally controlled by most kings, and far too great for the public safety either in a democracy or in any other form of society, — the vicissitudes of a troubled time placed two men in irresponsible authority; and both these men belonged to a low and degraded moral and social type. Such an elevation has been rarely seen in modern history. Even the most dramatic of modern authors, even Balzac himself, who loved to deal with similar violent alternations of fortune, or Alexandre Dumas, with all his extravagance of imagination, never have reached a conception bolder or more melodramatic than this, nor have they ever ventured to conceive a plot so enormous, or a catastrophe so original, as was now to be developed.

One of the earliest acts of the new rulers was precisely such as Balzac or Dumas might have predicted and dilated upon. They established themselves in a palace. The old offices of the Erie Railway were in the lower part of the city, among the wharves and warehouses, a situation no doubt convenient for business, but by no means agreeable as a residence; and the new proprietors naturally wished to reside on their property. Mr. Fisk and Mr. Gould accordingly bought a huge building of white marble, not unlike a European palace, situated about two miles from the business quarter, and containing a large theater, or opera house. They also purchased several smaller houses adjoining it. The opera house cost about $700,000, and a large part of the building was at once leased by the two purchasers to themselves as the Erie corporation, to serve as offices. This suite of apartments was then furnished by themselves, as representing the corporation, at an expense of $300,000, and in a style which, though called vulgar, was certainly not more vulgar than that of the President's official residence, and which would be magnificent in almost any palace in Europe. The adjoining houses were connected with the main building; and in one of these Mr. Fisk had his private apartments, with a private passage to his opera box. He also assumed direction of the theater, of which he became manager in chief. To these royal arrangements he brought tastes commonly charged as the worst results of royal license. The atmosphere of the Erie offices was not supposed to be disturbed with moral prejudices; and as the opera itself supplied Mr. Fisk's mind with amusement, so the opera *troupe* supplied him with a permanent harem. Whatever Mr. Fisk did was done on an extraordinary scale.

These arrangements, however, regarded only the pleasures of the American Aladdin. In the conduct of their interests, the new directors showed a capacity for large conceptions and a vigor in the execution of their schemes such as alarmed the entire community. At the annual election in 1868, when Gould, Fisk, and Lane, having borrowed or bought proxies for the greater part of the stock, caused themselves to be elected for the ensuing year, the respectable portion of the public throughout the country was astonished and shocked to learn that the new board of directors contained two names peculiarly notorious and obnoxious to honest men, the names of William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeney.

The effect of this alliance was felt in the ensuing winter in the passage of a bill through the State legislature, and its signature by the governor, abolishing the former system of annual elections of the entire board of Erie directors, and authorizing the board to classify itself in such a manner that only a portion should be changed each year. The principle of the bill was correct. Its practical effect however was to enable Gould and Fisk to make themselves directors for five years, in spite of any attempt on the part of the stockholders to remove them. The formality of annual reëlection was spared them; and so far as the stockholders were concerned, there was no great injustice in the act. The Erie Road was in the peculiar position of being without an owner. There was no *cestui que trust*, unless the English stockholders could be called such. In America the stock was almost exclusively held for speculation, not for investment; and in the morals of Wall Street, speculation meant or had almost come to mean disregard of intrinsic value. In this case society at large was the injured party, and society knew its risk.

This step, however, was only a beginning. The Tammany ring, as it was called, exercised a power far beyond politics. Under the existing Constitution of the State, the judges of the State courts are elected by the people. There are thirty-three such judges in New York, and each of the thirty-three was clothed with equity powers running through the whole State. Of these judges Tammany Hall elected several, and the Erie Railway controlled others in country districts. Each of these judges might forbid proceedings before any and all the other judges, or stay proceedings in suits already commenced. Thus the lives and the property of the public were in the power of the new combination; and two of the city judges, Barnard and Cardozo, had already acquired a peculiarly infamous reputation as so-called "slaves to the ring," which left no question as to the depths to which their prostitution of justice would descend.

The alliance between Tammany and Erie was thus equivalent to investing Mr. Gould and Mr. Fisk with the highest attributes of sovereignty; but in order to avail themselves to the utmost of their judicial powers, they also required the ablest legal assistance. The degradation of the bench had been rapidly followed by the degradation of the bar. Prominent and learned lawyers were already accustomed to avail themselves of social or business relations with judges to forward private purposes. One whose partner might be elevated to the bench was certain to be generally retained in cases brought before this special judge; and litigants were taught by experience that a retainer in such cases was profitably bestowed. Others found a similar advantage resulting from known social relations with the court. This debasement of tone was not confined to the lower ranks of advocates; and it was probably this steady demoralization of the bar which made it possible for the Erie ring to obtain the services of Mr. David Dudley Field as its legal adviser. Mr. Field, a gentleman of European reputation, in regard to which he was understood to be peculiarly solicitous, was an eminent law reformer, author of the New York Code, delegate of the American Social Science Association to the European International Congress, and asserted by his partner, Mr. Shearman, in evidence before a committee of the New York legislature, to be a man of quixotic sense of honor. Mr. Shearman himself, a gentleman of English parentage, had earned public gratitude by arraigning and deploring with unsurpassed courage and point the condition of the New York judiciary, in an admirable essay which will be found in the *North American Review* for July, 1867. The value of Mr. Field's services to Messrs. Fisk and Gould was not to be measured even by the enormous fees their generosity paid him. His power over certain judges became so absolute as to impress the popular imagination; and the gossip of Wall Street insisted that he had a silken halter round the neck of Judge Barnard and a hempen one round that of Cardozo. It is certain that he who had a year before threatened Barnard on his own bench with impeachment, now appeared in the character of Barnard's master, and issued as a matter of course the edicts of his court.

One other combination was made by the Erie managers to extend their power, and this time it was credit that was threatened. They bought a joint-stock bank in New York city, with a capital of $1,000,000. The assistance thus gained was purchased at a very moderate price, since it was by no means represented by the capital. The great cliques and so-called "operators" of Wall Street and Broad Street carry on their transactions by a system of credits and clearing houses with a very limited use of money. The banks certify their checks, and the certified checks settle all balances. Nominally and by law the banks only certify to the extent of *bona fide* deposits, but in reality the custom of disregarding the strict letter of the law was not unknown; and in regard to the bank in question, the Comptroller of the Currency, an officer of the national Treasury, testified that on an examination of its affairs in April, 1869, out of fifteen checks deposited in its hands as security for certifications made by it, selected at hazard for inquiry, and representing a nominal value of $1,500,000, three only were good. The rest represented accommodation extended to brokers and speculators without security, as an actual fact it is in evidence. This same bank, on Thursday, September 24, 1869, certified checks to the amount of nearly $7,500,000 for Mr. Gould alone. What sound security Mr. Gould deposited against this mass of credit may be left to the imagination. His operations, however, were not confined to this bank alone, although this was the only one owned by the ring.

Thus Mr. Gould and Mr. Fisk created a combination more powerful than any that has been controlled by mere private citizens in America or in Europe since society for self-protection established the supreme authority of the judicial name. They exercised the legislative and the judicial powers of the State; they possessed almost unlimited credit, and society was at their mercy. One authority alone stood above them, beyond their control; and this was the distant but threatening figure of the national government.

Nevertheless, powerful as they were, the Erie managers were seldom in funds. The huge marble palace in which they lived, the theater they supported, the reckless bribery and profusion of management by which they could alone maintain their defiance of public opinion, the enormous schemes for extending their operations into which they rushed with utter recklessness, all required greater resources than could be furnished even by the wholesale plunder of the Erie Road. They were obliged from time to time to issue from their castle, and harry the industrious public or their brother freebooters. The process was different from that known to the dark ages, but the objects and the results were equally robbery. At one time Mr. Fisk is said to have ordered heavy speculative sales of stock in an express company which held a contract with the Erie Railway. The sales being effected, the contract was declared annulled. The stock naturally fell, and Mr. Fisk realized the difference. He then ordered heavy purchases, and having renewed the contract the stock rose again, and Mr. Fisk a second time swept the street. In the summer and autumn of 1869 the two managers issued and sold two hundred and thirty-five thousand new shares of Erie stock, or nearly as much as its entire capital when they assumed power in July, 1868. With the aid of the money thus obtained, they succeeded in withdrawing about $12,500,000 in currency from circulation at the very moment of the year when currency was most in demand in order to harvest the crops. For weeks the whole nation writhed and quivered under the torture of this modern rack, until the national government itself was obliged to interfere and threaten a sudden opening of the Treasury. But whether the Erie speculators operated for a rise or for a fall, whether they bought or sold, and whether they were engaged in manipulating stocks or locking up currency or cornering gold, they were always a public nuisance and scandal.

ARREST OF PROGRESS BY DEMOCRACY.[1]

By Sir HENRY SUMNER MAINE.

(From "Popular Government.")

[Sir Henry James Sumner Maine: An English jurist and author; born at Caversham Grove, near Leighton, August 15, 1822; died at Cannes, February 3, 1888. He was regius professor of civil law at Cambridge, 1847–1854; was called to the bar in 1850; was reader of jurisprudence and civil law at the Inns of Court, 1852–1862; was a member of the Council at Calcutta, 1862–1888; held the chair of jurisprudence at Oxford, 1869–1878; was master of Trinity Hall and professor of international law, Cambridge, and held many other high positions. He was also the recipient of numerous honors from universities and scientific societies. Among his writings are: "Memoir of H. F. Hallam" (1851), "Ancient Law" (1861), "Village Communities" (1871), "The Early History of the Property of Married Women" (1873), "The Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought" (1875), "Lectures on the Early History of Institutions" (1875), "Dissertations on Early Law and Custom" (1883), "Popular Government" (1885), and "The Whewell Lectures" (1888).]

Let us now suppose the competition of Parties, stimulated to the utmost by the modern contrivances of the Wire-puller, to have produced an electoral system under which every adult male has a vote, and perhaps every adult female. Let us assume that the new machinery has extracted a vote from every one of these electors. How is the result to be expressed? It is, that the average opinion of a great multitude has been obtained, and that this average opinion becomes the basis and standard of all government and law. There is hardly any experience of the way in which such a system would work, except in the eyes of those who believe that history began since their own birth. The universal suffrage of white males in the United States is about fifty years old; that of white and black is less than twenty. The French threw away universal suffrage after the Reign of Terror; it was twice revived in France, that the Napoleonic tyranny might be founded on it; and it was introduced into Germany, that the personal power of Prince Bismarck might be confirmed. But one of the strangest of vulgar ideas is that a very wide suffrage could or would promote progress, new ideas, new discoveries and inventions, new arts of life. Such a suffrage is commonly associated with Radicalism; and no doubt amid its most certain effects would be the extensive destruction of existing institutions; but the chances are that, in the long run, it would produce a mischievous form of Conservatism, and drug society with a potion compared with which Eldonine would be a salutary draught. For to what end, towards what ideal state, is the process of stamping upon law the average opinion of an entire community directed? The end arrived at is identical with that of the Roman Catholic Church, which attributes a similar sacredness to the average opinion of the Christian world. "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," was the canon of Vincent of Lerins. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" were the words which rang in the ears of Newman and produced such marvelous effects on him. But did any one in his senses ever suppose that these were maxims of progress? The principles of legislation at which they point would probably put an end to all social and political activities, and arrest everything which has ever been associated with Liberalism. A moment's reflection will satisfy any competently instructed person that this is not too broad a proposition. Let him turn over in his mind the great epochs of scientific invention and social change during the last two centuries, and consider what would have occurred if universal suffrage had been established at any one of them. Universal suffrage, which to-day excludes Free Trade from the United States, would certainly have prohibited the spinning jenny and the power loom. It would certainly have forbidden the threshing machine. It would have prevented the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar, and it would have restored the Stuarts.

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[1] By permission of Mr. Murray. (8vo. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

It would have proscribed the Roman Catholics with the mob which burned Lord Mansfield's house and library in 1780, and it would have proscribed the Dissenters with the mob which burned Dr. Priestley's house and library in 1791.

There are possibly many persons who, without denying these conclusions in the past, tacitly assume that no such mistakes will be committed in the future, because the community is already too enlightened for them, and will become more enlightened through popular education. But without questioning the advantages of popular education under certain aspects, its manifest tendency is to diffuse popular commonplaces, to fasten them on the mind at the time when it is most easily impressed, and thus to stereotype average opinion. It is of course possible that universal suffrage would not now force on governments the same legislation which it would infallibly have dictated a hundred years ago; but then we are necessarily ignorant what germs of social and material improvement there may be in the womb of time, and how far they may conflict with the popular prejudice which hereafter will be omnipotent. There is, in fact, just enough evidence to show that even now there is a marked antagonism between democratic opinion and scientific truth as applied to human societies. The central seat in all Political Economy was from the first occupied by the theory of Population. This theory has now been generalized by Mr. Darwin and his followers, and, stated as the principle of the survival of the fittest, it has become the central truth of all biological science. Yet it is evidently disliked by the multitude, and thrust into the background by those whom the multitude permits to lead it. It has long been intensely unpopular in France and the continent of Europe; and, among ourselves, proposals for recognizing it through the relief of distress by emigration are visibly being supplanted by schemes founded on the assumption that, through legislative experiments on society, a given space of land may always be made to support in comfort the population which from historical causes has come to be settled on it.

It is perhaps hoped that this opposition between democracy and science, which certainly does not promise much for the longevity of popular government, may be neutralized by the ascendency of instructed leaders. Possibly the proposition would not be very unsafe, that he who calls himself a friend of democracy, because he believes that it will be always under wise guidance, is in reality, whether he knows it or not, an enemy of democracy. But at all events the signs of our time are not at all of favorable augury for the future direction of great multitudes by statesmen wiser than themselves. The relation of political leaders to political followers seems to me to be undergoing a twofold change. The leaders may be as able and eloquent as ever, and some of them certainly appear to have an unprecedentedly "good hold upon commonplaces, and a facility in applying them"; but they are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking tube which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence. On the other hand, the followers, who are really the rulers, are manifestly becoming impatient of the hesitations of their nominal chiefs and the wrangling of their representatives. I am very desirous of keeping aloof from questions disputed between the two great English parties; but it certainly seems to me that all over Continental Europe, and to some extent in the United States, parliamentary debates are becoming ever more formal and perfunctory, they are more and more liable to being peremptorily cut short, and the true springs of policy are more and more limited to clubs and associations deep below the level of the highest education and experience. There is one State or group of States, whose political condition deserves particular attention. This is Switzerland, a country to which the student of politics may always look with advantage for the latest forms and results of democratic experiment. About forty years ago, just when Mr. Grote was giving to the world the earliest volumes of his "History of Greece," he published "Seven Letters on the Recent Politics of Switzerland," explaining that his interest in the Swiss Cantons arose from their presenting "a certain analogy nowhere else to be found in Europe" to the ancient Greek States. Now, if Grote had one object more than another at heart in writing his History, it was to show, by the example of the Athenian democracy, that wide popular governments, so far from meriting the reproach of fickleness, are sometimes characterized by the utmost tenacity of attachment, and will follow the counsels of a wise leader, like Pericles, at the cost of any amount of suffering, and may even be led by an unwise leader, like Nicias, to the very verge of destruction. But he had the acuteness to discern in Switzerland the particular democratic institution which was likely to tempt democracies into dispensing with prudent and independent direction. He speaks with the strongest disapproval of a provision in the Constitution of Lucerne, by which all laws passed by the Legislative Council were to be submitted for veto or sanction to the vote of the people throughout the Canton. This was originally a contrivance of the ultra-Catholic party, and was intended to neutralize the opinions of the Catholic Liberals, by bringing to bear on them the average opinion of the whole Cantonal population. A year after Mr. Grote had published his "Seven Letters," the French Revolution of 1848 occurred, and, three years later, the violent overthrow of the democratic institutions established by the French National Assembly was consecrated by the very method of voting which he had condemned, under the name of the Plébiscite. The arguments of the French Liberal party against the Plébiscite, during the twenty years of stern despotism which it entailed upon France, have always appeared to me to be arguments in reality against the very principle of democracy. After the misfortunes of 1870, the Bonapartes and the Plébiscite were alike involved in the deepest unpopularity; but it seems impossible to doubt that Gambetta, by his agitation for the *scrutin de liste*, was attempting to recover as much as he could of the plebiscitary system of voting. Meantime it has become, in various shapes, one of the most characteristic of Swiss institutions. One article of the Federal Constitution provides that, if fifty thousand Swiss citizens, entitled to vote, demand the revision of the Constitution, the question whether the Constitution be revised shall be put to the vote of the people of Switzerland, "ay" or "no." Another enacts that, on the petition of thirty thousand citizens, every Federal law and every Federal decree, which is not urgent, shall be subject to the *referendum;* that is, it shall be put to the popular vote. These provisions, that when a certain number of voters demand a particular measure, or require a further sanction for a particular enactment, it shall be put to the vote of the whole country, seem to me to have a considerable future before them in democratically governed societies. When Mr. Labouchere told the House of Commons, in 1882, that the people were tired of the deluge of debate, and would some day substitute for it the direct consultation of the constituencies, he had more facts to support his opinion than his auditors were perhaps aware of.

Here, then, we have one great inherent infirmity of popular governments, an infirmity deducible from the principle of

Hobbes, that liberty is power cut into fragments. Popular governments can only be worked by a process which incidentally entails the further subdivision of the morsels of political power; and thus the tendency of these governments, as they widen their electoral basis, is towards a dead level of commonplace opinion, which they are forced to adopt as the standard of legislation and policy. The evils likely to be thus produced are rather those vulgarly associated with ultra-Conservatism than those of ultra-Radicalism. So far, indeed, as the human race has experience, it is not by political societies in any way resembling those now called democracies that human improvement has been carried on. History, said Strauss — and, considering his actual part in life, this is perhaps the last opinion which might have been expected from him — History is a sound aristocrat. There may be oligarchies close enough and jealous enough to stifle thought as completely as an Oriental despot who is at the same time the pontiff of a religion; but the progress of mankind has hitherto been effected by the rise and fall of aristocracies, by the formation of one aristocracy within another, or by the succession of one aristocracy to another. There have been so-called democracies, which have rendered services beyond price to civilization, but they were only peculiar forms of aristocracy.

The short-lived Athenian democracy, under whose shelter art, science, and philosophy shot so wonderfully upwards, was only an aristocracy which rose on the ruins of one much narrower. The splendor which attracted the original genius of the then civilized world to Athens was provided by the severe taxation of a thousand subject cities; and the skilled laborers who worked under Phidias, and who built the Parthenon, were slaves.

IMITATION AS A FACTOR IN NATION MAKING.[1]

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

(From "Physics and Politics.")

[Walter Bagehot, English writer, was born in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826. He was graduated at London University; was in France at the time of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état of December 2, 1821, and wrote letters to the London *Inquirer* on it which are classic; took part in his father's banking and shipping business; in 1860 succeeded his father-in-law as editor of the *Economist,* which he raised from a purely business organ to a great political review. He wrote "Physics and Politics" (1863), edited the *National Review* 1864–1868, and wrote many literary and biographical essays for it; published "The English Constitution" (1867), "Lombard Street" (1873), and articles collected after his death as "Economic Studies." He died March 24, 1877.]

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[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Cr. 8vo. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.)

The problem of "nation-making"—that is, the explanation of the origin of nations such as we now see them, and such as in historical times they have always been,—cannot, as it seems to me, be solved without separating it into two: one, the making of broadly marked races, such as the negro or the red man or the European; and the second, that of making the minor distinctions, such as the distinction between Spartan and Athenian, or between Scotchman and Englishman. Nations as we see them are (if my arguments prove true) the produce of two great forces: one the race-making force, which—whatever it was—acted in antiquity, and has now wholly or almost given over acting; and the other the nation-making force properly so called, which is acting now as much as it ever acted, and creating as much as it ever created.

The strongest light on the great causes which have formed and are forming nations is thrown by the smaller causes which are altering nations. The way in which nations change, generation after generation, is exceedingly curious, and the change occasionally happens when it is very hard to account for. Something seems to steal over society, say of the Regency time as compared with that of the present Queen: if we read of life at Windsor (at the cottage now pulled down), or of Bond Street as it was in the days of the "Loungers" (an extinct race), or of St. James' Street as it was when Mr. Fox and his party tried to make "political capital" out of the dissipation of an heir apparent, we seem to be reading not of the places we know so well, but of very distant and unlike localities. Or let any one think how little is the external change in England between the age of Elizabeth and the age of Anne compared with the national change. How few were the alterations in physical condition, how few (if any) the scientific inventions affecting human life which the later period possessed, but the earlier did not! How hard it is to say what has caused the change in the people, and yet how total is the contrast, at least at first sight! In passing from Bacon to Addison, from Shakespeare to Pope, we seem to pass into a new world.

In the first of these essays I spoke of the mode in which the literary change happens; and I recur to it because, literature being narrower and more definite than life, a change in the less serves as a model and illustration of the change in the greater. Some writer, as was explained,— not necessarily a very excellent writer or a remembered one,— hit on something which suited the public taste; he went on writing, and others imitated him, and they so accustomed their readers to that style that they would bear nothing else. Those readers who did not like it were driven to the works of other ages and other countries, — had to despise the "trash of the day," as they would call it. The age of Anne patronized Steele, the beginner of the essay, and Addison, its perfecter, and it neglected writings in a wholly discordant key. I have heard that the founder of the *Times* was asked how all the articles in the *Times* came to seem to be written by one man, and that he replied, "Oh, there is always some one best contributor, and all the rest copy." And this is doubtless the true account of the manner in which a certain trade-mark, a curious and indefinable unity, settles on every newspaper; perhaps it would be possible to name the men who a few years since created the *Saturday Review* style, now imitated by another and a younger race; but when the style of a periodical is once formed, the continuance of it is preserved by a much more despotic impulse than the tendency to imitation, — by the self-interest of the editor, who acts as *trustee*, if I may say so, for the subscribers. The regular buyers of a periodical want to read what they have been used to read,— the same sort of thought, the same sort of words: the editor sees that they get that sort; he selects the suitable, the conforming articles, and he rejects the nonconforming. What the editor does in the case of a periodical, the readers do in the case of literature in general: they patronize one thing and reject the rest.

Of course there was always some reason, if we only could find it, which gave the prominence in each age to some particular winning literature; there always is some reason why the fashion of female dress is what it is; but just as in the case of dress we know that nowadays the determining cause is very much of an accident, so in the case of literary fashion the origin is a good deal of an accident. What the milliners of Paris or the *demi-monde* of Paris enjoin our English ladies is (I suppose) a good deal chance; but as soon as it is decreed, those whom it suits and those whom it does not all wear it; the imitative propensity at once insures uniformity, and "that horrid thing we wore last year" (as the phrase may go) is soon nowhere to be seen. Just so a literary fashion spreads, though I am far from saying with equal primitive unreasonableness: a literary taste always begins on some decent reason, but once started, it is propagated as a fashion in dress is propagated; even those who do not like it read it because it is there and because nothing else is easily to be found.

The same patronage of favored forms and persecution of disliked forms are the main causes too, I believe, which change national character. Some one attractive type catches the eye, so to speak, of the nation or a part of the nation, as servants catch the gait of their masters, or as mobile girls come home speaking the special words and acting the little gestures of each family whom they may have been visiting. I do not know if many of my readers happen to have read Father Newman's celebrated sermon "Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth"; if not, I strongly recommend them to do so. They will there see the opinion of a great practical leader of men, of one who has led very many where they little thought of going, as to the mode in which they are to be led; and what he says, put shortly and simply and taken out of his delicate language, is but this,—that men are guided by *type*, not by argument; that some winning instance must be set up before them, or the sermon will be vain and the doctrine will not spread. I do not want to illustrate this matter from religious history, for I should be led far from my purpose; and after all I can but teach the commonplace that it is the life of teachers which is *catching*, not their tenets. And again, in political matters, how quickly a leading statesman can change the tone of the community! We are most of us earnest with Mr. Gladstone; we were most of us *not* so earnest in the time of Lord Palmerston. The change is what every one feels, though no one can define it. Each predominant mind calls out a corresponding sentiment in the country; most feel it a little: those who feel it much, express it much; those who feel it excessively, express it excessively; those who dissent, are silent or unheard.

After such great matters as religion and politics, it may seem trifling to illustrate the subject from little boys; but it is not trifling. The bane of philosophy is pomposity; people will not see that small things are the miniatures of greater, and it seems a loss of abstract dignity to freshen their minds by object lessons from what they know. But every boarding school changes as a nation changes. Most of us may remember thinking, "How odd it is that this 'half' should be so unlike last 'half'! now we never go out of bounds, last half we were always going; now we play rounders, then we played prisoner's base;" and so through all the easy life of that time. In fact, some ruling spirits, some one or two ascendant boys, had left, one or two others had come; and so all was changed. The models were changed, and the copies changed: a different thing was praised, and a different thing bullied. A curious case of the same tendency was noticed to me only lately: a friend of mine — a Liberal Conservative — addressed a meeting of workingmen at Leeds, and was much pleased at finding his characteristic and perhaps refined points both apprehended and applauded; "but then," as he narrated, "up rose a blatant Radical who said the very opposite things, and the workingmen cheered him too and quite equally." He was puzzled to account for so rapid a change; but the mass of the meeting was no doubt nearly neutral, and if set going, quite ready to applaud any good words without much thinking. The ringleaders changed; the Radical tailor started the Radical cheer; the more moderate shoemaker started the moderate cheer; and the great bulk followed suit. Only a few in each case were silent, and an absolute contrast was in ten minutes presented by the same elements.

The truth is that the propensity of man to imitate what is before him is one of the strongest parts of his nature; and one sign of it is the great pain which we feel when our imitation has been unsuccessful. There is a cynical doctrine that most men would rather be accused of wickedness than of *gaucherie;* and this is but another way of saying that the bad copying of predominant manners is felt to be more of a disgrace than common consideration would account for its being, since *gaucherie* in all but extravagant cases is not an offense against religion or morals, but is simply bad imitation.

We must not think that this imitation is voluntary, or even conscious. On the contrary, it has its seat mainly in very obscure parts of the mind, whose notions, so far from having been consciously produced, are hardly felt to exist; so far from being conceived beforehand, are not even felt at the time. The main seat of the imitative part of our nature is our belief, and the causes predisposing us to believe this or disinclining us to believe that are among the obscurest parts of our nature; but as to the imitative nature of credulity there can be no doubt. In "Eothen" there is a capital description of how every sort of European resident in the East — even the shrewd merchant, and "the post-captain with his bright wakeful eye of command" — comes soon to believe in witchcraft, and to assure you in confidence that "there really is something in it:" he has never seen anything convincing himself, but he has seen those who have seen those who have seen those who have seen; in fact, he has lived in an atmosphere of infectious belief, and he has inhaled it. Scarcely any one can help yielding to the current infatuations of his sect or party. For a short time — say some fortnight — he is resolute, he argues and objects; but day by day the poison thrives and reason wanes. What he hears from his friends, what he reads in the party organ, produces its effect. The plain, palpable conclusion which every one around him believes has an influence yet greater and more subtle, that conclusion seems so solid and unmistakable; his own arguments get daily more and more like a dream. Soon the gravest sage shares the folly of the party with which he acts and the sect with which he worships.

In true metaphysics I believe that (contrary to common opinion) unbelief far oftener needs a reason and requires an effort than belief. Naturally, and if man were made according to the pattern of the logicians, he would say, "When I see a valid argument, I will believe; and till I see such argument, I will not believe;" but in fact every idea vividly before us soon appears to us to be true, unless we keep up our perceptions of the arguments which prove it untrue and voluntarily coerce our minds to remember its falsehood. "All clear ideas are true" was for ages a philosophical maxim; and though no maxim can be more unsound, none can be more exactly conformable to ordinary human nature. The child resolutely accepts every idea which passes through its brain as true; it has no distinct conception of an idea which is strong, bright, and permanent, but which is false too. The mere presentation of an idea, unless we are careful about it, or unless there is within some unusual resistance, makes us believe it; and this is why the belief of others adds to our belief so quickly, for no ideas seem so very clear as those inculcated on us from every side.

The grave part of mankind are quite as liable to these imitated beliefs as the frivolous part. The belief of the money market, which is mainly composed of grave people, is as imitative as any belief: you will find one day every one enterprising, enthusiastic, vigorous, eager to buy and eager to order; in a week or so you will find almost the whole society depressed, anxious, and wanting to sell. If you examine the reasons for the activity or for the inactivity or for the change, you will hardly be able to trace them at all, and as far as you can trace them they are of little force. In fact, these opinions were not formed by reason but by mimicry: something happened that looked a little good, on which eager, sanguine men talked loudly, and common people caught their tone; a little while afterwards, and when people were tired of talking this, something also happened, looking a little bad, on which the dismal, anxious people began, and all the rest followed their words; and in both cases an avowed dissentient is set down as "crotchety." "If you want," said Swift, "to gain the reputation of a sensible man, you should be of the opinion of the person with whom for the time being you are conversing." There is much quiet intellectual persecution among "reasonable" men: a cautious person hesitates before he tells them anything new, for if he gets a name for such things, he will be called "flighty," and in times of decision he will not be attended to.

In this way the infection of imitation catches men in their most inward and intellectual part, — their creed; but it also invades men by the most bodily part of the mind, so to speak, — the link between soul and body, — the manner. No one needs to have this explained, we all know how a kind of subtle influence makes us imitate or try to imitate the manner of those around us: to conform to the fashion of Rome — whatever the fashion may be, and whatever Rome we may for the time be at — is among the most obvious needs of human nature. But what is not so obvious, though as certain, is that the influence of the imitation goes deep as well as extends wide: "The matter," as Wordsworth says, "of style very much comes out of the manner." If you will endeavor to write an imitation of the thoughts of Swift in a copy of the style of Addison, you will find that not only is it hard to write Addison's style from its intrinsic excellence, but also that the more you approach to it the more you lose the thought of Swift: the eager passion of the meaning beats upon the mild drapery of the words. So you could not express the plain thoughts of an Englishman in the grand manner of a Spaniard. Insensibly, and as by a sort of magic, the kind of manner which a man catches eats into him, and makes him in the end what at first he only seems.

This is the principal mode in which the greatest minds of an age produce their effect: they set the tone which others take and the fashion which others use. There is an odd idea that those who take what is called a "scientific view" of history need rate lightly the influence of individual character: it would be as reasonable to say that those who take a scientific view of nature need think little of the influence of the sun. On the scientific view, a great man is a great new cause, compounded or not out of other causes, — for I do not here or elsewhere in these papers raise the question of free will, — but anyhow new in all its effects and all its results. Great models for good and evil sometimes appear among men, who follow them either to improvement or degradation.

A POLITICAL EPISODE.[1]

By HJALMAR HJÖRTH BOYESEN.

(From "The Light of her Countenance.")

[Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen: A Norse-American novelist, poet, and littérateur, was born at Frederiksvärn, Norway, September 23, 1848, and graduated at the University of Christiania in 1868. Removing to the United States soon afterward, he edited a Norwegian paper in Chicago for a short time, was professor of German at Cornell University 1874–1880, and from 1880 held a similar position in Columbia College, New York city, where he died October 4, 1895. He evinced a remarkable facility in writing English, and became popular as a novelist and writer of short stories. His principal publications were: "Gunnor," "A Norseman's Pilgrimage," "Falconberg," "Queen Titania," "A Daughter of the Philistines," "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," "Modern Vikings," "Norseland Tales," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," etc. Many of his books have been translated into German and Norwegian.]

Old Mr. Burroughs waited impatiently at luncheon for his son's appearance. His widowed sister, Mrs. Whitcomb, who presided over his household, had to bear the brunt of his ill humor, but she was a large and genial woman, and a little bit obtuse, and could endure a good deal without any ruffling of temper. She was, moreover, so proud of her brother that she felt complimented even at being scolded by him. She was

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intensely conscious of his wealth, distinction, and national fame, and bragged of him in a guileless way to her acquaintances. Her nephew, who was given to being sarcastic with her, she could not quite make out, but admired him immensely. She spoke of him with bated breath, as of some higher order of creature, whose ways were exalted above her comprehension and criticism. She knew in a vague way his reputation, but it made no difference with her, and in no wise affected her treatment of him. She was in a state of general bewilderment as to metropolitan ways and manners, and had never quite found her footing in this Babylonic confusion. She had had very decided opinions in Indiana; but as, somehow, they did not apply to New York, she had given up the habit of judging. She lacked both the energy and the ability at her age to readjust her mental lens of vision to new conditions, and she floated with her bewildered smile through New York society, without finding lodgment or acquiring any definable place in it. She was the Honorable Abiel Burroughs' sister — that was all. And the Honorable Abiel was, as far as society was concerned, only the father of Julian Burroughs. He was known to exist, but was rarely seen. His existence was inferred from the house in the Avenue and his son's extravagance. Though he sat occasionally on public platforms and contributed liberally to popular charities, the metropolis was not half as much interested in him as in his son; and ex-minister though he was, the newspapers took far less account of him than of the handsome young man who bore his name, and whose chief distinction consisted in his capacity to spend.

It may have been because the Honorable Abiel felt a little uneasy in his obscurity that he had begun of late to resume his interrupted connection with politics. He saw plainly that there was no political future for a Republican in New York, unless he happened to get a national appointment; and he squirmed a good deal at the thought of severing his connection with a party which had conferred such great honors upon him. He who had known Lincoln and Chase and Seward, and who was a repository of anecdotes concerning those departed chieftains, how could he make common cause with copperheads and Tammany and the rebel brigadiers? Mr. Burroughs, after a great deal of anxious reflection, came to the conclusion that his turning Mugwump was out of the question. But Julian, who had no traditions to trouble him, could scarcely be reproached for choosing his party with a view to his own advantage. He could scarcely be bound by his father's antecedents. The important thing was for him to get to Washington, not by the slow and laborious byway of Albany, but by the straight road of a congressional nomination. The old gentleman had, by a shrewd and roundabout maneuver, obtained the assurance from the leader of Tammany Hall that for sixty thousand dollars, paid ostensibly for campaign expenses, the nomination was at his disposal. He could see no moral objection to accepting this offer, at the same time as he was personally identified with the Republican organization and lending his respectable name to cloak infamous deals and trades and corruption of voters. Whatever his party did was (if not laudable) at least defensible; and after each election he was ready to put his signature to documents whitewashing the unblushing tricksters who profess to represent the Grand Old Party in the metropolis. No man who cherished a lurking ambition under his waistcoat could afford to be overscrupulous, Burroughs reasoned; and he found even a certain satisfaction in exhibiting a broad, pachydermatous front toward those obnoxious persons who took him to task for his indorsement of rascality. He had after each such attack an agreeable sense of solidarity with his party, and a revived hope of being called to the front in some conspicuous capacity.

Julian, entering, took his seat quietly at the table, called for a bottle of claret, and fell to eating, while his father sat with his shaggy brows knitted, gazing intently at him.

"Well, Jule," he said at last, "have you made up your mind about the matter we talked about last night?"

"Yes."

"And what is your decision?"

The old man's voice almost trembled as he asked the question, and there was a tense, strained look in his eyes, which betrayed his agitation.

"I have decided to yield to your wishes," the son replied, putting down his glass of claret and wiping his mustache with his napkin. The Honorable Abiel cleared his throat noisily and blew his nose. Then, with a visible sense of relief, he attacked his beefsteak, which was one of the few things his French *chef* could not spoil for him.

"Jule," he observed after a considerable pause, "I am glad you have taken my advice in this matter. You may have to do some mighty nasty things, though, before you get through with this business; but I hope you are equal to them."

"What do you refer to?" asked Julian, putting down his knife and fork.

"Well, you know, in the first place, you'll have to be a Democrat, and that, you know, is pretty nasty."

"Oh, yes; but scarcely any nastier than being a Republican."

"Good for you, Jule," cried the old man, with a most unexpected laugh. "I like to see you stick up for your party."

"It was rather a mild way of sticking up for it," remarked Julian.

"Well, mild or strong, I like it. But that was not what I had in mind. You have got to go down to the convention next week and make a speech accepting the nomination. You have got to put in something about Jeffersonian simplicity, and you've got to go for the Republicans. Point the finger of scorn at the scandals during Grant's administration — Belknap, Robeson, Babcock, and all the rest of them; haul us over the coals for overtaxation, centralization, favoring monopolies, tendency to Cæsarism, and anything else you can think of. If you like, I'll write the speech for you; for, to be frank, Jule, I should be afraid of your putting your foot in it. You know I am an old hand at that sort of composition. I know to a T just where the applause will come in, and I know just how to tickle an American audience. If they are Democrats, Thomas Jefferson will fetch them every time, and Samuel J. Tilden — be sure you bring in his full name, with a stop for applause after each — and Horatio Seymour and all the other venerable mossbacks. Then, I'll give you another first-rate idea. Find out what kind of flattery will be most agreeable to your audience. If they have no virtues at all, or achievements that you can detect, praise their sense of fair play — which, by the way, they have none of — and, above all, their sturdy American common sense; make them feel in their ignorance their superiority to those preposterous persons who have gone through college or been abroad or in any way forfeited their birthright as plain American citizens."

"But then I shall be casting discredit upon myself, governor."

"Oh, never mind that. They won't hunt up your record, and if the Republican papers attack you as a college man and an aristocrat, it'll rather strengthen you."

"But, governor, that's a deuced bad business."

A shade of anxiety passed over the Honorable Abiel's face, as he perceived the tone of disgust in his son's voice.

"Why, Jule," he cried, "you have given me your word; and I tell you if you take a hand in this thing, as you've promised, you've got to go the whole hog."

The young man ate for a few minutes in silence, drank another glass of claret, and finally inquired,—

"Is there anything else?"

"Then you stand by your promise?"

"I do."

"And you'll allow me to write your speech for you? If there is anything you can't quite go, then you may strike it out."

"I prefer to write it myself."

"Will you let me see it before you deliver it?"

"Yes."

"And remember this. Go for Grant with all your steam, pitch into the Electoral Commission, the fraud of '76, and all the rest of it. But don't say anything about Lincoln, for he's canonized, you know — unless you try to make out that he was really a Democrat."

Mr. Burroughs laughed uproariously at this joke, and Mrs. Whitcomb smiled feebly; but Julian remained unresponsive. Whether it was the responsibility of his new career which impressed him, or his mere disinclination to leave the old, it was evident that he was far from happy. His father suspected that there was something under it all, but Jule was such a curious, taciturn, and self-sufficient creature that he would have been afraid to sue for his confidence.

II.

The Democratic Convention which nominated Julian Burroughs for Congress came near ending in a row. There was apparently not a soul outside of the initiated few who had expected such a nomination. Mr. Danforth, the present member, was a candidate for renomination, and he had hosts of friends in the convention who felt outraged at the unceremonious shelving of one to whom they were indebted for so many favors. It was whispered that he had offended the "Boss" by an attempted show of independence, and that the latter dignitary had sworn to take his scalp. And now all the positions he had procured for his henchmen in the customhouse, the departments, and the internal revenue service — all his efforts in behalf of Pats and Mikes and Barneys and their friends — counted for nothing, and his persistent, silent vote for every job that had the possibility of patronage in it could not save him from political extinction. Having an inkling of what was coming, he had, as a mere forlorn hope, packed the galleries of the hall and the stairs without with his adherents, who were merely waiting for his signal to make a disturbance. They would cheerfully have mobbed the new nominee, if they had known his name or his appearance, for a new man meant to many of them loss of place, salary, and influence. The little distinction which a gaugership, or a clerkship, or even a janitorship conferred, was to them a precious thing. It made them among their humble compatriots a kind of public characters, and entitled them to carry their heads high. What wonder that they were burning with animosity toward the unknown man who was to displace their patron!

It was a great, barren, whitewashed hall in East Seventeenth Street where the convention was held. The Boss, a thick-set, square-jawed man, with a pugnacious mouth and a grisly beard, sat, cool as a sphinx, on the platform, surrounded by his braves, some of whom seemed to be enjoying the situation. They were of the most diverse appearance and position. Many were liquor dealers, dive keepers, and prize fighters, with heavy jaws, large cheek bones, and ugly mouths; while some were lawyers and business men, with intelligent faces and gentlemanly bearing, whose ambition had led them into an alliance with this notorious organization. They subordinated themselves without scruple to the stout, brutal-looking Irishman who held mayoralties, judgeships, fat receiverships, shrievalties, and sometimes even a governorship in the hollow of his hand. They devoted themselves in private and public to singing his praises, found all sorts of occult virtues in his character, lauded him to the skies for not stealing (oblivious of the estimate which such praise implied), and threw a thin mask of respectability over his whole degrading activity. And for this subserviency they would sooner or later reap their reward.

Julian, who had, much against his will, at the advice of his father, been elected a delegate to the convention, elbowed his way with difficulty through the crowd on the stairs, which freely commented on his appearance. Some one, by way of pleasantry, knocked his hat down over his ears, while others exhorted him to "wipe off his chin" and "pull down his vest" — all of which he bore with the good humor of a candidate, though he was inwardly boiling. He heard himself described as a dude, a swell, a fancy chap, etc., and he got several vicious punches in his ribs, indicative of the sentiments that were entertained toward his species. He succeeded, however, in rescuing himself out of the throng without broken bones, and presently took his seat unobserved near one of the windows.

It was a good while before the meeting was called to order. Laughing and subdued conversation were heard from all parts of the hall. The smell of bad cigars made the atmosphere oppressive, and a cloud of blue smoke hung under the gas fixtures and slowly rose toward the ceiling. It was understood that a committee were having a conference in another part of the building with representatives of the other Democratic organization of the city, with a view to avoiding contests and an equitable division of the spoils. From time to time a messenger arrived and presented a slip of paper to the Boss, who scrawled something on the back of it, and without a change of mien on his stolid face handed it back. Julian had, from where he sat, a good view of him, and he could not help admiring the consciousness of power which his slow movements revealed. There was a kind of leonine laziness about him which was quite becoming. But the way he sat in his chair, broad, square, and tranquilly defiant, seemed even more suggestive. That must have been the way Caracalla sat; and the same low brow and strong neck that descended in two parallel lines from the root of the ears were a survival from that ancient type of imperial boss. If our republic is ever destined to suffer shipwreck, this is the kind of man that will wreck it. This is the kind of ruler which universal suffrage, in a community where a majority of the electorate are ignorant, will invariably produce. He represents the true average, morally and intellectually, of the vote that upholds his power. And as soon as he shall represent, not the municipal, but the national average, we shall have him in the White House. If we permit ignorant hordes of foreigners, at the rate of half a million a year, to continue to lower this average, it is an inevitable result which no power in heaven or on earth can prevent.

After half an hour's suspense and the exchange of many messages, five men filed into the hall, and were received with shouts and applause. They took their seats on the platform, shook hands with the Boss, and communicated to him the results of their conference. He listened with an impassive mien, except once when he drew down his mouth into a smile resembling that of a bull terrier. He nodded several times slowly, and spoke between his teeth, with scarcely a perceptible motion of the lips. Presently Mr. Hurst, a prominent political lawyer whom Julian knew, stepped up; and seeing that he was recognized, Burroughs nodded to him across the hall. The Boss directed his sullen stare in the same direction, and the unwilling candidate felt an unpleasant uneasiness steal over him. He felt that he was not making a favorable impression. He was being judged and found wanting. There was something inexpressibly contemptuous in the way the mighty man slowly withdrew his gaze. "Is that dudish-looking chap old Burroughs' son?" he asked the lawyer.

"Yes, that is he."

People were usually noncommittal when talking with the Boss until they had ascertained his opinion.

"H'm! He ain't much to look at. But," after another glance at Julian, "he'll do."

"Yes, exactly. That's just what I think. He'll no doubt do," Hurst eagerly assented.

"I like the old man's looks better."

"So do I. The old Mr. Burroughs is, so to speak, a personage. He looks like a man of weight."

The autocrat of the metropolis pulled, with much deliberation, a roll of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a quid. He had strong, short, regular teeth that looked as if they might chew up a nail with a relish.

"Go over and sit by him," he continued, when he had got the quid comfortably disposed, "and see that he don't make an ass of himself."

"Certainly, with much pleasure. Is there anything in particular?"

"Yes, don't let him make a speech when he gets the nomination. Them green chaps always slops over."

"All right, sir. I'll do my best to shut him up."

The Boss waved his hand in dismissal, and the lawyer bowed and withdrew. A manner which he would have resented in one of his peers he accepted from this coarse, burly Irishman, and felt rather honored at having displayed to the crowd his intimacy with so mighty a personage. He made his way between chairs and benches to Julian, shook him cordially by the hand, lighted a cigar, and began to chat, giving his advice in an offhand, half-jocose manner. The convention was now called to order, and the roll call was about to begin, when the Boss rose, stepped to the edge of the platform, and said in a grouty, stertorous voice,—

"The police will please clear the lobbies."

Never were the behests of a sovereign executed with greater promptness. The formidable bluecoats, armed with night clubs, rose, as it appeared, out of the very ground, moved toward the doors, and precipitated the rebellious clients of Mr. Danforth down the stairs into the outer darkness. Those who resisted were clubbed on the head, canes were broken, tall hats wrecked, coats torn, clay pipes shattered into atoms. For five minutes the pandemonium was such that the roll call within could scarcely be heard. The delegates, who always applauded their master's methods, laughed and joked and regarded the episode as capital fun.

A chairman was now nominated and unanimously elected, and a great deal of routine business was promptly dispatched. Everything had been carefully prepared beforehand; the convention did nothing but register the Boss' decrees. Even the seeming dissent of two delegates, who got up and quarreled about a nomination for which each had his candidate, had been prearranged with a view to deceiving the two gentlemen concerned, and enabling the convention to compromise on a third person whom the Boss had already designated. It was admirably done, and, as a ruse, was completely successful. When the little farce was at an end and harmony restored, a delegate with a strong brogue got up and nominated the "Honorable" Julian Burroughs for "Mimber of Congress for the ——th Deesthrick." He indulged in some highly laudatory comments on his candidate, who, he asseverated, had always been the "worrukin' man's frrind, a frrind of ould Oireland, and a good ould-fashioned Dimmicrat that niver wint back on his frrinds." He made up a touching but wholly fictitious biography for his "honored frrind," as he called Julian (though he had never seen him until an hour ago), and finally sat down amid a storm of applause, winking his eye slyly toward the subject of his eulogy, as if to ask if he hadn't done pretty well. At this moment Mr. Hurst, who had been delegated to look after Julian, stepped up on the platform and whispered in the ear of the Boss, —

"That young lunatic is determined to make his speech, and nothing I can say will stop him."

The great man smiled again his bull-terrier smile, nodded slowly, and observed that it was "all right. Mr. Hurst need give himself no further uneasiness." While a gentleman in another part of the hall, whom Julian knew slightly, rose to second his nomination with another little eulogy, the Boss beckoned to the chairman of the convention, who instantly inclined his ear toward him. No sooner had the seconder finished his remarks than the purport of these secret instructions was divulged. The chairman rapped his desk with his gavel, and, stepping to the front of the platform, said that, before putting the nomination of Mr. Burroughs to vote, he would ask the honorable gentleman, as a special favor, to take the chair for a moment, as he desired the privilege of adding a few words to the just encomiums already pronounced by his friends, the Honorable Patrick Mulligan and the Honorable Spencer McDuff. Julian, who was taken completely by surprise, thought that his ears were deceiving him, or that the chairman, for some reason, wished to make sport of him, or, perhaps, by underhand tactics, defeat his nomination; but when the request was twice repeated, and obviously with the friendliest intention, he saw no way of refusing, and, amid a storm of applause, he made his way to the platform, feeling dazed and dizzy, and inwardly fearful lest, in some way, he might make a fool of himself in this unaccustomed position. The Boss shook hands with him as he presented himself on the platform, and, turning to the audience, said, —

"I have the honor to prisint to the convention the Honorable Julian Burroughs, our next congressman for the ——th District."

Here the applause broke forth anew, while Julian stood bowing and bowing, and finally, with flushed cheeks and burning ears, seated himself in the vacated chair. The late chairman, taking the floor, devoted himself for five minutes to the production of amiable fiction concerning the moral and intellectual merits of "the Honorable Julian Burroughs," his devotion to the cause of Ireland, and his sterling democratic sentiments.

The call for the question was then raised, and the temporary chairman, without clearly perceiving that he was cutting himself off from making his speech of acceptance, was compelled to put his own nomination to vote and declare, amid much laughter, that it appeared to be unanimously carried. He was bound, however, in a few words, to thank the convention for the honor which it had conferred upon him ; but just then the chairman returned and proceeded to the consideration of fresh nominations. It now dawned upon the novice in politics that he had been, in some mysterious way, outwitted, and that his chance of delivering his cherished speech was gone. He was not at all sure that there had been any design of bringing about this result, but that, nevertheless, it had been accomplished was beyond dispute. It was a most humiliating fact, not only because all his beautiful reform sentiment had been wasted, but because it gave him, for the first time in his life, a sense of insecurity — of not quite knowing his bearings — and a suspicion of hidden pitfalls beneath his unwary feet. Was it possible that the Boss had received an inkling of what his speech contained? There was not a soul who had seen this speech except his father, and he was surely not capable of playing such a dastardly trick. He had, to be sure, rejected all the old gentleman's suggestions, and had laughed at the hollow, spread-eagle phrases which he had insisted upon as indispensable. It was more than likely that his father meant what he said when he prophesied his political ruin from such a speech ; and, as he had set his heart upon seeing him in public life, was it not an imaginable possibility that he had made a confidant of the Boss?

Julian was so interested in this speculation that he paid no heed to the further proceedings of the convention, and when, long after midnight, he found himself strolling up Broadway toward Madison Square, he was yet debating the *pros* and *cons*. For no sooner had he apparently settled the question than a new doubt put forth its ugly head and upset all his previous argument. It was a thorny path he was about to tread, and he was not sure but that it would be the part of wisdom to retrace his steps while there was yet time.

DR. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

AMERICA.

By Dr. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

[1808-1896.]

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

[1780–1843.]

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
  O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
  Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
  As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
  Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
  Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
  Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

By ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

[1760-1836.]

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
  Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise —
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
  To arms! to arms! ye brave!
    The avenging sword unsheath:
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
  Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
  And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
  While lawless force, with guilty stride,
  Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
  To arms! to arms! ye brave,
    The avenging sword unsheath:
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
  The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
  To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
  Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
  But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
  To arms! to arms! ye brave,
    The avenging sword unsheath:
  March on! march on! all hearts resolved
    On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA (1809).

By M. DE LABORDE.

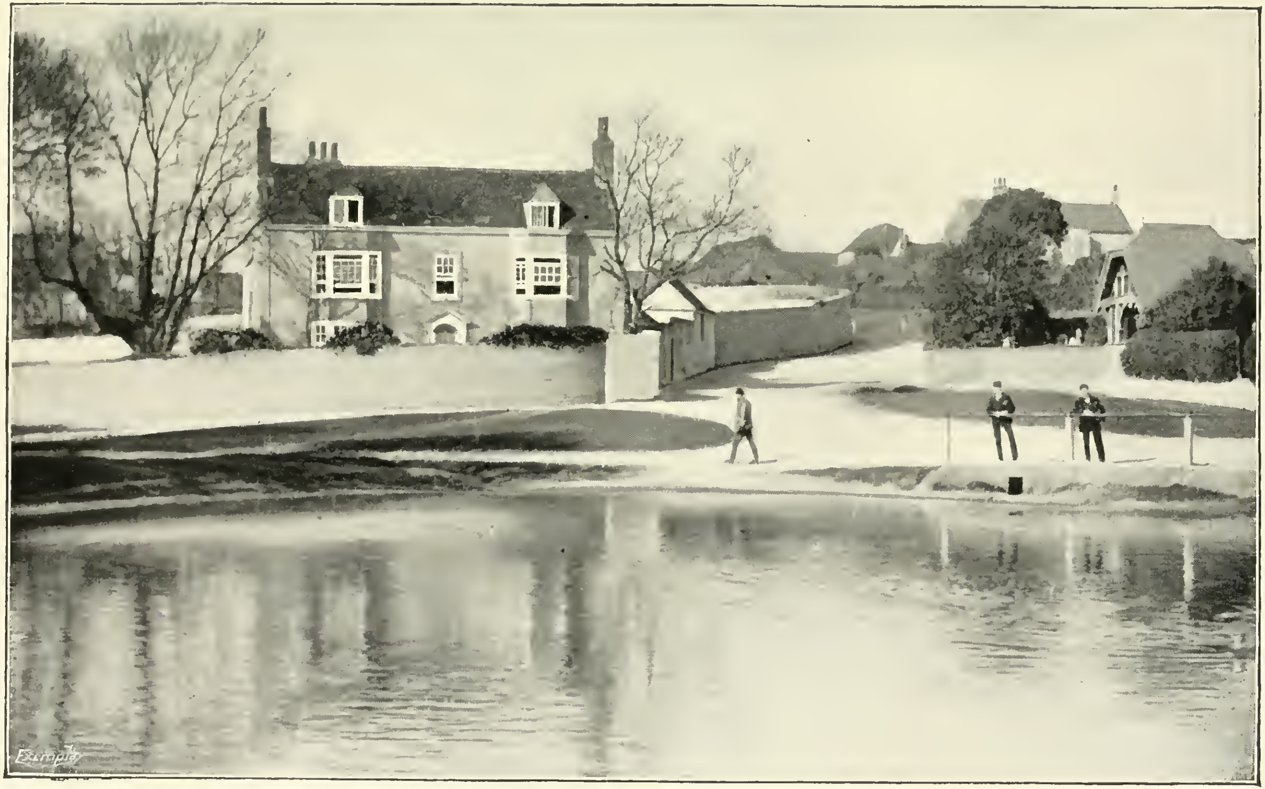
[1773-1842.]

[The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire.]

To Syria young Dunois will go,
That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
Her blessing on the fight.
"O Thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
He prayed, "Grant this to me:
The fairest maiden let me love,
The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
His vow writes on the stone,
And following the count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
And sang aloud with glee,
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
And honor mine shall be."

Then said the count, "To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess;
Glory on me thou didst bestow,—
I give thee happiness:



RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOME, ROTTINGDEAN

My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I gladly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above,
Should valor's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,—
The maid and gallant knight,—
And there with happy hearts their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move;
And all cried joyously,
"Give honor to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

◆

GOD SAVE THE KING.

By HENRY CAREY.

[1696–1743.]

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

RECESSIONAL.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

[December 30, 1865–.]

[In the London *Times*, at the end of the Queen's Jubilee, 1897.]

God of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law, —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard, —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not thee to guard, —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

By MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

[1819-1849.]

A voice resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus.

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

THE VOYAGE OF THE "AMERICA."[1]

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

(From "Sealed Orders.")

[MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD, an American author, was born August 13, 1844, at Andover, Mass., where her father, Austin Phelps, was a professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. She is the wife of Herbert D. Ward, and resides at Newton Centre, Mass. She has lectured and worked for social reform, and has attained popularity as an author with "The Gates Ajar," "The Silent Partner," "Doctor Zay," "A Madonna of the Tubs," "Beyond the Gates," "The Gates Between," "Donald Marcy," and "A Singular Life," the most successful of her recent novels. "Come Forth" and "The Master of the Magicians" were written in collaboration with her husband.]

DID ye ever hear about the schooner "America"? Wal, I'll tell you about that if you'd like to hear. Times I've sat in the chimbly corner and heerd my grandfather tell it, ain't skerce. You see my *grand*father was one of 'em. We used to consider it a great honor in our days, folks did, to be one of that there crew. True? It's true as Bible. And I'm an old-fashioned man that believes in Bible. Mebbe because I was brought up to, and it's handy coming by your religion in the course of natur', as it is by your eyebrows or your way of walking. Then, mebbe it's the way a man's made up. Some folks take to religion, and some folks take to shoes, and it may be fishing, or, perhaps, it's rum. My grandfather was a pious man.

It was nigh a hundred years ago; in Anne Dominoes 1779, as my grandfather used to say, that the schooner "America" weighed anchor from this port bound for the West Indies on a trading voyage.

There was five in the crew, and my grandfather he was one. They were Gloucester boys, as I remember, grow'd up around here. And Cap'n Elwell, everybody knew *him;* he was postmaster. They sailed the last of July, 1779.

"We sailed the last of July," says my grandfather, "seventeen hundred and seventy-nine," says he, and if I've heerd him say it once, I've heerd it fifty times. I was a little shaver. I used to sit on stormy nights and hear him talk. The only thing I ever had against my grandfather was the time he took to steer through family prayers. I whittled out a dory rudder

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ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

once before he got through praying. But when it come to yarns, you couldn't find his beat. And that's what perplexes me. Why, if a man can tell a good yarn to folks, can't he tell a good one to the Lord? For that a prayer's no more nor less than that, to my mind—a mighty yarn—so big you believe it when you're telling it because you can't help yourself, and other folks believe it when they listen because they can't help theirselves. Eh? Well, I don't know; that's the way it seems to me.

There was one chap among the boys booked for that voyage in the "America" that I must mention. The boys they called him Bub. He was a youngish fellow—the youngest of the lot. And I've heerd tell he was palish in his make, and slight, sort o' like a girl; and how he had a pretty face, and that his hair curled. Light hair, grandfather said, and blue eyes. I can remember once his sitting up against the kitchen boiler and saying how that fellow's eyes remembered him of a little sister that I had about that time. But her name was Dorothy, and she died of scarlet fever.

Now, you see, this young chap that they called Bub, he'd just got married. Barely nineteen, says grandfather, was that boy, and married to a little girl mebbe a year the less. And the cutting thing about it was these poor young things hadn't been married not more than six weeks when the "America" set sail.

I don't know if folks took things a hundred years ago as they might take 'em now. Suppose so. Don't you? Seems somehow as if they was made of different dough. Now, I've seen women, and women, and the way wives take on, you know, when their men set sail from Gloucester harbor. Fishing folks are used to that. Them that go down to the sea in ships get used to bitter things. It ain't so much taking your life in your hands, as other matters that are wuth more than life to you to think on and remember of. If you've married a good woman and set anything by her, and she set anything by you, a man takes her eyes along with him as they looked with tears in 'em; and her hands along, as they felt when they got around his neck; and her voice, the sound it had when it choked in trying to say good-by that morning; and the look of the baby in her arms as she stood ag'in the door.

Women folks are plenty, but they're skerce in their ways. One don't do things like another. You'll never find two fish jump on the hook in the same manner, not if you fish to the next Centennial. I've seen a little measly cunner make fuss enough as it hed been the sea sarpent; and I've seen a two-pound mackerel slip int' the dory polite and easy, as if he'd only come to dun you for a little bill.

Some women they take on like to make you deef. Screech. Have highsterics. Some they follow him to the wharf and stand sobbin', sort of quiet. There's others that stay to home, and what they says and what they suffers no man knows but him that they belong to. That's the way my wife always done. Never a messmate of *mine* saw that woman cry. Once I saw a woman at the laundry over there, doing clothes among a lot of folks, and a man steps up and says to her before them all — and if I'd been nigh enough seems I should have knocked him down — and says he: "Your husband's drowned, and your son Tom." Like that! Wal, she just put her apron over her head, that woman did, threw it across without a word, and she dropped her irons and she put and run. She run right through us all, and up the streets, and straight for home. And in she went and shut the door, and let no one come after.

Nigh as I can make out, this young fellow's wife I'm talkin' of was some like that. Folks say she was a pretty creetur, with that look some women have when they're just married; as happy as an angel, and as scarey as a little bird — I've seen 'em; shy of everybody but him; and think themselves too well off to care if ever they speak to other folks again. I like to see a woman have that look. It wears off quick enough. So does the shine on a fancy bait; but all the same you want your bait to *shine;* you don't go trading for a dull one, if only of respect to the feelings of the fish.

Now, of all the p'ints that have been forgotten in that affair, it's never been disputed to my knowledge what the name was of that poor young woman. Cur'ous, ain't it? Her name was Annie. I've seen men sit and wrangle over bigger matters in the story, as how the wind was on a certain day, or who it was that picked them up, and so on; but I never heerd one yet deny that the young woman's name was Annie.

You see they was mostly older and settled down; used to their wives by that time. And then it turned out so with Bub. The chap was musical too, I've heerd tell, and folks had it that he called her Annie Laurie. I suppose you've heerd a song called "Annie Laurie"? Eh? Didn't sing "Annie Laurie" those days as they sing it these'n? I don't know. All I know is what folks said.

It was a blazing hot July, I've heerd, the July the "America" set sail. Night before they was to sail, it was dead still, and hot like to weaken you to rags. My grandfather he was out a little late, to get a sou'wester that he'd ordered in a little old shop that used to stand over there beyond Davis' Fish Dinners — tore down long ago. His house, you see, was there — about there, acrost Front Street: and them two young things, they lived in a little alley, long since made away with, and he had to pass their house in going home. And because they was so young, and because of what come after, I suppose, he said, says he, "I shall never forget to the day I die," says he, "the sight I saw in walking by poor Bub's," says he.

It was so hot, he says, that the curtain was rolled up, and they'd set the light off in an inner room, thinking, mebbe, that no one would see. Or mebbe, in their love and misery, they didn't think at all. But the light shone through acrost, and there they sat, he says, half indistinct, like shadows, in one another's arms.

He thought she must have had some wrapping gown on, he said, of a light color and thin, because it was so hot; but not considering it quite proper to reflect upon, and half ashamed to have looked in, although not meaning to, he couldn't say. But the poor young woman she sat in her husband's lap, and Bub, poor fellow! was brushing of her hair. She had long yellow hair, folks say, most to her feet. So there sits poor Bub, brushing of it for her, and just as grandfather went by, she put up her little hand — the way a woman has, you know — against her husband's cheek.

To the day he died, my grandfather never mentioned that outside the family. It seemed a wickedness, he said. He jammed his hat acrost his eyes, and hurried home to his own folks. It was an old story to him and grandmother, he said.

"But," says he, "I felt as I'd have taken a five-year voyage," says he, "if them two young things, just six weeks married, could have been let alone a little longer. They was living," says my grandfather, very solemn, "what never comes but once to no one. They'd ought to have been let be. That kind of thing's too skerce in this world to be easy spoiled. God pity us!" says grandfather.

Wal, so the next morning down the crew come, when the tide made, to the old wharf—rotted away, that wharf did, fifty years ago—where the "America" lay at anchor. And the young man that they called Bub was among 'em—pale as one twelve hours dead, folks said; and about as still. But he spoke no word to nobody.

The boys said she seemed to have said good-by within the door; and when she'd let him go, repented of it, or found it more than she could bear. And how she follered after him a step or two—but he, never knowing, didn't turn. And when she saw the boys, and folks about, she stood a minute looking scared and undecided; and then they say she turned and ran—and never spoke; and that he never knew, for no one had the heart to tell him. And as she ran, she flung her hands above her head, and that long hair she had fell down and floated out, I've heerd. But she never spoke nor cried. And Bub walked on; and the boys they looked the other way.

They had a likely voyage, I've always understood, and made their port in safety, although in war times, and feeling, I suppose, a little nervous all the while. I forget the place. They took in a cargo of cocoa and rum. 1779, you know, was in the Revolutionary War. I had a great-uncle that was killed in Stony Point that year.

Wal, the "America" she sailed for home on the 25th of November. Cap'n Elwell he calculated to be home, some folks said, by New Year's, some by Christmas; but that seems to me onreliable, though the facts come nigh enough to it. They sailed in particular good spirits. Sailors are like horses headed for home. Seems as if they'd take the A'mighty's wind and weather like bits between their teeth to get there.

In particular, I've heerd tell it was so with the young chap that they called Bub. On the out voyage he'd moped like a molting chicken; said nothing to nobody; never complained nor fretted; just moped. He hung round grandfather a good deal, who was civil to him, I guess, being sorry for the lad. Once he drew him on to talk about her, of a quiet evening, when they were on watch together; and he told him how he'd find, when he got back, the comfort that she'd taken in counting of the days, and how women he had known grew quiet after a while, and contented like, and how the first voyage was the worst, and what grandmother said to *him* when *he* come back, and things like that. I guess he chirked the creetur up.

From the hour they weighed anchor for home, folks say, you never saw another like him. It seemed as if the "America" wasn't big enough to hold him. He said nothing to nobody, even then — only he began to sing. They say he had a beautiful voice. Of nights, the boys set out on deck to hear him.

About half-seas home, the "America" she entered on a run of foul weather. There was fogs, and there was head winds, and there was some rain and sleet. And there come a spell, turned cold as a woman when her fancy's set ag'in you — a chillin,' crawlin', creepin', offish sort of cold, that of all things is most onpleasant when on sea or land.

Howsomever, they made good fight against it, though discouraged, till they sighted Cape Ann. Then come up an awful storm.

There's a hymn I've heerd my boys sing to Sunday school. They sing it in this way: —

"Safe, safe to home!
No more to roam;
Safe, safe to home!"

I tell you, now, it *takes* a sailor to sing the sense into them words. Ther's no other callin' that I know of where the nigher you come to home the bigger your danger. Most folks when they're going anywhere feel safer nigher that they come to it. At sea it's different. The very rocks you played acrost when you was a baby, the old reefs and beaches and cliffs you know by inches and love like brothers, — they'll turn on you and gore you to death of a dark night, as if they'd been bounding bulls gone mad. And the waves you've learned to swim in, and plashed about and paddled in, and coaxed your father's heavy dory through when your hands wasn't big enough to hold an oar, — those waves will turn ag'in you, as if you'd been their deadly foe, and toss you up as if you was a splinter, and grind you to pieces on the cliff, five rods, mebbe, from your own front door, with your children's shadows on the window curtain before your eyes.

There's an old proverb we used to have round Gloucester: "A sailor's never got home till he's had his dinner," meaning, I take it, that same idea.

Wal, you see, when the "America" was hove just off Cape Ann, then come up this storm I speak of. They was within a few hours' sail of home. They'd had east sou'east winds, and a fine, drivin' snowstorm, squally and ill-tempered. That was about the first of January, most folks say. My grandfather he said it was the 27th of December, two days after Christmas, by his reckoning. That was off over the P'int — in that direction. Grandfather was trying to tie a reefpoint, with his fingers nigh frozen to't, and the bitter wind ablinding him. All at once there comes a dead shift. The wind she veered to the nor'ard at one awful bound, like a great leopard, and struck him like to strike him down. Through the noise he hears Cap'n Elwell shouting out his orders like a man gone mad; but whether it was that they didn't understand, or whether because so many of the crew had froze their fingers, I can't say. Anyhow, it all went ag'in them, and scoot they went under full canvas, headed out to sea before that dead north wind.

Wal, by the time they'd furled and come to their wits again, and strove to look about 'em, and crawled up gaspin' from the deck where the wind had hammered of 'em down as flat as dead, they made a horrible discovery, for when the blow was lightened more or less, the "America" she began to flop hither and yon in that manner that you wouldn't think much of if you didn't understand it; but if you was a seafaring man, your heart would stand still to see.

"What, in Death's name!" cries Cap'n Elwell, turning pale, I've heerd, for the first time upon the voyage, "has happened to the rudder?"

Then up steps one of the boys — him that had the helm — and tells him, short, like this: —

"Sir! we've lost our rudder. That's what's happened."

Wal, there's disarsters and disarsters, and some are as much wuss than others as the smallpox is wuss than the chicken. I've been to sea a good part of my life. I've been wrecked four times. I've been in Death's jaws till I could feel 'em crunch upon me times again, and I give it as my personal opinion, I'd ruther lose my mainmast, or I'd ruther run aground, or I'd be stove in aft, or I'd take my chances most anyhow, before I'd lose my rudder.

Wal, the "America" she lost her'n, and there they was; it was the fust of January, 1780. Cold. Cold as the eternal grave. On an almost onsailed sea. Five poor freezin' fellows by themselves. Almost in sight of home, too.

There they was. No more power to manage her than if they'd been five young ones put to sea in a wash tub. Just about as if you and the "Sandpeep" was to put out here int' the harbor and leave your oars to home.

I've heerd my grandfather sit and tell how she behaved. Possessed as if she'd been a human creetur. Fust she'd start and put like mad for sea, head down and keel up, as she'd scour the ocean over. Then again she'd back, and go for home, like to dash herself ag'in the coast, just for temper. Then she'd change her mind, and seem to draw herself up and step along, stately, like a lady out on a pleasure trip, and minding her own business. Then mebbe she'd strike chop seas, and just set there waddlin' like a mighty, helpless, dull old duck. Then more like she'd take the notion and make for the nighest breakers, like a bee.

Hey? No. I never read about her. Constaunce, did you say, they called her? I had a second cousin of that name. Put aboard without a rudder on the Mediterranean? Lived five year? We—all. I don't know. That's a bigger yarn than mine. Did you have it from any of the lady's relations?

If you're acquainted with any folks that tell a yarn like that, you'll take it easy about the "America." Most folks don't. I've seen men sit and tell my grandfather and Cap'n Elwell to their face they lied.

You see Cape Cod yonder — that grayish streak. Can't see it every day. Wal, it was the fust of January when the "America" lost her rudder. *It was the fust of August when she was picked up.* As true as St. John wrote the Gospel before he lost his head, that there schooner drifted about in these waters mostly somewhere between Cape Ann and Cape Cod *from January until August next.* And of all the souls aboard her, only one — but I'll tell you about *him* presently.

No; in all that while no living sail come nigh 'em. That shows, I take it, how onsailed the waters were in them days. Though what with the war and trade, I could never understand it only on the ground of luck. They'd got the Devil's luck.

First month, they couldn't none of 'em understand how bad the position was. Expected to be picked up, I suppose. Or thought they'd run the chance of wreck, and come out uppermost. And then their provisions held.

But it came to be February, and there they was; and March, and there they was; and it wore to be April, and it settled to be May; and then it come June, and July.

About along springtime, the provisions they began to give out. Then, I take it, their sufferings began. So they took the cocoa and they boiled it down, and lived on it, with the rum. But they suffered most for water. I take it, what those men didn't know of misery ain't much worth knowing.

When the fuel give out, they tore out the inside of the boat. When they were picked up, I've heerd the inside was most gone, scooped out, bare timber enough left to hold her together.

When you come to think of it, how all that time the schooner was drivin' up and down like a dead cops at the mercy of the wind and tide, it seems to me it must have give them a feeling enough to make a man go mad. It gives me a sensation to the brain to think on't sometimes safe at home. I've seen my grandfather after all those years set in our setting room and tell, with the tears astreaming down his cheeks, to remember of the suffering that they had.

Once, I've heerd, one April day, there'd been a fog, and it lifted sudden, peeling off with a nor'wester, and the men were lying round upon the ruined deck — they say they used to spend their time that way mostly, lyin' in the sun or rain, stupid like a sleepy dog — and all at once there come an awful cry among 'em. It was the young man Bub. He was standing in the bows with his hands above his eyes to look.

And all the boys crawled up to see. And there was Gloucester shores before 'em, far and looking peaceful like, and blessed as you might think heaven would look to souls in hell. But the wind it shifted, and the tide set out shortly after. And when the nightfall come, they had drifted out of sight again.

From that hour, folks say, the poor lad kind of battened out. He couldn't eat the cocoa as the rest did, and the rum it disagreed with him, and the drought fell on in June, and the heat come. He crawled into a little corner forward that he took a fancy to, and set this way, with his hands about his knees, and his eyes kind of staring from his head. Times they tried to talk to him, but nothing could they get. Only now and then he talked a jumble in a gentle way, but mostly all they could make of it was the poor young woman's name.

"Annie? Annie?" softly over like that, as he was asking her a question. "Annie?" he'd say, says grandfather.

Nigh as I can make out, I think the heat must have gone harder by 'em than the cold. The blazin' of the sky above your head, says grandfather, and the deck blisterin' in little blisters, and feeling along with the tips of your fingers beside you, as you lay with your head upon your arms, to count 'em not having other thoughts, and seeing the sky take on cur'ous colors, as green and purple, and seem to break up in flying solid bits, and spin before you, as you'd see it in a mighty dark kaleidoscope, and the gnawing like a thousand claws throughout your vitals, and the loathing of the cocoa, and the cur'ous way in which you'd feel, as you hadn't eaten anything for swallowing of it. And how, when you was lying there atossing up and down, crazy mebbe (for some of 'em was crazy as a loon, or dead drunk like with the miserable rum), a starving, thirsting, sickening, dying, and deserted creetur,— sudden you'd seem to see the supper table spread to home, and a piece of ice melting slowly at the edges down into the water pitcher; and a bit of bacon mebbe, and the kind of muffins that your wife made best, and her pouring of the coffee out, and the children teasing you for scraps and tastes, and of having had so much, you stopped to feed the kitten with the gristle. And then its coming to you all at once how fat that kitten was, and well to do, and your own folks feeding her while you was starving. "I can understand," says my grandfather, "forever after how the fellow felt in Scripter, when he said the servants in his father's house had bread enough, and some to spare. It was a very natural state of mind," says grandfather.

One chap, he says, was mostly troubled to know who his wife would marry after he was dead. They was a fellow he'd been jealous of, and it bothered him. It was a second wife, too.

I don't know how it was about the fishing. Whether it was lines they lacked or luck. Nigh as I can remember, it was both, but there was a net, and they got a mortal few.

About the middle of July, there happened a cur'ous thing. The cocoa was gone. The day was hellish hot. They was perishing for water and for food. Then up the Cap'n rises slow and solemn, like a ghost among a crew of ghosts, and says he, "Let us pray."

I can't say if it had just occurred to him, or if he'd ever said the same before. All I know is, how he said, "Let us pray," says Cap'n Elwell. Well, they say the poor creeturs crawled ont' their knees, such as had the power left, and all began to say their prayers in turns, like children, beginning with the Cap'n, and so down. And one, he said "Our Father," and some they prayed a reg'lar meetin' prayer, and one said, "Now I lay me," till it came to Bub.

The poor lad lay upon the fore quarter-deck, all coiled up like a cable, and panted for his breath. One of the boys he nudged him.

"Come, Bub," says he, "it's your turn. Everybody's tried his hand but you."

And you wouldn't believe it, but up that creetur got, and kneeled onsteady, and rolled his great blue eyes upon 'em, and folded his hands together, — and his hands was that worn you could see through 'em, — and then he lifted up his head and began to sing. And the words he sung was the words of "Annie Laurie."

No man, I've heerd say, who saw that sight, forgot it to the day he died.

Sang poor Bub: —

"Her face is aye the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on."

"And she's a' the world to me.
She's a' the world to me!"

They say you could have heard him a full mile acrost the blazin', awful waters, singing there among them kneeling men, —

"She's a' the WORLD to me!"

Him that made the heart of man to cling to woman, so deep and so mysterious, He knows; and Him that made the heart of man to turn to Him so weakly and so helpless, He may judge. The feelin' that a clean-natured young man will bear to his wedded wife ain't so far removed from a pious spirit, to my thinking. But, as for poor Bub's prayer, I ain't a judge, nor wishing to be one. I can't say what all that had to do with the fish. Folks have their personal opinions about that fish, as about most things that come up. All I know is, and this is a living fact, that very mortal evening, as they floated, sickening unto death, upon the horrid calm that fell upon the sea, there jumps an enormous fellow from the water — clean out — and up, and over, and on deck among them. And they fell upon him like wild creeturs, not waiting to cook the flesh, but eating of it raw. And they feasted on him many days, and he kept them from starvation, I never heerd a doubt expressed. But Cap'n Elwell, I've been told, he thought it was the prayers. There was a shower come up that evening, too, and the men they saved a little water, and got poor Bub to drink it. I never could get my grandfather nor any one of 'em I knew, to talk much of what took place upon the "America" after that. Up to that p'int, he'd talk and talk. But there he stuck. I take it the sufferings they suffered from that time to the rescue was of those things that no mortal man can jabber of. It's much with misery as it is with happiness, I think. About so far, you're glad of company, and you like to cry a sort of boat ahoy! to other folks' joys or sorrows; but there you stop; you draw in, and hold your tongue and keep your counsel. Other folks don't matter.

Most I know is how they'd drifted someway nigh Long Island when they was taken off. It was the second day of August, 1780. The boat that sighted them was bound from Dartmouth, over to England, to New York city. Seems to me, her Cap'n's name was Neal. At any rate, she set eyes on the "America," driftin' helpless up and down; and those men, like dead men, setting on the deck; and whether they made signals I don't know, but my impression is, they'd lost the strength to use their voice. But Neal, he lowered his boat, and he went to see. And there they was before him. And he took 'em off, and brought 'em home.

And all the town turned out to greet them when they come. Some folks I've heerd they shouted, but others stood and sobbed to see 'em. And mostly, I think, they took 'em to their wives and children, and never stopped to ask no questions, but shut the door and went about their business.

Years and years, when I was a little chap, I've seen those men about our town. Folks looked on 'em as folks may have looked, I often think, on the fellows that come out of the tombs when Christ was crucified, and walked and talked among the livin'. I used to have a feeling as I was afraid of 'em, and must speak softly, for fear I'd wake 'em up. And Cap'n Elwell, he lived to be ninety — being postmaster — and his wife very nigh the same.

No; I was coming to that. I always hate to, when I tell the story. But gospel's gospel, and gospel true you can't manufacture nor make over no more'n you can the light of sunrise, or a salt east wind.

Of all them men on the "America," six months tossing on the tides, and starved, and crazed, and tortured, as they was, one only died. They all come back but just that one. And he was the poor young lad that they called Bub.

Now, there's a singular thing about that p'int. The men that come home you never could get them to tell of that poor young creetur's last hours. Of the time and manner of his death, no man would speak. Some say it was too dreadful to be talked of, that he suffered so, and raved about his wife enough to break the hearts of them that heerd. Some say he got delirious and jumped into the water. Others have it that he just wasted on and pined away, and that he lay and begged for water, and there was a little in a dipper, but that the boys were stupefied, as you might say, and out of their own heads, and nobody noticed it to give it him. And others say another thing.

One night I come home and found my grandfather there, I can remember just as plain, setting on the settle by the fireplace.

"Grandfather," says I, walking up and setting down and opening of my jackknife, I remember, while I asked the question, "grandfather, what become of Bub?"

"Bub died," says the old man, short enough; "we've talked enough of Bub."

"Wal," says I, "what I want to know is, you didn't draw for him?"

"WHAT?" roars the old man, turning on me, like to knock me over.

"Folks say," says I, "how the men on the 'America' drawed lots when they was starving, to eat each other up; and I heerd say the lot fell on Bub. I said I knew better than that," says I, "and so I thought I'd ask. You didn't *eat* him, did you, grandfather?" says I, as innocent as that.

I remember I was whittling a thole pin with my jackknife, and I remember how I whittled it all round smooth, before that old man spoke or stirred. Then, up he come, and shook me till the breath was nigh out of my impudent little body, and glares down at me, till I'm frightened so I begin to cry.

"If ever I catch you listening to such damned stuff again," says grandfather, "I'll have your father flog you till he's like to break every bone you've got!" Although he was a pious man, my grandfather did say, "damned stuff." And, after that, he wasn't pacified with me for a year to come.

In all that miserable story, now, there's one thing I like to think of. The poor young woman never lived to know. Whether it was the oncertainty and distress — but something went wrong with her, everybody agrees on that; and she and her baby, they both died before the boys come home without him. There used to be an old nurse, a very old creetur, about town, that folks said took care of her, and told about it; and how, at the very last, she set erect in bed, with all that hair of hers about her, and says, quite gentle and happy in her mind: —

"My husband's coming home to-night," says she; and up she raised her arms and moved one hand about, though feeble, as she was patting some one on the cheek, acrost the empty pillow; and so died.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.[1]

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

(From "England Without and Within.")

[Richard Grant White, Shakespearean scholar and critic, was born in New York, May 22, 1822; died there April 8, 1885. He studied medicine and law; became a journalist; was a contributor to the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, and for several years its editor; and during the Civil War wrote a series of letters, signed "Yankee," for the London *Spectator*. Later he was connected with the United States Revenue Bureau in New York. He enjoyed a wide reputation as a Shakespearean scholar, and was the author of "Shakespeare's Scholar," "Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare," "Everyday English," and "England Without and Within." He edited Shakespeare's plays 1857–1865, and in 1883.]

It was on a bright Sunday morning in October that I set out from Warwick for Stratford-on-Avon. Autumn was more than half gone; and yet the almost cloudless sky was one of a succession of smiling welcomes which, meeting me in the southern counties, had gone with me to Cambridge and to Oxford, and now followed me into Warwickshire, the heart of England, for so this most midland shire is called. . . .

My bright Warwickshire day was not so pleasant as it might have been, or as some other bright days, or even as many cloudy days that I had seen in England. . . .

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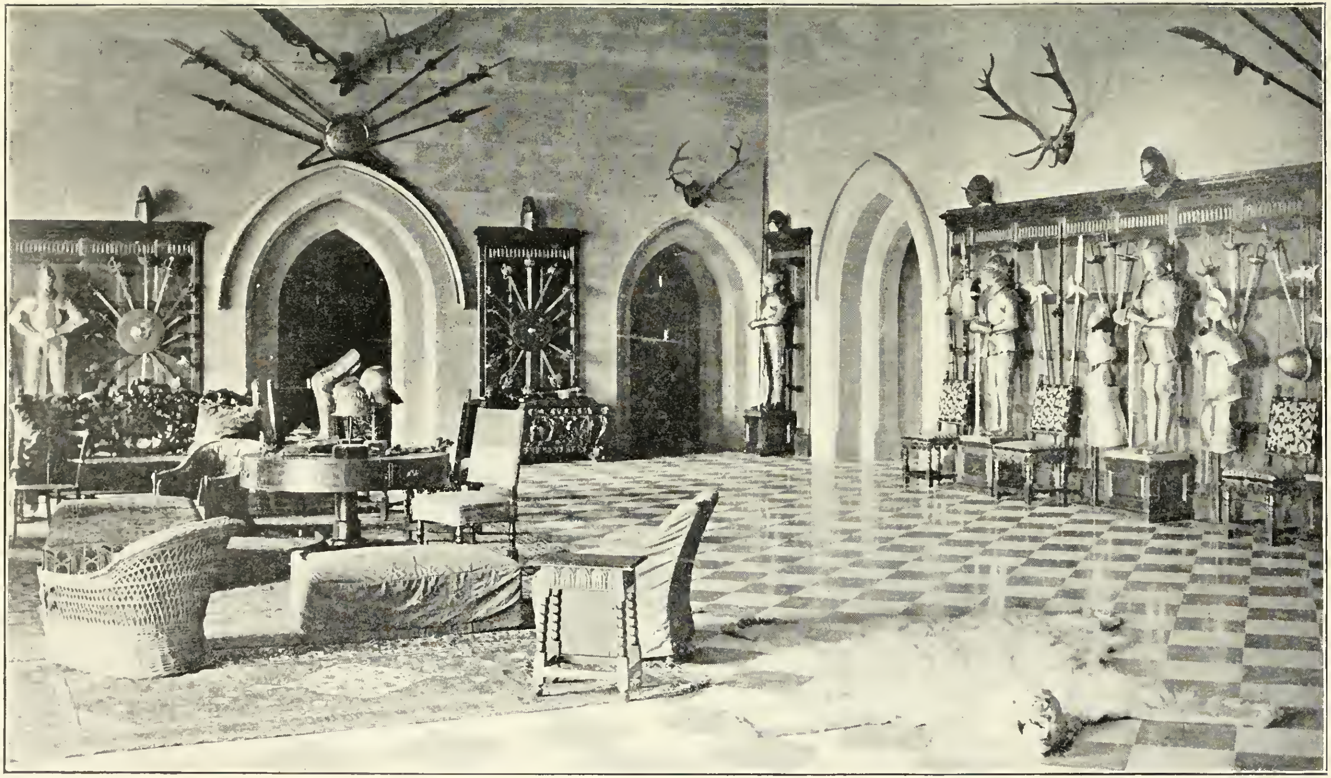
Warwick is reckoned a Shakespearean town; but I did not particularly care for it on that account, my liking for Shakespeare not taking the form of relic worship or house haunting. But Warwick has intrinsic interest for every student of England in the past, for every lover of architectural beauty, or of that beauty of reclaimed nature which is found in perfection in great English parks and around English country seats and farmhouses.

Warwick is one of those towns, of which there are not a few in England, for the existence of which it is difficult to account. Why people should have gathered their dwellings together at this spot in sufficient numbers to make a large town is not easily discoverable. It has no trade, no manufactures, no cathedral, no schools, no centralizing attraction. How the people live there is a mystery. For visiting strangers can do little to support the inhabitants of such a place; and whence do the Warwickers get the money wherewith to pay each other? The castle, part of which was built before the Conquest, must be the nucleus around which the town slowly gathered through centuries, until it stopped growing. For there is nothing new about it. On the contrary, it has a charming air of having been finished long ago, of having got its growth, and fulfilled its purpose. . . .

To Warwick Castle, the gate of which is within a stone's throw of the main street of the town, I went alone, my self-elected guide having not yet arrived. It was very strange to turn out of a paved, gas-lit street, lined on either side with shops and dingy brick houses, into a gloomy causeway cut deep through the solid rock, shaded with great trees, and winding gently up an acclivity to a grim gray mass of feudal masonry; and such is the approach to Warwick Castle. The buildings, which stand around a large, grassy base-court, are of various periods, but all of great age, one of the towers having been erected in Saxon times. I pulled the handle at the end of a chain hanging at the principal entrance, and was admitted. Within I found some half a dozen persons, decent English folk of the middle class, waiting their turn to go through the apartments. It is the custom in these great show places for an attendant to make the tour as soon as a sufficient number of sightseers have assembled to make it worth while to do so; and at Warwick Castle this happens usually about every hour or two during daylight, when the family is not in residence.



THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE

Hardly had I glanced at my companions, when a large and elderly woman advanced toward us and began to speak. She was a hard-featured female, with a slight, ragged, stiff mustache and big, stony teeth. She was dressed in black, and wore a formidable cap. She began her office immediately, without the slightest greeting or preface, plunging directly *in medias res*, and not addressing herself particularly to us, but sending out her voice into the great room as an owl might hoot in a barn. It was somewhat startling to find one's self in a strange place filled with armor and other relics, and to have a stout human female in mustaches begin thus as if she were touched off like one of the old firelocks: "The hold baronial 'all; this is the 'all that was destryd by fire; hancient harmor; Guy of Warwick's 'elmet; hetruskin vawzes," etc., pointing with a large emphatic forefinger at each object which she named. Her pronunciation of "vase," *vawz*, one of the extreme affectations of the extremely elegant people at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, was in amusing contrast with her ill treatment of the letter *h*, and the sounds which she gave to other words. People in her condition of life in England not uncommonly have some well-preserved affectation of this kind in speech or in manner, to which they hold as a sign of superior position.

As we went through the rooms I could not but observe in my companions what had impressed itself on me before at Windsor Castle and other grand show houses, that the English people who visit them do so chiefly to see the state in which majesty and nobility live; to look at the grand furniture, the gilded cornices, and other splendors of the apartments, with little or no interest in architecture or historic associations, and with the density of stocks and stones as to the beauties of the objects of art which are generally found in such places. A queen's or a duchess' state bed, hideous and ponderous, and overwhelmed with stuffy embroidered curtains, attracts more attention from them than the surcoat and gauntlets that the Black Prince wore at Poictiers, or a masterpiece of Titian or Vandyke. As far as the average native Briton is concerned, these visits are pilgrimages of prying snobbery. In Warwick Castle are some noble pictures by the great masters of the sixteenth century; but these, pointed out by the tremendous forefinger, and set forth as to subject and painter in a somewhat amazing style both of speech and criticism by our guide (as, for example, "Ed of a hox by Buggim," meaning Berghem), were hardly glanced at. One gentleman did ask, "Oo's the hold fellow hover the door?" but suddenly corrected himself with, "Ho! it's a woman." When, however, we came to a gorgeous table, the top of which our guide informed us was "hall of preshis stones," there was an eager looking and a pricking up of ears; and as the pudgy, strong-nailed thumb with which she chose to point out its splendors moved over its variegated surface, and paused on one spot and another, as she explained in a voice husky with importance, "hagate, hamethyst, honyx," etc., she was attentively followed, and when she closed her description with an announcement, "This table cost two thousand paounds," she evidently awakened a feeling of delighted awe. What was chain armor that had gone through the first crusade, what were Raphael and Titian and Rubens, to that!

Among the paintings at Warwick is a portrait of strange impressiveness. It is that of a gentleman in the costume of the middle of the sixteenth century, standing with his left hand resting near the hilt of his sword, and looking out of the canvas straight into your eyes. Upon a plinth against which he leans is an inscription in Spanish, telling that he was one who feared nothing, not even death. There have been other men who were as fearless; but no such portrait of any one of them, as I believe. I never saw a painted face of such vitality and character, never painted eyes that seemed so plainly to have a thinking brain behind them, never painted lips that so seemed as if they could speak but would not. Then the perfect simplicity and ease of the position, the faultless drawing, and the color, of which the mere harmonies are a perpetual delight, unite with its other merits to make a picture the sight of which is worth a pilgrimage. I had seen Vandykes and Rubenses and Sir Joshuas almost by the acre, and it was with a memory of the best of these, and also of what Raphael and Titian and Velasquez and Holbein have done in this way, fresh in my mind, that I felt that this portrait by Muroni, a painter almost unknown to me, is one of the greatest in the world. Certainly I never saw one, or the engraving of one, that is its superior. . . .

One of the most interesting places in Warwick is the Leicester hospital. It was founded by Robert Dudley, Amy Robsart's Dudley and Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, for twelve old men, who are called brethren, and a master. It is a fine and well-preserved specimen of the domestic architecture of the time: many-gabled, and with dark oak beams showing on the outside, the interstices being filled with plaster, — suggesting a man whose skeleton has struck through his skin. . . .

The brethren of the Leicester hospital wear, on state occasions, long gowns or cloaks, which have upon them metal badges formed of the device of the Bear and Ragged Staff; and these badges are now the very same that were worn by the first brethren three hundred years ago, so carefully have they been preserved. The eldest of the brethren showed me about the place, and in explaining to me the nature of the institution, or the "foundation" as it is there called, said to me, among other things, "Th' Herl o' Leicester d'ow'd this haouse for twel' hold men an' a master; an' th' brethren comes out o' three parishes, and none can come into 't but on'y they." Of a little house that I pointed out, he said, "That doant belong to we." This is a fair representation of the speech of a Warwickshire man of his condition. I went with him into the kitchen, where the brethren sit and drink ale before the enormous fireplace, and there he showed me an old three-legged oaken chair which had but lately been discovered in some nook or corner of the building, and which I saw from the carving upon it was made by a Saxon craftsman, and probably antedated the Conquest. There, too, he showed me a little piece of embroidery worked by poor Amy Robsart. It was framed and hung up against the wall. The frame, he told me, had been paid for by "a gentleman in America," of whom I probably had never heard, "one Mr. Charles O'Conor, a great lawer." Mr. O'Conor had seen it "laying araound loose," and for Amy Robsart's sake had furnished a frame for its proper preservation. . . .

Warwick has a church, the chief interest of which to me was the Leicester chapel and the crypt. In the former are the tomb and effigies of the great Earl of Leicester, as he is called, and of Fulke Greville, the founder of the present Warwick family, upon whose tomb it is recorded by his own wish that he was "servant to Queen Elizabeth, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He might have served a better mistress than that vain, vacillating, lying, penurious termagant, who drove Cecil, the real ruler of England in her reign, almost mad, and whose one merit was that she knew a man when she saw him; but he could not have had friendship for a nobler or more admirable gentleman than Sir Philip Sidney. But this struck me as I looked at the tomb: Who now would deem it a distinction to have it recorded upon his tomb that he was the friend of any man? Is it that there are no gods among us, or that we have lost the faculty of worship, except for two idols — Me and Mammon?

It was pleasant to see in this church two mural tablets set up in memory of two of the housekeepers at Warwick Castle. One of them recorded the fact that the subject of the inscription had held her position for sixty years. Faithful service seems rarely forgotten in England.

In the crypt, the mighty ribbed arches of which spring from one enormous pier, there is an article which has long gone out of use, — whether advantageously or not I shall not venture to say, — a ducking stool, made for the public discipline of scolding women. This is one of the only two, I believe, that remain in England. It consists of a strong oaken frame on low wheels, from which a seat rises upon an inclined beam that works upon a pivot or axle. The scold was lashed into the seat, and then the "institution" was drawn to the riverside at a convenient deep place, and rolled in until the patient sat just above the water. Then the land end of the beam was tipped up, and consequently the other end with its lading went down under the water, where it was allowed to remain not too long, and was then raised for breathing time. This process was repeated as often as it was thought beneficial to the lady under treatment, or necessary for the peace of her family and neighborhood. Whether husbands ever interceded for wives thus disciplined, as wives do now sometimes for husbands who are unreasonably interfered with in the gentle sport of blacking their eyes or kicking their ribs, is not recorded.

After dinner I asked for a hint as to the way of passing the hours before bedtime; but in vain. No one could tell me what to do: "Warwick was a quiet place, with nothing going on." As I knew no one there, I was thrown upon my own resources, and sallying forth, I wandered about the town. I met hardly a human creature; nor did many of the houses show lights to cheer my lonely loitering. Erelong, however, a sense of bustle stirred my ears, and following their guidance I soon came upon an open place which was fitfully lit up by the flaring light of many large petroleum lamps, or rather torches; for they were without shades or chimneys. One side of the place was filled by three or four large booths, on the outside of which were signs and transparencies; and within each was a noise of hand organs and of brazen instruments of music, so called. On some half a dozen stands in the open air various articles were exposed for sale. In the midst of all this some hundred people or so of the humbler sort were moving quietly about. I had plainly fallen upon the Saturday fair of Warwick and its neighborhood. The people offered little occasion of remark, being generally of that sober, respectable sort which is always uninteresting. The shows proved to be equally dull and decent; and even the vociferations of the showmen at the doors of the booths were remarkable only as evidence of an untiring strength of lungs. Soon, however, I was attracted by the performances of a dealer in crockery, who was disposing of his wares by the process known in England as a Dutch auction. A long, broad deal board, set upon two trestles, and covered with teapots, plates, tumblers, bowls, and piggins, formed his whole establishment. Before him a dozen or two of men and women were gathered in little knots. As I came up he was crying out at the top of his voice in praise of a huge and hideous teapot, which he held aloft. "Two shillins for this helegant harticle! Honly two shillins. You wouldn't get one loike it in Lunnon for arf a crown; not for three shillin. Wouldn't you like it, ma'am? It 'ud look helegant on your tea table." Silence. "Eighteen pence, then, for this lovely teapot! Look hat it!" and he whisked off the lid, and held it and the pot abroad high in air in either hand. "Eighteen pence," — silence, — "and no one wants this splendid teapot at one shilling. Wouldn't you like it, ma'am, for ninepence?" turning to an old woman wrapped in a huge rough shawl. He had found his purchaser. The ninepence went into his pocket, and the teapot disappeared under the shawl. He then went to a pile of plates, of which he took up two, and set them whirling on the tips of his fingers like a conjurer. "Look at them plates; as fine as any one ever eat a dinner off of. Who'll have a dozen of 'em? Only two shillins the dozen." He shouted awhile, but no notice was taken of his invitation. Then he caught up two or three others, and shuffled them back and forth in his hands as if they were cards, making a great clatter. He flung them up into the air and caught them again.

He dashed them down upon the board in seeming recklessness, calling attention to their soundness and strength. "The children couldn't break them plates." But I saw that the skill and dexterity of his handling were such that the crockery was in no real danger. He seemed to wax furious in his excitement; and flinging the plates up into the air one after another caught them again, and kept the round in motion, crying out all the while at the top of his voice. He danced back and forth, addressing himself now to one group and now to another, and gradually diminishing the upset price of his goods until he reached his "very lowest figger." Then he paused; and after a little hesitation one or two women stepped shyly forward and bought half a dozen each. After seeing him make one or two more sales in this manner, I turned away. It was growing late. The people began to disperse. They were putting out the lights in the show booths; and I went to my inn. But something *was* going on even in Warwick, and my entertainment was better, I am sure, than it would have been at a theater.

Among the striking features of old English towns are the massive gates that are found standing in them across some of the principal streets. In olden time almost all these towns were walled. The walls have fallen into decay, and have been removed, but many of the gateways are left standing. Warwick has at least one such, through which I passed several times without observing anything in it to interest me particularly, except its massiveness and its age. But one afternoon, as I was walking out of the town, I saw an exceeding small boy trying to drive an exceeding big swine through this gate. The boy was one of the smallest I ever saw intrusted with any office, the beast was the hugest living pork that has yet come under my observation. He was a very long pig, but he also was a very broad one; surely greater in girth than in length. His hams were so big that as he presented his vast rear to me he seemed to obscure a goodly part of the horizon, and as to the boy, they must for him have blotted out the whole heavens; for the little man's head was not so high as the big beast's back. The group reminded me of Falstaff's exclamation to his dwarfish page, "I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one." Now the pig, for some altogether piggish reason, did not wish to go through the gate. Perhaps he thought it was too small, although armies with banners had gone out of it to battle. He turned his head to one side and the other, willing to take the pathway which passed around the gate, through which his pygmy driver, however, was determined that he should go. Whereat the latter spread out his little hands, and applying them with all his little might to the haunches of the huge creature tried to push him on. He might as well have pushed against the great tower of Warwick Castle. Then he patted the fat white hams, and coaxed and gently urged, but all in vain. Whereupon the dreadful ingenuity of boydom, early developed, came to his aid. Between the enormous haunches of the beast was an absurdly small corkscrew appendage which for any possible use that it could be to such a monster might just as well not have been. It suggested that tails, in the course of evolution, were passing away from pigs in their progress toward some more highly developed animal of the future. But the boy put it to present and effective use. Reaching up to it as I had seen a lad reach to a door knocker, he seized it, and with a hearty good will gave it one more twist than it had, the consequence of which was a swinish squeal and a hurried waddle through the gateway. The contrast between the venerable dignity of this frowning old portal, with its historic suggestions and associations, and the little comedy of boy and pig enacted beneath it seemed to me one of the absurdest sights that I had ever seen.

THE RUOSE THAT DECKED HER BREAST.

(*Dorsetshire Dialect.*)

By WILLIAM BARNES.

[1800-1886.]

Poor Jenny wer her Roberd's bride
Two happy years, an' then 'e died;
An' zoo the wold voke made her come,
Varsiaken, to her mâiden huome.
But Jenny's merry tongue wer dum;
  An' roun' her comely neck she wore
  A moorneen kerchif, wher avore
    The ruose did deck her breast.

She wạked aluone wi' eyeballs wet,
To zee the flow'rs that she'd a-zet;
The lilies, white 's her mâiden frocks,
The spik, to put 'ithin her box,
Wi' columbines an' hollyhocks;
 The jilliflower an' noddin' pink,
 An' ruose that touched her soul to think
  O' thik that decked her breast.

Var at her weddin' jist avore
Her mâiden han' had yeet a-wore
A wife's goold ring, wi' hangin' head
She waked along thik flower bed,
Wher bloodywâ'iors, stained wi' red,
 And miarygoolds did skirt the wa'k,
 And gathered vrom the ruose's stạ'k
  A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud;
But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
'Tis piale 's the milk-white jessamine.
But Roberd 'ave a-left behine
 A little biaby wi' his fiace,
 To smile an' nessle in the pliace
  Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

* * *

THACKERAY.[1]

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

(From "Yesterdays with Authors.")

[James Thomas Fields: An American publisher and author; born at Portsmouth, N.H., December 31, 1817; died at Boston, April 24, 1881. He entered the employ of a Boston bookseller in 1834, and in 1839 was admitted as a partner of the firm of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, which in 1846 became Ticknor & Fields. In 1847 he visited Europe, making many friends among the leading literary men of the day. He collected, edited, and published the first complete edition of the works of Thomas De Quincey (20 vols., 1858). In 1860 he succeeded Mr. James Russell Lowell as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and remained as such until his final retirement from business in 1871. He received the degree of A.M. from

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JAMES T. FIELDS

Harvard in 1858, and that of LL.D. from Dartmouth in 1874. Among his published writings are: "Poems" (1849), "A Few Verses to a Few Friends" (1858), "Yesterdays with Authors" (1872), "Hawthorne" (1876), "In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens" (1876), and "Family Library of English Poetry," edited with Edwin P. Whipple (1877).]

Dear old Thackeray! — as everybody who knew him intimately calls him, now he is gone. That is his face looking out upon us, next to Pope's. What a contrast in bodily appearance those two Englishmen of genius present! Thackeray's great burly figure, broad-chested and ample as the day, seems to overshadow and quite blot out of existence the author of "The Essay on Man." But what friends they would have been had they lived as contemporaries under Queen Anne or Queen Victoria! One can imagine the author of "Pendennis" gently lifting poor little Alexander out of his "chariot" into the club, and reveling in talk with him all night long. Pope's high-bred and gentlemanly manner, combined with his extraordinary sensibility and dread of ridicule, would have modified Thackeray's usual gigantic fun and sometimes boisterous sarcasm into a rich and strange adaptability to his little guest. We can imagine them talking together now, with even a nobler wisdom and ampler charity than were ever vouchsafed to them when they were busy amid the turmoils of their crowded literary lives.

It is now nearly twenty years since I first saw him and came to know him familiarly in London. I was very much in earnest to have him come to America and read his series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," and when I talked the matter over with some of his friends at the little Garrick Club, they all said he could never be induced to leave London long enough for such an expedition. Next morning, after this talk at the Garrick, the elderly damsel of all work announced to me, as I was taking breakfast at my lodgings, that Mr. *Sackville* had called to see me, and was then waiting below. Very soon I heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and then entered a tall, white-haired stranger, who held out his hand, bowed profoundly, and with a most comical expression announced himself as Mr. Sackville. Recognizing at once the face from published portraits, I knew that my visitor was none other than Thackeray himself, who, having heard the servant give the wrong name, determined to assume it on this occasion. For years afterwards, when he would drop in unexpectedly, both at home and abroad, he delighted to call himself Mr. Sackville, until a certain Milesian waiter at the Tremont House addressed him as Mr. Thack*uary*, when he adopted that name in preference to the other.

I had the opportunity, both in England and America, of observing the literary habits of Thackeray, and it always seemed to me that he did his work with comparative ease, but was somewhat influenced by a custom of procrastination. Nearly all his stories were written in monthly installments for magazines, with the press at his heels. He told me that when he began a novel he rarely knew how many people were to figure in it, and, to use his own words, he was always very shaky about their moral conduct. He said that sometimes, especially if he had been dining late and did not feel in remarkably good humor next morning, he was inclined to make his characters villainously wicked; but if he rose serene, with an unclouded brain, there was no end to the lovely actions he was willing to make his men and women perform. When he had written a passage that pleased him very much, he could not resist clapping on his hat and rushing forth to find an acquaintance to whom he might instantly read his successful composition.

When I was asked, the other day, which of his books I like best, I gave the old answer to a similar question, "*The last one I read.*" If I could possess only *one* of his works, I think I should choose "Henry Esmond." To my thinking, it is a marvel in literature, and I have read it oftener than any of the other works. Perhaps the reason of my partiality lies somewhat in this little incident. One day, in the snowy winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily plowing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of "Henry Esmond" (the English edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, "Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card."

As he wrote from month to month, and liked to put off the inevitable chapters till the last moment, he was often in great tribulation. I happened to be one of a large company whom he had invited to a six o'clock dinner at Greenwich one summer afternoon, several years ago. We were all to go down from London, assemble in a particular room at the hotel, where he was to meet us at six o'clock, *sharp*. Accordingly, we took steamer and gathered ourselves together in the reception room, at the appointed time. When the clock struck six, our host had not fulfilled his part of the contract. His burly figure was yet wanting among the company assembled. As the guests were nearly all strangers to each other, and as there was no one present to introduce us, a profound silence fell upon the room, and we anxiously looked out of the windows, hoping every moment that Thackeray would arrive. This untoward state of things went on for one hour, still no Thackeray and no dinner. English reticence would not allow any remark as to the absence of our host. Everybody felt serious and a gloom fell upon the assembled party. Still no Thackeray. The landlord, the butler, and the waiters rushed in and out the room, shrieking for the master of the feast, who as yet had not arrived. It was confidentially whispered by a fat gentleman, with a hungry look, that the dinner was utterly spoiled twenty minutes ago, when we heard a merry shout in the entry and Thackeray bounced into the room. He had not changed his morning dress, and ink was still visible upon his fingers. Clapping his hands and pirouetting briskly on one leg, he cried out, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of 'The Virginians' has just gone to the printer." He made no apology for his late appearance, introduced nobody, shook hands heartily with everybody, and begged us all to be seated as quickly as possible. His exquisite delight at completing his book swept away every other feeling, and we all shared his pleasure, albeit the dinner was overdone throughout.

The most finished and elegant of all *lecturers*, Thackeray often made a very poor appearance when he attempted to deliver a set speech to a public assembly. He frequently broke down after the first two or three sentences. He prepared what he intended to say with great exactness, and his favorite delusion was that he was about to astonish everybody with a remarkable effort. It never disturbed him that he commonly made a woeful failure when he attempted speechmaking, but he sat down with such cool serenity if he found that he could not recall what he wished to say, that his audience could not help joining in and smiling with him when he came to a standstill. Once he asked me to travel with him from London to Manchester to hear a great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that city. All the way down he was discoursing of certain effects he intended to produce on the Manchester dons by his eloquent appeals to their pockets. This passage was to have great influence with the rich merchants, this one with the clergy, and so on. He said that although Dickens and Bulwer and Sir James Stephen, all eloquent speakers, were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this special occasion. He insisted that I should be seated directly in front of him, so that I should have the full force of his magic eloquence. The occasion was a most brilliant one; tickets had been in demand at unheard-of prices several weeks before the day appointed; the great hall, then opened for the first time to the public, was filled by an audience such as is seldom convened, even in England. The three speeches which came before Thackeray was called upon were admirably suited to the occasion, and most eloquently spoken. Sir John Potter, who presided, then rose, and after some complimentary allusions to the author of "Vanity Fair," introduced him to the crowd, who welcomed him with ringing plaudits. As he rose, he gave me a half-wink from under his spectacles, as if to say: "Now for it; the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner, and was absolutely perfect for three minutes. In the middle of a most earnest and elaborate sentence he suddenly stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets, and deliberately sat down. Everybody seemed to understand that it was one of Thackeray's unfinished speeches, and there were no signs of surprise or discontent among his audience. He continued to sit on the platform in a perfectly composed manner; and when the meeting was over he said to me without a sign of discomfiture, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator." And I never heard him mention the subject again.

Thackeray rarely took any exercise, thus living in striking contrast to the other celebrated novelist of our time, who was remarkable for the number of hours he daily spent in the open air. It seems to be almost certain now, from concurrent testimony, gathered from physicians and those who knew him best in England, that Thackeray's premature death was hastened by an utter disregard of the natural laws. His vigorous frame gave ample promise of longevity, but he drew too largely on his brain and not enough on his legs. *High* living and high *thinking*, he used to say, was the correct reading of the proverb.

He was a man of the tenderest feelings, very apt to be cajoled into doing what the world calls foolish things, and constantly performing feats of unwisdom, which performances he was immoderately laughing at all the while in his books. No man has impaled snobbery with such a stinging rapier, but he always accused himself of being a snob, past all cure. This I make no doubt was one of his exaggerations, but there was a grain of truth in the remark, which so sharp an observer as himself could not fail to notice, even though the victim was so near home.

Thackeray announced to me by letter in the early autumn of 1852 that he had determined to visit America, and would sail for Boston by the "Canada" on the 30th of October. All the necessary arrangements for his lecturing tour had been made without troubling him with any of the details. He arrived on a frosty November evening, and went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvelous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We apologized — although we had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table — for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised; then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the simple process by which the freeborn citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen (rejecting a large one, "because," he said, "it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off"), and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five overoccupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." It was many years ago since we gathered about him on that occasion, but, if my memory serves me, we had what might be called *a pleasant evening.* Indeed, I remember much hilarity, and sounds as of men laughing and singing far into midnight. I could not deny, if called upon to testify in court, that we had a *good time* on that frosty November evening.

Thackeray's playfulness was a marked peculiarity; a great deal of the time he seemed like a schoolboy, just released from his task. In the midst of the most serious topic under discussion he was fond of asking permission to sing a comic song, or he would beg to be allowed to enliven the occasion by the instant introduction of a brief double shuffle. Barry Cornwall told me that when he and Charles Lamb were once making up a dinner party together, Charles asked him not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Lamb, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral." I have often contrasted the habitual qualities of that gloomy friend of theirs with the astounding spirits of both Thackeray and Dickens. They always seemed to me to be standing in the sunshine, and to be constantly warning other people out of cloudland. During Thackeray's first visit to America his jollity knew no bounds, and it became necessary often to repress him when he was walking in the street. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold, and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket holders. An instance of his procrastination occurred the evening of his first public appearance in America. His lecture was advertised to take place at half-past seven, and when he was informed of the hour, he said he would try and be ready at eight o'clock, but thought it very doubtful. Horrified at this assertion, I tried to impress upon him the importance of punctuality on this, the night of his first bow to an American audience. At a quarter past seven I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" for a lady, which illustration — a charming one, by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing — he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) Melodeon. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall, after his first lecture in Boston. A shabby, ungainly-looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand and announced himself as "proprietor of the Mammoth Rat," and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to call on the wonderful quadruped next day.

Thackeray's motto was "Avoid performing to-day, if possible, what can be postponed till to-morrow." Although he received large sums for his writings, he managed without much difficulty to keep his expenditures fully abreast, and often in advance of, his receipts. His pecuniary object in visiting America the second time was to lay up, as he said, a "pot of money" for his two daughters, and he left the country with more than half his lecture engagements unfulfilled. He was to have visited various cities in the Middle and Western States; but he took up a newspaper one night, in his hotel in New York, before retiring, saw a steamer advertised to sail the next morning for England, was seized with a sudden fit of homesickness, rang the bell for his servant, who packed up his luggage that night, and the next day he sailed. The first intimation I had of his departure was a card which he sent by the pilot of the steamer, with these words upon it: "Good-by, Fields; good-by, Mrs. Fields; God bless everybody, says W. M. T." Of course he did not avail himself of the opportunity afforded him for receiving a very large sum in America, and he afterwards told me in London that if Mr. Astor had offered him half his fortune if he would allow that particular steamer to sail without him, he should have declined the well-intentioned but impossible favor, and gone on board.

I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been written; and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said, with mock gravity, "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned! And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." He was always perfectly honest in his expressions about his own writings, and it was delightful to hear him praise them when he could depend on his listeners. A friend congratulated him once on that touch in "Vanity Fair" in which Becky "*admires*" her husband when he is giving Steyne the punishment which ruins *her* for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table and said, '*That* is a touch of genius!'"

He told me he was nearly forty years old before he was recognized in literature as belonging to a class of writers at all above the ordinary magazinists of his day. "I turned off far better things then than I do now," said he, "and I wanted money sadly (my parents were rich but respectable, and I had spent my guineas in my youth), but how little I got for my work! It makes me laugh," he continued, "at what the *Times* pays me now, when I think of the old days, and how much better I wrote for them then, and got a shilling where I now get ten."

One day he wanted a little service done for a friend, and I remember his very quizzical expression, as he said, "Please say the favor asked will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is that he has seen Napoleon and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller's sword."

One of the most comical and interesting occasions I remember, in connection with Thackeray, was going with him to a grand concert given fifteen or twenty years ago by Madame Sontag. We sat near an entrance door in the hall, and every one who came in, male and female, Thackeray pretended to know, and gave each one a name and brief chronicle, as the presence flitted by. It was in Boston, and as he had been in town only a day or two, and knew only half a dozen people in it, the biographies were most amusing. As I happened to know several people who passed, it was droll enough to hear this great master of character give them their dues. Mr. Choate moved along in his regal, affluent manner. The large style of the man, so magnificent and yet so modest, at once arrested Thackeray's attention, and he forbore to place him in his extemporaneous catalogue. I remember a pallid, sharp-faced girl fluttering past, and how Thackeray exulted in the history of this "frail little bit of porcelain," as he called her. There was something in her manner that made him hate her, and he insisted she had murdered somebody on her way to the hall. Altogether this marvelous prelude to the concert made a deep impression on Thackeray's one listener, into whose ear he whispered his fatal insinuations. There is one man still living and moving about the streets I walk in occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character. . . .

It was a treat to hear him, as I once did, discourse of Shakespeare's probable life in Stratford among his neighbors. He painted, as he alone could paint, the great poet sauntering about the lanes without the slightest show of greatness, having a crack with the farmers, and in very earnest talk about the crops. "I don't believe," said Thackeray, "that these village cronies of his ever looked upon him as the mighty poet,

> "Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air,

but simply as a wholesome, good-natured citizen, with whom it was always pleasant to have a chat. I can see him now," continued Thackeray, "leaning over a cottage gate, and tasting good Master Such-a-one's home brewed, and inquiring with a real interest after the mistress and her children." Long before he put it into his lecture, I heard him say in words to the same effect, "I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." To have heard Thackeray depict, in his own charming manner, and at considerable length, the imaginary walks and talks of Shakespeare, when he would return to his home from occasional visits to London, pouring into the ready ears of his unsophisticated friends and neighbors the gossip from town which he thought would be likely to interest them, is something to remember all one's days.

During his second visit to Boston I was asked to invite him to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member. I was very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman rose, and applied his auger with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in "Hamlet." Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantelshelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me, "What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?"

I parted with Thackeray for the last time in the street, at midnight, in London, a few months before his death. The *Cornhill Magazine*, under his editorship, having proved a very great success, grand dinners were given every month in honor of the new venture. We had been sitting late at one of these festivals, and, as it was getting toward morning, I thought it wise, as far as I was concerned, to be moving homeward before the sun rose. Seeing my intention to withdraw, he insisted on driving me in his brougham to my lodgings. When we reached the outside door of our host, Thackeray's servant, seeing a stranger with his master, touched his hat and asked where he should drive us. It was then between one and two o'clock, — time certainly for all decent diners-out to be at rest. Thackeray put on one of his most quizzical expressions, and said to John, in answer to his question, "I think we will make a morning call on the Lord Bishop of London." John knew his master's quips and cranks too well to suppose he was in earnest, so I gave him my address, and we went on. When we reached my lodgings the clocks were striking two, and the early morning air was raw and piercing. Opposing all my entreaties for leave-taking in the carriage, he insisted upon getting out on the sidewalk and escorting me up to my door, saying, with a mock-heroic protest to the heavens above us, "That it would be shameful for a full-blooded Britisher to leave an unprotected Yankee friend exposed to ruffians who prowl about the streets with an eye to plunder." Then giving me a gigantic embrace, he sang a verse of which he knew me to be very fond; and so vanished out of my sight the great-hearted author of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair." But I think of him still as moving, in his own stately way, up and down the crowded thoroughfares of London, dropping in at the Garrick, or sitting at the window of the Athenæum Club and watching the stupendous tide of life that is ever moving past in that wonderful city.

Thackeray was a *master* in every sense, having as it were, in himself, a double quantity of being. Robust humor and lofty sentiment alternated so strangely in him, that sometimes he seemed like the natural son of Rabelais, and at others he rose up a very twin brother of the Stratford Seer. There was nothing in him amorphous and unconsidered. Whatever he chose to do was always perfectly done. There was a genuine Thackeray flavor in everything he was willing to say or to write. He detected with unfailing skill the good or the vile wherever it existed. He had an unerring eye, a firm understanding, and abounding truth. "Two of his great master powers," said the chairman at a dinner given to him many years ago in Edinburgh, "are *satire* and *sympathy*." George Brimley remarked "that he could not have painted 'Vanity Fair' as he has, unless Eden had been shining in his inner eye." He had, indeed, an awful insight, with a world of solemn tenderness and simplicity, in his composition. Those who heard the same voice that withered the memory of King George the Fourth repeat "The spacious firmament on high," have a recollection not easily to be blotted from the mind, and I have a kind of pity for all who were born so recently as not to have heard and understood Thackeray's Lectures. But they can read him, and I beg of them to try and appreciate the tenderer phase of his genius, as well as the sarcastic one. He teaches many lessons to young men, and here is one of them, which I quote *memoriter* from "Barry Lyndon": "Do you not, as a boy, remember waking of bright summer mornings and finding your mother looking over you? had not the gaze of her tender eyes stolen into your senses long before you woke, and cast over your slumbering spirit a sweet spell of peace, and love, and fresh-springing joy?" My dear friend, John Brown, of Edinburgh (whom may God long preserve to both countries where he is so loved and honored), chronicles this touching incident. "We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road, to the west of Edinburgh, — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness, every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the granary below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word, 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Savior."

Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas morning, and he probably died without pain. His mother and his daughters were sleeping under the same roof when he passed away alone. Dickens told me that, looking on him as he lay in his coffin, he wondered that the figure he had known in life as one of such noble presence could seem so shrunken and wasted; but there had been years of sorrow, years of labor, years of pain, in that now exhausted life. It was his happiest Christmas morning when he heard the Voice calling him homeward to unbroken rest.

THE ECHO CLUB.[1]

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Bayard Taylor: An American author and traveler; born at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died in Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. He left home at the age of nineteen, took a cheap passage across the ocean, and supported himself in Europe by writing letters to American journals. The result of this journey was his first book, "Views Afoot" (1846), which at once gave him distinction. He spent the greater part of his life in travel, finding abundant material for his books and lectures. He was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg in 1862–1863, and in 1878 was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Germany, but died after holding the office a few months. Among his prose works are: "El Dorado" (1850), "Journey to Central Africa" and "The Lands of the Saracen" (1854), "Visit to India, China, and Japan" (1855), "Northern Travel" (1858), and "Travels in Greece and Russia" (1859). His poetical works include: "Rhymes of Travel" (1848), "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs" (1851), "Poems of the Orient" (1854), "Poems of Home and Travel" (1855), "The Masque of the Gods" (1872), "Lars" (1873), "The Prophet" (1874), "Home Pastorals" (1875), and the "Prince Deukalion" (1878). He also wrote two novels, "Hannah Thurston" (1863) and "The Story of Kennett" (1866), and made a translation of Goethe's "Faust."]

Night the Second.

The friends came together again in the Lions' Den a little earlier than their wont; but they did not immediately take up the chief diversion of the evening. In intellectual, as in physical acrobatics, the joints must be gradually made flexible, and the muscles warm and elastic, by lighter feats; so the conversation began as mere skylarking and mutual chaffing, as empty and evanescent, when you attempt to catch it, as the foam ripples on a swift stream. But Galahad had something on his mind; he had again read portions of the "Earthly Paradise," and insisted that the atmosphere of the poems was not gray and overcast, but charged with a golden, luminous mist, like that of the Indian summer. Finally, he asked the Ancient: —

"Granting the force of your impression, might not much of it come from some want of harmony between your mood or temper of mind and the author's? In that case, it would not be abstractly just."

The Ancient — I don't think that we often can be "abstractly just" towards contemporary poets; we either exalt or abase them too much. For we and they breathe either the same or opposite currents in the intellectual atmosphere of the time, and there can be no impartial estimate until those winds have blown over. This is precisely the reason why you sometimes think me indifferent, when I am only trying to shove myself as far off as the next generation; at least, to get a little outside of the fashions and whims and prejudices of this day. American authors, and also their publishers, are often charged with an overconcern for the opinion of the English literary journals. I think their interest quite natural ——

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Zoïlus [*with energy*] — Now, you surely are not going to justify that sycophantic respect for the judgment of men who know so much less than we do of our own literature?

The Ancient — I condemn *all* sycophancy, even to the great, triumphant, overwhelming American spirit! But, until we have literary criticism of a more purely objective character in this country, — until our critics learn to separate their personal tastes and theories from their estimate of the executive and artistic quality of the author; or, which amounts to the same thing, to set this quality, this creative principle, higher than the range of themes and opinions, — the author will look to the judgment of critics, whose distance and whose very want of acquaintance with our prejudices and passions assure him of a certain amount of impartiality. The feeling is reciprocal; I venture to say that an intelligent American criticism has more weight with an English author than that of one of his own Reviews.

Zoïlus — Do you mean to say that we have *no* genuine criticism?

The Ancient — By no means; we have some that is admirable. But it is only recognized at its true value by a very small class; the great reading public is blissfully ignorant of its existence. It adds to the confusion, that many of our writers have no definite ideas of literary excellence apart from the effect which immediately follows their work; and readers are thus actually misled by those who should guide them. Why, a year ago, the most popular book in the whole country was one which does not even belong to literature; and the most popular poem of late years was written, not from a poetic, but from a high moral, inspiration! Somebody must set up a true æsthetic standard; it is high time this were done, and a better criticism must be the first step.

The Gannet — Why don't you undertake it yourself?

The Ancient — I'm too fond of comfort. Think what a hornet's nest I should thrust my hand into! Moreover, I doubt whether one could force such interests beyond their natural growth; we are still suffering from the intellectual demoralization which the war left behind it. But where's the hat? We are spoiling ourselves by all this serious prose. Let us throw in a few more names, and try our luck again.

[*They draw lots as before.*

The Gannet — John Keats! How shall I wear his mantle?

Zoïlus — I'm crushed, buried under an avalanche of — well, not much, after all. Don't ask me who it is, until I try my hand. You would confuse me with your laughter.

The Ancient — I shall keep mine specially for you, Zoïlus.

Galahad — I have drawn one of the names I wrote myself; but you have already so demoralized me that I will try to parody him as heartily as if I didn't like his poetry.

The Ancient — You are getting on. But I think the Gannet ought to draw another name; it is best not to go back of our own day and generation. I propose that we limit ourselves to the poets who stand nearer to our own minds, under whom, or beside whom, or above whom (as each chooses to estimate himself), we have grown and are now growing. The farther we withdraw from this atmosphere, the more artificial must our imitations be.

The Gannet — Let it pass this once, I pray thee, for I have caught my idea! But, even taking your limitation, who is nearer us than Keats? Not alone in his own person, though there he stands among us; he is in Tennyson, in Morris, in Swinburne, and, more remotely, in the earlier poems of Browning and Lowell, besides a host of small rhymers. He still approaches us, while Shelley and Byron withdraw. I think it's a fair exception; and if you won't admit it, I'll take the sense of the company.

Omnes — Go on!

[*All write busily for fifteen minutes except the* ANCIENT, *who talks in a lower tone to the* Chorus.

The Gannet [*looking up*] — Zoïlus, you were ready first.

Zoïlus — Could you guess whom I represent?

The Gannet — Tupper?

Zoïlus — He? he is his own best parody. No; it is a lyrical inanity, which once was tolerably famous. The Ancient's rule as to what is properly parodiable doesn't apply here: for it is neither excellent nor imbecile. I think I had the right to reject the name, but I have tried to see whether a respectable jingle of words, expressing ordinary and highly proper feelings, can be so imitated as to be recognized. Here it is. [*Reads.*]

OBITUARY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ELIJAH W. BATEY.

Ay, bear him to his sainted rest,
  Ye mourners, but be calm!
Instead of dirge and sable crest,
  Raise ye thanksgiving psalm!
For he was old and full of years,
  The grandsire of your souls;
Then check ye now your heaving tears,
  And quench the sigh that rolls!

Ye heard him from yon pulpit preach,
  For sixty years and more,
Still battering with unwearied speech
  The ceiling, pews, and floor;
As, hour by hour, his periods fell,
  Your pious hopes arose,
And each one murmured, "All is well,"
  Long ere the sermon's close.

Think ye the voice that spake so long
  Can anywhere be dumb?
Before him went a goodly throng,
  And wait for him to come.
He preaches still, in other spheres,
  To saved and patient souls;
Then, mourners, check your heaving tears,
  And quench the sigh that rolls!

Omnes [*shouting*] — Mrs. Sigourney!

Zoïlus — I *have* succeeded, then! But, oh! my friends, is the success a thing over which I should rejoice? Do not, I beg of you, do not congratulate me!

Galahad — Come, now, don't abuse good old Mother Sigourney! For a long time she was almost our only woman poet; and I insist that she was not a mere echo of Felicia Hemans.

Zoïlus [*ironically*] — Of course not! None but herself could ever have written that exquisite original poem, "On Finding a Shred of Linen." One passage I can never forget: —

Methinks I scan
Some idiosyncrasy, which marks thee out
A defunct pillowcase.

Galahad — You are incorrigible; but we wait for the Gannet and the idea he has caught.

The Gannet — It was better in anticipation than it seems after execution. However, Keats is too dainty a spirit to be possessed in a few minutes. [*Reads.*]

ODE ON A JAR OF PICKLES.

I.

A sweet, acidulous, down-reaching thrill
  Pervades my sense; I seem to see or hear
The lushy garden grounds of Greenwich Hill
  In autumn, when the crispy leaves are sere;
And odors haunt me of remotest spice
  From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,
Or from the saffron fields of Jericho,
    Where everything is nice;
  The more I sniff, the more I swoon away,
And what else mortal palate craves, forego.

II.

Odors unsmelled are keen, but those I smell
  Are keener; wherefore let me sniff again!
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well
  In youth, when pickles were a passing pain;
Unwitting youth, that craves the candy stem,
  And sugar plums to olives doth prefer,
And even licks the pots of marmalade
    When sweetness clings to them;
  But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.

III.

Lo! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,
  Plucked with its dew, the cucumber is here,
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,
  And crescent bean pods, unto Bacchus dear;

And, last of all, the pepper's pungent globe,
The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,
Provoking purple draughts; and, surfeited,
I cast my trailing robe
O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,
And twist the Delphic wreath to suit my head.

IV.

Here shall my tongue in other wise be soured
Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days;
And, by the mid May's dusky leaves embowered
Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,
Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine;
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,
The lemon-tinted morn
Enjoy, and for acetic darkness pine:
Wake I, or sleep? The pickle jar is void.

Zoïlus — Not to be mistaken; but you have almost stepped over the bounds of our plan. Those two odes of Keats are too immediately suggested, though I find that only two lines are actually parodied. I agree with the Ancient; let us stick to the authors of our own day! Galahad, you look mysterious; are we to guess your singer from the echo?

Galahad — Are you all ready to hear me chant, in rare and rhythmic redundancy, the viciousness of virtue?

The Chorus — O Swinburne! chant away!

Galahad [*reads*] —

THE LAY OF MACARONI.

As a wave that steals when the winds are stormy
From creek to cove of the curving shore,
Buffeted, blown, and broken before me,
Scattered and spread to its sunlit core;
As a dove that dips in the dark of maples
To sip the sweetness of shelter and shade,
I kneel in thine nimbus, O noon of Naples,
I bathe in thine beauty, by thee embayed!

What is it ails me that I should sing of her?
The queen of the flashes and flames that were!
Yea, I have felt the shuddering sting of her,
The flower-sweet throat and the hands of her!

I have swayed and sung to the sound of her psalters,
  I have danced her dances of dizzy delight,
I have hallowed mine hair to the horns of her altars,
  Between the nightingale's song and the night!

What is it, Queen, that now I should do for thee?
  What is it now I should ask at thine hands?
Blow of the trumpets thine children once blew for thee?
  Break from thine feet and thine bosom the bands?
Nay, as sweet as the songs of Leone Leoni,
  And gay as her garments of gem-sprinkled gold,
She gives me mellifluous, mild macaroni,
  The choice of her children when cheeses are old!

And over me hover, as if by the wings of it,
  Frayed in the furnace by flame that is fleet,
The curious coils and the strenuous strings of it,
  Dropping, diminishing down, as I eat;
Lo! and the beautiful Queen, as she brings of it,
  Lifts me the links of the limitless chain,
Bidding mine mouth chant the splendidest things of it,
  Out of the wealth of mine wonderful brain!

Behold! I have done it: my stomach is smitten
  With sweets of the surfeit her hands have unrolled.
Italia, mine cheeks with thine kisses are bitten:
  I am broken with beauty, stabbed, slaughtered, and sold!
No man of thine millions is more macaronied,
  Save mighty Mazzini, than musical Me:
The souls of the Ages shall stand as astonied,
  And faint in the flame I am fanning for thee!

The Ancient [*laughing*] — O Galahad, I can fancy your later remorse. It is not a year since you were absolutely Swinburne mad, and I hardly dared, in your presence, to object even to "Anactoria" and "Dolores." I *would not* encourage you, then, for I saw you were carried away by the wild rush of the rhythm, and the sparkle of epithets which were partly new and seemed wholly splendid; but now I will confess to you that as a purely rhythmical genius I look on Swinburne as a phenomenon in literature.

Galahad [*eagerly*] — Then you admit that he is great?

The Ancient — Not as you mean. I have been waiting for his ferment to settle, as in the case of Keats and Shelley; but there are no signs of it in his last volume. How splendidly the mind of Keats precipitated its crudity and redundancy, and clarified into the pure wine of "Hyperion"! In Shelley's case the process was slower, but it was steadily going on; you will find the same thing in Schiller, in Dryden, and many other poets: therefore I mean to reserve my judgment in Swinburne's case, and wait, at least until his next work is published. Meanwhile, I grant that he has enriched our English lyric poetry with some new and admirable forms.

The Gannet — He has certainly made a "sensation" in the literary world; does that indicate nothing?

The Ancient — That depends. I declare it seems to me as if the general taste were not quite healthy. To a very large class, reading has become a form of lazy luxury, and such readers are not satisfied without a new great poet, every four or five years. Then, too, there has been an amazing deal of trash written about the *coming* authors, — what they should be, how they must write, and the like; and so those luxurious readers are all the time believing they have discovered one of the tribe. Why, let a man take a thought as old as Confucius, and put it into some strange, jerky, convulsed form, and you will immediately hear the cry, "How wonderful! how original!" You all remember the case of Alexander Smith; it seems incredible, now, that the simulated passion and forced sentiment of his "Life Drama" should have been accepted as real, yet, because of this book, he was hailed as a second Shakespeare. This hunger of the luxurious reader for new flavors is a dangerous thing for young poets.

Zoïlus — I almost think I hear my own voice. We don't often agree so thoroughly.

The Ancient — So much the better. I wonder if you'll be as well satisfied with the task I have in store for you; here is the name. [*Giving him the slip of paper.*

Zoïlus — Emerson! I think I can guess why.

The Ancient — Yes, I remember what you wrote when "Brahma" was first published, and what you said to Galahad the other evening. I confess I was amazed, at the time, that the newspapers should so innocently betray their ignorance. There was a universal cry of "incomprehensible!" when the meaning of the poem was perfectly plain. In fact, there are few authors so transparently clear, barring a few idiosyncrasies of expression, which one soon learns, as just Emerson.

Zoïlus — Then explain to me those lines from "Alphonso of Castile": —

Hear you then, celestial fellows!
Fits not to be overzealous;
Steads not to work on the clean jump,
And wine and brains perpetual pump!

The Ancient — That is simply baldness of language (which Emerson sometimes mistakes for humor), not obscurity. I will not explain it! Read the whole poem over again, and I'm sure you will not need to ask me. But now, to your work! Who will draw again?

The Gannet [*drawing*] — Ha! A friend, this time; and I wish he were here with us. Nobody would take more kindly to our fun than he.

Galahad — I shall try no more to-night. My imitation of Swinburne has exhausted me. I felt, while writing, as Zoïlus did when he was imitating Browning,— as if I could have gone on and on forever! Really there is some sort of possession or demoniac influence in these experiments. They fascinate me, and yet I feel as if a spirit foreign to my own had seized me.

The Ancient — Take another cigar! I wish we had the Meleager, or the Farnese torso, here; five minutes of either would surround you with a different atmosphere. I know precisely how it affects you. Thirty years ago — O Tempus Edax, must I say *thirty?* — when I dreamed hot dreams of fame, and walked the streets in a mild delirium, pondering over the great and godlike powers pent within me, I had the same chills and fevers. I'm not laughing at you, my dear Galahad; God forbid! I only pray that there may be more vitality in the seeds which your dreams cover, than in mine. Waiter! Our glasses are empty.

[ZOÏLUS *and the* GANNET *continue to write: meantime, fresh glasses of beer are brought, and there is a brief silence.*

Zoïlus — I suspect the Ancient will want to knock me on the head for this. [*Reads.*]

ALL OR NOTHING.

Whoso answers my questions
 Knoweth more than me;
Hunger is but knowledge
 In a less degree:

Prophet, priest, and poet
  Oft prevaricate,
And the surest sentence
  Hath the greatest weight.

When upon my gaiters
  Drops the morning dew,
Somewhat of Life's riddle
  Soaks my spirit through.
I am buskined by the goddess
  Of Monadnock's crest,
And my wings extended
  Touch the East and West.

Or ever coal was hardened
  In the cells of earth,
Or flowed the founts of Bourbon,
  Lo! I had my birth.
I am crowned coeval
  With the Saurian eggs,
And my fancy firmly
  Stands on its own legs.

Wouldst thou know the secret
  Of the barberry bush,
Catch the slippery whistle
  Of the molting thrush,
Dance upon the mushrooms,
  Dive beneath the sea,
Or anything else remarkable,
  Thou must follow me!

The Ancient — Well, you have read somewhat more than I imagined, Zoïlus. This is a fair imitation of the manner of some of Emerson's earlier poems; but you may take heart, Galahad, if you fear the power of association, for not one of the inimitable, imperishable passages has been suggested.

Zoïlus — Now, seriously, do you mean to say that there are such?

The Ancient —

Still on the seeds of all he made
  The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear, and forms that fade,
  Immortal youth returns.

Galahad [*drawing a long breath*] — How beautiful!

The Ancient —

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of Beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

Zoïlus — *Peccavi!*

The Ancient — Then I will lock up my half-unbolted thunders. The Master does not need my vindication; and I should do him a poor service by trying to drive any one towards the recognition of his deserts, when all who think for themselves must come, sooner or later, to know him.

The Gannet — But I never saw those stanzas!

The Ancient — Yet they are printed for all the world. The secret is simply this: Emerson cut from his limbs, long ago, the old theological fetters, as every independent thinker *must*. Those who run along in the ruts made by their grandfathers, unable to appreciate the exquisite fiber of his intellect, the broad and grand eclecticism of his taste, suspect a heresy in every sentence which they are too coarsely textured to understand. No man of our day habitually lives in a purer region of thought.

Zoïlus [*looking at his watch*] — Now, we must know what the Gannet has been doing.

The Gannet — My name is Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The Ancient — One of the younger tribes, with some of whom I'm not so familiar. I have caught many of his "fugitives," in their flight, finding them of a kind sure to stay where they touch, instead of being blown quietly on until they pass forever out of the world. There's a fine masculine vibration in his lines; he sings in the major key, which young poets generally do not. I'd be willing to bet that your imitation has a sportive, not a solemn, character.

The Gannet — Why, in spite of your disclaimer, you're not so ignorant. Your guess is right: therefore listen! [*Reads.*]

The Gold Room.

AN IDYL.

They come from mansions far uptown,
And from their country villas,

And some, Charybdis' gulf whirls down,
And some fall into Scylla's.
Lo! here young Paris climbs the stairs
As if their slope were Ida's,
And here his golden touch declares
The ass's ears of Midas.

It seems a Bacchic, brawling rout
To every business scorner,
But such, methinks, must be an "out,"
Or has not made a "corner."
In me the rhythmic gush revives;
I feel a classic passion:
We, also, lead Arcadian lives,
Though in a Broad Street fashion.

Old Battos, here, 's a leading bull,
And Diomed a bear is,
And near them, shearing bankers' wool,
Strides the Tiltonian Charis;
And Atys, there, has gone to smash,
His every bill protested,
While Cleon's eyes with comfort flash, —
I have his funds invested!

Mehercle! 'tis the same thing yet
As in the days of Pindar:
The Isthmian race, the dust and sweat,
The prize — why, what's to hinder?
And if I twang my lyre at times,
They did so then, I reckon;
That man's the best at modern rhymes
Whom you can draw a check on!

Omnes [*clapping their hands*] — Bravo!

The Ancient — To think of Stedman's being the only voice in our literature which comes out of the business crowds of the whole country! The man who can spend his days in a purely material atmosphere, and sing at night, has genuine pluck in him. It's enough to make any green poet, who wails about the cruel world, and the harsh realities of life, and the beautiful realm of the ideal, ashamed of himself!

Galahad [*annoyed*] — You don't mean as much as you say! Every poet, green or not, must have faith in an ideal.

The Ancient [*gently*] — Ay, but if it make him

Pamper the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use,

as Coleridge translates Schiller, it is a deceit and a snare to him. Your Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, were made of different clay.

Zoïlus — Here's to their sublime Shades, wherever they may be wandering! Out, to the last drop! We are in the small hours; the *Donnerwetters!* are all silent in the saloon, and Karl Schäfer is probably snoring over his counter, waiting for us. Come! [*Exeunt.*

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

By GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

[1823-1890.]

WHAT changes of our natures have not been,
In the long process of the many days
That passed while we pursued our different ways,
Lost to each other! Fields that once were green
Beneath our tillage, have been reaped. The scene
Of our young labors has grown old, and lays
Its dust upon us. Things that won our praise
Are tasteless quite, and only move our spleen.
Experience has nipped the bloom of youth;
The flattering dawn of life has gone; in vain
We look for visions of the morn. Stern truth
Glares over us, and makes our view too plain.
I'm sick of life's discoveries; in sooth,
I'd have the falsehoods of our youth again.

The world seems strangely altered to me, friend,
Since last I pressed my ready hand in thine.
I feel like one awakening after wine —
For many yesterdays have had an end
Since we two met — and drowsy tremors send
A thrill of shame across this heart of mine,
That I my better feelings could confine
In easy opiates, make my spirit bend

To slothful rest — a drunkard, and no more!
  Yet I will rouse me from this lethargy.
The past is past; the dreaming night is o'er;
  Heaven's lamp comes beaming from the east on me,
  Touching my eyelids to reality,
And all is sunshine that was dark before.

ANN POTTER'S LESSON.[1]

By ROSE TERRY COOKE.

[Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, American author, was born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827, graduated at the Hartford female seminary, and in 1873 married R. H. Cooke, of Winsted, Conn. She wrote: "Poems by Rose Terry" (1860), "Somebody's Neighbors" (1881), "Steadfast" (1889), a novel, etc. Her most characteristic short stories were those of New England rural life. She died at Pittsfield, Mass., July 18, 1892.]

My sister Mary Jane is older than I, — as much as four years. Father died when we were both small, and didn't leave us much means besides the farm. Mother was rather a weakly woman; she didn't feel as though she could farm it for a livin'. It's hard work enough for a man to get clothes and victuals off a farm in West Connecticut; it's uphill work always; and then a man can turn to, himself, to plowin' and mowin'; but a woman ain't of no use, except to tell folks what to do; and everybody knows it's no way to have a thing done, — to send.

Mother talked it all over with Deacon Peters, and he counseled her to sell off all the farm but the home lot, which was sot out for an orchard with young apple trees, and had a garden spot to one end of it, close by the house. Mother calculated to raise potatoes and beans and onions enough to last us the year round, and to take in sewin', so's to get what few groceries we was goin' to want. We kept Old Red, the best cow: there was pasture enough for her in the orchard, for the trees wa'n't growed to be bearin' as yet, and we lotted a good deal on milk to our house; besides, it saved butcher's meat.

Mother was a real pious woman, and she was a high-couraged woman too. Old Miss Perrit, an old widder woman that lived down by the bridge, come up to see her the week

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BAYARD TAYLOR

after father died. I remember all about it, though I wa'n't but ten years old; for when I see Miss Perrit comin' up the road, with her slimpsy old veil hanging off from her bumbazine bunnet, and her doleful look (what Nancy Perrit used to call "mother's company face"), I kinder thought she was comin' to our house; and she was allers so musical to me, I went into the back door, and took up a towel I was hemmin', and set down in the corner, all ready to let her in. It don't seem as if I could 'a' been real distressed about father's dyin' when I could do so; but children is just like spring weather, — rainin' one hour and shinin' the next, — and it's the Lord's great mercy they be; if they begun to be feelin' so early, there wouldn't be nothin' left to grow up. So pretty quick Miss Perrit knocked, and I let her in. We hadn't got no spare room in that house; there was the kitchen in front, and mother's bedroom, and the buttery, and the little back space opened out on't behind. Mother was in the bedroom; so, while I called her, Miss Perrit set down in the splint rockin' chair, that creaked awfully, and went to rockin' back and forth, and sighin', till mother came in.

"Good day, Miss Langdon!" says she, with a kind of a snuffle, "how *dew* you dew? I thought I'd come and see how you kep' up under this here affliction. I rec'lect very well how I felt when husband died. It's a dreadful thing to be left a widder in a hard world, — don't you find it out by this?"

I guess mother felt quite as bad as ever Miss Perrit did, for everybody knew old Perrit treated his wife like a dumb brute while he was alive, and died drunk; but she didn't say nothin'. I see her give a kind of a swaller, and then she spoke up bright and strong: —

"I don't think it is a hard world, Miss Perrit. I find folks kind and helpful, beyond what I'd any right to look for. I try not to think about my husband any more than I can help, because I couldn't work if I did, and I've got to work. It's most helpful to think the Lord made special promises to widows, and when I remember him I ain't afeard."

Miss Perrit stopped rocking a minute, and then she began to creak the chair and blow her nose again, and she said: —

"Well, I'm sure it's a great mercy to see anybody rise above their trouble the way you do; but, law me! Miss Langdon, you ain't got through the fust pair o' bars on't yet. Folks is allers kinder neighborly at the fust; they feel to help you right off, every way they can; but it don't stay put, — they get tired on't; they blaze right up like a white-birch stick, an' then they go out all of a heap; there's other folks die, an' they don't remember you, an' you're just as bad off as though you wa'n't a widder."

Mother kind of smiled, — she couldn't help it; but she spoke up again just as steady: —

"I don't expect to depend on people, Miss Perrit, so long as I have my health. I ain't above takin' friendly help when I need to, but I mean mostly to help myself. I can get work to take in, and when the girls have got their schoolin' they will be big enough to help me. I am not afraid but what I shall live and prosper, if I only keep my health."

"Hem, well!" whined out Miss Perrit. "I allers thought you was a pretty mighty woman, Miss Langdon, and I'm glad to see you're so high-minded; but you ain't sure of your health, never. I used to be real smart to what I am now, when Perrit was alive; but I took on so when he was brought home friz to death that it sp'iled my nerves; and then I had to do so many chores out in the shed I got cold an' had the dreadfulest rheumatiz; an' when I got past the worst spell of that, and was quite folksy again, I slipped down on our doorstep an' kinder wrenched my ankle, an' ef't hadn't 'a' been for the neighbors I don't know but what Nancy and I should 'a' starved."

Mother did laugh this time. Miss Perrit had overshot the mark.

"So the neighbors were helpful, after all!" said she. "And if ever I get sick I shall be willin' to have help, Miss Perrit. I'm sure I would take what I would give. I think givin' works two ways. I don't feel afraid yet."

Miss Perrit groaned a little, and wiped her eyes, and got up to go away. She hadn't never offered to help mother; and she went off to the sewin' circle, and told that Miss Langdon hadn't got no feelings at all, and she b'lieved she'd just as soon beg for a livin' as not. Polly Mariner, the tailoress, come and told mother all she said next day; but mother only smiled, and set Polly to talkin' about the best way to make over her old cloak. When she was gone I begun to talk about Miss Perrit, and I was real mad; but mother hushed me right up.

"It ain't any matter, Ann," said she. "Her sayin' so don't make it so. Miss Perrit's got a miserable disposition, and I'm sorry for her. A mint of money wouldn't make her happy.

She's a doleful Christian; she don't take any comfort in anything, and I really do pity her."

And that is just the way mother took everything.

At first we couldn't sell the farm. It was down at the foot of Torringford Hill, two good miles from meetin', and a mile from the schoolhouse; most of it was woodsy, and there wa'n't no great market for wood about there. So for the first year Squire Potter took it on shares, and, as he principally seeded it down to rye, why, we sold the rye and got a little money, but 'twa'n't a great deal, — no more than we wanted for clothes the next winter. Aunt Langdon sent us down a lot of maple sugar from Lee, and when we wanted molasses we made it out of that. We didn't have to buy no great of groceries, for we could spin and knit by firelight, and, part of the land bein' piny woods, we had a good lot of knots that were as bright as lamps for all we wanted. Then we had a dozen chickens, and by pains and care they laid pretty well, and the eggs were as good as gold. So we lived through the first year after father died pretty well.

Anybody that couldn't get along with mother and Major (I always called Mary Jane "Major" when I was real little, and the name kind of stayed by) couldn't get along with anybody. I was as happy as a cricket whilst they were by; though, to speak truth, I wasn't naturally so chirpy as they were. I took after father more, who was a kind of a despondin' man, down-hearted, never thinkin' things could turn out right, or that he was goin' to have any luck. That was my natur', and mother see it, and fought ag'inst it like a real Bunker Hiller; but natur' is hard to root up, and there was always times when I wanted to sulk away into a corner and think nobody wanted me, and that I was poor and humbly, and had to work for my living.

I remember one time I'd gone up into my room before tea to have one of them dismal fits. Miss Perrit had been in to see mother, and she'd been tellin' over what luck Nancy'd had down to Hartford: how't she had gone into a shop, and a young man had been struck with her good looks, an he'd turned out to be a master shoemaker, and Nancy was a goin' to be married, and so on, — a rigmarole as long as the moral law, — windin' up with askin' mother why she didn't send us girls off to try our luck, for Major was as old as Nance Perrit. I'd waited to hear mother say, in her old, bright way, that she couldn't afford it, and she couldn't spare us if she had the means, and then I flung up into our room, — that was a lean-to in the garret, with a winder in the gable end, — and there I set down by the winder with my chin on the sill, and begun to wonder why we couldn't have as good luck as the Perrits. After I'd got real miserable I heerd a soft step comin' upstairs, and Major come in and looked at me and then out of the winder.

"What's the matter of you, Anny?" said she.

"Nothing," says I, as sulky as you please.

"Nothing always means something," says Major, as pleasant as pie; and then she scooched down on the floor and pulled my two hands away, and looked me in the face as bright and honest as ever you see a dandelion look out of the grass. "What is it, Anny? Spit it out, as Reub Potter says; you'll feel better to free your mind."

"Well," says I, "Major, I'm tired of bad luck."

"Why, Anny! I didn't know as we'd had any. I'm sure, it's three years since father died, and we have had enough to live on all that time, and I've got my schooling, and we are all well; and just look at the apple trees, — all as pink as your frock with blossoms; that's good for new cloaks next winter, Anny."

"'Tain't that, Major. I was thinkin' about Nancy Perrit. If we'd had the luck to go to Hartford, maybe you'd have been as well off as she; and then I'd have got work, too. And I wish I was as pretty as she is, Major; it does seem too bad to be poor and humbly too."

I wonder she didn't laugh at me, but she was feelin' for folks, always. She put her head on the window sill along of mine, and kinder nestled up to me in her lovin' way, and said, softly: —

"I wouldn't quarrel with the Lord, Anny."

"Why, Major! you scare me! I haven't said nothin' against the Lord. What do you mean?" said I; for I was touchy, real touchy.

"Well, dear, you see we've done all we can to help ourselves; and what's over and above, that we can't help, — that is what the Lord orders, ain't it? And he made you, didn't he? You can't change your face; and I'm glad of it, for it is Anny's face, and I wouldn't have it changed a mite. There'll always be two people to think it's sightly enough, and maybe more by and by; so I wouldn't quarrel with it if I were you."

Major's happy eyes always helped me. I looked at her and felt better. She wasn't any better lookin' than I ; but she was always so chirk, and smart, and neat, and pretty-behaved, that folks thought she was handsome after they knowed her.

Well, after a spell there was a railroad laid out up the valley, and all the land thereabouts riz in price right away ; and Squire Potter he bought our farm on speculation, and give a good price for it ; so't we had two thousand dollars in the bank, and the house and lot, and the barn, and the cow. By this time Major was twenty-two and I was eighteen ; and Squire Potter he'd left his house up on the hill, and he'd bought out Miss Perrit's house, and added on to't, and moved down not far from us, so's to be near the railroad depot, for the sake of bein' handy to the woods, for cuttin' and haulin' of them down to the track. 'Twasn't very pleasant at first to see our dear old woods goin' off to be burned that way ; but Squire Potter's folks were such good neighbors we gained as much as we lost and a sight more, for folks are greatly better'n trees, — at least, clever folks.

There was a whole raft of the Potters, — eight children of 'em all, — some too young to be mates for Major and me, but Mary Potter, and Reuben, and Russell, they were along about as old as we were. Russell come between Major and me ; the other two was older.

We kinder kept to home always, Major and me, because we hadn't any brothers to go out with us ; so we were pretty shy of new friends at first. But you couldn't help bein' friendly with the Potters, they was such outspoken, kindly creturs, from the Squire down to little Hen. And it was very handy for us, because now we could go to singin' schools and quiltin's, and such like places, of an evenin' ; and we had rather moped at home for want of such things, — at least I had ; and I should have been more moped only for Major's sweet ways. She was always as contented as a honeybee on a clover head, for the same reason, I guess.

Well, there was a good many good things come to us from the Potters' movin' down ; but by and by it seemed as though I was goin' to get the bitter of it. I'd kept company pretty steady with Russell. I hadn't give much thought to it, neither. I liked his ways, and he seemed to give in to mine very natural, so't we got along together first-rate. It didn't seem as though we'd ever been strangers, and I wasn't one to make believe at stiffness when I didn't feel it. I told Russell pretty much all I had to tell, and he was allers doin' for me and runnin' after me jest as though he'd been my brother. I didn't know how much I did think of him, till, after a while, he seemed to take a sight of notice of Major. I can't say he ever stopped bein' clever to me, for he didn't; but he seemed to have a kind of a hankerin' after Major all the time. He'd take her off to walk with him; he'd dig up roots in the woods for her posy bed; he'd hold her skeins of yarn as patient as a little dog; he'd get her books to read. Well, he'd done all this for me; but when I see him doin' it for her, it was quite different; and all to once I know'd what was the matter. I'd thought too much of Russell Potter.

Oh, dear! those was dark times! I couldn't blame him; I knew well enough Major was miles and miles better and sweeter and cleverer than I was. I didn't wonder he liked her; but I couldn't feel as if he'd done right by me. So I schooled myself considerable, talkin' to myself for being jealous of Major. But 'twasn't all that, — the hardest of it all was that I had to mistrust Russell. To be sure, he hadn't said nothin' to me in round words, — I couldn't ha' sued him; but he'd looked and acted enough; and now, — dear me! I felt all wrung out and flung away!

By and by Major begun to see somethin' was goin' wrong, and so did Russell. She was as good as she could be to me, and had patience with all my little, pettish ways, and tried to make me friendly with Russell; but I wouldn't. I took to hard work, and, what with cryin' nights, and hard work all day, I got pretty well overdone. But it all went on for about three months, till one day Russell come up behind me, as I was layin' out some yarn to bleach down at the end of the orchard, and asked me if I'd go down to Meriden with him next day, to a picnic frolic, in the woods.

"No!" says I, as short as I could.

Russell looked as though I had slapped him. "Anny," says he, "what have I done?"

I turned round to go away, and I catched my foot in a hank of yarn, and down I come flat on to the ground, havin' sprained my ankle so bad that Russell had to pick me up and carry me into the house like a baby.

There was an end of Meriden for me; and he wouldn't go, either, but come over and sat by me, and read to me, and somehow or other, I don't remember just the words, he gave me to understand that — well — that he wished I'd marry him.

It's about as tirin' to be real pleased with anything as it is to be troubled, at first. I couldn't say anything to Russell; I just cried. Major wasn't there; mother was dryin' apples out in the shed; so Russell he didn't know what to do; he kind of hushed me up, and begged of me not to cry, and said he'd come for his answer next day. So he come, and I didn't say "No" again. I don't believe I stopped to think whether Major liked him. She would have thought of me, first thing; I believe she wouldn't have had him if she'd thought I wanted him. But I ain't like Major; it come more natural to me to think about myself; and, besides, she was pious, and I wasn't. Russell was.

However, it turned out all right, for Major was 'most as pleased as I was; and she told me, finally, that she'd known a long spell that Russell liked me, and the reason he'd been hangin' round her so long was, he'd been tellin' her his plans, and they'd worked out considerable in their heads before she could feel as though he had a good-enough lookout to ask me to marry him.

That wasn't so pleasant to me, when I come to think of it; I thought I'd ought to have been counseled with. But it was just like Major; everybody come to her for a word of help or comfort, whether they took her idee or not, — she had such feelin' for other folks' trouble.

I got over that little nub after a while; and then I was so pleased everything went smooth ag'in. I was goin' to be married in the spring; and we were goin' straight out to Indiana, onto some wild land Squire Potter owned out there, to clear it and settle it; and what Russell cleared, he was to have. So mother took some money out of the bank to fit me out, and Major and I went down to Hartford to buy my things.

I said before, we wasn't either of us any great things to look at; but it come about that one day I heerd somebody tell how we did look, and I thought considerable about it then and afterwards. We was buyin' some cotton to a store in the city, and I was lookin' about at all the pretty things, and wonderin' why I was picked out to be poor when so many folks was rich and had all they wanted, when presently I heerd a lady in a silk gown say to another one, so low she thought I didn't hear her, "There are two nice-looking girls, Mrs. Carr."

"Hem — yes," said the other one; "they look healthy and strong; the oldest one has a lovely expression, both steady and sweet; the other don't look happy."

I declare, that was a fact. I was sorry, too, for I'd got everythin' in creation to make anybody happy, and now I was frettin' to be rich. I thought I'd try to be like Major; but I expect it was mostly because of the looks of it, for I forgot to try before long.

Well, in the spring we was married; and when I come to go away Major put a little red Bible into my trunk for a weddin' present; but I was cryin' too hard to thank her. She swallowed down whatever choked her, and begged of me not to cry so, lest Russell should take it hard that I mourned to go with him. But just then I was thinkin' more of Major and mother than I was of Russell; they'd kept me bright and cheery always, and kept up my heart with their own good ways when I hadn't no strength to do it for myself; and now I was goin' off alone with Russell, and he wasn't very cheerful-dispositioned, and somehow my courage give way all to once.

But I had to go; railroads don't wait for nobody; and what with the long journey, and the new ways and things and people, I hadn't no time to get real down once before we got to Indiana. After we left the boat there was a spell of railroad, and then a long stage ride to Cumberton; and then we had to hire a big wagon and team, so's to get us out to our claim, thirty miles west'ard of Cumberton. I hadn't no time to feel real lonesome now, for all our things hed got to be onpacked, and packed over ag'in in the wagon; some on 'em had to be stored up, so's to come another time. We was two days gettin' to the claim, the roads was so bad, — mostly what they call corduroy, but a good stretch clear mud-holes. By the time we got to the end on't I was tired out, just fit to cry; and such a house as was waitin' for us! — a real log shanty! I see Russell looked real beat when he see my face, and I tried to brighten up; but I wished to my heart I was back with mother forty times that night, if I did once. Then come the worst of all, clutterin' everything right into that shanty; for our frame house wouldn't be done for two months, and there wa'n't scarce room for what we'd brought, so't we couldn't think of sendin' for what was stored to Cumberton. I didn't sleep none for two nights, because of the whip-poor-wills that set on a tree close by, and called till mornin' light; but after that I was too tired to lie awake.

Well, it was real lonesome; but it was all new at first, and Russell was to work near by, so't I could see him, and oftentimes hear him whistle; and I had the garden to make, round to the new house, for I knew more about the plantin' of it than he did, 'specially my posy bed, and I had a good time gettin' new flowers out of the woods. And the woods was real splendid, — great, tall tulip trees, as high as a steeple and round as a quill, without any sort o' branches ever so fur up, and the whole top full of the yeller tulips and the queer, snipped-lookin', shiny leaves, till they looked like great bow pots on sticks; then there's lots of other great trees, only they're all mostly spindled up in them woods. But the flowers that grow round on the ma'sh edges and in the clearin's do beat all.

So time passed along pretty glib till the frame house was done, and then we had to move in, and to get the things from Cumberton, and begin to feel as though we were settled for good and all; and after the newness had gone off, and the clearin' got so fur that I couldn't see Russell no more, and nobody to look at, if I was never so lonesome, then come a pretty hard spell. Everything about the house was real handy, so't I'd get my work cleared away, and set down to sew early; and them long summer days, that was still and hot, I'd set, and set, never hearin' nothin' but the clock go "tick, tick, tick" (never "tack," for a change), and every now'n'then a great crash and roar in the woods where he was choppin', that I knew was a tree; and I worked myself up dreadfully when there was a longer spell 'n common come betwixt the crashes, lest that Russell might 'a' been ketched under the one that fell. And settin' so, and worryin' a good deal, day in and day out, kinder broodin' over my troubles, and never thinkin' about anybody but myself, I got to be of the idee that I was the worst-off cretur goin'. If I'd have stopped to think about Russell, maybe I should have had some sort of pity for him, for he was jest as lonesome as I, and I wasn't no kind of comfort to come home to, — 'most always cryin', or jest a goin' to.

So the summer went along till 'twas nigh on to winter, and I wa'n't in no better sperrits. And now I wa'n't real well, and I pined for mother, and I pined for Major, and I'd have given all the honey and buckwheat in Indiana for a loaf of mother's dry rye bread and a drink of spring water. And finally I got so miserable I wished I wa'n't never married, — and I'd have wished I was dead, if 'twa'n't for bein' doubtful where I'd go to if I was. And, worst of all, one day I got so worked up I told Russell all that. I declare he turned as white as a turnip. I see I'd hurt him, and I'd have got over it in a minute and told him so, only he up with his ax and walked out of the door, and never come home till night, and then I was too stubborn to speak to him.

Well, things got worse, an' one day I was sewin' some things and cryin' over 'em, when I heerd a team come along by, and before I could get to the door Russell come in, all red for joy, and says : —

"Who do you want to see most, Anny ?"

Somehow the question kind of upset me, — I got choked, and then I bu'st out a cryin'.

"Oh, mother and Major ! " says I ; and I hadn't more'n spoke the word before mother had both her good, strong arms round me, and Major's real cheery face was a lookin' up at me from the little pine cricket, where she'd sot down as nateral as life. Well, I *was* glad, and so was Russell, and the house seemed as shiny as a hangbird's nest, and by and by the baby came ; — but I had mother.

'Twas 'long about in March when I was sick, and by the end of April I was well, and so's to be stirrin' round again. And mother and Major begun to talk about goin' home ; and I declare my heart was up in my mouth every time they spoke on't, and I begun to be miserable ag'in. One day I was settin' beside of mother, — Major was out in the garden, fixin' up things, and settin' out a lot of blows she'd got in the woods, and singin' away, — and says I to mother : —

"What be I goin' to do, mother, without you and Major ? I 'most died of clear lonesomeness before you come ! "

Mother laid down her knittin', and looked straight at me.

"I wish you'd got a little of Major's good cheer, Anny," says she. "You haven't any call to be lonely here ; it's a real good country, and you've got a nice house, and the best of husbands, and a dear little baby, and you'd oughter try to give up frettin'. I wish you was pious, Anny ; you wouldn't fault the Lord's goodness the way you do."

"Well, Major don't have nothin' to trouble her, mother," says I. "She's all safe and pleasant to home; she ain't homesick."

Mother spoke up pretty resolute: —

"There ain't nobody in the world, Anny, but what has troubles. I didn't calc'late to tell you about Major's; but sence you lay her lively ways to luck, maybe you'd better know 'em. She's been engaged this six months to Reuben Potter, and he's goin' off in a slow consumption; he won't never live to marry her, and she knows it."

"And she come away to see me, mother?"

"Yes, she did. I can't say I thought she need to; but Russell wrote you was pinin' for both of us, and I didn't think you could get along without me; but I told her to stay with Reuben, and I'd come on alone. And says she, 'No, mother, you ain't young and spry enough to go alone so fur, and the Lord made you my mother and Anny my sister before I picked out Reuben for myself. I can't never have any kin but you, and I might have had somebody beside Reuben, though it don't seem likely now; but he's got four sisters to take care of him, and he thinks and I think it's what I ought to do; so I'm goin' with you.' So she come, Anny; and you see how lively she keeps, just because she don't want to dishearten you none. I don't know as you can blame her for kinder hankerin' to get home."

I hadn't nothin' to say; I was beat. So mother she went on: —

"Fact is, Anny, Major's always a thinkin' about other folks; it comes kind of nateral to her, and then bein' pious helps it. I guess, dear, when you get to thinkin' more about Russell an' the baby you'll forget some of your troubles. I hope the Lord won't have to give you no harder lesson than lovin', to teach you Major's ways."

So, after that, I couldn't say no more to mother about stayin'; but when they went away I like to have cried myself sick, — only baby had to be looked after, and I couldn't dodge her.

Bym-by we had letters from home. They got there all safe, and Reuben wa'n't no worse, Major said, — ef't had been me wrote the letter I should have said he wa'n't no better, — and I fell back into the old lonesome days, for baby slept mostly, and the summer come on extreme hot; and in July, Russell, bein' forced to go to Cumberton on some land business, left me to home with baby and the hired man, calc'latin' to be gone three days and two nights.

The first day he was away was dreadful sultry; the sun went down away over the woods in a kind of red-hot fog, and it seemed as though the stars were dull and coppery at night; even the whip-poor-wills was too hot to sing; nothin' but a doleful screech owl quavered away, a half a mile off, a good hour, steady. When it got to be mornin' it didn't seem no cooler; there wa'n't a breath of wind, and the locusts in the woods chittered as though they was fryin'. Our hired man was an old Scotchman, by name Simon Grant; and when he'd got his breakfast he said he'd go down the clearin' and bring up a load of brush for me to burn. So he drove off with the team, and havin' cleared up the dishes I put baby to sleep, and took my pail to the barn to milk the cow, — for we kept her in a kind of a home lot like, a part that had been cleared afore we come, lest she should stray in the woods, if we turned her loose. She was put in the barn, too, nights, for fear some stray wild cat or bear might come along and do her a harm. So I let her into the yard, and was jest a goin to milk her when she began to snort and shake, and finally giv' the pail a kick, and set off, full swing, for the fence to the lot. I looked round to see what was a comin', and there, about a quarter of a mile off, I see the most curus thing I ever see before or since, — a cloud as black as ink in the sky, and hangin' down from it a long spout like, — something like an elephant's trunk, and the whole world under it looked to be all beat to dust. Before I could get my eyes off on't, or stir to run, I see it was comin' as fast as a locomotive. I heerd a great roar and rush, — first a hot wind, and then a cold one, and then a crash, — an' 'twas all as dark as death all round, and the roar appeared to be a passin' off.

I didn't know for quite a spell where I was. I was flat on my face, and when I come to a little I felt the grass against my cheek, and I smelt the earth; but I couldn't move no way. I couldn't turn over, nor raise my head more'n two inches, nor draw myself up one. I was comfortable so long as I laid still; but if I went to move I couldn't. It wa'n't no use to wriggle; and when I'd settled that I just went to work to figger out where I was and how I got there, and the best I could make out was that the barn roof had blowed off and lighted right over me, jest so as not to hurt me, but so't I couldn't move.

Well, there I lay. I knew baby was asleep in the trundle-bed, and there wa'n't no fire in the house; but how did I know the house wa'n't blowed down? I thought that as quick as a flash of lightnin'; it kinder struck me; I couldn't even see, so as to be certain. I wasn't naterally fond of children, but somehow one's own is different, and baby was just gettin' big enough to be pretty; and there I lay, feelin' about as bad as I could, but hangin' on to one hope, — that old Simon, seein' the tornado, would come pretty soon to see where we was.

I lay still quite a spell, listenin'. Presently I heerd a low, whimperin', pantin' noise, comin' nearer and nearer, and I knew it was old Lu, a yelier hound of Simon's, that he'd set great store by, because he brought him from the old country. I heerd the dog come pretty near to where I was, and then stop, and give a long howl. I tried to call him, but I was all choked up with dust, and for a while I couldn't make no sound. Finally I called, "Lu! Lu! Here, sir!" and if ever you heerd a dumb creature laugh, he barked a real laugh, and come springin' along over toward me. I called ag'in, and he begun to scratch and tear and pull, — at boards, I guessed, for it sounded like that; but it wa'n't no use, he couldn't get at me, and he give up at length and set down right over my head and give another howl, so long and so dismal I thought I'd as lieves hear the bell a tollin' my age.

Pretty soon I heerd another sound, — the baby cryin'; and with that Lu jumped off whatever 'twas that buried me up, and run. "At any rate," thinks I, "baby's alive." And then I bethought myself if 'twa'n't a painter, after all; they scream jest like a baby, and there's a lot of them, or there was then, right round in our woods, and Lu was dreadful fond to hunt 'em, and he never took no notice of baby; — and I couldn't stir to see!

Oh, dear! the sweat stood all over me. And there I lay, and Simon didn't come, nor I didn't hear a mouse stir; the air was as still as death, and I got nigh distracted. Seemed as if all my life riz right up there in the dark and looked at me. Here I was, all helpless, maybe never to get out alive; for Simon didn't come, and Russell was gone away. I'd had a good home, and a kind husband, and all I could ask: but I hadn't had a contented mind. I'd quarreled with Providence, 'cause I hadn't got everything — and now I hadn't got nothing. I see just as clear as daylight how I'd nussed up every little trouble till it growed to a big one; how I'd sp'ilt Russell's life, and made him wretched; how I'd been cross to him a great many times when I had ought to have been a comfort; and now it was like enough I shouldn't never see him again — nor baby, nor mother, nor Major. And how could I look the Lord in the face if I did die? That took all my strength out. I lay shakin' and chokin' with the idee, I don't know how long; it kind of got hold of me and ground me down; it was worse than all. I wished to gracious I didn't believe in hell; but then it come to mind, What should I do in heaven ef I was there? I didn't love nothin' that folks in heaven love, except the baby. I hadn't been suited with the Lord's will on earth, and 'twa'n't likely I was goin' to like it any better in heaven; and I should be ashamed to show my face where I didn't belong, neither by right nor by want. So I lay. Presently I heerd in my mind this verse, that I'd learned years back in Sabbath school: —

> Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost.

There it stopped, but it was a plenty for me. I see at once there wa'n't no help anywhere else, and for once in my life I did pray, real earnest, and — queer enough — not to get out, but to be made good. I kind of forgot where I was, I see so complete what I was; but after a while I did pray to live in the flesh. I wanted to make some amends to Russell for pesterin' on him so.

It seemed to me as though I'd laid there two days. A rain finally come on, with a good, even downpour, that washed in a little, and cooled my hot head; and after it passed by I heerd one whip-poor-will singin', so't I knew it was night. And pretty soon I heerd the tramp of a horse's feet; it come up; it stopped. I heerd Russell say out loud, "O Lord!" and give a groan, and then I called to him. I declare, he jumped.

So I got him to go look for baby first, because I could wait; and, lo! she was all safe in the trundle-bed, with Lu beside of her, both on 'em stretched out together, one of her little hands on his nose; and when Russell looked in to the door she stirred a bit, and Lu licked her hand to keep her quiet. It tells in the Bible about children's angels always seein' the face of God, so's to know quick what to do for 'em, I suppose; and I'm sure her'n got to her afore the tornado; for though the house roof had blowed off, and the chimbley tumbled down, there wa'n't a splinter nor a brick on her bed, only close by the head on't a great hunk of stone had fell down, and steadied up the clothes-press from tumblin' right on top of her.

So then Russell rode over, six miles, to a neighbor's, and got two men, and betwixt 'em all they pried up the beams of the barn, that had blowed on to the roof and pinned it down over me, and then lifted up the boards and got me out; and I wa'n't hurt, except a few bruises, but after that day I begun to get gray hairs.

Well, Russell was pretty thankful, I b'lieve, — more so'n he need to be for such a wife. We fixed up some kind of a shelter, but Lu howled so all night we couldn't sleep. It seems Russell had seen the tornado to Cumberton, and, judgin' from its course 'twould come past the clearin', he didn't wait a minute, but saddled up and come off; but it had crossed the road once or twice, so it was nigh about eleven o'clock afore he got home; but it was broad moonlight. So I hadn't been under the roof only about fifteen hours; but it seemed more.

In the mornin' Russell set out to find Simon, and I was so trembly I couldn't bear to stay alone, and I went with him, he carryin' baby, and Lu goin' before, as tickled as he could be. We went a long spell through the woods, keepin' on the edge of the tornado's road; for't had made a clean track about a quarter of a mile wide, and felled the trees flat, — great tulips cut off as sharp as pipestems, oaks twisted like dandelion stems, and hickories curled right up in a heap. Presently Lu gave a bark, and then such a howl! — and there was Simon, dead enough! A big oak had blowed down, with the trunk right acrost his legs above the knees, and smashed them almost off. 'Twas plain it hadn't killed him to once, for the ground all about his head was tore up as though he'd fought with it; and Russell said his teeth and hands was full of grass and grit where he'd bit and tore, a dyin' so hard. I declare, I shan't never forget that sight! Seems as if my body was full of little ice spickles every time I think on't.

Well, Russell couldn't do nothin'; we had no chance to lift the tree, so we went back to the house, and he rode away after neighbors; and while he was gone I had a long spell of thinkin'. Mother said she hoped I wouldn't have no hard lesson to teach me Major's ways; but I had got it, and I know I needed it, 'cause it did come so hard. I b'lieve I was a better woman after that. I got to think more of other folks' comfort than I did afore, and whenever I got goin' to be dismal ag'in I used to try 'n' find somebody to help; it was a sure cure.

When the neighbors come, Russell and they blasted and chopped the tree off of Simon, and buried him under a big pine that we calc'lated not to fell. Lu pined, and howled, and moaned for his master, till I got him to look after baby now and then, when I was hangin' out clothes or makin' garden, and he got to like her in the end on't near as well as Simon.

After a while there come more settlers out our way, and we got a church to go to; and the minister, Mr. Jones, he come to know if I was a member, and when I said I wa'n't, he put in to know if I wa'n't a pious woman.

"Well," says I, "I don't know, sir." So I up and told him all about it, and how I had had a hard lesson; and he smiled once or twice, and says he: —

"Your husband thinks you are a Christian, Sister Potter, don't he?"

"Yes, I do," says Russell, a comin' in behind me to the door, — for he'd just stepped out to get the minister a basket of plums, — "I hain't a doubt on't, Mr. Jones."

The minister looked at him, and I see he was kinder pleased.

"Well," says he, "I don't think there's much doubt of a woman's bein' pious when she's pious to home; and I don't want no better testimony'n yours, Mr. Potter. I shall admit you to full fellowship, sister, when we have a church meetin' next; for it's my belief you experienced religion under that blowed-down barn."

And I guess I did.

* * *

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT: An American novelist; born in England in 1849. She is a resident of Washington, D.C. Her works are: "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Theo: a Love Story" (1877), "Surly Tim" (1877), "Dolly" (1877), "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Our Neighbor Opposite" (1878), "Miss Crespigny" (1878), "Kathleen: a Love Story" (1878), "Kathleen Mavourneen" (1879), "Natalie and other Stories" (1879), "The Tide on the Moaning Bar" (1879), "Lindsay's Luck" (1879), "Jarls' Daughter" (1879), "Haworth's: a Novel" (1879), "Louisiana" (1880), "A Fair Barbarian" (1881), "Through One Administration" (1883); "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1886), published as a serial in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, then in book form, and subsequently dramatized; "Editha's Burglar: a Story for Children" (1888), "Sara Crewe; or, What happened at Mrs. Minchin's" (1888), etc.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

an autobiography (1893); "A Lady of Quality" (1895) and its sequel "His Grace of Ormonde"; and a drama, "The First Gentleman of Europe," with George Fleming (1897).

They were not a particularly interesting set of people, Barnes Herrick thought. He glanced up and down the table, feeling disappointed. He had been just twenty-four hours in Florence, having arrived the evening before the one upon which I open my story, or rather his story. He had been rambling from one place to another for months, and now had made up his mind to rest for a couple of months at least. So, having rather womanish ideas of comfort, he had eschewed hotels and taken up his abode in a *pension*, unpacking his books, and pipes, and slippers, and giving them place in his parlor, preparing to make the best of his opportunities.

Being in this frame of mind, it was natural that at his first dinner he should glance up and down the long table, and round its corners, in search of a face with possibilities in it,—not a woman's face, particularly,—merely a face, either masculine or feminine, which would attract him in a friendly way. But though the tables were well filled,—it was the time when the people who regard Florence as their winter quarters flock there in full force,—his search was not a success. There were two or three comfortable couples, four tall English ladies of extremely uncertain age, a large, elderly, voluminously attired lady, somehow suggestive of the drama, a black-haired little woman who looked like a governess, and the usual number of indescribables.

"The little black one is the most attractive," thought Barnes. "How glossy her hair is, and how keen her eyes look! But there is not much to be made of the rest."

He had scarcely reached this decision when he started slightly, in spite of himself. He was seated at the end of the table which was near the door, and through the curtains which fell before it came the sound of a tender, low-pitched voice, uttering a few commonplace words. Across the passage was the dining room for the servants and children, and the speaker was evidently addressing her nurse.

"Don't let them eat too much pastry, Jeanne, and do be careful about their knives. You must not put your knife in your mouth, Geordie. To put one's knife in one's mouth is dreadful."

The everyday caution of some foolish little mother, it might appear to any other chance hearer, but it brought a knot into Barnes Herrick's throat, and a pathetic throb to his heart. He had never thought it possible that he should again cross the path of the owner of that voice. But here she was again, after all these years; for the next moment the curtain was lifted, and she came in — a slight creature in black, her face and figure a little worn for their youth, and her large eyes touched with a certain patience of expression.

"Pen!" said Barnes, but she did not hear him, and passed on to her seat.

He had not meant to speak aloud, and scarcely knew that he had done so, until he noticed that the sharp yet friendly eyes of the black-haired little Frenchwoman were fixed upon him questioningly. Their glances met, and she spoke with an apologetic smile.

"Pardon," she said. "It is only that I see you know Madame, and she did not hear you. And she is also my friend. We are what you call very fond of each other. In a moment she will look to me and smile."

And in a moment she did; and then she saw Barnes, and her tired young face lighted up, and she smiled, as a child might smile, at the sight of a friend. But they had no opportunity to exchange speaking greetings until the meal was over.

"Her husband?" he said to his neighbor. "I do not see him."

Mademoiselle raised her neat shoulders.

"He is not here," she answered. "Monsieur died. She is a widow."

Barnes asked no more questions. Years ago he had begun to love a little child who had been a visitor at his mother's house, and he had never ceased to love her from that time. He had been an overgrown, awkward boy, and she a soft-voiced, gracious little creature, who won her way to all hearts. His chapter in her story was brief enough. She had reached her first bloom, and loved another man, who was more fortunate than Herrick, in being bright, handsome, and world-loving. Before she was eighteen, Pen paid her last visit to her old friends, bade Barnes a half-tearful, half-smiling farewell, and left them. They saw nothing of her after this, and only heard of her through vague report. Her husband did not encourage her to keep up her old friendships, it was said.

And her husband was dead; and here she was alone, looking worn, notwithstanding her youth, and bearing in her eyes that touching suggestion of habitual patience — the patience of long discipline. Barnes saw it more plainly than before, when her smile of gladness died away. The burden of life, which had come upon her so early, had left its traces behind.

The meal at an end, Barnes rose eagerly. Pen met him halfway, and gave him not one hand, but both; and as his grasp closed upon them, he felt what slight hands they were. He held them close and tenderly, and looked down into her uplifted face.

"It seems a long time, Pen," he said, "a long time since I held them last."

She smiled sadly.

"It is six years," she answered.

"This is not the old Pen," said Barnes, his heart growing heavy within him at the change in her.

"No, no!" she said. "An older one. I was a child then."

Her poor little thin hands clasped themselves nervously together, and she turned her face away from him. Her next words were at once confession and appeal.

"Barnes," she said, with a throb in her voice, "Barnes, I was not happy. It — it was a mistake. It is all over now. He is dead. And I have two little children. Such pretty babies, Barnes!" her face warming. "All the rest of my life belongs to them."

Before he had talked to her half an hour, he began to understand her. In that first miserable year of her married life, she had given up her youth without a protest. She had turned to her children in the end, feeling that no other happiness was left to her. Nobody cared for her loneliness; but the babies loved her, and were her comfort.

"I have no friends," she said. "Only there is Mademoiselle. I live here because it is cheap. I must live somewhere, where it is cheap."

Then she looked at him innocently.

"Don't you want to see my babies?" she asked.

She positively gained color when the nurse brought them into the room. She put her hand on Geordie's shoulder, and turned to Barnes with quite a proud air.

"You do not know what a comfort he is to me," she said eagerly. "He is only five, but he knows and understands so much. You would scarcely believe how much. He is mamma's man — Geordie."

It would have been simply natural and pretty in a happier woman, but in her it was touching.

When Barnes had caressed and admired the children, she took them upstairs herself, bidding him good-night.

"I always stay with them until they are asleep," she said, giving him her hand. "I shall see you often, shall I not? I shall be happier for knowing that."

When she was gone, Barnes was guilty of seeking Mademoiselle with a secret purpose in view. He was chilled and saddened. He was not even so near to this pale young mother as he had been to the light-hearted Pen, who had been so innocently blind to his deep love.

It was not easy to conceal things from the small Frenchwoman, and Barnes was, at best, a blundering diplomatist. When he advanced toward her, Mademoiselle looked up from her trim workbasket with a smile.

"She has gone upstairs with the little ones," she said. "That is always so," shaking her head. "The little ones! The little ones! She has no life but the life of the little ones. — Sit down, if you will. You would like to talk to me of her. Yes, yes. I see. She was your little friend once, and you have lost her for many years."

To poor Barnes, who wore his warm heart upon his sleeve, there seemed no necessity for further prelude. Here was a woman who knew, and loved, and pitied her, for her lost girlhood and early blight.

"If you had known her as I did," he said; "if you had known her as a pretty, loving child, and had seen her happy, tender face, as I saw it last, you would not wonder that it cuts my heart to see her as she is to-day."

"Yes, yes, I know," she answered. "I have seen love matches such as hers before. It is an old tale to me. I have lived forty-five years, and it is an old tale. A pretty child, and a man easily tired; a strange, bitter pain, and a gay world. The only wonder is that it was he who died.

"He did not leave much for her, the handsome husband," continued Mademoiselle. "A short life, and a merry one, for him. But she thinks not of herself. She has no world to please."

"Do you think," faltered Barnes, wistfully, "that she is happy?"

"There are different kinds of happiness," answered Mademoiselle. "Youth is something, and she is young."

Barnes went to his room later. He was not sure that he was happier for the knowledge of Pen's nearness, now that he had seen her as she was. In truth, he felt himself more wholly separated from her than he had felt when he had fancied her far away.

When Pen met him upon the staircase the next morning, and stopped to smile gently, and greet him, she asked him a question.

"I have been wondering if you are only a bird of passage," she said. "I think you did not tell me last night."

"I shall be here all winter," he answered. "I have just been making arrangements about my rooms."

"You will learn to love Florence," she said simply. "It is the kind of place one always loves in the end." But she did not say that she was glad, and her voice did not change from its even quiet.

It was rather hard for Barnes, but he had learned patience on his way through the world, and he was not prone to expect that happiness would come to him easily.

"I never won anything yet without working and waiting," he said, "and my fate will not change this late in the day."

Certainly, it seemed not. Day after day he sat opposite the sweet, sad face, at mealtimes. Day after day he passed it on the staircase, or in the hall, or out upon the street; and though he always gained a smile and a soft-voiced greeting, there was nothing more for him.

"I do not see much of you, Pen," he said once, somewhat mournfully.

"I have not much time to spare from the children," said the unresponsive little woman, with her half-smile. "I never leave them when I can help it."

"And your face is pale, and your hands thin, with your constant care for them," returned Barnes. "I cannot think all this watchfulness is a good thing for you, Pen."

"But I am always pale and a little thin," almost eagerly.

"You were not once," said Barnes.

Her eyes fell, and saddened.

"That is long ago," she said; "long ago. One cannot be young always."

"Not young," said Barnes, "at twenty-three! My poor little Pen! My poor, altered girl!"

"One must make the best of one's life, when all is over," she answered, in a voice almost a whisper. "I am making the best of mine, Barnes." And she turned away as if she did not wish to say any more.

It was the children themselves who came to Barnes' rescue with the caprice of childhood. It may be that the poor fellow turned to them with a sore-hearted hope of winning some right to draw nearer to Pen herself. It was easy to deceive himself into fancying that he was wholly disinterested, and at least the children themselves believed in him. They liked his long, strong arms and broad shoulders, and made them useful upon all occasions, as they became familiar with him. He could carry them when they were tired of walking, romp with them, and was lavish in his gifts of all things indigestible.

"I did not know you were so fond of children," said Pen.

"I did not know, either," he answered, feeling guilty and embarrassed again. "I have not known many children, but when you were a child I was fond of you."

"Were you?" said Pen, wondering a little at his blushes. "I never thought you cared for me at all."

She was continually bestowing such innocent, cruel thrusts as these upon him. She had been fond of his mother, but had taken but little notice of him. He had only been "Barnes," whom she liked in a kindly, unemotional way, and who had always seemed shy and awkward in her presence. Nobody had been wont to observe Barnes very closely, or to try and account for his fancies.

If it had not been for his friend, the little Frenchwoman, he felt sometimes as if he must have given up, and gone away. Mademoiselle was shrewd as well as kind, and she had become quite fond of him.

"Do not discourage yourself, my friend," she would say sometimes. "Rome was not built in a day. Perhaps your time is not so wasted as you fancy. But the little heart has been sad so long."

She was quite right. The young heart had been sad so long that mere freedom from actual pain seemed all that it could hope for.

"I think," said Pen, one night, "that I have forgotten how to be happy — happy in the old way. And yet I am not unhappy. Perhaps," her voice falling, and the words coming slowly, "perhaps one always forgets as one grows older."

This was one night, when, for the first time, she had drifted unconsciously into a kind of self-revealing, as she talked to Barnes. They were alone together, in the parlor, and as she finished speaking Pen was startled at finding both her hands fairly crushed in her companion's strong grasp. And this was not all — the emotion in the man's face was a revelation to her. She looked up, touched and wondering.

"Are you so sorry for me as that?" she said wistfully. "Are you so sorry for me as that, Barnes? You look as if — as if you understood, and I did not think that anybody ——"

"You have borne your pain so long alone that you did not think anybody could understand how deep and heavy it must have been to have changed you as it has, and taught you only to bear life without hoping. But I have suffered, too, Pen, and that makes it easy."

"I am very sorry," she said with a sigh. "I did not know. But it seems as if it was always so."

Her manner toward him changed a little after this. She seemed to remember his presence oftener, and now and then he fancied that she made some effort to please him. Sometimes he found her eyes fixed questioningly upon his face, and when he came to her parlor to see the children, she was less silent and reserved. Still she was as blind and calm as ever, until at last Mademoiselle disturbed her.

"He is very patient, the Monsieur Herrick," she said. "He has a kind and faithful heart. There are few like him."

Pen raised her soft eyes from the dress she was embroidering for Bessie, and looked bewildered.

"Patient!" she echoed. "Patient! What a curious word, Mademoiselle."

"No," answered the Frenchwoman, "not curious. He bears much. He does not resent the coldness and the indifference as most men would."

The dress fell upon Pen's lap, and suddenly her color showed itself as if in affright.

"Whose coldness?" she faltered. "Whose indifference? Surely, surely, Mademoiselle, you cannot misunderstand ——"

"No, not misunderstand," said the little woman, serenely. "But it is hard, nevertheless, for Monsieur Herrick."

Pen's color came and went, then, and her hands trembled.

"But he does not expect — he does not want — he has no right," she exclaimed, almost with tears of distress and mortification. "I should never like him again," she broke off. "I would never let him play with the children again, if I thought that ——"

"Then do not think it, my dear," interposed her friend, acutely. "It is better that all should remain as it is. You would be severe, indeed, to refuse the poor friend should play with the little ones, and be comforted by their caresses."

The same day Barnes, straying near Santa Spirito, caught sight of a well-known slight figure, draped in black.

Finding herself near him, Pen was evidently disturbed and startled, but he came and held out his hand, speaking gently.

"You are not afraid that I should see you, Pen," he said. "You are not afraid of me. I may walk with you, may I not?"

"Yes," she answered, and then, after hesitating a moment, "I am not really sorry to meet you. I think I have something I want to say to you. Let us go there and sit down for a few minutes," pointing to a bench. "It is very pretty and quiet."

Pen was pale, and drew her breath quickly, and she kept her eyes fixed on the plashing waters of the playing fountain.

"Barnes," she said, "is it true that I have been cold to you, and unfriendly?"

"Pen!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl! What does this mean?"

"It means a great deal to me," she returned; "for I did not mean to be either one or the other, and it seems that I have been both."

She clasped her black-gloved hands tightly together upon her lap, and went on speaking low and rapidly, but as if she were determined to restrain her emotion.

"When you first came to Florence," she said, "I told you that I had not been happy; but I did not tell you how utterly wretched I had been. I have never told any one before. It would not have set my life right again. And the children — it was the children's father, Barnes, who made it all go wrong. I found out, two months after my marriage, that I had made a weary blunder. It was not that he had loved any one else, or that he had not loved me, for a little while; it was only that he could not love me long. He was easily tired, and I was only a child, and not strong enough of heart to battle for myself.

I tried at first, but I was obliged to give up, and let him go. I ought never to have been his wife. I loved him too well. Oh, Barnes!" her self-control vanishing all at once, and a helpless sob breaking her voice, "you don't know how I loved him! Nobody knows. He did not know, himself. He knew least of all. He was so handsome, and so grand, and so gay! And it was like heaven at first; just the first weeks, when he was fond of me, and we were on our bridal tour. But I was not a brilliant, clever woman, and people praised him so much, and my heart failed me; and then, at last, I seemed to wake up all at once, and know that everything was gone! Everything! I could not bring it back.

"I used to lie on the floor of my room," she went on, after a silence, "all alone, when he was away, those dreary winter days, and the sobs would rise in my throat so fast that they choked me, and I thought I should die. It was so terrible to know that he had loved me once, and that, after all, his love had died such an easy, natural death. It made me think that nothing was true, and that he was only like the rest of the world; that it was only because love could not last, and never did. By the time Geordie was born, I had given all up, quite, and a sort of dull quiet seemed to have settled upon me, and I did not try any more. I knew happiness was not for me. I have not even asked for it since, and perhaps I have grown cold in manner through living so much within myself. The children are all that seems left of me, and I forget others. I am not like other women; and if I have been unkind, you must forgive me. I have always thought of you as my friend, Barnes, and I have always felt that I could trust you."

There was a long pause after she ceased. Barnes had understood her better, even, than she had understood herself.

"And you tell me this because you are afraid I may have misunderstood you?" he said at last.

"Yes," she answered, with slight hesitance.

He turned his honest, tender eyes upon her, and she was forced to meet them; and then she knew how poor and weak her little subterfuge must have appeared to him, and she could neither brave it out, nor defend herself. But he was as tender of her as ever.

"No, don't be sorry, Pen," he said. "I do not misunderstand you after all. I think I see what you have meant to do, and I am sure you meant to be kind in your woman's way.

Suppose I am frank with you. To-day you have seen, for the first time, that I stay here because I love you; and being so weary of life, you think you have no heart to give me. You are sure you have none, and you wish to spare me the pain of hope deferred. So you have told me the story to show me that love is over for you, and cannot be stirred to new existence for me. Is not that it, Pen? Don't be afraid of hurting me by saying that it is. During these long years I have learned to bear life's chances with a kind of patience."

"I —" said Pen, faltering, "I — Oh, Barnes, forgive me!"

"Not forgive," he answered. "Don't say 'forgive.' I have loved you too long for that word to come between us at this late day. I have loved you all my life, Pen, and you have not seen it. I loved you when you came, a child, to my mother's house; and I loved you when you bade us good-by, in your happiness and hope. Even now I cannot promise that my love shall die out; but it shall never trouble you, my dear. Never!"

He looked at once brave and kindly, and worthy of any woman's admiration, as he rose and stood before her, holding out his hand. She could hardly understand that, in this short time, all was over, and that he meant to put an end to her pain and embarrassment with this quiet gesture.

Pen's mind was in a strange tumult as they walked home together. She scarcely understood her own feelings. She was tremulous, excited, and pale. Barnes was far the calmer of the two. On his part, he was only grave and silent. And yet he had just told her what she had never for an instant suspected before, that he had loved her all his life. A few hours ago she had been a little angry with him, and now she felt that it was she who had presumed: and she dared scarcely look in his face. To think that she had been so blind! There was a certain dignity in the idea of his long-suffering and patience; a suffering which did not cry out or bewail itself, but was silent from first to last.

She did not know what impulse prompted her to do such a thing, but when they reached the house, she could not help speaking to him in timid appeal: —

"Don't go away, Barnes," she said. "Don't go away from Florence."

"No," he answered. "Not if you care that I should remain. I have learned to love the place, as you said I would."

The winter passed away, and matters seemed to have made

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little or no progress. Only Mademoiselle wondered within herself as she looked on. Pen had become more attentive to her children than ever; there was even an eager anxiety in her treatment of them, as if she wished to make up for some secret wrong or neglect. Her attendance upon them was so constant and unremitting, indeed, that she lost flesh and color with unnecessary overexertion. She was even thinner and more fragile-looking than at first, Barnes thought, on the spring morning when he came to speak to her of his plans.

"You will not remain in Italy much longer, Pen," he said to her. "It will be too warm here in another month."

"Yes, for the children," she remarked. "I do not care about myself; but I always take the children to Switzerland for the summer."

"It is plain you do not care for yourself," he said, "and that is what I wish to speak to you about, before I go away. I must go at one time or another, you know. I cannot remain here always; and now, since you will leave Florence, too, I thought I might as well pack my knapsack again."

"Yes," she said hesitatingly, "I suppose so. It is warm here already."

"But I could not leave you," he continued, "without a few words of warning and caution. You are wearing yourself out, Pen. You are too anxious a mother. You let your children demand too much of you, and they cannot spare you."

"Spare me?" she exclaimed. "They could not live without me."

"Then take better care of yourself, and give yourself more rest," he said. "You have neither color, nor strength, nor appetite. I have no right to say this; but I am not blind, and I should bid you good-by with a lighter heart if you would promise to remember your own needs."

"I will promise," quite humbly. "You are quite good to me, Barnes." And then, in a lower voice, "When are you going away?"

"To-morrow."

"That seems very soon," was her reply.

It might have been their last interview, for Barnes began to make his preparations that evening. He went sadly about his two rooms, collecting his belongings one by one, and laying them aside. His heart was heavy within him. He had strapped his last trunk, and was bending over his valise, pipe in mouth, when he heard a hurried, nervous summons on his door.

He went to the door, and, throwing it open, found himself face to face with Pen, who stood in the corridor, white and shaking.

"Something is the matter with Geordie, Barnes," she wailed. "It is something dreadful, and I want the doctor and Mademoiselle Denis. There is no one I can call on but you."

They were both scared, though they thought of nothing but their dread for the child. Before morning both the little ones were stricken with fever, and Pen, pale and haggard with fear, turned to Barnes in helpless anguish.

"You will not go away!" she cried. "I have no one but you, Barnes. I want your strength to help me."

"You may be sure I will not desert you in your extremity, Pen," he answered, pressing her hand. Nor did he. Nearly a month of terrible anxiousness and constant watching followed, and he stood by her through it all with the strength of a man and the gentleness of a woman. He watched her as he watched the children, and supported her in every crisis.

When the worst was over, and the children convalescing, Pen's day of reckoning came. If she had been restless before, now she was doubly restless. She had not even the spirit to think of her journey. It would be such a lonely journey, and such a lonely summer would follow.

When the time came for Barnes to make his adieux once more, it was worse than ever. On the evening he had decided upon for his departure, she came down to dinner, and waited in the salon to bid him good-by. She looked ill and agitated, but she had very little to say.

"I can never thank you for your kindness to me," she said. "I cannot even try. You have saved my little children for me, and I can only remember you always with a full heart. God bless you, Barnes!" And she seized his hands, and kissed them before he could check her.

"God bless you, Pen!" he answered her. "We shall not forget each other, at least, I think."

The train by which he was to leave Florence was a late one. At ten o'clock a carriage stood at the door, and his possessions were carried down to it. He had said farewell to Mademoiselle Denis, and lingered for a moment to glance round his room for the last time, and at length, throwing his traveling cloak about him, he went slowly downstairs. Very slowly, and heavily. But before he reached the bottom step of the first flight, he stopped altogether, arrested by the sound of a door opening upon the landing above, a door he knew to be Pen's. He paused, and looked up.

"Is the Signor ready?" he heard a servant say below. "He has but a few moments to spare."

But Barnes remained motionless. He heard Pen's feet upon the floor above, and could not make up his mind to descend.

"She may want something," he said. "She may have forgotten to ask me to do something for her."

He could not resist the sudden impulse which seized him. He gave way to it, and, turning round, went up the staircase three steps at a time, until he reached the top. A lamp, burning high upon the wall, gave forth a faint light; but it was strong enough to show him all he cared to see,—a slight, worn figure, in a white dress, and with a white, appealing face, and thin little outstretched hands,—Pen, who, at sight of him, uttered a pathetic, incoherent cry.

"Pen!" he said; and, with three strides, was at her side, clasping her closely, and trying to soothe her. "Pen! At last, my dear! At last!"

She clung to his arm, and laid her face upon his breast, sobbing with excitement and relief.

"I heard you," she said, "and I could not let you go. I knew it at the last moment, when it seemed too late, and I ran out of my room, but I dared not speak. If you had not heard me, and come, I think I should have died. If you love me yet, Barnes, take me, for I cannot live without you; for I love you, too!"

"Yet, Pen," he whispered, smoothing her hair with his trembling hand. "Yet, when I have waited so long?"

"Is the Signor ready?" asked the voice below.

"No!" answered Barnes, advancing to the head of the stairway. "He has changed his mind. Give the man this, and send him away."

LOVE BY THE OCEAN.[1]

By ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

(From "The Marquis of Peñalta" ("Marta y Maria"): translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

[Armando Palacio Valdés, Spanish novelist, resides in Oviedo, Spain. He has published "Marta y Maria" (Martha and Mary: English translation as "The Marquis of Peñalta"), "Riverita," and its sequel, "Maximina," "Sister St. Sulpice," "The Idyl of an Invalid," "José," "Froth,"—all novels. He has also written "The Athenian Orators," "Spanish Novelists," and "A New Journey to Parnassus."]

Marta's silhouette emerged from the darkness and stood out against the niggardly light which entered through the aperture.

A long, dull murmur was audible in the cave, hinting at the proximity of the ocean. In a few moments they came out into the light.

Ricardo was in ecstasies over the sight which met his eyes. They stood facing the sea in the midst of a beach surrounded by very high, jagged crags. It seemed impossible to issue from it without getting wet by the waves, which came in majestic and sonorous, spreading out over its golden sands, festooning them with wreaths of foam. Our young people advanced toward the center in silence, overcome with emotion, watching that mysterious retreat of the ocean, which seemed like a lovely hidden trysting place where he came to tell his deepest secrets to the earth. The sky of the clearest azure reflected on the sandy floor which sloped toward the sea with a gentle incline; months and years often passed without the foot of man leaving its imprint upon it. The lofty, black, eroded walls, shutting in the beach with their semicircle, threw a melancholy silence upon it; only the cry of some sea bird flitting from one crag to another disturbed the eternal, mysterious monologue of the ocean.

Ricardo and Marta continued slowly drawing nearer the water, still under the spell of reverence and admiration. As they advanced, the sand grew smoother and smoother; the prints of their feet immediately filled with water. Coming still nearer, they noticed that the waves increased, and that their curling

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SIGNOR VALDÉS IN HIS STUDY

volutes at the moment of breaking would cover them up if they could get them in their power. They came in toward them solid, stately, imposing, as though they were certain to carry them off and bury them forever amid their folds; but five or six yards away they fell to the ground, expressing their disappointment with a tremendous, prolonged roar; the torrents of foam which issued from their destruction came spreading up and leaping on the sand to kiss their feet.

After considerable time of silent contemplation, Marta began to feel disturbed; she imagined that she noticed in them a constantly increasing desire to get hold of her, and that they expressed their longing with angry, desperate cries. She stepped back a little and seized Ricardo's hand, without confessing to him the foolish fear that had taken possession of her; she imagined that the sheet of foam sent up by the waves, instead of kissing her feet, was trying to bite them; that as it gathered itself up again with gigantic eagerness, it attracted her against her will, to carry her away no one knows whither.

"Doesn't it seem to you that we are going too close to the waves, Ricardo?"

"Do you think perhaps they'll come up as far as where you are?"

"I don't know — but it seems to me as though we were sliding down insensibly — and that they would get hold of us at last."

"Don't you be alarmed, preciosa," said he, throwing his arm around her shoulder and gently drawing her to him; "neither are the waves coming up to us, nor are we going down to them. — Are you afraid to die?"

"Oh, no, not now!" exclaimed the girl, in a voice scarcely audible, and pressing closer to her friend.

Ricardo did not hear this exclamation; he was attentively watching the passage of a steamboat which was passing down the horizon, belching forth its black column of smoke.

After a time he felt like renewing the theme.

"Are you really afraid of death? Oh, you are well off. To-day the world has in store for you its most seductive smiles: not a single cloud obscures the heaven of your life. God grant you may never come to desire it!"

"And are you afraid to die? tell me!"

"Sometimes I am, and sometimes I am not."

"At this moment are you?"

"Oh! how funny you are!" exclaimed the young fellow, turning his smiling face towards her. "No, not at this moment, certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because, if the sea should carry us away, we two should die together; and going in such charming company, what would it matter to me leaving this world?"

The girl looked at him steadily for a moment. Over the young man's lips hovered a gallant but somewhat condescending smile. She abruptly tore herself from him, and turning her back, began to walk up and down on the beach skirting the dominions of the waves.

The steamship was just hiding behind one of the headlands like a fantastic warrior, walking through the water until only the plume of his helmet was visible. When it had disappeared, Ricardo joined his future sister, who seemed not to notice his presence, so absorbed was she in contemplation of the ocean; yet after a moment she suddenly turned around, and said: —

"Do you dare to go with me to the point which extends out there at the right?"

"I have no objection, but I warn you that it's flood tide, and that that point will be surrounded by water before the end of an hour."

"No matter; we have time enough to go to it."

Leaping and balancing over the rocks along the shore, which were full of pools and lined with seaweed, whereon they ran great risk of slipping, they reached the point far out in the sea.

"Let us sit down," said Marta. "Sometimes the sea comes up as far as this, doesn't it?"

Ricardo sat beside her, and both looked at the humid plain extending at their feet. Near them it was dark green in color; farther away it was blue; then in the center the great silvery spot was still resplendent with vivid scintillations reflecting the fiery disk of the sun. From the liquid bosom of the boundless deep arose a solemn but seductive music, which began to sound like a paternal caress in the ears of our young friends. The great desert of water sang and vibrated in its spaces like the eternal instrument of the Creator. The breeze coming from the waves brought a refreshing coolness to their temples and cheeks; it was a keen, powerful breath, swelling their hearts and filling them with vague, exalted feelings.

Neither of them spoke. They enjoyed the contemplation of ocean's majesty and grandeur, with a humble sense of their own insignificance, and with a vague longing to share in its divine, immortal power. Their eyes followed again and again unweariedly along the fluctuating line of the horizon, which revealed to them other spaces, endless and luminous. Without noticing it, by an instinctive movement they had again drawn nearer to each other as though they had some fear of the monster roaring at their feet. Ricardo had laid one arm around the young girl's waist, and held her gently as if to defend her from some danger.

At the end of a long time, Marta turned her kindled face toward him and said, with trembling voice: —

"Ricardo, will you let me lean my head on your breast? I feel like weeping!"

Ricardo looked at her in surprise, and drawing her gently toward him, laid her head on his knee. The girl thanked him with a smile.

The waters beat upon the point where they were, spattering them with spray, and ceaselessly pouring in and out of the deep caves of the rocks, which seemed hollow, like a house. The rivers tumbling over them awoke strange, confused murmurs within, seeming sometimes like the far-off echoes of a thunderclap, again like the deep rumbling of an organ.

Marta, with her head resting on the young man's knee and her face turned to the sky, allowed her great, liquid eyes to roam around the azure vault, with ears attent to the deep murmurs sounding beneath her. The fresh sea breeze had not yet succeeded in cooling her burning cheeks.

"Hark!" she said, after a little; "don't you hear it?"

"What?"

"Don't you hear, amid the roar of the water, something like a lament?"

Ricardo listened a moment.

"I don't hear anything."

"No; now it has stopped; wait awhile. — Now don't you hear it? — Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it: there's some one weeping in the hollows of this rock."

"Don't be worried, tonta; it's the surf that makes those strange noises. Do you want me to go down and see if there's any one in there?"

"No! no!" she exclaimed eagerly; "stay quiet. If you should move, it would disturb me greatly."

The great spot of silver kept extending further over the circuit of the ocean, but it began to grow pale. The sun was rapidly journeying toward the horizon, in majestic calm, without a cloud to accompany him, wrapt in a gold and red vapor, which gradually melted, till it was entirely lost in the clear blue of the sky. The point where they were likewise stretched its shadow over the water, the dark green of which, little by little, grew into black. The roaring of the waves became muffled, and the breeze blew softly, like the indolent breathing of one about to go to sleep. An august, soul-stirring silence began to come up from the bosom of the waters. In the caverns of the rock Marta no longer perceived the mournful cry which had frightened her; and the thunders and mumblings had been slowly changing into a soft and languid *glu glu*.

"Are you going to sleep?" asked Ricardo again.

"I have told you once that I don't care to go to sleep — I am so happy to be awake! He who sleeps doesn't suffer, but neither does he enjoy. It is good to sleep only when one has sweet dreams, and I almost never have them. Look, Ricardo; it seems to me now that I am asleep and dreaming. You look so strange to me! I see the sky below, and the sea above; your head is bathed in a blue mist; when you move, it seems as though the vault covering us swung to and fro; when you speak, your voice seems to come out of the depths of the sea. Don't shut your eyes, for pity's sake! how it makes me suffer! I imagine that you are dead, and have left me here alone. Don't you see how wide open mine are! Never did I want less to sleep than now. Hark! put down your face a little nearer; should you suffer much, if the sea were to rise slowly, and finally cover us up?"

Ricardo trembled a little; he cast a look about him, and saw that the water was ready to cut off the isthmus uniting them to the shore.

"Come, we are almost surrounded by water already."

"Wait just a little — I have something to tell you: I am going to whisper it very low, so that no one shall hear it — no one but you. — Ricardo, I should be glad if the sea would come up now, and bury us forever. Thus we should be eternally in the depths of the water; you sitting, and I with my head on your lap, with eyes wide open. Then, — yes, I would dream at my ease; and you would watch my sleep, would you not? The waves would pass over our heads, and would come to tell us what is going on in the world. Those white and purple fishes, which sailors catch with hooks, would come noiselessly to visit us, and would let us smooth their silver scales with our hands. The seaweed would entwine at our feet, making soft cushions; and when the sun rose, we should see him through the glassy water, larger and more beautiful, filtering his thousand-colored beams through it, and dazzling us with his splendor! Tell me, doesn't it tempt you? doesn't it tempt you?"

"Be quiet, Martita; you are delirious. Come along, the tide is rising."

"Wait a moment: we have been here an hour, and the wind hasn't cooled my cheeks — they are hotter than ever. No matter — I am comfortable. Do you want to do me a favor? Listen! I must ask your forgiveness ——"

"What for?"

"For the scare I gave you the other day. Do you remember when we were making a nosegay together in the garden? You wanted to kiss my hand, and I was so stupid that I took it in bad part, and began to cry. How surprised and disgusted you must have been! I confess that I am a goose, and don't deserve to have any one love me. However, you may believe me that I was not offended with you — I wept from sentiment — without knowing why. What reason had I to weep? You did not want to do any harm — all you wanted was to kiss my hands; isn't that so?"

"That was all, my beauty!"

"Then I take great pleasure in having you kiss them, Ricardo. Take them!"

The young girl lifted up her gentle hands, and waved them in the air, fair and white as two doves just flying from the nest. Ricardo kissed them gallantly.

"That doesn't suit me," continued the girl, laughing; "you always used to kiss my face whenever you met me or said good-by. Why have you ceased to do so? Are you afraid of me? I am not a woman — I am still only a child. Until I grow up you have the right to kiss me — then it will be another thing. Come, give me a kiss on the forehead."

The young man bent over and gave her a kiss on the forehead.

"If you would not be angry, I would ask for another here;" and she touched her moist, rosy lips.

The young marquis grew red in the face; he remained an instant motionless; then, bending down his head, he gave the girl a prolonged kiss on her lips.

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MAMMA COUPEAU'S FUNERAL.

By ÉMILE ZOLA.

(From "L'Assommoir.")

[ÉMILE ZOLA, French novelist, was born in Paris, April 2, 1840. He has written, besides many others: "Tales to Ninon" (1864); "Claude's Confession" (1865); "A Dead Woman's Vow," "My Hatreds," and "My Salon" (1866); "The Mysteries of Marseilles," "Édouard Manet," and "Thérèse Raquin" (1867); "Madeleine Férat" (1868); "The Fortune of the Rougons" (1871); "La Curée" (1872); "The Maw of Paris" (1873); "The Conquest of Plossans" and "New Tales to Ninon" (1874); "The Sin of Abbé Mouret" (1875); "His Excellency Eugéne Rougon" (1876); "L'Assommoir" (1877); "A Page of Love" (1878); "Nana" (1880); "Germinal" (1885); "Earth" (1887); "The Dream" (1888); "The Human Brute" (1890); "Money" (1891); "The Downfall" (1892); "Dr. Pascal" (1893); "Lourdes" (1894); "Rome" (1895); and "Paris" (1897).]

JANUARY ushered in damp and cold weather. Mamma Coupeau, who coughed and choked during the whole of December, had to stick to her bed. It was her luck every winter, and she expected it. But this time it was prophesied that she would never leave the room again unless her legs went first. She had a fearful rattle in her throat. Her efforts to prevent strangulation terribly shook her large, fat body. One eye was blind, and the muscles of that side of her face were twisted and distorted by paralysis.

Certainly, her relatives would not have hastened her end; nevertheless, she hung on so long, and was so cumbersome, that her death would be a relief to every one. She herself would be much happier, because she had worked her time out, and when we have done that, there is no longer room for us in the world. The doctor, having called once, did not return. She was given tisane simply that she might not feel herself altogether abandoned. Every few hours visitors called to see if she was still alive. She looked at them staringly with her remaining good, clear eye, which told, though suffocation rendered her speechless, of many regrets while recalling her youth, of sadness to see her own so anxious to be rid of her, and of rage against that vicious Nana, who disturbed her by leaving her bed at nights to peep through the window of the closet door.

On Monday evening, Coupeau returned home drunk. Since his mother's life had been in danger, he had lived in a state of continual excitement. Nana, who slept with Mamma Coupeau, showed great bravery that night, saying that if her grandmother died, she would notify the household. The old woman appeared to slumber peacefully, and Gervaise, tired out with watching, concluded to retire to rest. Toward three o'clock, she jumped quickly from her bed, shivering, and in terrible anxiety. A cold sweat covered her body. Hastily arranging her skirts in the darkness, and knocking several times against the furniture, she succeeded in reaching the closet, and lighting a little lamp. The deep silence of the night was only broken by the snoring of the tinsmith. Nana, lying upon her back, was breathing gently. Grotesque shadows danced about the room as Gervaise lowered the lamp, and its dim light fell full upon Mamma Coupeau's face. It was very white; her head hung over one shoulder, and her eyes were open and glassy.

The old woman was dead.

Softly, without uttering a cry, the laundress went to Lantier's room, and shaking him, muttered: —

"I say, it's all over. She's dead."

Awakened out of a heavy sleep, Lantier at first growled: —

"Give me a rest, go to bed. We can't do anything for her if she is dead."

Then, raising himself upon an elbow, he asked: —

"What time is it?"

"Three o'clock," answered Gervaise.

"Only three!" he exclaimed. "Go to bed. You'll get sick. When it's daylight, we will see."

But, not listening to him, Gervaise retired to her room to dress herself completely, while Lantier, rolling under the covering, with his head to the wall, talked of women's obstinate natures. Was it a pressing matter to publish to the world that there was a corpse in the house? It exasperated him to be thus disturbed at such an hour in the morning, and have his mind filled with gloomy thoughts.

Gervaise, seating herself in her room, began to sob. She really liked Mamma Coupeau, and experienced great grief in not having shown it, some time previously, when, through fear and weariness, she contemplated the old woman's exit at such a solemn and unpropitious hour. And she sobbed again, very loudly.

Coupeau, who had not ceased to snore, heard nothing. She had called and shaken him, but, on reflection, decided to leave him alone, since, if he were awakened he would only be a fresh embarrassment. When Gervaise visited the body a second time, Nana was sitting up, rubbing her eyes. The little girl craned her neck to better see her grandma and said nothing.

"Come, get up," said her mother, in a low tone of voice. "I don't want you to remain there."

Gervaise was quite bothered to know where to put Nana until daybreak. She had concluded to dress the child, when Lantier, unable to sleep, and a little ashamed of his conduct, made his appearance in trousers and slippers.

"Let her sleep in my bed," he muttered. "She will have plenty of room."

Nana raised her large, clear eyes until they fell upon Lantier and her mother, and assumed the foolish look of a child sucking at a stick of candy. She needed no urging, for she skipped across to the room, with her bare feet scarcely touching the floor, and hurriedly enveloped herself in the bedclothes, which were still warm. Every time her mother entered she was to be seen awake and quiet, very flushed and apparently thinking of something.

Lantier helped Gervaise dress Mamma Coupeau; and it was no small task, for the corpse had lost none of its weight. Nobody would ever have thought the old woman was so fat and fair. They put on her stockings, a white petticoat, a loose sack, a cap; in a word, her best clothes. Coupeau still snored, one note a basso profundo; the other, very dry, a sort of crescendo. Anybody would have said it was like the church music manufactured for the ceremony on a Good Friday. Lantier, to invigorate himself, took a glass of wine, for he felt quite out of sorts. Gervaise fumbled in her bureau, looking for a brass crucifix brought by her from Plassans, but she recollected that Mamma Coupeau must have sold it. Both of them passed the rest of the night on chairs, bored and sulky.

Toward seven o'clock, before daylight, Coupeau finally awoke. When he heard of the affliction, he sat up tearless and yawning, half believing that they were playing him a joke. Convinced that his mother was really dead, he jumped from the bed and threw himself before the corpse, soaking the bedclothes with tears, and using them as pocket handkerchiefs. Gervaise began sobbing again, very much touched at the sight of Coupeau's sorrow. Yes, his heart was better than she had supposed. But the tinsmith's despair arose more than anything else from a headache, the result of the drunk, which still showed itself, notwithstanding his ten hours of sleep. He complained that his head would finish him ! and now his heart was to be torn out on account of his poor mother he loved so much ! No, it was not just that fate should make such a dead set at him !

"Come, brace up, old man," said Lantier, raising Coupeau off the floor. "You must recover yourself."

He poured out a glass of wine for him, but Coupeau refused to drink it, and cried out : —

"What's the matter with me ? There's some lead in my head. It's mother, when I saw her. O ! Mamma, Mamma, Mamma ! "

He began again crying like a child. He drank the glass of wine, however, to extinguish the fire that was burning his chest. Lantier soon left, under pretext of notifying the family, and to report the death at the Mayoralty. Besides, he needed the fresh morning air, which he enjoyed leisurely, smoking a cigarette. After leaving Madame Lerat's, Lantier entered a dairy at Batignolles, to sip a cup of warm coffee, and he remained there a full hour in meditation.

About nine o'clock, the family assembled in the shop with closed shutters. Lorilleux did not cry, for he had urgent work, and after shuffling around a moment with a face solemnized for the occasion, he returned immediately to his rooms. Madame Lorilleux and Madame Lerat kissed the Coupeaus and wiped their eyes, which were trickling with tears. The former, giving a hasty glance around the room, raised her voice to say abruptly that it was absurd to put a lighted lamp alongside a body ; it should be a candle, and Nana was sent to purchase a package of them.

"Ah, well ! " continued Madame Lorilleux, "when one dies at the Bantam's she arranges things in a funny way. What a booby not to know how to act in the case of a deceased person ! Had she never buried anybody during her lifetime ? "

Madame Lerat was obliged to borrow a crucifix from a neighbor. She brought one too big — a cross in black wood, on which was nailed a Christ of painted pasteboard, that entirely covered Mamma Coupeau's bosom, the weight of which appeared to crush her. Afterwards, they looked for some holy water; but no one having any, Nana was sent at a run to the church for a bottleful. In a twinkling, the closet assumed a new dress. Upon a little table a candle burned; alongside was a glass of holy water in which soaked a sprig of boxwood; and the shop chairs were disposed of in a circle for the reception. Now, if folk should come, things would at least be decent.

Lantier returned at eleven o'clock. He had been to the Interment Bureau for information.

"The coffin is twelve francs," he said. "If you want a mass, it will be ten francs more. Finally, there is the hearse, which is paid for according to its ornamentation."

"Oh! that is quite useless," murmured Madame Lorilleux, raising her head with an air of surprise and anxiety. "It won't bring Mamma back, will it? We must go according to our purse."

"Undoubtedly, that's what I thought," rejoined the hatter. "I simply took the prices so that you might govern yourselves. Tell me what you want; after breakfast I will order it."

Everybody talked in an undertone. Within the shop a soft twilight entered through cracks in the shutters. The closet door remained wide open, and through its gaping aperture there seemed to issue a deathly stillness. Children's laughter ascended in the yard where they were playing under the pale light of a winter's sun. Suddenly, Nana, having escaped from the care of the Boches, was heard ordering about the other children who were stamping the pavement. Soon her sharp tones mingled in a general racket, her companions brawling, and singing: —

"Our ass! Our ass!
  Had a pain! and
Madame made
  A poultice band,
Et cet-e-rah, rah, rah, rah,
    Et cet-e-rah!"

Gervaise waited to say: —

"We are not rich, most certainly, but we want to conduct ourselves decently. If Mamma Coupeau has left us nothing, it's no reason to shovel her under ground like a dog. No, we must have a mass, and a genteel hearse."

"And who will pay for it?" asked Madame Lorilleux, violently. "Not we who lost money last week; nor you either, since you are dead broke. Ah! you ought to see where it leads to, this trying to astonish folks!"

Coupeau, being consulted, stammered something, with a gesture of supreme indifference, and fell asleep again upon his chair. Madame Lerat said she would pay her share; she was of Gervaise's opinion that they ought to show themselves decent. Then, she and Gervaise calculated on a piece of paper, what everything would amount to, viz.: about ninety francs. It was decided, after a long discussion, to procure a hearse ornamented with a narrow lambrequin.

"We are three," said the laundress. "We will each give thirty francs. That is not ruinous."

But Madame Lorilleux burst out furiously: —

"Well! I — I refuse, yes, I refuse! It is not for the thirty francs. I would give a hundred thousand, if I had them, if they could resurrect Mamma. Only, I don't like false pride. You have a shop you wish to advertise, but we are not in that business. We will not show off. Oh! arrange it among yourselves. Put some plumes on the hearse, if it amuses you."

"You are not asked for anything," Gervaise answered. "If I have to sell myself, I won't have any reproaches placed to my account. I supported Mamma Coupeau without you, I can bury her well without you. Once already, I didn't mince matters with you. I cared for a forlorn cat — I could not allow your mother to want a shelter and starve."

Madame Lorilleux burst into tears, and Lantier was obliged to prevent her leaving. The quarrel had become so noisy that Madame Lerat, after uttering an energetic "hush!" thought it necessary to visit the closet softly, as if she feared to find the old woman awake and listening to what they were discussing about her. At this moment, the children's voices were renewed in the yard, the piercing yells of Nana domineering all others: —

"Our ass! our ass!
Had a bellyache,

Madame did good
For his belly's sake!
Et cet-e-rah, rah, rah, rah!
Et cet-e-rah!"

"Dear me! How exasperating those children are, singing their song at such a time," said Gervaise to Lantier, all upset, and about to cry with impatience and sorrow. "Make them keep still, and carry Nana back to the portress."

Madame Lerat and Madame Lorilleux left for breakfast, after promising to return. The Coupeaus seated themselves to eat some pork, but without appetite, for the reason that Madame Coupeau's lifeless remains weighed terribly on their drooping spirits. Lantier set out on his return to the Interment Bureau, taking with him Madame Lerat's thirty francs and also sixty francs belonging to Gervaise, who, bareheaded and like a crazy woman, had run to borrow them of Goujet.

In the afternoon a few neighbors made their appearance, sighing and rolling tearful eyes. Entering the closet they scanned the body, crossed themselves and sprinkled on it some holy water; then passing into the shop, they chatted about Mamma Coupeau, repeating over and over the same things for hours at a time. Mlle. Remanjou remarked that the dear old woman's right eye remained opened. Madame Gaudron thought for a person of her years that she had a very fresh color, and Madame Fanconnier astonished her companions by declaring that she had seen the deceased drinking coffee only three days before. Mamma Coupeau, stiff and silent in her room, spread more and more a pall over everybody. Without tears sorrow turns to indifference or irritation, and the family losing respect for the occasion, in spite of themselves, soon resumed their usual bustle.

"You will eat a morsel with us," said Gervaise to Madame Lerat and Madame Lorilleux when they reappeared. "We are too melancholy, let us remain together."

They laid the spread upon the workbench, and at sight of the plates each recalled the fine times they had enjoyed. Lantier, who had returned, was present, and also Lorilleux. A pastry cook brought a meat pie, as the laundress was disinclined to cook any dinner. As they seated themselves, Boche entered to say Mr. Marescot asked to present himself, and the landlord did so, very gravely, with the large decoration upon his coat.

He saluted the people silently, and going straight to the closet, knelt down. He was very pious, and prayed with the collected thought and equanimity of a parish priest. Making a sign of the cross, he sprinkled the deceased with holy water, while the whole family, leaving the table, stood up, strongly impressed. Mr. Marescot, having finished his devotions, passed into the shop and said to the Coupeaus: —

"I have come for the two months arrear rent. Are you ready?"

"No, sir, not exactly," stammered Gervaise, greatly provoked to hear of this in the presence of the Lorilleux's. "You understand the misfortune which has happened to us?"

"Undoubtedly, but each one has his troubles," rejoined the landlord, extending his big fingers so it could be seen he had been a working man. "I am very sorry, I cannot wait any longer. If I am not paid day after to-morrow morning, I shall be compelled to have recourse to an ejectment."

Gervaise clasped her hands, and with tears in her eyes, silently implored him not to proceed to extremities. But with an energetic shrug of his big head he gave her to understand that supplications were futile. At any rate, respect for the dead interdicted further discussion. Then, he discreetly withdrew, stepping backwards.

"A thousand regrets to have disturbed you," he muttered. "Day after to-morrow morning, don't forget."

And, as the landlord was obliged to pass again before the open closet door, he bowed a last time to the corpse with a devout genuflection.

The family ate hastily at first so as not to appear as if taking pleasure in indulging their appetite. But, on reaching the dessert, their embarrassment gave way in a desire to enjoy themselves. Occasionally, Gervaise, or one of the two sisters, with full mouths and without dropping their napkins, went to peep into the closet, as if to be assured that everything was all right, and immediately returned to finish their food. Afterwards the women, forgetting Mamma Coupeau, did not trouble themselves so often about the closet and its contents. A jug of very strong coffee had been made in order to keep the watchers awake all night, and the Poissons coming about eight o'clock were treated to a glass of it. Lantier, who had since morning been awaiting an opportunity to speak of the shop, scanned Gervaise's countenance, and said to her abruptly: —

"In regard to the discourtesy of landlords who enter houses for money when there is a death in the family. Do you know that Marescot is a Jesuit, a dirty beast, full of pretentious piety? Had I been in your place, I should have thrown him his shop on the spot."

"O! certainly," responded Gervaise, "I shall not wait for the law officers. Ah! I have had enough of it, enough of it."

The Lorilleux's, delighted at the idea of Gervaise's not having any shop, approved heartily of her determination. One hardly thinks of the cost of a shop. If she only earned three francs with others, at least there was no outlay; she did not risk losing a large sum of money. This argument was repeated to Coupeau for the purpose of urging him to agree that it was invulnerable. But he, too full of maudlin emotion from having drunk so much, was crying over his plate. As the laundress seemed to be convinced, Lantier winked in looking at the Poissons, and the tall Virginia intervened to show herself agreeable.

"You know," she said to Gervaise, "we can arrange it. I will take the rest of the lease, and settle your business with the proprietor. In short, you would always be more at your ease."

"No, thanks," declared Gervaise, who started as if overcome by a chill. "I know where to find the rent if I want. I can work, thank heaven! I have two arms to release me from difficulty."

"We will talk of this later," the hatter hastened to say. "It is not proper now — later, to-morrow for example."

At this moment, Madame Lerat, who had gone to the closet, gave a little screech of fright, on discovering the candle burnt out. Everybody at once engaged in lighting another, and expressively wagged their heads, intimating that it was a bad sign to have a candle go out near a corpse.

The wake began. Coupeau stretched himself out, not to sleep, he said, but for reflection, and five minutes afterwards he was snoring. The Poissons remained till midnight. And as the coffee affected the women's nerves, they finished by preparing some French wine in a salad bowl. The conversation now resolved itself into tender effusiveness. Virginia, speaking of the country, would have preferred to be buried in the corner of a wood with meadow flowers on her grave. Madame Lerat still preserved in her bureau the sheet in which she expected to be laid out, and always kept it perfumed with lavender, as she wanted a good smell under her nose when gnawing the roots of dandelions. The policeman narrated having arrested that morning a tall, fine-looking girl for robbing a pork butcher's ; when she was undressed at the station house she revealed ten sausages upon her person, in front and behind. And Madame Lorilleux having said with an air of disgust she would not eat of those sausages, the company laughed softly.

Finally, the Poissons retired, Lantier leaving with them, as he was going to a friend's in order to let the women have the use of his bed. Lorilleux went up to his room alone, repeating that it was the first time such a thing had happened since their marriage. Gervaise and the two sisters remained, with the oblivious Coupeau, seating themselves near the stove, upon which rested the warm coffee. Gathered together, and bent double on their chairs, with hands under their aprons, and noses over the fire, all talked low amidst the solemn silence. Madame Lorilleux regretted the need of a black dress, but she could not have purchased any, for they were very short of money. And she inquired of Gervaise whether Mamma Coupeau had left the black skirt she had received on her fête day. By taking in a plait it might suit her. Gervaise was obliged to go for it. Madame Lorilleux wanted, also, some old clothes, and spoke of the bed, the bureau, the two chairs, and the old woman's trinkets, which ought to be divided. It was almost a quarrel. Madame Lerat, more just, restored peace, intimating that as the Coupeaus had taken care of their mother, they were entitled to all of her little things. And all three, around the stove, relapsed again into monotonous prattle. The night seemed terribly long. Occasionally, they stirred themselves, sipped some coffee, or stretched their heads towards the closet, where the unsnuffed candle burned, increasing more and more the charcoal appearance of its wick. By morning they shivered with the cold, notwithstanding the heat of the stove. Their eyes and their tongues were weary from watching and talking. Madame Lerat threw herself upon Lantier's bed and snored like a man; whilst the two others, with heads most touching their knees, dozed before the fire. At daybreak they awakened with a shudder. Mamma Coupeau's candle had again gone out, and a superstitious awe fell upon them.

The funeral was for half-past ten. A fine morning to add to the night and the day of the night before! That is to say, Gervaise, though not having a cent, would have given a hundred francs to him who had taken Mamma Coupeau three hours sooner. It is all very fine to love folks after death, but the more they are loved, the quicker people want to be rid of them.

The morning of a funeral is, by good luck, full of distractions. There are all kinds of preparations to make. These folks had barely breakfasted when it happened that Dad Bazouge, the assistant undertaker of the sixth floor, brought the coffin and a bag of bran. This fine fellow did not easily get sober, and at eight o'clock was still overjolly from a previous night's debauch.

"There now, this is the place, ain't it?" exclaimed Dad Bazouge.

He put down the coffin, which gave a creaking sound of new wood. As he threw alongside the bag of bran, he stood with eyes distended and mouth wide open, perceiving Gervaise before him.

"Pardon me, I'm mistaken," he stammered. "They told me it was for you."

He had already taken up his bag, when the laundress was obliged to shout to him: —

"Leave that alone, it's for here."

"Ah! thunder and lightning! You ought to explain yourself!" he resumed, stroking his thighs. "Oh! now I understand; it's for the old woman!"

Gervaise turned very white. Evidently, Dad Bazouge had brought the coffin for her. He continued to show himself gallant, while trying to excuse himself.

"Isn't it so? They said yesterday, there was one of the party on the ground floor, so I thought — You know in our trade things come in one ear and go out the other — I present you my compliments all the same. Eh? The later the better, though life isn't always funny, ah! no, not much."

She listened to him and recoiled, with the fear that he would seize her to stow her away in his box. Once already, on the evening of a spree, he told her of knowing women who would thank him to carry them off. Well! she hadn't got to that yet. The thought was freezing; although her life was spoiled, she didn't care to leave so soon. Yes, she preferred dying of hunger for years to come than to crave death.

"He is drunk," murmured Gervaise, with a feeling of disgust, mingled with fright. "The authorities ought at least not to send drunkards. We pay dear enough."

The assistant undertaker chaffed insolently.

"I say, my little mother, it will be for another time. Always at your service, do you hear? You have only to tip me the wink. I am the women's comforter. Don't turn up your nose at Dad Bazouge, because he has held in his arms nicer ones than you, and they allowed themselves to be smoothed out quietly, very well satisfied to continue their sleep in the shade."

"Shut up, Dad Bazouge," said Lorilleux, severely, he having run up at the sound of the voices. "Those are not proper pleasantries. If we complained to the authorities, you would be sent away. Come, clear out, since you don't respect principles."

The assistant undertaker withdrew, but they heard him a long while upon the sidewalk, muttering: —

"What principles? There are no principles — there are no principles — there is only honesty!"

Ten o'clock struck. There were already in the shop many friends and neighbors, including Mr. Madinier, Mes-Bottes, Madame Gaudron and Mlle. Remanjou; every few minutes a man or woman would be thrust through the yawning opening of the door to see what had become of the fearfully slow hearse, as it had not made its appearance. The family assembled in the back room, shook hands during short silences, disturbed only by hurried whisperings. It was a feverish and excited waiting, with sudden rumpling and rustling of dresses, by reason of Madame Lorilleux looking for a handkerchief, or Madame Lerat seeking to borrow a prayer book. Each one, on arriving, saw in the center of the closet, before the bed, the open coffin. In spite of themselves they studied its dimensions sideways, surmising that the fat Mother Coupeau would never be able to get inside of it. Everybody looked at each other with this idea in their mind's eye, without communicating the suspicion. A movement took place near the street door as Mr. Madinier announced, in a serious and strained voice, with his arms akimbo: —

"Here they are!"

It was not the hearse, however. There entered in file four undertaker's men, with red faces and the gourdlike hands of packers, all dressed in black clothes, whitened and soiled by contact with coffins. Dad Bazouge walked at their head quite drunk, but soon as he was at work he recovered his balance. Bending his head silently, he took in Madame Coupeau's weight at a glance. And things did not drag: the old woman was stowed away in about the time it would take one to sneeze. A little squint-eyed fellow emptied the bag of bran, and spread it out in the coffin, kneading it with his fists as if he wanted to make bread. Another fellow, tall and lank, with a quizzical air, spread a cloth over it. Two being at the head, and two at the feet, the body was raised into the box. To turn one's crape band would not have been done quicker. Those stretching their necks could easily have imagined that Mamma Coupeau had jumped into the coffin of her own accord. She fitted so exactly that one could barely hear the rustling of her garments against the wood. She just touched on all sides like a framed picture. Evidently, the astonished beholders thought she must have shrunk since the night before. The little squint-eyed fellow holding the cover, waited a moment, till the family took a last farewell look, whilst Dad Bazouge put nails into his mouth and got ready his hammer. Then Coupeau, his two sisters, Gervaise, and others, threw themselves on their knees, shedding heavy tears, and kissed Mamma Coupeau's rigid and glazed face. The cover put on, Dad Bazouge drove in the nails with the art and swiftness of a box packer, giving two strokes for each head. The sobs were drowned in the noise of the hammer.

"Did ever you see such a fuss, on an occasion like this?" said Madame Lorilleux to her husband, perceiving the hearse at the door.

The hearse astonished the neighborhood. The tripe seller called the grocery boys. The little watchmaker came out upon the sidewalk, whilst the other neighbors leaned out at their windows. Everybody talked of the lambrequin with its cotton fringe. Ah! The Coupeaus would have done better to pay their debts! But, as the Lorilleux's said, "when one is puffed up with pride, it will stick out in spite of anything."

"It's shameful!" repeated Gervaise, at the same instant, alluding to the chainist and his wife, "to think, those ingrates have not brought even a bouquet of violets for their mother."

The Lorilleux's, indeed, came without anything. Madame Lerat gave an artificial crown, and there were placed upon the coffin a wreath of immortelles and a bouquet purchased by the Coupeaus. The undertaker's men had to give a tremendous shoulder lift to load the hearse.

The procession was slow to organize. Coupeau and Lorilleux in *redingotes*, with hats in their hands, followed as mourners. The son, who had been upset by several glasses of white wine, imbibed that morning, held on to Lorilleux's arm, shaky in limb, and with a head out of sorts. Then came the other men: Mr. Madinier, dressed in black, and very grave Mes-Bottes, with an overcoat over his blouse, Boche with his conspicuous canary-colored trousers, Lantier, Gaudron, Bibi-la-Grillade, Poisson, and still others. The women followed, Madame Lorilleux among the first, trailing the deceased's black skirt, Madame Lerat hiding underneath a shawl her improvised mourning, a pelisse garnished with lilacs, and in file, Virginia, Madame Gaudron, Madame Fauconnier, Mlle. Remanjou; all the rest in the rear. The hearse jogged along, and descended slowly Goutte-d'Or Street, through a throng of uncovered people blessing themselves. The four undertaker's men took the lead, two being ahead, the other two right and left of the conveyance. Gervaise remained to close the shop. After confiding Nana to the care of Madame Boche, she ran to rejoin the procession. The little one, held by the portress' hand, looked greatly interested, seeing her grandmother disappearing at the end of the street in such a beautiful carriage.

Just at the moment, Gervaise, out of breath, managed to catch up with the rear of the procession. Goujet, also, arrived. He went along with the men, and turned to salute Gervaise, but so quietly and coolly that she shed tears and felt very miserable. During the entire journey she kept her handkerchief to her eyes. This emotion caused Madame Lorilleux, who was dry and overheated, to look at Gervaise askance as if she thought her putting on airs and making an unnecessary display of a grief she did not really feel.

In church, the service was quickly dispatched, though the mass dragged a little because the priest was very old. Mes-Botts and Bibi-la-Grillade had preferred remaining outside on account of the collection. Mr. Madinier during the entire service studied the priests and communicated his observations to Lantier: according to him, these charlatans spitting out their Latin didn't know what they were hawking around; they buried persons the same as they baptized or married them, without retaining in their hearts the slightest sentiment for or against them. Then, Madinier found fault with so much ceremony, the lights, the solemn voices, this parade before families. Verily, one lost one's own twice over, at home and in church. And all the men thought him right. It was to them another painful moment when, the mass being finished, a prattling of prayers was heard, and when the assistants of the priest were obliged to pass around the body sprinkling it with holy water.

Happily, the cemetery was not far distant, the little burial ground of La Chapelle, a garden patch which opened out on Marcadet Street. The procession arrived straggling, all stamping their feet, and each talking of his business. The yawning hole near which had been placed the coffin was already frozen, and looked weird and stony, like a chalk pit. The undertaker's men, arranged outside the little mounds of rubbish, did not think it funny to be waiting in such cold weather, besides being bored staring at the hole. Finally, from a little cottage a surpliced priest made his appearance. He shivered, and one could see his smoking breath at every "*de profundis*" he uttered. At the last sign of the cross, he fled, without any desire for a repetition of the ceremony. The gravedigger took his shovel, but on account of the frost he could only detach large clods that tuned a sharp, hollow music at the bottom of the grave. It was like a bombardment of the coffin, a serial cannonading sufficient to make one think the wood was giving away. Such rapid, yet melancholy, music stirs one's blood! Tears began again. As each member of the procession moved away, the detonations of the clods hurled upon the coffin by the shovels sounded faintly, and at last were no longer heard. Mes-Bottes, blowing in his fingers, remarked aloud: —

"Ah! thunder and lightning! no! poor Mother Coupeau ain't going to be warm!"

"Ladies and companions," said the tinsmith, to a few friends remaining in the street with the family, "if you will permit us to offer you something."

He entered first a wine shop of Marcadet Street. Coming down from the cemetery, Gervaise, resting on the sidewalk, called to Goujet, who was departing, after bowing to her again, "Why did he not accept a glass?" But he was anxious to return to his workshop. They looked at each other for a moment silently.

"I ask your pardon for the sixty francs," finally muttered the laundress. "I was like a crazy person. I thought of you."

"Oh! it's not worth while, you are excusable," interrupted the blacksmith, "and you know I am always at your service if you are in trouble. But don't say anything to my mother, because she has her own ideas and I don't like to contradict her."

Gervaise still looked at him, and seeing him so good, so sad-looking, with his fine yellow beard, was on the point of accepting his former proposition, to leave with him and be happy together somewhere. Just then a perverse thought entered her head, which was to borrow from him her two months' arrear of rent, at no matter what cost. She hesitated and resumed in an affectionate tone: —

"We are not angry, are we?"

He shook his head in replying: —

"Certainly not, we shall never get angry. Only, you understand, all is ended," and he strode off, leaving Gervaise bewildered, his last words ringing in her ears like a parting knell.

Upon entering the wine dealer's Gervaise heard within her heart the echo of the words: "All is ended." "Well, if all is ended," she reflected, "then I have nothing more to do." Seating herself she swallowed a mouthful of bread and cheese and emptied also a glass of wine that stood before her.

It was a long room, on the ground floor, with a low ceiling, and occupied by two large tables. Liters of wine, pieces of bread, and triangles of Brie cheese upon three plates were laid out in line. The company lunched without a spread or even plates. At a distance the four undertaker's men were finishing their breakfast.

"Mon Dieu!" explained Mr. Madinier, "each one in his turn. The old make room for the young. Your lodging will appear quite empty when you return," he said, addressing Coupeau.

"Oh! my brother gives it up," said Madame Lorilleux, sharply. "That barrack is a ruin."

Coupeau had been played upon by active fingers. Everybody pressed him to relinquish the lease. Madame Lerat herself, upon good terms with Lantier and Virginia, and tickled with the idea that they must fancy one another, spoke of bankruptcy and the jail, in assuming a frightened appearance. Suddenly the tinsmith got angry, and excited by liquor, spoke ferociously.

"Listen," he shouted in his wife's face, "I insist upon your listening to me! Your head always has its own way. But, this time, I notify you, I shall follow mine."

"Ah, well!" said Lantier, in response to Coupeau, "if she is ever to have a sensible idea, you will require a mallet to knock it into her skull."

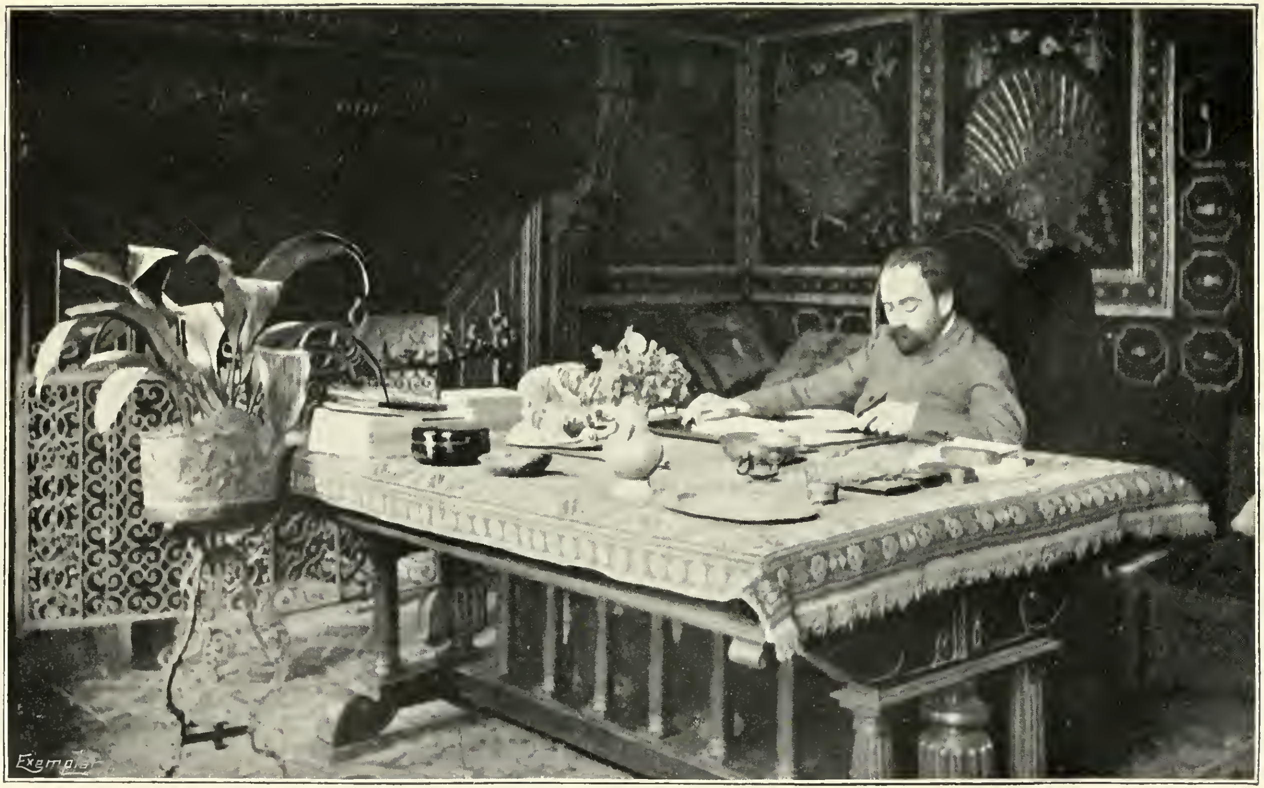
And both of them got at her. This did not prevent, however, jaws from masticating. The cheese disappeared, and the liters of wine flowed like fountains. Gervaise silently continued with her mouth full to chew hastily, as if very hungry. When they relaxed somewhat in their talk, she raised her head quietly, and said: —

"That's enough, eh? What do I care for the shop! I don't want it — do you understand, I don't want it! All is ended!"

Then, some fresh bread and cheese being ordered, they talked business. The Poissons would take the lease, and offered to answer for the two last terms. Boche accepted this arrangement with an important air, in the name of the landlord. He even let to the Coupeaus, before leaving, a vacant apartment on the sixth floor, in the same corridor with the Lorilleux's. As for Lantier, he would like to keep his room, if it did not inconvenience the Poissons. The policeman bowed his assent. It did not incommode him in the least; friends could always understand one another, notwithstanding political differences. And Lantier, without further intermeddling, like a person who has concluded his bargain, prepared himself an enormous sandwich of Brie cheese, which he ate heartily while leaning back in his chair, chuckling with joy, and eying Gervaise and Virginia in turn.

"Hey! Dad Bazouge!" called out Coupeau, "come, take a drink, we're not proud. All of us are workers."

The four undertaker's men, who were leaving, returned to drink with the company. It was not a reproach, but the old woman weighed her load, and was well worth her glass of wine. Dad Bazouge stared at the laundress without uttering an improper word. She raised herself, feeling ill at ease, and left as the men had about finished chaffing one another. Coupeau, drunk as a lord, recommenced blubbering, and said it was grief.



ZOLA IN HIS STUDY

In the evening, when Gervaise reached home, she seated herself stupidly on a chair. The rooms appeared barren and deserted. Truly, things looked very gloomy, for it was not only Mamma Coupeau she had buried this day in the little garden patch of Marcadet Street; there were also her little shop, her former pride of mistress, and still other sentiments. Yes, the walls were bare, as well as her heart. It was a complete fall, and she felt very sore, though still hoping to pick up later in a luckier and brighter future.

* * *

THE MORTGAGE.

By WILL M. CARLETON.

[1845-.]

We worked through spring and winter — through summer and through fall —
But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest of us all;
It worked on nights and Sundays — it worked each holiday —
It settled down among us, and it never went away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and sometimes not;
The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on the spot.
The weevil and the cutworm, they went as well as came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty all the same.
It nailed up every window — stood guard at every door —
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more.

Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid;
And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered when they hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the doctors never knew;
But *I* knew she died of *mortgage* — just as well's I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctors' art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart.
Worm or beetle — drought or tempest — on a farmer's land may fall;
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.

FATHER DAMON AND RUTH LEIGH.[1]

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

(From "The Golden House.")

[CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, American man of letters, was born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829, and graduated at Hamilton College. He practiced law in Chicago (1856–1860); removing to Hartford, Conn., he became, in 1861, editor of the *Press*, and in 1867 of the *Courant*. His first noted work was "My Summer in a Garden" (1870), collected from the *Courant*. He has also written: "Saunterings" (1872), "Backlog Studies" (1872), "The Gilded Age" (with Mark Twain, 1873), "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing" (1874), "My Winter on the Nile" (1876; issued as "Mummies and Moslems"), "In the Levant" (1877), "Being a Boy" (1877), "In the Wilderness" (1878), "The American Newspaper" (1879), "Washington Irving" (1881 and 1892), "Captain John Smith" (1881), "A Roundabout Journey" (1883), "Their Pilgrimage" (1886), "On Horseback" (travels in the South and Southwest, 1888), "Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada" (1889), "A Little Journey in the World" (1889), "Looking Forward" (1890), "Our Italy, Southern Cailfornia" (1890), "As We Were Saying" (1891), "As We Go" (1893), "The Golden House" (1894), "The Relation of Literature to Life" (1896), etc.]

[The priest has visited a fallen girl in the hospital.]

FATHER DAMON knelt for a moment by the bedside, uttering a hardly articulate prayer. The girl's eyes were closed. When he rose she opened them with a look of gratitude, and with the sign of blessing he turned away.

He intended to hasten from the house. He wanted to be alone. His trouble seemed to him greater than that of the suffering girl. What had he done? What was he in thought better than she? Was this intruding human element always to cross the purpose of his spiritual life?

As he was passing through the wide hallway, the door of the reception room was open, and he saw Dr. Leigh seated at the table, with a piece of work in her hands. She looked up, and stopped him with an unspoken inquiry in her face. It was only civil to pause a moment and tell her about the patient, and as he stepped within the room she rose.

"You should rest a moment, Father Damon. I know what these scenes are."

Yielding weakly, as he knew, he took the offered chair. But he raised his hand in refusal of the glass of wine which

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she had ready for him on the table and offered before he could speak.

"But you must," she said with a smile. "It is the doctor's prescription."

She did not look like a doctor. She had laid aside the dusty walking dress, the business jacket, the ugly little hat of felt, the battered reticule. In her simple house costume she was the woman, homelike, sympathetic, gentle, with the everlasting appeal of the strong feminine nature. It was not a temptress who stood before him, but a helpful woman, in whose kind eyes — how beautiful they were in this moment of sympathy — there was trust — and rest — and peace.

"So," she said, when he had taken the much-needed draught; "in the hospital you must obey the rules, one of which is to let no one sink in exhaustion."

She had taken her seat now, and resumed her work. Father Damon was looking at her, seeing the woman, perhaps, as he never had seen her before, a certain charm in her quiet figure and modest self-possession, while the thought of her life, of her labors, as he had seen her now for months and months of entire sacrifice of self, surged through his brain in a whirl of emotion that seemed sweeping him away. But when he spoke it was of the girl, and as if to himself.

"I was sorry to let her go that day. Friendless, I should have known. I did know. I should have felt. You ——"

"No," she said gently, interrupting him; "that was my business. You should not accuse yourself. It was a physician's business."

"Yes, a physician — the great Physician. The Master never let the sin hinder His compassion for the sinner."

To this she could make no reply. Presently she looked up and said: "But I am sure your visit was a great comfort to the poor girl! She was very eager to see you."

"I do not know."

His air was still abstracted. He was hardly thinking of the girl, after all, but of himself, of the woman who sat before him. It seemed to him that he would have given the world to escape — to fly from her, to fly from himself. Some invisible force held him — a strong, new, and yet not new, emotion, a power that seemed to clutch his very life. He could not think clearly about it. In all his discipline, in his consecration, in his vows of separation from the world, there seemed to have been no shield prepared for this. The human asserted itself, and came in, overwhelming his guards and his barriers like a strong flood in the springtime of the year, breaking down all artificial contrivances. "They reckon ill who leave me out," is the everlasting cry of the human heart, the great passion of life, incarnate in the first man and the first woman.

With a supreme effort of his iron will — is the Will, after all, stronger than Love? — Father Damon arose. He stretched out his hand to say farewell. She also stood, and she felt the hand tremble that held hers.

"God bless you!" he said. "You are so good."

He was going. He took her other hand, and was looking down upon her face. She looked up, and their eyes met. It was for an instant, a flash, glance for glance, as swift as the stab of daggers.

All the power of heaven and earth could not recall that glance nor undo its revelations. The man and the woman stood face to face revealed.

He bent down towards her face. Affrighted by his passion, scarcely able to stand in her sudden emotion, she started back. The action, the instant of time, recalled him to himself. He dropped her hands, and was gone. And the woman, her knees refusing any longer to support her, sank into a chair, helpless, and saw him go, and knew in that moment the height of a woman's joy, the depth of a woman's despair.

It had come to her! Steeled by her science, shielded by her philanthropy, schooled in indifference to love, it had come to her! And it was hopeless. Hopeless? It was absurd. Her life was determined. In no event could it be in harmony with his opinions, with his religion, which was dearer to him than life. There was a great gulf between them which she could not pass unless she ceased to be herself. And he? A severe priest! Vowed and consecrated against human passion! What a government of the world — if there were any government — that could permit such a thing! It was terrible.

And yet she was loved! That sang in her heart with all the pain, with all the despair. And with it all was a great pity for him, alone, gone into the wilderness, as it would seem to him, to struggle with his fierce temptation.

It had come on darker as she sat there. The lamps were lighted, and she was reminded of some visits she must make. She went, mechanically, to her room to prepare for going. The old jacket, which she took up, did look rather rusty. She went to the press — it was not much of a wardrobe — and put on the one that was reserved for holidays. And the hat? Her friends had often joked her about the hat, but now for the first time she seemed to see it as it might appear to others. As she held it in her hand, and then put it on before the mirror, she smiled a little, faintly, at its appearance. And then she laid it aside for her better hat. She never had been so long in dressing before. And in the evening, too, when it could make no difference! It might, after all, be a little more cheerful for her forlorn patients. Perhaps she was not conscious that she was making selections, that she was paying a little more attention to her toilet than usual. Perhaps it was only the woman who was conscious that she was loved.

It would be difficult to say what emotion was uppermost in the mind of Father Damon as he left the house — mortification, contempt of himself, or horror. But there was a sense of escape, of physical escape, and the imperative need of it, that quickened his steps almost into a run. In the increasing dark, at this hour, in this quarter of the town, there were comparatively few whose observation of him would recall him to himself. He thought only of escape, and of escape from that quarter of the city that was the witness of his labors and his failure. For the moment to get away from this was the one necessity, and without reasoning in the matter, only feeling, he was hurrying, stumbling in his haste, northward. Before he went to the hospital he had been tired, physically weary. He was scarcely conscious of it now; indeed, his body, his hated body, seemed lighter, and the dominant spirit now awakened to contempt of it had a certain pleasure in testing it, in drawing upon its vitality, to the point of exhaustion if possible. It should be seen which was master.

His rapid pace presently brought him into one of the great avenues leading to Harlem. That was the direction he wished to go. That was where he knew, without making any decision, he must go, to the haven of the house of his order, on the heights beyond Harlem. A train was just clattering along on the elevated road above him. He could see the faces at the windows, the black masses crowding the platforms. It went pounding by as if it were freight from another world. He was in haste, but haste to escape from himself. That way, bearing him along with other people, and in the moving world, was to bring him in touch with humanity again, and so with what was most hateful in himself. He must be alone. But there was a deeper psychological reason than that for walking, instead of availing himself of the swiftest method of escape. He was not fleeing from justice or pursuit. When the mind is in torture and the spirit is torn, the instinctive effort is to bodily activity, to force physical exertion, as if there must be compensation for the mental strain in the weariness of nature. The priest obeyed this instinct, as if it were possible to walk away from himself, and went on, at first with almost no sense of weariness.

And the shame! He could not bear to be observed. It seemed to him that every one would see in his face that he was a recreant priest, perjured and forsworn. And so great had been his spiritual pride! So removed he had deemed himself from the weakness of humanity! And he had yielded at the first temptation, and the commonest of all temptations! Thank God, he had not quite yielded. He had fled. And yet, how would it have been if Ruth Leigh had not had a moment of reserve, of prudent repulsion! He groaned in anguish. The sin was in the intention. It was no merit of his that he had not with a kiss of passion broken his word to his Lord and lost his soul.

It was remorse that was driving him along the avenue; no room for any other thought yet, or feeling. Perhaps it is true in these days that the old-fashioned torture known as remorse is rarely experienced except under the name of detection. But it was a reality with this highly sensitive nature, with this conscience educated to the finest edge of feeling. The world need never know his moment's weakness; Ruth Leigh he could trust as he would have trusted his own sister to guard his honor — that was all over — never, he was sure, would she even by a look recall the past; but he knew how he had fallen, and the awful measure of his lapse from loyalty to his Master. And how could he ever again stand before erring, sinful men and women and speak about that purity which he had violated? Could repentance, confession, penitence, wipe away this stain? . . .

She loved beauty; she was fond of flowers; often she had spoken to him of her childish delight in her little excursions, rarely made, into the country. He could see her now standing just there and feasting her eyes on this noble panorama, and he could see her face all aglow, as she might turn to him and say, "Isn't it beautiful, Father Damon?" And she was down in those reeking streets, climbing about in the foul tenement houses, taking a sick child in her arms, speaking a word of cheer — a good physician going about doing good!

And it might have been! Why was it that this peace of nature should bring up her image, and that they should seem in harmony? Was not the love of beauty and of goodness the same thing? Did God require in His service the atrophy of the affections? As long as he was in the world was it right that he should isolate himself from any of its sympathies and trials? Why was it not a higher life to enter into the common lot, and suffer, if need be, in the struggle to purify and ennoble all? He remembered the days he had once passed in the Trappist monastery of Gethsemane. The perfect peace of mind of the monks was purchased at the expense of the extirpation of every want, all will, every human interest. Were these men anything but specimens in a Museum of Failures? And yet, for the time being, it had seemed attractive to him, this simple vegetable existence, whose only object was preparation for death by the extinction of all passion and desire. No, these were not soldiers of the Lord, but the faint-hearted, who had slunk into the hospital.

All this afternoon he was drifting in thought, arraigning his past life, excusing it, condemning it, and trying to forecast its future. Was this a trial of his constancy and faith, or had he made a mistake, entered upon a slavish career, from which he ought to extricate himself at any cost of the world's opinion? But presently he was aware that in all these debates with himself her image appeared. He was trying to fit his life to the thought of her. And when this became clearer in his tortured mind, the woman appeared as a temptation. It was not, then, the love of beauty, not even the love of humanity, and very far from being the service of his Master, that he was discussing, but only his desire for one person. It was that, then, that made him, for that fatal instant, forget his vow, and yield to the impulse of human passion. The thought of that moment stung him with confusion and shame. There had been moments in this afternoon's wandering when it had seemed possible for him to ask for release, and to take up a human, sympathetic life with her, in mutual consecration in the service of the Lord's poor. Yes, and by love to lead her into a higher conception of the Divine love. But this breaking a solemn vow at the dictates of passion was a mortal sin — there was no other name for it — a sin demanding repentance and expiation.

As he at last turned homeward, facing the great city and his life there, this became more clear to him. He walked rapidly. The lines of his face became set in a hard judgment of himself. He thought no more of escaping from himself, but of subduing himself, stamping out the appeals of his lower nature. It was in this mood that he returned. . . .

There was no conscious wavering in his purpose. But from much dwelling upon the thought, from much effort rather to put it away, his desire only to see her grew stronger day by day. He had no fear. He longed to test himself. He was sure that he would be impassive, and be all the stronger for the test. He was more devoted than ever in his work. He was more severe with himself, more charitable to others, and he could not doubt that he was gaining a hold — yes, a real hold — upon the lives of many about him. The attendance was better at the chapel; more of the penitent and forlorn came to him for help. And how alone he was! My God, never even to see her!

In fact, Ruth Leigh was avoiding him. It was partly from a womanly reserve — called into expression in this form for the first time — and partly from a wish to spare him pain. She had been under no illusion from the first about the hopelessness of the attachment. She comprehended his character so thoroughly that she knew that for him any fall from his ideal would mean his ruin. He was one of the rare spirits of faith astray in a skeptical age. For a time she had studied curiously his efforts to adapt himself to his surroundings. One of these was joining a Knights of Labor lodge. Another was his approach to the ethical-culture movement of some of the leaders in the Neighborhood Guild. Another was his interest in the philanthropic work of agnostics like herself. She could see that he, burning with zeal to save the souls of men, and believing that there was no hope for the world except in the renunciation of the world, instinctively shrank from these contacts, which, nevertheless, he sought in the spirit of a Jesuit missionary to a barbarous tribe.

It was possible for such a man to be for a time overmastered by human passion; it was possible even that he might reason himself temporarily into conduct that this natural passion seemed to justify; yet she never doubted that there would follow an awakening from that state of mind as from a horrible delusion. It was simply because Ruth Leigh was guided by the exercise of reason, and had built up her scheme of life upon facts that she believed she could demonstrate, that she saw so clearly their relations, and felt that the faith, which was to her only a vagary of the material brain, was to him an integral part of his life.

Love, to be sure, was as unexpected in her scheme of life as it was in his; but there was on her part no reason why she should not yield to it. There was every reason in her nature and in her theory why she should, for, bounded as her vision of life was by this existence, love was the highest conceivable good in life. It had been with a great shout of joy that the consciousness had come to her that she loved and was loved. Though she might never see him again, this supreme experience for man or woman, this unsealing of the sacred fountain of life, would be for her an enduring sweetness in her lonely and laborious pilgrimage. How strong love is they best know to whom it is offered and denied.

And why, so far as she was concerned, should she deny it? An ordinary woman probably would not. Love is reason enough. Why should artificial conventions defeat it? Why should she sacrifice herself, if he were willing to brave the opinion of the world for her sake? Was it any new thing for good men to do this? But Ruth Leigh was not an ordinary woman. Perhaps if her intellect had not been so long dominant over her heart it would have been different. But the habit of being guided by reason was second nature. She knew that not only his vow, but the habit of life engendered by the vow, was an insuperable barrier. And besides, and this was the touchstone of her conception of life and duty, she felt that if he were to break his vow, though she might love him, her respect for him would be impaired.

It was a singular phenomenon — very much remarked at the time — that the women who did not in the least share Father Damon's spiritual faith, and would have called themselves in contradistinction materialists, were those who admired him most, were in a way his followers, loved to attend his services, were inspired by his personality, and drawn to him in a loving loyalty. The attraction to these very women was his unworldliness, his separateness, his devotion to an ideal which in their reason seemed a delusion. And no women would have been more sensitive than they to his fall from his spiritual pinnacle.

ROBERT AND CATHERINE.[1]

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

(From "Robert Elsmere.")

[Mrs. Humphry Ward, English novelist, niece of Matthew Arnold, was born in Hobart Town, Tasmania, in 1851. Her chief works are: "Miss Bretherton" (1884), "Robert Elsmere" (1888), "The History of David Grieve" (1892), "Marcella" (1894), its sequel, "Sir George Tressady" (1897), "The Story of Bessie Costrell" (1895).]

"Robert! dear Robert," she said, clinging to him — "there is bad news, — tell me — there is something to tell me! Oh! what is it — what is it?"

It was almost like a child's wail. His brow contracted still more painfully.

"My darling," he said; "my darling — my dear, dear wife!" and he bent his head down to her as she lay against his breast, kissing her hair with a passion of pity, of remorse, of tenderness, which seemed to rend his whole nature.

"Tell me — tell me — Robert!"

He guided her gently across the room, past the sofa over which her work lay scattered, past the flower table, now a many-colored mass of roses, which was her especial pride, past the remains of a brick castle which had delighted Mary's wondering eyes and mischievous fingers an hour or two before, to a low chair by the open window looking on the wide moonlit expanse of cornfield. He put her into it, walked to the window on the other side of the room, shut it, and drew down the blind. Then he went back to her, and sank down beside her, kneeling, her hands in his —

"My dear wife — you have loved me — you do love me?"

She could not answer, she could only press his hands with her cold fingers, with a look and gesture that implored him to speak.

"Catherine" — he said, still kneeling before her — "you remember that night you came down to me in the study, the night I told you I was in trouble and you could not help me. Did you guess from what I said what the trouble was?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling, "yes, I did, Robert; I thought you were depressed — troubled — about religion."

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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

"And I know," — he said with an outburst of feeling, kissing her hands as they lay in his — "I know very well that you went upstairs and prayed for me, my white-souled angel! But, Catherine, the trouble grew — it got blacker and blacker. You were there beside me, and you could not help me. I dared not tell you about it; I could only struggle on alone, so terribly alone, sometimes; and now I am beaten, beaten. And I come to you to ask you to help me in the only thing that remains to me. Help me, Catherine, to be an honest man — to follow conscience — to say and do the truth!"

"Robert," she said piteously, deadly pale, "I don't understand."

"Oh, my poor darling!" he cried, with a kind of moan of pity and misery. Then, still holding her, he said, with strong deliberate emphasis, looking into the gray-blue eyes — the quivering face so full of austerity and delicacy: —

"For six or seven months, Catherine — really for much longer, though I never knew it — I have been fighting with *doubt* — doubt of orthodox Christianity — doubt of what the Church teaches — of what I have to say and preach every Sunday. First it crept on me I knew not how. Then the weight grew heavier, and I began to struggle with it. I felt I must struggle with it. Many men, I suppose, in my position would have trampled on their doubts — would have regarded them as sin in themselves, would have felt it their duty to ignore them as much as possible, trusting to time and God's help. I *could* not ignore them. The thought of questioning the most sacred beliefs that you and I" — and his voice faltered a moment — "held in common, was misery to me. On the other hand, I knew myself. I knew that I could no more go on living to any purpose, with a whole region of the mind shut up, as it were, barred away from the rest of me, than I could go on living with a secret between myself and you. I could not hold my faith by a mere tenure of tyranny and fear. Faith that is not free — that is not the faith of the whole creature, body, soul, and intellect — seemed to me a faith worthless both to God and man!"

Catherine looked at him stupefied. The world seemed to be turning round her. Infinitely more terrible than his actual words was the accent running through words and tone and gesture — the accent of irreparableness, as of something dismally *done* and *finished*. What did it all mean? For what had he brought her there? She sat stunned, realizing with awful force the feebleness, the inadequacy, of her own fears.

He, meanwhile, had paused a moment, meeting her gaze with those yearning, sunken eyes. Then he went on, his voice changing a little.

"But if I had wished it ever so much, I could not have helped myself. The process, so to speak, had gone too far by the time I knew where I was. I think the change must have begun before the Mile End time. Looking back, I see the foundations were laid in — in — the work of last winter."

She shivered. He stooped and kissed her hands again passionately. "Am I poisoning even the memory of our past for you?" he cried. Then, restraining himself at once, he hurried on again — "After Mile End you remember I began to see much of the Squire. Oh, my wife, don't look at me so! It was not his doing in any true sense. I am not such a weak shuttlecock as that! But being where I was before our intimacy began, his influence hastened everything. I don't wish to minimize it. I was not made to stand alone!"

And again that bitter, perplexed, half-scornful sense of his own pliancy at the hands of circumstance, as compared with the rigidity of other men, descended upon him. Catherine made a faint movement as though to draw her hands away.

"Was it well," she said, in a voice which sounded like a harsh echo of her own, "was it right for a clergyman to discuss sacred things — with such a man?"

He let her hands go, guided for the moment by a delicate imperious instinct which bade him appeal to something else than love. Rising, he sat down opposite to her on the low window seat, while she sank back into her chair, her fingers clinging to the arm of it, the lamplight far behind deepening all the shadows of the face, the hollows in the cheeks, the line of experience and will about the mouth. The stupor in which she had just listened to him was beginning to break up. Wild forces of condemnation and resistance were rising in her; and he knew it. He knew, too, that as yet she only half realized the situation, and that blow after blow still remained to him to deal.

"Was it right that I should discuss religious matters with the Squire?" he repeated, his face resting on his hands. "What are religious matters, Catherine, and what are not?"

Then, still controlling himself rigidly, his eyes fixed on the shadowy face of his wife, his ear catching her quick uneven breath, he went once more through the dismal history of the last few months, dwelling on his state of thought before the intimacy with Mr. Wendover began, on his first attempts to escape the Squire's influence, on his gradual pitiful surrender. Then he told the story of the last memorable walk before the Squire's journey, of the moment in the study afterward, and of the months of feverish reading and wrestling which had followed. Halfway through it a new despair seized him. What was the good of all he was saying? He was speaking a language she did not really understand. What were all these critical and literary considerations to her?

The rigidity of her silence showed him that her sympathy was not with him, that in comparison with the vibrating protest of her own passionate faith which must be now ringing through her, whatever he could urge must seem to her the merest culpable trifling with the soul's awful destinies. In an instant of tumultuous speech he could not convey to her the temper and results of his own complex training, and on that training, as he very well knew, depended the piercing, convincing force of all that he was saying. There were gulfs between them — gulfs which as it seemed to him, in a miserable insight, could never be bridged again. Oh! the frightful separateness of experience!

Still he struggled on. He brought the story down to the conversation at the Hall, described — in broken words of fire and pain — the moment of spiritual wreck which had come upon him in the August lane, his night of struggle, his resolve to go to Mr. Grey. And all through he was not so much narrating as pleading a cause, and that not his own, but Love's. Love was at the bar, and it was for love that the eloquent voice, the pale varying face, were really pleading, through all the long story of intellectual change.

At the mention of Mr. Grey, Catherine grew restless; she sat up suddenly, with a cry of bitterness.

"Robert, why did you go away from me? It was cruel. I should have known first. He had no right — no right!"

She clasped her hands round her knees, her beautiful mouth set and stern. The moon had been sailing westward all this time, and as Catherine bent forward, the yellow light caught her face, and brought out the haggard change in it. He held out his hands to her with a low groan, helpless against her reproach, her jealousy. He dared not speak of what Mr. Grey had done for him, of the tenderness of his counsel toward her specially. He felt that everything he could say would but torture the wounded heart still more.

But she did not notice the outstretched hands. She covered her face in silence a moment as though trying to see her way more clearly through the mazes of disaster; and he waited. At last she looked up.

"I cannot follow all you have been saying," she said almost harshly. "I know so little of books, I cannot give them the place you do. You say you have convinced yourself the Gospels are like other books, full of mistakes, and credulous, like the people of the time; and therefore you can't take what they say as you used to take it. But what does it all quite mean? Oh, I am not clever — I cannot see my way clear from thing to thing as you do. If there are mistakes, does it matter so — so — terribly to you?" and she faltered. "Do you think *nothing* is true because something may be false? Did not — did not — Jesus still live, and die, and rise again? — *can* you doubt — *do* you doubt — that He rose — that He is God — that He is in heaven — that we shall see Him?"

She threw an intensity into every word, which made the short, breathless questions thrill through him, through the nature saturated and steeped as hers was in Christian association, with a bitter accusing force. But he did not flinch from them.

"I can believe no longer in an incarnation and resurrection," he said slowly, but with a resolute plainness. "Christ is risen in our hearts, in the Christian life of charity. Miracle is a natural product of human feeling and imagination; and God was in Jesus — preëminently, as He is in all great souls, but not otherwise — not otherwise in kind than He is in me or you."

His voice dropped to a whisper. She grew paler and paler.

"So to you," she said presently, in the same strange, altered voice, "my father — when I saw that light on his face before he died, when I heard him cry, 'Master, *I come!*' was dying — deceived — deluded. Perhaps even," and she trembled, "you think it ends here — our life — our love?"

It was agony to him to see her driving herself through this piteous catechism. The lantern of memory flashed a moment on to the immortal picture of Faust and Margaret. Was it not only that winter they had read the scene together?

Forcibly he possessed himself once more of those closely locked hands, pressing their coldness on his own burning eyes and forehead in hopeless silence.

"*Do* you, Robert?" she repeated insistingly.

"I know nothing," he said, his eyes still hidden. "I know nothing! But I trust God with all that is dearest to me, — with our love, with the soul that is His breath, His work in us!"

The pressure of her despair seemed to be wringing his own faith out of him, forcing into definiteness things and thoughts that had been lying in an accepted, even a welcomed, obscurity.

She tried again to draw her hands away, but he would not let them go. "And the end of it all, Robert?" she said — "the end of it?"

Never did he forget the note of that question, the desolation of it, the indefinable change of accent. It drove him into a harsh abruptness of reply: —

"The end of it — so far — must be, if I remain an honest man, that I must give up my living, that I must cease to be a minister of the Church of England. What the course of our life after that shall be is in your hands — absolutely."

She caught her breath painfully. His heart was breaking for her, and yet there was something in her manner now which kept down caresses and repressed all words.

Suddenly, however, as he sat there mutely watching her, he found her at his knees, her dear arms around him, her face against his breast.

"Robert, my husband, my darling, it *cannot* be! It is a madness — a delusion. God is trying you, and me! You cannot be planning so to desert Him, so to deny Christ — you cannot, my husband. Come away with me, away from books and work, into some quiet place where He can make Himself heard. You are overdone, overdriven. Do nothing now — say nothing — except to me. Be patient a little, and He will give you back Himself! What can books and arguments matter to you or me? Have we not *known* and *felt* Him as He is — have we not, Robert? Come!"

She pushed herself backward, smiling at him with an exquisite tenderness. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. They were wet on his own. Another moment and Robert would have lost the only clew which remained to him through the mists of this bewildering world. He would have yielded again as he had many times yielded before, for infinitely less reason, to the urgent pressure of another's individuality, and having jeopardized love for truth, he would now have murdered — or tried to murder — in himself, the sense of truth, for love.

But he did neither.

Holding her close pressed against him, he said in breaks of intense speech: "If you wish, Catherine, I will wait — I will wait till you bid me speak — but I warn you — there is something dead in me — something gone and broken. It can never live again — except in forms which now it would only pain you more to think of. It is not that I think differently of this point or that point — but of life and religion altogether. — I see God's purposes in quite other proportions as it were. — Christianity seems to me something small and local. — Behind it, around it — including it — I see the great drama of the world, sweeping on — led by God — from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of truth. Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system!"

She heard, but through her exhaustion, through the bitter sinking of hope, she only half understood. Only she realized that she and he were alike helpless — both struggling in the grip of some force outside themselves, inexorable, ineluctable.

Robert felt her arms relaxing, felt the dead weight of her form against him. He raised her to her feet, he half carried her to the door, and on to the stairs. She was nearly fainting, but her will held her at bay. He threw open the door of their room, led her in, lifted her — unresisting — on to the bed. Then her head fell to one side, and her lips grew ashen. In an instant or two he had done for her all that his medical knowledge could suggest with rapid, decided hands. She was not quite unconscious; she drew up round her, as though with a strong vague sense of chill, the shawl he laid over her, and gradually the slightest shade of color came back to her lips. But as soon as she opened her eyes and met those of Robert fixed upon her, the heavy lids dropped again.

"Would you rather be alone?" he said to her, kneeling beside her.

She made a faint affirmative movement of the head, and the cold hand he had been chafing tried feebly to withdraw itself. He rose at once, and stood a moment beside her, looking down at her. Then he went.

He shut the door softly, and went downstairs again. It was between ten and eleven. The lights in the lower passage were just extinguished ; every one else in the house had gone to bed. Mechanically he stooped and put away the child's bricks, he pushed the chairs back into their places, and then he paused awhile before the open window. But there was not a tremor on the set face. He felt himself capable of no more emotion. The fount of feeling, of pain, was for the moment dried up. What he was mainly noticing was the effect of some occasional gusts of night wind on the moonlit cornfield; the silver ripples they sent through it; the shadows thrown by some great trees in the western corners of the field ; the glory of the moon itself in the pale immensity of the sky.

Presently he turned away, leaving one lamp still burning in the room, softly unlocked the hall door, took his hat, and went out. He walked up and down the wood path or sat on the bench there for some time, thinking indeed, but thinking with a certain stern practical dryness. Whenever he felt the thrill of feeling stealing over him again, he would make a sharp effort at repression. Physically he could not bear much more, and he knew it. A part remained for him to play, which must be played with tact, with prudence, and with firmness. Strength and nerves had been sufficiently weakened already. For his wife's sake, his people's sake, his honorable reputation's sake, he must guard himself from a collapse which might mean far more than physical failure.

So in the most patient, methodical way he began to plan out the immediate future. As to waiting, the matter was still in Catherine's hands; but he knew that finely tempered soul: he knew that when she had mastered her poor woman's self, as she had always mastered it from her childhood, she would not bid him wait. . . .

Midnight! The sounds rolled silverly out, effacing the soft murmurs of the night. So the long interminable day was over, and a new morning had begun. He rose, listening to the echoes of the bell, and — as the tide of feeling surged back upon him — passionately commending the newborn day to God.

Then he turned toward the house, put the light out in the drawing-room, and went upstairs, stepping cautiously. He opened the door of Catherine's room. The moonlight was streaming in through the white blinds. Catherine, who had undressed, was lying now with her face hidden in the pillow, and one white-sleeved arm flung across little Mary's cot. The night was hot, and the child would evidently have thrown off all its coverings had it not been for the mother's hand, which lay lightly on the tiny shoulder, keeping one thin blanket in its place.

"Catherine," he whispered, standing beside her.

She turned, and by the light of the candle he held shaded from her, he saw the austere remoteness of her look, as of one who had been going through deep waters of misery, alone with God. His heart sank. For the first time that look seemed to exclude him from her inmost life.

He sank down beside her, took the hand lying on the child, and laid down his head upon it, mutely kissing it. But he said nothing. Of what further avail could words be just then to either of them? Only he felt through every fiber the coldness, the irresponsiveness, of those fingers lying in his.

"Would it prevent your sleeping," he asked her presently, "if I came to read here, as I used to when you were ill? I could shade the light from you, of course."

She raised her head suddenly.

"But you — you ought to sleep."

Her tone was anxious, but strangely quiet and aloof.

"Impossible!" he said, pressing his hand over his eyes as he rose. "At any rate I will read first."

His sleeplessness at any time of excitement or strain was so inveterate, and so familiar to them both by now, that she could say nothing. She turned away with a long sobbing breath, which seemed to go through her from head to foot. He stood a moment beside her, fighting strong impulses of remorse and passion, and ultimately maintaining silence and self-control.

In another minute or two he was sitting beside her feet, in a low chair drawn to the edge of the bed, the light arranged so as to reach his book without touching either mother or child. He had run over the bookshelf in his own room, shrinking painfully from any of his common religious favorites as one shrinks from touching a still sore and throbbing nerve, and had at last carried off a volume of Spenser.

And so the night began to wear away. For the first hour or two, every now and then, a stifled sob would make itself just faintly heard. It was a sound to wring the heart, for what it meant was that not even Catherine Elsmere's extraordinary powers of self-suppression could avail to check the outward expression of an inward torture. Each time it came and went, it seemed to Elsmere that a fraction of his youth went with it.

At last exhaustion brought her a restless sleep. As soon as Elsmere caught the light breathing which told him she was not conscious of her grief, or of him, his book slipped on to his knee.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
  Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behoove,
  And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due
That cometh in to you.
  With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She cometh in before the Almighty's view.

The leaves fell over as the book dropped, and these lines, which had been to him, as to other lovers, the utterance of his own bridal joy, emerged. They brought about him a host of images — a little gray church penetrated everywhere by the roar of a swollen river; outside, a road filled with empty farmers' carts, and shouting children carrying branches of mountain ash — winding on and up into the heart of wild hills dyed with reddening fern, the sun gleams stealing from crag to crag, and shoulder to shoulder; inside, row after row of intent faces, all turned toward the central passage, and, moving toward him, a figure "clad all in white, that seems a virgin best," whose every step brings nearer to him the heaven of his heart's desire. Everything is plain to him, — Mrs. Thornburgh's round cheeks and marvelous curls and jubilant airs, — Mrs. Leyburn's mild and tearful pleasure, the Vicar's solid satisfaction. With what confiding joy had those who loved her given her to him! And he knows well that out of all griefs, the grief he has brought upon her in two short years is the one which will seem to her hardest to bear. Very few women of the present day could feel this particular calamity as Catherine Elsmere must feel it.

"Was it a crime to love and win you, my darling?" he cried to her in his heart. "Ought I to have had more self-knowledge, could I have guessed where I was taking you? Oh, how could I know — how could I know!"

But it was impossible to him to sink himself wholly in the past. Inevitably such a nature as Elsmere's turns very quickly from despair to hope; from the sense of failure to the passionate planning of new effort. In time will he not be able to comfort her, and after a miserable moment of transition, to repair her trust in him and make their common life once more rich toward God and man? There must be painful readjustment and friction no doubt. He tries to see the facts as they truly are, fighting against his own optimist tendencies, and realizing as best he can all the changes which his great change must introduce into their most intimate relations. But after all can love, and honesty, and a clear conscience do nothing to bridge over, nay, to efface, such differences as theirs will be?

Oh, to bring her to understand him! At this moment he shrinks painfully from the thought of touching her faith — his own sense of loss is too heavy, too terrible. But if she will only be still open with him — still give him her deepest heart, any lasting difference between them will surely be impossible. Each will complete the other, and love knit up the raveled strands again into a stronger unity.

Gradually he lost himself in half-articulate prayer, in the solemn girding of the will to this future task of a re-creating love. And by the time the morning light had well established itself sleep had fallen on him. When he became sensible of the longed-for drowsiness, he merely stretched out a tired hand and drew over him a shawl hanging at the foot of the bed. He was too utterly worn out to think of moving.

When he woke the sun was streaming into the room, and behind him sat the tiny Mary on the edge of the bed, the rounded apple cheeks and the wild-bird eyes aglow with mischief and delight. She had climbed out of her cot, and, finding no check to her progress, had crept on, till now she sat triumphantly, with one diminutive leg and rosy foot doubled under her, and her father's thick hair at the mercy of her invading fingers, which, however, were as yet touching him half timidly, as though something in his sleep had awed the baby sense.

But Catherine was gone. . . .

Robert stood on the edge of the sunk fence, his blind eyes resting on the line of men, his ear catching the shouts of the farmer directing operations from his gray horse. He could do nothing. The night before, in the wood path, he had clearly mapped out the day's work. A mass of business was waiting, clamoring to be done. He tried to begin on this or that, and gave up everything with a groan, wandering out again to the gate on the wood path to sweep the distances of road or field with hungry, straining eyes.

The wildest fears had taken possession of him. Running in his head was a passage from "The Confessions," describing Monica's horror of her son's heretical opinions. "Shrinking from and detesting the blasphemies of his error, she began to doubt whether it was right in her to allow her son to live in her house and to eat at the same table with her;" and the mother's heart, he remembered, could only be convinced of the lawfulness of its own yearning by a prophetic vision of the youth's conversion. He recalled, with a shiver, how, in the life of Madame Guyon, after describing the painful and agonizing death of a kind but comparatively irreligious husband, she quietly adds, "As soon as I heard that my husband had just expired, I said to Thee, O my God, Thou hast broken my bonds, and I will offer to Thee a sacrifice of praise!" He thought of John Henry Newman, disowning all the ties of kinship with his younger brother because of divergent views on the question of baptismal regeneration; of the long tragedy of Blanco White's life, caused by the slow dropping-off of friend after friend, on the ground of heretical belief. What right had he, or any one in such a strait as his, to assume that the faith of the present is no longer capable of the same stern self-destructive consistency as the faith of the past? He knew that to such Christian purity, such Christian inwardness, as Catherine's, the ultimate sanction and legitimacy of marriage rests, both in theory and practice, on a common acceptance of the definite commands and promises of a miraculous revelation. He had had a proof of it in Catherine's passionate repugnance to the idea of Rose's marriage with Edward Langham.

Eleven o'clock striking from the distant tower. He walked desperately along the wood path, meaning to go through the copse at the end of it toward the park, and look there. He had just passed into the copse, a thick interwoven mass of young trees, when he heard the sound of the gate which on the further side of it led on to the road. He hurried on; the trees closed behind him; the grassy path broadened; and there, under an arch of young oak and hazel, stood Catherine, arrested by the sound of his step. He, too, stopped at the sight of her; he could not go on. Husband and wife looked at each other one long, quivering moment. Then Catherine sprang forward with a sob and threw herself on his breast.

They clung to each other, she in a passion of tears — tears of such self-abandonment as neither Robert nor any other living soul had ever seen Catherine Elsmere shed before. As for him, he was trembling from head to foot, his arms scarcely strong enough to hold her, his young worn face bent down over her.

"Oh, Robert!" she sobbed at last, putting up her hand and touching his hair, "you look so pale, so sad."

"I have you again!" he said simply.

A thrill of remorse ran through her.

"I went away," she murmured, her face still hidden — "I went away because when I woke up it all seemed to me, suddenly, too ghastly to be believed; I could not stay still and bear it. But, Robert, Robert, I kissed you as I passed! I was so thankful you could sleep a little and forget. I hardly know where I have been most of the time — I think I have been sitting in a corner of the park, where no one ever comes. I began to think of all you said to me last night — to put it together — to try and understand it, and it seemed to me more and more horrible! I thought of what it would be like to have to hide my prayers from you — my faith in Christ — my hope of heaven. I thought of bringing up the child — how all that was vital to me would be a superstition to you, which you would bear with for my sake. I thought of death," and she shuddered — "your death, or my death, and how this change in you would cleave a gulf of misery between us. And then I thought of losing my own faith, of denying Christ. It was a nightmare — I saw myself on a long road, escaping with Mary in my arms, escaping from you! Oh, Robert! it wasn't only for myself," — and she clung to him as though she were a child, confessing, explaining away, some grievous fault, hardly to be forgiven. "I was agonized by the thought that I was not my own — I and my child were *Christ's*. Could *I* risk what was His? Other men and women had died, had given up all for His sake. Is there no one now strong enough to suffer torment, to kill even love itself, rather than deny Him — rather than crucify Him afresh?"

She paused, struggling for breath. The terrible excitement of that bygone moment had seized upon her again and communicated itself to him.

"And then — and then," she said, sobbing, "I don't know how it was. One moment I was sitting up looking straight before me, without a tear, thinking of what was the least I must do, even — even — if you and I stayed together — of all the hard compacts and conditions I must make — judging you all the while from a long, long distance, and feeling as though I had buried the old self — sacrificed the old heart — forever! And the next I was lying on the ground, crying for you, Robert, crying for you! Your face had come back to me as you lay there in the early morning light. I thought how I had kissed you — how pale and gray and thin you looked. Oh, how I loathed myself! That I should think it could be God's will that I should leave you, or torture you, my poor husband! I had not only been wicked toward you — I had offended Christ. I could think of nothing as I lay there — again and again — but '*Little children, love one another; Little children, love one another.*' Oh, my beloved," — and she looked up with the solemnest, tenderest smile, breaking on the marred, tear-stained face — "I will never give up hope, I will pray for you night and day. God will bring you back. You cannot lose yourself so. No, no! His grace is stronger than our wills. But I will not preach to you — I will not persecute you — I will only live beside you — in your heart — and love you always. Oh, how could I — how could I have such thoughts!"

And again she broke off, weeping, as if to the tender, torn heart the only crime that could not be forgiven was its own offense against love. As for him, he was beyond speech. If he had ever lost his vision of God, his wife's love would that moment have given it back to him.

"Robert," she said presently, urged on by the sacred yearning to heal, to atone, "I will not complain — I will not ask you to wait. I take your word for it that it is best not, that it would do no good. The only hope is in time — and prayer. I must suffer, dear, I must be weak sometimes; but oh, I am so sorry for you! Kiss me, forgive me, Robert; I will be your faithful wife unto our lives' end."

He kissed her, and in that kiss, so sad, so pitiful, so clinging, their new life was born.

GIFTS.

By EMMA LAZARUS.

[1849–1887.]

"Oh, World God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavished Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.

Beauty he hath forsworn and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal, through the lamp within his hand!

* * *

THE EARLY HOME OF "BLACK BEAUTY."[1]

By ANNA SEWELL.

[Anna Sewell: The author of "Black Beauty"; born in Yarmouth, England, March 30, 1820; died about May 1, 1878. Her mother, Mary Sewell, was the author of "Mother's Last Words," "Our Father's Care," and other similar works. While in her teens Anna met with an accident which crippled her for life, and made her a great sufferer. Her chief pleasure was driving, and she became deeply attached to her horse, talking to him always as though he were a human being. In 1871 she began to write her famous book, which has been called "a beautiful equine drama." "Black Beauty: An Autobiography of a Horse" was published near the end of 1877, and its author lived just long enough to hear of its remarkable success. It was afterward republished by the American Humane Education Society and widely distributed, 421,000 copies being printed in a little over a year.]

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

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[1] From "Black Beauty." By permission of Jarrold & Sons. (Cr. 8vo. Price 2s.)

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said: —

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways: do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master; so we were well off.

Before I was two years old, a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field, when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, "There are the hounds!" and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us, to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

"They have found a hare," said my mother, "and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horses snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse; "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know *what* hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;" and before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came altogether at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leaped the stream-

and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence ; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late ; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries ; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg, torn and bleeding, *and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.*

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook ; but when I did look, there was a sad sight : two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

" His neck is broken," said my mother.

" And serve him right, too," said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

" Well, no," she said, " you must not say that ; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport ; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare, or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way ; but we are only horses, and don't know."

Whilst my mother was saying this, we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man ; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. There was no noise now ; even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house. I heard afterwards that it was young George Gordon, the Squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor's, to the farrier's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head ; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master's house and came back with a gun ; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still ; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name was "Rob Roy"; he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterwards.

Not many days after, we heard the church bell tolling for a long time; and looking over the gate, we saw a long strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew; but 'twas all for one little hare.

THE OLD APPLE WOMAN.[1]

By CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

[1813-1892.]

She sits by the side of a turbulent stream
  That rushes and rolls forever
Up and down like a weary dream
  In the trance of a burning fever.

Up and down through the long Broadway
  It flows with its tiresome paces —
Down and up through the noisy day,
  A river of feet and of faces.

Seldom a drop of that river's spray
  Touches her withered features;
Yet still she sits there day by day
  In the throng of her fellow-creatures.

Apples and cakes and candy to sell,
  Daily before her lying.
The ragged newsboys know her well —
  The rich never think of buying.

[1] Published by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Year in, year out, in her dingy shawl
The wind and the rain she weathers,
Patient and mute at her little stall;
But few are the coppers she gathers.

Still eddies the crowd intent on gain.
Each for himself is striving
With selfish heart and seething brain —
An endless hurry and driving.

The loud carts rattle in thunder and dust;
Gay Fashion sweeps by in its coaches.
With a vacant stare she mumbles her crust,
She is past complaints and reproaches.

Still new faces and still new feet —
The same yet changing forever;
They jostle along through the weary street,
The waves of the human river.

Withered and dry like a leafless bush
That clings to the bank of a torrent,
Year in, year out, in the whirl and the rush,
She sits, of the city's current.

The shrubs of the garden will blossom again
Though far from the flowing river;
But the spring returns to her in vain —
Its bloom has nothing to give her.

Yet in her heart there buds the hope
Of a Father's love and pity;
For her the clouded skies shall ope,
And the gates of a heavenly city.

A GATHERER OF SIMPLES.[1]

By MARY E. WILKINS.

[Mary Eleanor Wilkins: An American story writer, a resident of Randolph, Mass., where she was born. Her stories of New England life show a keen perception of the stern repression which is the keynote of the New England racial character, and delicate skill in weaving this characteristic into her plots and their working out. Her works include "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," "Giles Corey, Yeoman," and many short stories.]

A damp air was blowing up, and the frogs were beginning to peep. The sun was setting in a low red sky. On both sides of the road were rich green meadows intersected by little canal-like brooks. Beyond the meadows on the west was a distant stretch of pine woods, that showed dark against the clear sky. Aurelia Flower was going along the road towards her home, with a great sheaf of leaves and flowers in her arms. There were the rosy spikes of hardhack; the great white corymbs of thoroughwort, and the long blue racemes of lobelia. Then there were great bunches of the odorous tansy and pennyroyal in with the rest.

Aurelia was a tall, strongly built woman; she was not much over thirty, but she looked older. Her complexion had a hard red tinge from exposure to sun and wind, and showed seams as unreservedly as granite. Her face was thin, and her cheek bones high. She had a profusion of auburn hair, showing in a loose, slipping coil beneath her limp black straw hat. Her dress, as a matter of fashion, was execrable; in point of harmony with her immediate surroundings, very well, though she had not thought of it in that way. There was a green underskirt, and a brown overskirt and basque of an obsolete cut. She had worn it just so for a good many years, and never thought of altering it. It did not seem to occur to her that though her name was Flower, she was not really a flower in regard to apparel, and had not its right of unchangeableness in the spring. When the trees hung out their catkins, she flaunted her poor old greens and browns under them, rejoicing, and never dreamed but they looked all right. As far as dress went, Aurelia was a happy woman. She went over the road to-night at a good pace, her armful of leaves and blossoms nodding; her spare, muscular limbs bore her along easily. She had been over a good many miles since noon, but she never thought of being tired.

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[1] Copyright, 1887, by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission.

Presently she came in sight of her home, a square, unpainted building, black with age. It stood a little back from the road, on a gentle slope. There were three great maple trees in front of the house; their branches rustled against the roof. On the left was a small garden; some tall poles thickly twined with hops were prominent in it.

Aurelia went round to the side door of the house with her armful of green things. The door opened directly into the great kitchen. One on entering would have started back as one would on seeing unexpected company in a room. The walls were as green as a lady's bower with bunches and festoons of all sorts of New England herbs. There they hung, their brave blossoms turning gray and black, giving out strange, half-pleasant, half-disgusting odors. Aurelia took them in like her native air. "It's good to get home," murmured she to herself, for there was no one else: she lived alone.

She took off her hat and disposed of her burden; then she got herself some supper. She did not build a fire in the cooking stove, for she never drank tea in warm weather. Instead, she had a tumbler of root beer which she had made herself. She set it out on one end of her kitchen table with a slice of coarse bread and a saucer of cold beans. She sat down to them and ate with a good appetite. She looked better with her hat off. Her forehead was an important part of her face; it was white and womanly, and her reddish hair lay round it in pretty curves; then her brown eyes, under very strongly arched brows, showed to better advantage. Taken by herself, and not compared with other women, Aurelia was not so bad looking; but she never was taken by herself in that way, and nobody had ever given her any credit for comeliness. It would have been like looking at a jack-in-the-pulpit and losing all the impression that had ever been made on one by roses and hyacinths, and seeing absolutely nothing else but its green and brown lines; it is doubtful if it could be done.

She had finished her supper, and was sorting her fresh herbs, when the door opened and a woman walked in. She had no bonnet on her head: she was a neighbor, and this was an unceremonious little country place.

"Good evenin', 'Relia," said she. There was an important look on her plain face, as if there were more to follow.

"Good evenin', Mis' Atwood. Take a chair."

"Been herbin' again?"

"Yes; I went out a little while this afternoon."

"Where'd you go? — up on Green Mountain?"

"No; I went over to White's Woods. There were some kinds there I wanted."

"You don't say so! That's a matter of six miles, ain't it? Ain't you tired?"

"Lor', no," said Aurelia. "I reckon I'm pretty strong, or mebbe the smell of the herbs keeps me up;" and she laughed.

So did the other. "Sure enough — well, mebbe it does. I never thought of that. But it seems like a pretty long tramp to me, though my bein' so fleshy may make a difference. I could have walked it easier once."

"I shouldn't wonder if it did make a difference. I ain't got much flesh to carry round to tire me out."

"You're always pretty well, too, ain't you, 'Relia?"

"Lor', yes; I never knew what 'twas to be sick. How's your folks, Mis' Atwood? Is Viny any better than she was?"

"I don't know as she is, much. She feels pretty poorly most of the time. I guess I'll hev you fix some more of that root beer for her. I thought that seemed to 'liven her up a little."

"I've got a jug of it all made, down cellar, and you can take it when you go home, if you want to."

"So I will, if you've got it. I was in hopes you might hev it."

The important look had not vanished from Mrs. Atwood's face, but she was not the woman to tell important news in a hurry, and have the gusto of it so soon over. She was one of the natures who always dispose of bread before pie. Now she came to it, however.

"I heard some news to-night, 'Relia," said she.

Aurelia picked out another spray of hardhack. "What was it?"

"Thomas Rankin's dead."

Aurelia clutched the hardhack mechanically. "You don't mean it, Mis' Atwood! When did he die? I hadn't heard he was sick."

"He wasn't, long. Had a kind of a fit this noon, and died right off. The doctor — they sent for Dr. Smith from Alden — called it sunstroke. You know 'twas awful hot, and he'd been out in the field to work all the mornin'. *I* think 'twas heart trouble; it's in the Rankin family; his father died of it. Doctors don't know everything."

"Well, it's a dreadful thing," said Aurelia. "I can't realize it. There he's left four little children, and it ain't more'n a year since Mis' Rankin died. It *ain't* a year, is it?"

"It ain't a year into a month and sixteen days," said Mrs. Atwood, solemnly. "Viny and I was countin' of it up just before I come in here."

"Well, I guess 'tisn't, come to think of it. I couldn't have told exactly. The oldest of those children ain't more than eight, is she?"

"Ethelind is eight, coming next month: Viny and I was reckinin' it up. Then Edith is six, and Isadore is five, and Myrtie ain't but two, poor little thing."

"What do you s'pose will be done with 'em?"

"I don't know. Viny an' me was talking of it over, and got it settled that *her* sister, Mis' Loomis, over to Alden, would *hev* to hev 'em. It'll be considerable for her, too, for she's got two of her own, and I don't s'pose Sam Loomis has got much. But I don't see what else can be done. Of course strangers ain't goin' to take children when there is folks."

"Wouldn't *his* mother take 'em?"

"What, old lady Sears? Lor', no. You know she was dreadful put out 'bout Thomas marryin' where he did, and declared he shouldn't hev a cent of her money. It was all her second husband's, anyway. John Rankin wasn't worth anything. She won't do anything for 'em. She's livin' in great style down near the city, they say. Got a nice house, and keeps help. She might hev 'em jest as well as not, but she won't. She's a hard woman to get along with, anyhow. She nagged both her husbands to death, an' Thomas never had no peace at home. Guess that was one reason why he was in such a hurry to get married. Mis' Rankin was a good-tempered soul, if she wasn't quite so drivin' as some."

"I do feel dreadfully to think of those children," said Aurelia.

"'Tis hard; but we must try an' believe it will be ruled for the best. I s'pose I must go, for I left Viny all alone."

"Well, if you must, I'll get that root beer for you, Mis' Atwood. I shall keep thinking 'bout those children all night."

A week or two after that, Mrs. Atwood had some more news; but she didn't go to Aurelia with it, for Aurelia was the very sub-essence of it herself. She unfolded it gingerly to her daughter Lavinia — a pale, peaked young woman, who looked as if it would take more than Aurelia's root beer to make her robust. Aurelia had taken the youngest Rankin child for her own, and Mrs. Atwood had just heard of it. "It's true," said she; "I see her with it myself. Old lady Sears never so much as sent a letter, let alone not coming to the funeral, and Mis' Loomis was glad enough to get rid of it."

Viny drank in the story as if it had been so much nourishing jelly. Her too narrow life was killing her as much as anything else.

Meanwhile Aurelia had the child, and was actively happy, for the first time in her life, to her own *naïve* astonishment, for she had never known that she was not so before. She had naturally strong affections, of an outward rather than an inward tendency. She was capable of much enjoyment from pure living, but she had never had anything of which to be so very fond. She could only remember her father as a gloomy, hard-working man, who never noticed her much. He had a melancholy temperament, which resulted in a tragical end when Aurelia was a mere child. When she thought of him, the same horror which she had when they brought him home from the river crept over her now. They had never known certainly just how Martin Flower had come to die; but folks never spoke of him to Aurelia and her mother, and the two never talked of him together. They knew that everybody said Martin Flower had drowned himself; they felt shame and a Puritan shrinking from the sin.

Aurelia's mother had been a hard, silent woman before; she grew more hard and silent afterwards. She worked hard, and taught Aurelia to. Their work was peculiar; they hardly knew themselves how they had happened to drift into it; it had seemed to creep in with other work, till finally it usurped it altogether. At first, after her husband's death, Mrs. Flower had tried millinery: she had learned the trade in her youth. But she made no headway now in sewing rosebuds and dainty bows on to bonnets; it did not suit with tragedy. The bonnets seemed infected with her own mood; the bows lay flat with stern resolve, and the rosebuds stood up fiercely ; she did not please her customers, even among those uncritical country folk, and they dropped off. She had always made excellent root beer, and had had quite a reputation in the neighborhood for it. How it happened she could not tell, but she found herself selling it ; then she made hop yeast, and sold that. Then she was a woman of fertile brain, and another project suggested itself to her.

She and Aurelia ransacked the woods thereabouts for medicinal herbs, and disposed of them to druggists in a neighboring town. They had a garden also of some sorts — the different mints, thyme, lavender, coriander, rosemary, and others. It was an unusual business for two women to engage in, but it increased, and they prospered, according to their small ideas. But Mrs. Flower grew more and more bitter with success. What regrets and longing that her husband could have lived and shared it, and been spared his final agony, she had in her heart, nobody but the poor woman herself knew; she never spoke of them. She died when Aurelia was twenty, and a woman far beyond her years. She mourned for her mother, but although she never knew it, her warmest love had not been called out. It had been hardly possible. Mrs. Flower had not been a lovable mother; she had rarely spoken to Aurelia but with cold censure for the last few years. People whispered that it was a happy release for the poor girl when her mother died; they had begun to think she was growing like her husband, and perhaps was not "just right."

Aurelia went on with the business with calm equanimity, and made even profits every year. They were small, but more than enough for her to live on, and she paid the last dollar of the mortgage which had so fretted her father and owned the whole house clear. She led a peaceful, innocent life, with her green herbs for companions; she associated little with the people around, except in a business way. They came to see her, but she rarely entered their houses. Every room in her house was festooned with herbs ; she knew every kind that grew in the New England woods, and hunted them out in their season and brought them home ; she was a simple, sweet soul, with none of the morbid melancholy of her parents about her. She loved her work, and the greenwood things were to her as friends, and the healing qualities of sarsaparilla and thoroughwort, and the sweetness of thyme and lavender, seemed to have entered into her nature, till she almost could talk with them in that way. She had never thought of being unhappy; but now she wondered at herself over this child. It was a darling of a child; as dainty and winsome a girl baby as ever was. Her poor young mother had had a fondness for romantic names, which she had bestowed, as the only heritage within her power, on all her children. This one was Myrtilla — Myrtie for short. The little thing clung to Aurelia from the first, and Aurelia found that she had another way of loving besides the way in which she loved lavender and thoroughwort. The comfort she took with the child through the next winter was unspeakable. The herbs were banished from the south room, which was turned into a nursery, and a warm carpet was put on the floor, that the baby might not take cold. She learned to cook for the baby — her own diet had been chiefly vegetarian. She became a charming nursing mother. People wondered. "It does beat all how handy 'Relia is with that baby," Mrs. Atwood told Viny.

Aurelia took even more comfort with the little thing when spring came, and she could take her out with her; then she bought a little straw carriage, and the two went after herbs together. Home they would come in the tender spring twilight, the baby asleep in her carriage, with a great sheaf of flowers beside her, and Aurelia with another over her shoulder.

She felt all through that summer as if she were too happy to have it last. Once she said so to one of the neighbors. "I feel as if it wa'n't right for me to be so perfectly happy," said she. "I feel some days as if I was walkin' an' walkin' an' walkin' through a garden of sweet-smellin' herbs, an' nothin' else; an' as for Myrtie, she's a bundle of myrtle an' camphor out of King Solomon's garden. I'm so afraid it can't last."

Happiness had seemed to awake in Aurelia a taint of her father's foreboding melancholy. But she apparently had no reason for it until early fall. Then, returning with Myrtie one night from a trip to the woods, she found an old lady seated on her doorstep, grimly waiting for her. She was an old woman and tremulous, but still undaunted and unshaken as to her spirit. Her tall, shrunken form was loaded with silk and jet. She stood up as Aurelia approached, wondering, and her dim old eyes peered at her aggressively through fine gold spectacles, which lent an additional glare to them.

"I suppose you are Miss Flower?" began the old lady, with no prefatory parley.

"Yes," said Aurelia, trembling.

"Well, my name's Mrs. Matthew Sears, an' I've come for my grandchild there."

Aurelia turned very white. She let her herbs slide to the ground. "I — hardly understand — I guess," faltered she. "Can't you let me keep her?"

"Well, I guess I won't have one of my grandchildren brought up by an old yarb woman — not if I know it."

The old lady sniffed. Aurelia stood looking at her. She felt as if she had fallen down from heaven, and the hard reality of the earth had jarred the voice out of her. Then the old lady made a step towards the carriage, and caught up Myrtie in her trembling arms. The child screamed with fright. She had been asleep. She turned her little frightened face towards Aurelia, and held out her arms, and cried, "Mamma! mamma! mamma!" in a perfect frenzy of terror. The old lady tried in vain to hush her. Aurelia found her voice then. "You'd better let me take her and give her her supper," she said, "and when she is asleep again I will bring her over to you."

"Well," said the old lady, doubtfully. She was glad to get the frantic little thing out of her arms, though.

Aurelia held her close and hushed her, and she subsided into occasional convulsive sobs, and furtive, frightened glances at her grandmother.

"I s'pose you are stopping at the hotel?" said Aurelia.

"Yes, I am," said the old lady, stoutly. "You kin bring her over as soon as she's asleep." Then she marched off with uncertain majesty.

Some women would have argued the case longer, but Aurelia felt that there was simply no use in it. The old lady was the child's grandmother: if she wanted her, she saw no way but to give her up. She never thought of pleading, she was so convinced of the old lady's determination.

She carried Myrtie into the house, gave her her supper, washed her, and dressed her in her little best dress. Then she took her up in her lap and tried to explain to her childish mind the change that was to be made in her life. She told her she was going to live with her grandmother, and she must be a good little girl, and love her, and do just as she told her. Myrtie sobbed with unreasoning grief, and clung to Aurelia; but she wholly failed to take in the full meaning of it all.

She was still fretful, and bewildered by her rude wakening from her nap. Presently she fell asleep again, and Aurelia laid her down while she got together her little wardrobe. There was a hop pillow in a little linen case, on which Myrtie had always slept; she packed that up with the other things.

Then she rolled up the little sleeping girl in a blanket, laid her in her carriage, and went over to the hotel. It was not much of a hotel — merely an ordinary two-story house, where two or three spare rooms were ample accommodation for the few straggling guests who came to this little rural place. It was only a few steps from Aurelia's house. The old lady had the chamber of honor — a large square room on the first floor, opening directly on to the piazza. In spite of all Aurelia's care, Myrtie woke up and began to cry when she was carried in. She had to go off and leave her screaming piteously after her. Out on the piazza she uttered the first complaint, almost, of her life to the hostess, Mrs. Simonds, who had followed her there.

"Don't feel bad, 'Relia," said the woman, who was almost crying herself. "I know it's awful hard, when you was taking so much comfort. We all feel for you."

Aurelia looked straight ahead. She had the bundle of little clothes and the hop pillow in her arms; the old lady had said, in a way that would have been funny if it had not been for the poor heart that listened, that she didn't want any yarb pillows, nor any clothes scented with yarbs nuther.

"I don't mean to be wicked," said Aurelia, "but I can't help thinking that Providence ought to provide for women. I wish Myrtie was *mine*."

The other woman wiped her eyes at the hungry way in which she said "mine."

"Well, I can't do anything; but I'm sorry for you, if that's all. You'd make enough sight better mother for Myrtie than that cross old woman. I don't b'lieve she more'n half wants her, only she's *sot*. She doesn't care anything about having the other children; she's going to leave them with Mis' Loomis; but she says her grandchildren ain't going to be living with strangers, an' she ought to hev been consulted. After all you've done for the child, to treat you as she has to-night, she's the most ungrateful — I know one thing; I'd charge her for Myrtie's board — a good price, too."

"Oh, I don't want anything of that sort," said poor Aurelia, dejectedly, listening to her darling's sobs. "You go in an' try to hush her, Mis' Simonds. Oh!"

"So I will. Her grandmother can't do anything with her, poor little thing! I've got some peppermints. I do believe she's spankin' her — the —— '

Aurelia did not run in with Mrs. Simonds; she listened outside till the pitiful cries hushed a little; then she went desolately home.

She sat down in the kitchen, with the little clothes in her lap. She did not think of going to bed; she did not cry nor moan to herself; she just sat there still. It was not very late when she came home — between eight and nine. In about half an hour, perhaps, she heard a sound outside that made her heart leap — a little voice crying pitifully, and saying, between the sobs, "Mamma! mamma!"

Aurelia made one spring to the door. There was the tiny creature in her little nightgown, shaking all over with cold and sobs.

Aurelia caught her up, and all her calm was over. "Oh, you darling! you darling! you darling!" she cried, covering her little cold body all over with kisses. "You shan't leave me — you shan't! you shan't! Little sweetheart — all I've got in the world. I guess they shan't take you away when you don't want to go. Did you cry, and mamma go off and leave you? Did they whip you? They never shall again — never! never! There, there, blessed, don't cry; mamma'll get you all warm, and you shall go to sleep on your own little pillow. Oh, you darling! darling! darling!"

Aurelia busied herself about the child, rubbing the little numb limbs, and getting some milk heated. She never asked how she came to get away; she never thought of anything except that she had her. She stopped every other minute to kiss her and croon to her; she laughed and cried. Now she gave way to her feelings; she was almost beside herself. She had the child all warm and fed and comforted by the kitchen fire when she heard steps outside, and she knew at once what was coming, and a fierce resolve sprang up in her heart: they should not have that child again to-night. She cast a hurried glance around; there was hardly a second's time. In the corner of the kitchen was a great heap of herbs which she had taken down from the walls where they had been drying; the next day she had intended to pack them and send them off. She caught up Myrtie and covered her with them. "Lie still, darling!" she whispered. "Don't make a bit of noise, or your grandmother will get you again." Myrtie crouched under them, trembling.

Then the door opened; Mr. Simonds stood there with a lantern. "That little girl's run away," he began — "slipped out while the old lady was out of the room a minute. Beats all how such a little thing knew enough. She's here, ain't she?"

"No," said Aurelia, "she ain't."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you seen her, though?"

"No."

Mr. Simonds, who was fat and placid, began to look grave. "Then, all there is about it, we've got to have a hunt," said he. "'Twon't do to have that little tot out in her nightgown long. We hadn't a thought but that she was here. Must have lost her way."

Aurelia watched him stride down the yard. Then she ran after him. "Mr. Simonds!" He turned. "I told you a lie. Myrtie's in the corner of the kitchen under a heap of herbs."

"Why, what on earth ——"

"I wanted to keep her so to-night." Aurelia burst right out in loud sobs.

"There, 'Relia! It's a confounded shame. You shall keep her. I'll make it all right with the old lady somehow. I reckon, as long as the child's safe, she'll be glad to get rid of her to-night. She wouldn't have slept much. Go right into the house, 'Relia, and don't worry."

Aurelia obeyed. She hung over the little creature, asleep in her crib, all night. She watched her every breath. She never thought of sleeping herself — her last night with Myrtie. The seconds were so many grains of gold dust. Her heart failed her when day broke. She washed and dressed Myrtie at the usual time, and gave her her breakfast. Then she sat down with her and waited. The child's sorrow was soon forgotten, and she played about as usual. Aurelia watched her despairingly. She began to wonder at length why they did not come for her. It grew later and later. She would not carry her back herself, she was resolved on that.

It was ten o'clock before any one came; then it was Mrs. Simonds. She had a strange look on her face.

"'Relia," she said, standing in the door and looking at her and Myrtie, "you ain't heard what has happened to our house this mornin', hev you?"

"No," said Aurelia, awed.

"Old Mis' Sears is dead. Had her third shock: she's had two in the last three years. She was took soon after Mr. Simonds got home. We got a doctor right off, but she died 'bout an hour ago."

"Oh," said Aurelia, "I've been a wicked woman."

"No, you ain't, Aurelia; don't you go to feeling so. There's no call for the living to be unjust to themselves because folks are dead. You did the best you could. An' now you're glad you can keep the child; you can't help it. I thought of it myself the first thing."

"Oh, I was such a wicked woman to think of it myself," said Aurelia. "If I could only have done something for the poor old soul! Why didn't you call me?"

"I told Mr. Simonds I wouldn't; you'd had enough."

There was one thing, however, which Aurelia found to do — a simple and touching thing, though it probably meant more to her than to most of those who knew of it.

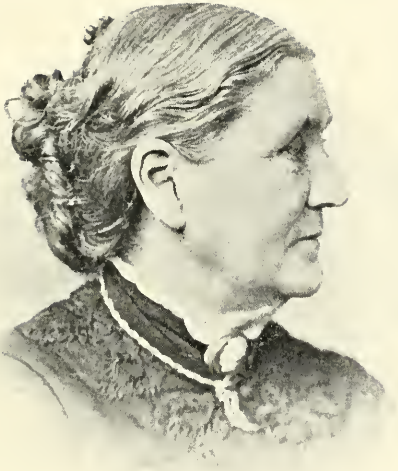
On the day of the funeral the poor old woman's grave was found lined with fragrant herbs from Aurelia's garden — thyme and lavender and rosemary. She had cried when she picked them, because she could not help being glad, and they were all she could give for atonement.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

By LUCY LARCOM.

[1826-1893.]

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree; —
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.



LUCY LARCOM

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone; —
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely: "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleak and drear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea; —
Hopeless, faithful
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

IN MARGET'S GARDEN.[1]

By IAN MACLAREN.

(From "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.")

[Rev. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), Scotch story-teller, was born in Essex, England, in 1850, and has been for many years a clergyman in Liverpool. He has written, among other books: "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" (1893); "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" (1894); "The Upper Room" (1895); "Kate Carnegie," "The Cure of Souls," Home Making," and "The Mind of the Master" (1896); "Ideals of Strength" and "The Potter's Wheel" (1897).]

The cart track to Whinnie Knowe was commanded by a gable window, and Whinnie boasted that Marget had never been taken unawares. Tramps, finding every door locked, and no sign of life anywhere, used to express their mind in the "close," and return by the way they came, while ladies from Kildrummie, fearful lest they should put Mrs. Howe out, were met at the garden gate by Marget in her Sabbath dress, and brought in to a set tea as if they had been invited weeks before.

Whinnie gloried most in the discomfiture of the Tory agent, who had vainly hoped to coerce him in the stackyard without Marget's presence, as her intellectual contempt for the Conservative party knew no bounds.

"Sall she saw him slip aff the road afore the last stile, and wheep roond the fit o' the gairden wa' like a tod (fox) aifter the chickens.

"'It's a het day, Maister Anderson,' says Marget frae the gairden, lookin' doon on him as calm as ye like. 'Yir surely no gaein' to pass oor hoose without a gless o' milk?'

"Wud ye believe it, he wes that upset he left withoot sayin' 'vote,' and Drumsheugh telt me next market that his langidge aifterwards cudna be printed."

When George came home for the last time, Marget went back and forward all afternoon from his bedroom to the window, and hid herself beneath the laburnum to see his face as the cart stood before the stile. It told her plain what she had feared, and Marget passed through her Gethsemane with the gold blossoms falling on her face. When their eyes met, and before she helped him down, mother and son understood.

"Ye mind what I told ye, o' the Greek mothers, the day I

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[1] By permission of Hodder & Stoughton. (Price 6*s*.)

DR. JOHN WATSON

(IAN MACLAREN)

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

left. Weel, I wud hae liked to have carried my shield, but it wasna to be, so I've come home on it." As they went slowly up the garden walk, "I've got my degree, a double first, mathematics and classics."

"Ye've been a gude soldier, George, and faithfu'."

"Unto death, a'm dootin', mother."

"Na," said Marget, "unto life."

Drumtochty was not a heartening place in sickness, and Marget, who did not think our thoughts, endured much consolation at her neighbors' hands. It is said that in cities visitors congratulate a patient on his good looks, and deluge his family with instances of recovery. This would have seemed to us shallow and unfeeling, besides being a "temptin' o' Providence," which might not have intended to go to extremities, but on a challenge of this kind had no alternative. Sickness was regarded as a distinction tempered with judgment, and favored people found it difficult to be humble. I always thought more of Peter MacIntosh when the mysterious "tribble" that needed the Perth doctor made no difference in his manner, and he passed his snuffbox across the seat before the long prayer as usual, but in this indifference to privileges Peter was exceptional.

You could never meet Kirsty Stewart on equal terms, although she was quite affable to any one who knew his place.

"Ay," she said, on my respectful allusion to her experience, "a've seen mair than most. It doesna become me to boast, but tho' I say it as sudna, I hae buried a' my ain fouk."

Kirsty had a "way" in siek visiting, consisting in a certain cadence of the voice and arrangement of the face, which was felt to be soothing and complimentary.

"Yir aboot again, a'm glad to see," to me after my accident, "but yir no dune wi' that leg; na, na, Jeems, that was ma second son, scrapit his shin aince, tho' no so bad as ye've dune a'm hearing (for I had denied Kirsty the courtesy of an inspection). It's sax year syne noo, and he got up and wes traivelin' fell hearty like yersel. Buthe be good to dwam (sicken) in the end of the year, and soughed awa' in the spring. Ay, ay, when tribble comes ye never ken hoo it 'ill end. A' thocht I wud come up and speir for ye. A body needs comfort gin he's sober (ill)."

When I found George wrapped in his plaid beside the brier bush, whose roses were no whiter than his cheeks, Kirsty was already installed as comforter in the parlor, and her drone came through the open window.

"Ay, ay, Marget, sae it's come to this. Weel, we daurna complain, ye ken. Be thankfu' ye haena lost your man and five sons, besides twa sisters and a brither, no to mention cousins. That wud be something to speak aboot, and Losh keep's there's nae saying but he micht hang on a whilie. Ay, ay, it's a sair blow aifter a' that wes in the papers. I wes feared when I heard o' the papers; 'Lat weel alane,' says I to the Dominie; 'ye 'ill bring a judgment on the laddie wi' yir blawing.' But ye micht as weel hae spoken to the hills. Domsie's a thraun body at the best, and he was clean infatuat' wi' George. Ay, ay, it's an awfu' lesson, Marget, no to mak' idols o' our bairns, for that's naethin' else than provokin' the Almichty."

It was at this point that Marget gave way and scandalized Drumtochty, which held that obtrusive prosperity was an irresistible provocation to the higher powers, and that a skillful depreciation of our children was a policy of safety.

"Did ye say the Almichty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for your God, Kirsty. What wud ye think o' a faither that brocht hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and when the puir bairn wes pleased wi' it tore it oot o' his hand and flung it into the fire? Eh, woman, he wud be a meeserable cankered jealous body. Kirsty, wumman, when the Almichty sees a mither bound up in her laddie, I tell ye He is sair pleased in His heaven, for mind ye hoo He loved His ain Son. Besides, a'm judgin' that nane o' us can love anither withoot lovin' Him, or hurt anither withoot hurtin' Him.

"Oh, I ken weel that George is gaein' to leave us; but it's no because the Almichty is jealous o' him or me, no likely. It cam' to me last nicht that He needs my laddie for some grand wark in the ither world, and that's hoo George has his bukes brocht oot tae the garden and studies a' the day. He wants to be ready for his kingdom, just as he trachled in the bit schule o' Drumtochty for Edinboro'. I hoped he wud hae been a minister o' Christ's Gospel here, but he 'ill be judge over many cities yonder. A'm no denyin', Kirsty, that it's a trial, but I hae licht on it, and naethin' but gude thochts o' the Almichty."

Drumtochty understood that Kirsty had dealt faithfully with Marget for pride and presumption, but all we heard was, "Losh keep us a'."

When Marget came out and sat down beside her son, her face was shining. Then she saw the open window.

"I dinna ken."

"Never mind, mither, there's nae secrets atween us, and it gar'd my heart leap to hear ye speak up like yon for God, and to know yir content. Div ye mind the nicht I called for ye, mother, and ye gave me the Gospel aboot God?"

Marget slipped her hand into George's, and he let his head rest on her shoulder. The likeness flashed upon me in that moment, the earnest, deep-set gray eyes, the clean-cut firm jaw, the tender mobile lips, that blend of apparent austerity and underlying romance that make the pathos of a Scottish face.

"There had been a Revival man here," George explained to me, "and he was preaching on hell. As it grew dark a candle was lighted, and I can still see his face as in a picture, a hard-visaged man. He looked down at us laddies in the front, and asked us if we knew what like hell was. By this time we were that terrified none of us could speak, but I whispered 'No.'

"Then he rolled up a piece of paper and held it in the flame, and we saw it burn and glow and shrivel up and fall in black dust.

"'Think,' said he, and he leaned over the desk and spoke in a grewsome whisper which made the cold run down our backs, 'that yon paper was your finger, one finger only of your hand, and it burned like that forever and ever, and think of your hand and your arm and your whole body all on fire, never to go out.' We shuddered that you might have heard the form creak. 'That is hell, and that is where ony laddie will go who does not repent and believe.'

"It was like Dante's Inferno, and I dared not take my eyes off his face. He blew out the candle, and we crept to the door trembling, not able to say one word.

"That night I could not sleep, for I thought I might be in the fire before morning. It was harvest time, and the moon was filling the room with cold clear light. From my bed I could see the stooks standing in rows upon the field, and it seemed like the judgment day.

"I was only a wee laddie, and I did what we all do in trouble, I cried for my mother.

"Ye hae na forgotten, mither, the fricht that was on me that nicht."

"Never," said Marget, "and never can; it's hard wark for me to keep frae hating that man, dead or alive. Geordie gripped me wi' baith his wee airms round my neck, and he cries over and over and over again, 'Is yon God?'"

"Ay, and ye kissed me, mither, and ye said (it's like yesterday), 'Yir safe with me,' and ye telt me that God micht punish me to mak' me better if I was bad, but that He wud never torture ony puir soul, for that cud dae nae guid, and was the Devil's wark. Ye asked me: —

"'Am I a guid mother tae ye?' and when I could dae naethin' but hold, ye said, 'Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.'

"The truth came to me as with a flicker, and I cuddled down into my bed, and fell asleep in His love as in my mother's arms.

"Mither," and George lifted up his head, "that was my conversion, and, mither dear, I hae longed a' thro' the college studies for the day when ma mooth wud be opened wi' this evangel."

Marget's was an old-fashioned garden, with pinks and daisies and forget-me-nots, with sweet-scented wallflower and thyme and moss roses, where nature had her way, and gracious thoughts could visit one without any jarring note. As George's voice softened to the close, I caught her saying, "His servants shall see His face," and the peace of Paradise fell upon us in the shadow of death.

The night before the end George was carried out to his corner, and Domsie, whose heart was nigh unto the breaking, sat with him the afternoon. They used to fight the College battles over again, with their favorite classics beside them, but this time none of them spoke of books. Marget was moving about the garden, and she told me that George looked at Domsie wistfully, as if he had something to say and knew not how to do it.

After a while he took a book from below his pillow, and began, like one thinking over his words: —

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a gude freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and faither. Wull ye tak' this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation,' Dominie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan Sanct. Noo here is my sanct, and div ye ken I've often thocht Virgil saw His day afar off, and was glad. Wull ye read it, Dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye 'ill come to see——" and George could not find words for more.

But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onythin' on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does na ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and ma heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my Bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the veesion o' Him has come to me in this gairden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Wull ye mak' a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we pairt?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it.

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

Twice Domsie said Amen, and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said Marget did not wish to hear.

When he passed out at the garden gate, the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child.

* * *

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

By WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL: A Scottish poet; born in Glasgow, October 13, 1797; died there, November 1, 1835. He was educated at Edinburgh, in Paisley, and at Glasgow University, and in 1818 began his literary career by contributing verses to the Greenock *Visitor*. He was deputy sheriff clerk of Renfrewshire, 1819–1829, and then entered journalism. His works are: "Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery" (written under the pen name Isaac Brown, 1824), "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern" (1827), "Jeannie Morrison" (1832), and "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical" (1832).]

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!
  A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble hearts is drosse,
  All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war horse prowde,
  The rowlings of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
  Be soundes from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes
  Whenas their war cryes swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright,
  And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
  And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
  Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
  When the sword hilt's in our hand, —
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
  For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight
  Thus weepe and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
  And herolike to die!

THE BATTLE OF BUNKERLOO.[1]

By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

[WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP: An American novelist; born at Hartford, Conn., January 7, 1847. He was graduated from Yale in 1867; studied architecture; engaged in journalism in Milwaukee; resided for a number of years in New York city; and in 1888 went to Europe, where he has since made his home. Among his books are: "The House of a Merchant Prince" (1883), "Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces" (1884), "The Golden Justice" (1886), and "Detmold."]

THE battle of Bunkerloo was fought one beautiful Saturday afternoon in April, now some years ago.

The naval preparations consisted mainly in sinking a large shallow tin bath tub to the level of the surface of the garden plot; and upon this the fleets of the two high contending powers were set afloat and cleared for action.

This battle was not an isolated event, but was the culmination of a series of large movements which had been in progress ever since Christmas. At that time, by a coincidence, both

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Generalissimo Bell and Commander in Chief Jones had been reënforced, each by a box of lead soldiers, provided with cannon which went with a spring and shot peas. The two commanders lived in the same city block, and the war was carried on sometimes at the house of one, sometimes at the other. Finally this sport was thought monotonous, the soldiers only being knocked down without injury, and remaining ready to be set up again as good as ever.

The idea then occurred to Master Bell to inaugurate a grand out-of-door battle with real powder and shot. To make it the more exciting, their boats of various kinds were to be contributed to the havoc. The fleet of the Jones boy was superior in numbers, tonnage, and weight of metal. He had a full-rigged ship which had been drawn by his father at a church fair, and a frigate, several gunboats, and miscellaneous cruisers, whittled out by himself.

Master Bell had but a single schooner; but she was commanded, in his fancy, by Captain Kidd and Lord Nelson in turn. He delighted to imagine her now the "Victory" or the "Fighting Téméraire," now one of those deft, long, low, black, rakish-looking craft such as used to go a buccaneering on the Spanish main. Lord Nelson, or Captain Kidd, as the case might be, was a wooden figure carven out with a jackknife, and represented with tarpaulin hat, telescope, and a huge cutlass.

On the other hand, Bell's army was much the more formidable. He could throw into the field a box and a half of lead infantry, half a box of cavalry, a heavy squad of wooden grenadiers, a tolerably complete Noah's ark of animals, and a host of empty thread and silk spools, which did duty, in his fancy, for an uprising of volunteers in a grand national movement.

The Jones boy's regulars, aside from a single newer division, were a dilapidated lot of veterans, English, French, Turks, and Russians, from an old series belonging to the Crimean War.

To more fairly equalize this condition of things, a portion of Bell's volunteers were transferred to Jones under the fiction of a desertion. They were commanded by a thick-set, disreputable-looking leader, whom Bell gibbeted upon a scaffold of undying infamy as Benedict Arnold.

It was stipulated also that but two of Jones' ships were to be brought into action, while Bell's small flagship was to be allowed to steady herself by an anchor on each side, that she might not be capsized by the recoil of her own guns, of which there seemed imminent danger.

Two rude square forts of dirt were thrown up some five feet apart, the guns were mounted upon these, the men posted behind them, and the action commenced in an irregular manner.

General Bell's artillery consisted of one brass and one iron gun of number eight buckshot caliber, another iron one throwing tacks and small pebbles, and a homemade leaden piece, which kicked farther than it carried and was in danger of exploding at every fire. He had also, in reserve, an old musket barrel, sawed off halfway to the muzzle, which could shoot a marble through an inch board. But this was ruled out for the present as against the laws of war. And indeed had Bell's father known he possessed so formidable an engine of destruction, he must have been relieved of it entirely. The musket barrel apart, Commander Jones' outfit was of much the same sort. He had, however, an old pistol barrel mounted on a block, which he had lately purchased, at a great bargain, "from a boy." The following account of the battle may be relied upon as correct in every particular. It is prepared from statements of eyewitnesses and of the commanders themselves, together with an inspection of the field of conflict at no long interval of time after the action had ceased.

Upstairs in a front parlor, at the same hour, were a couple of neutral powers, as they may be called, who, before the battle was over, found themselves actively engaged also.

One of these was Miss Sophia Bell, aged twenty, elder sister of General Bell. The other was Captain Bradford of the regular army, a friend of hers. It was even thought that the captain was more than a friend of hers, a lover, in fact, and a suitor for her hand. To tell the truth, that is exactly what he was; though the object of his regards was positive that she never had given and also that she never meant to give him the slightest trace of encouragement. He had a way of looking at you with a sort of odious caressing devotion, and no doubt other people noticed it too. Then, he had a way of always doing exactly what you wanted, and everybody knows that nothing could be more tiresome and stupid than this.

Miss Bell was a wayward young person who did not always formulate just what she wanted; but she chose to imagine, in the case of the captain, that she would rather have him contradict her occasionally, and be in several respects quite different from what he was. He was not at all like the other men she knew. He had been in the war, and come out a brevet colonel of volunteers, and now passed most of his time on the Plains, wherever that was. She did not know what he did or had done in the army, — no doubt something very uncommonplace. He never said anything about it. It could not be at all like the soldierly feats you read of. He was straight and stalwart, and good-looking enough, for that matter, and well connected, and *knew* a good deal, probably, but — his waltzing — well, you never saw such waltzing! She had made him understand at the very beginning that it was ridiculous, and he had humbly given it up.

No; decidedly, there were *reasons*, — and, besides, none of the other girls in her set were married yet — and then he was over thirty, and besides — and then — Secretly, perhaps, Miss Sophia Bell did not exactly know whether, in case he had asked her, she should have refused him or not. This is what occasioned her alarm upon the captain's present afternoon visit. She had heard some report of his going away soon. He was often at the house in the evening, but an afternoon call from him was very unusual; and everybody was provokingly out, taking advantage of a day of exceptionally fine weather.

She herself had just returned from a walk, and was glancing at the general effect of a new toilet, in the parlor mirror, preparatory to going upstairs to take off her things, when the captain was announced.

She gave him her hand, resignedly, then poised in a temporary way upon the piano stool, turning a little with its movement.

"You were just going out," said he. "I must not think of detaining you."

"No, I am not the least in a hurry, — that is, I have just come in. Please sit down."

The captain had passed a pleasant furlough of three months at his home, near hers. He had hoped that it would be much longer; but it was curtailed, and he was going away. He was suddenly ordered to join his command for active operations against a dangerous predatory Indian band. His purpose this afternoon was to say good-by to her in turn, and if, — oh! if there were but a favorable opportunity, to declare his passionate love, to tell her how her sweet image filled his whole heart, his whole existence. It mattered not what was to become of him in the approaching campaign, unless he could have some assurance from her that she would think of him, — that she might, at some time, at least, if not now, come to return his regard.

It was vague suspicion of something of this kind that made his companion nervous, and sent her for refuge to an additional brusqueness of manner.

He received her small feminine rebuffs with the greatest patience. He cherished a secret misgiving that there was something preposterous in a weather-beaten, steady-going old fellow like him paying his court to such a dainty, volatile, distracting young person, in every way his opposite, and ten years his junior. But, while saying that he was no match for her of course, he persevered doggedly, perhaps in spite of himself. Her tantalizing waywardness and indifference had no more effect upon him than if they had been but so many manifestations of regard.

She swung this way and that upon the piano stool, and poked the carpet with her parasol. He sat stiffly near by, hat and stick in hand.

"Will you excuse me," she said, "if I keep my bonnet on? We have to fix our hair in a certain way. This weather makes one so languid. I believe I have spring fever. I took only a short walk, and yet am almost dead."

"It is very becoming to you to be almost dead."

"How often have I told you that I do not desire compliments?"

"Yes, it is true; but for the moment the temptation was too great to resist."

Presently, by way of leading up to his own errand, the captain began: —

"You have read some account of this late bad business on the Plains, I suppose, — the Canby massacre, in the lava beds?"

"No, — I never pay any attention to such things. I hardly ever read the newspapers. As to your Plains, I know nothing about them. Why should I?"

"It is a great country," he returned deprecatingly. "Don't you ever like to think what it will be when it is all settled up out there?"

"Oh, I do not like to think at all."

"What *do* you like, then?"

"Oh, a great many things. I had rather talk."

"A preference which suits me exactly, as I had rather not. You cannot gratify it too much for me."

"Oh, I am not sure I feel like it now. But do *you* not like to talk? and why? That sounds strange!"

"Does it? Well, what I know, I know, and can add nothing to it by repeating; while others' talk is novel, at least, and may be improving. Is that a good reason? But I am glad everybody does not share my view, for, if so, we should make but a melancholy world of it."

"Who was the second usher at the Battledores' wedding yesterday, — that dark, fine-looking one?" Miss Bell asked, changing the topic lightly. "He was too sweet for anything."

"He has lately come here to live; a cousin of the Battledores, and in a business as sweet as himself, — he is a sugar broker."

She made no comment.

"I said it was a sweet business," he submitted deferentially.

"Well, I suppose you hardly expect me to be amused with witticisms like that," she answered dryly.

"Oh," said the captain, in a reflective way, "perhaps you could think of something better."

A conversation by no means brilliant, it will be seen. An uneasy pause now ensued.

"Well, I am going away," began the captain again, with a depressed air. "That is what I came to tell you about."

"Going away, where?" she asked.

"Out to the Plains. Our company is ordered there at once against the Modocs. But pardon! you do not wish to talk about the Plains."

"I do not mind talking about them, if you are really going there. Do you expect to be scalped?"

"Should you care?"

"I do not see what that has to do with it."

"It has everything — that is, it has a good deal ——"

"Why, of course I should," she interrupted. "How you would look! Has the war actually begun?"

There were at this moment two sharp reports from the yard below, followed directly by a third.

Sophy started.

"Yes," said the captain, "I should judge that the war had begun."

"Those dreadful boys!" said Sophy. "It has been so nice and quiet in the house. Now we shall not have a moment's peace."

"Dodge back in the doorway, Jonesey, when I fire, or you'll get hit!" resounded from below, in the martial soprano tones of General Bell.

"That is what you must do when you get out among the Modocs," said she, — "get behind something so they can't hit you."

"What would you suggest?"

"Oh, a haystack or anything."

"I shall bear it in mind. It is my own idea exactly. But seriously, Miss Sophy, I have sometimes felt that it makes — that is — little difference what happens to me out there unless you — care about it."

The girl's cheek flushed softly. To hide this, she swung halfway about on the piano stool and threw a hand upon the keys with a sudden jangle.

"What a silly speech!" she said, over her shoulder. "What difference should it make whether I cared or not?"

"Oh, it makes every difference, all the difference in the world."

He took very tenderly the other hand, dangling the parasol by her side.

"I came to-day to say good-by," he went on, "but there was something more I wished to say, also, dear Miss Sophy——"

"Now it is coming," she thought; "what shall I do?"

There was another loud explosion. She started up, pulling away her hand, as if she had not heard what he said, and exclaimed: —

"Those dreadful boys! I really must go and see what mischief they are at."

The captain followed with a discomfited air her light springing walk to the French sash opening on the piazza, from the steps of which the field of operations could be surveyed.

"Repulsed!" one commander was crying, "you must fall back. No, no! you cannot pick up men when they are once knocked down."

"Everything is fair in love and war!" replied the other. "Besides, some of these were kicked over by my own cannon."

"A good motto, and worth noting," reflected the captain.

No ingenious stratagem occurred to him just now, but he took courage to await events and make, if possible, another trial.

"Come and see our fight, captain," called Master Bell, as the couple emerged. "Come and show us how!"

"I cannot let you ruin your toys so, Jack," called out Sophy, sharply.

"This don't hurt 'em," said Jack, relying upon her ignorance of the practical operation of powder and shot. "Come on, captain! Don't let her stop you! She's always spoiling fun."

"I have a certain weakness for it, even on a scale like that," said the captain. "Shall we take a look at their forts a moment?"

Not to give color to the assertion that she was a spoiler of sport, she graciously assented. Holding her pretty skirts in her hand, she tripped down the stairs part way, but after pausing there a little, said: —

"If you will allow me, this gives me an opportunity to go and take off my hat."

"Why, certainly," said the captain.

He looked after her lithe and charming figure as it disappeared through one of the veranda windows, with a sigh.

"What nations are these?" inquired the captain, good-humoredly, now joining the boys.

"Rebel and Union," replied the bright-faced commander on one side, hastening up, with his pockets crammed with fuses, like a miniature Guy Fawkes. "Mine are Union and his Rebels."

"No, they ain't," said Master Bell. "At least, it don't make any difference what yours are. Mine are a lot of different kinds."

The Jones boy was of a practical turn and little invention. His fancy could no farther go than our own late civil war, of which he was, as it were, a part.

But with the Bell boy it was a different matter. He was a famous reader, his head full of notable personages and events. His troops were conscripted from all the exciting fields of history and romance, and heroes of the most miscellaneous complexion marshaled them on. Thus the strange spectacle was seen of the Old Guard, the last of the Abencerrages, the light brigade of Balaklava and Marion's men marching shoulder to shoulder, with Napoleon, Ivanhoe, Kossuth, Roderick Dhu, Marlborough, Judas Maccabeus, Ethan Allen, General Sheridan, and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan at their head, against a simple post of Boys in Blue of the period. The confidence of the Jones boy in the face of such fearful odds was something almost sublime. He announced his steadfast intention of giving all comers, be they who they might, the liveliest old tussle that ever was heard of.

The Old Guard was a tall, stately body of veterans, showing profuse marks of their long service. Their uniform was a red coat, yellow buttons, well pipe-clayed belts and cross bands, and white trousers. Each man stood upon a round pedestal. They had been knocking about the house from time immemorial. Contrary to tradition, the Napoleon who put himself at their head was a tall, splendid grenadier, chosen for the exceptional freshness of his paint. He was such a Napoleon as ought to have been, rather than the one that actually was.

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was a dark and mysterious figure, apparently capable of any villainy and the most desperate deeds. He had originally been a lead Robinson Crusoe, and served in the early part of the action as Elthan Allen, until his head was shot off, when the present happy inspiration was thought of.

"And what do you call this battle?" asked the captain.

"Battle of Bunker Hill," said Jones.

"No, Waterloo," said Jack.

"Suppose you make it Bunkerloo," said the captain, "and split the difference."

"All right; but we want to have it like a real battle," said Jack, "so one side can tell when it is beaten. The shots don't knock things over enough. They only kick up the dirt."

"Make the earthworks lighter," said the captain. "Then after you have bombarded awhile, let one side sally forth and charge the position of the other."

"But how can it? the men can't move."

"Put them forward so far at a time! Say the distance between you is a mile, as it was between our men on Cemetery Ridge and the Confederates on Seminary Ridge, at Gettysburg. Suppose it takes about twenty minutes to get over that ground. It takes you about a minute each to load and fire one of your guns. Divide the space into twenty parts, and let the charging column be advanced one space after each broadside. You can imagine they have run that far. They must drag their artillery with them, and fire at the enemy's position as they go. Then, if they are all knocked down, the enemy must rush out in turn and attack their works, where a reserve will be left. But if a considerable number reach the enemy's fort, you can call it captured, if you like."

The captain took a case knife and began to show them with his own hands how to construct their redoubts.

"This is the way it was at Gettysburg," said he, gossiping as he worked. "Here was Round Top, at the extreme left of our line, and here was Little Round Top. The Confederates nearly got us here. The ground was low between — you see. Sickles was thrown forward to the line of the Chambersburg road, where it is high again, but that was a mistake. Longstreet flanked us — so — we will say. The fighting took place mostly in a peach orchard and cornfield. How many lives do you suppose were lost in that particular peach orchard?"

"A hundred thousand," said Master Jack, boldly.

"Not quite so bad as that," said the captain, smiling, "but at least five thousand, off and on, in the various encounters."

"I should not want to eat any peaches out of *that* orchard, would *you?*" said Master Jones.

Meanwhile, Miss Sophy was upstairs before her dressing glass, holding high both arms in arranging the coils of her dry brown hair, which had subtle sparkles in it like gold.

"Shall I or shall I not?" she was reflecting. "Would you, or wouldn't you?"

She looked more than once at the hand the captain had taken in his, with a whimsical glance. The Plains now? Most likely one would have to go there with him and live under the *belle étoile*, like a gypsy or a tramp. No, decidedly he would not do.

* * * * * *

"But the worst," continued the captain, actively shaping away at the earthworks, "was the grand attack on our center on the last day of the fight. I know something about that, as I happened to be in the middle of it."

"What general were you with?"

"I was with Webb. It was Pickett's division, of Virginia and North Carolina troops, that came up the hill to charge us.

I remember, through all the other feelings of the time, a thrill of admiration for them, though they were our enemies. It made one proud of American courage to see it. The cannonading had been such a roar as if the world were coming to an end. Eighty guns of ours and a hundred and forty-five of theirs were playing together for two hours. All at once their side stopped. Then we knew what was coming. Fifteen thousand men advanced in column against a place where we could station only about six thousand to resist them."

"Yes, but why didn't the rest of you rush out on both sides and get around them?"

"You are a strategist, my boy; but, you see, there was an onset at the same time all along our line, to distract attention and prevent reënforcements being sent to any particular point. Nobody knew at what minute his own position might be assailed. That is where an attacking party has a certain advantage."

"Could you see their faces?" inquired young Bell, his eyes as large as saucers.

"Yes, some of them, in spite of the smoke; they came close enough for that. They had a set, terrible expression which molded all, even the most unlike, into a certain resemblance. They seemed to belong all to the same family. They came up, under our hottest fire, to within two or three hundred yards of us. Then the North Carolina troops could not stand it any longer, but broke and fled. We captured two thousand of them and fifteen flags. But Pickett's Virginians were older soldiers and better stuff. They rushed straight up to the top in our very teeth. It was *their* faces that we saw."

"Where were you, captain?"

"Behind a stone wall, say about breast high, on the ridge. Up they came, and some of them over it. But our boys were plucky as well as they, and we had, besides, our reserves. The fire we poured into them was insufferably cruel; mortal men could not endure it. All at once the foremost ones dropped or threw up their hands in token of surrender. That was the end of it, and the high-water mark of the rebellion. That night Lee was in full retreat."

"Oh, it was splendid," cried the boy, with glistening eyes. "That's what I want to be, a soldier. Oh, I *hope* there will be another war when I grow up. Don't you think there will be, captain?"

"I certainly hope not, my boy. It is poor business to set honest men to cutting one another's throats. There will be much better work for that bright little head of yours to do."

Above, on the veranda, at the same instant, was Sophy. She listened to this story with bated breath, and, in the end, with eyes shining not less than those of the boys. She had paused in surprise, on coming down, at noting the unusual animation in Captain Bradford's voice, and had even caught a glimpse of a certain martial straightening in his form and unwonted flush in his cheek, as he stood, case knife in hand, above the miniature earthworks. And this was the man she had thought so tame and commonplace, this brave and modest soldier, simply because he had not spoken of his prowess, never vaunted the momentous deeds of which he had been a witness and a heroic part.

Who of all the other perfumed, waltzing acquaintances would have encountered such deadly perils? One might lean with confidence upon so strong an arm, with the kindly heart there was behind it, and be measurably secure of defense from every rude blow of misfortune. She would go with him now to the Plains, to mountains, to the ends of the earth, wherever he would.

Thus the very cannonading of Gettysburg, at this late day, had weakened another and most unexpected fortress, to the point of capitulation. The gallant captain, far more fortunate in his way, if he but knew it, than the gallant Pickett, had stormed straight into the citadel of this tender and charming heart. Like that of Desdemona, it loved him for the dangers he had passed, and was ready to surrender at discretion.

Still, a woman must not appear too easily won; that is well understood. So when, looking up presently, the captain found her regarding him with what was really fervent admiration, she pretended that it was but a casual interest instead. He seemed abashed at having been taken in the act of enthusiasm over so small matters, and, abandoning the conduct of the war henceforth to the regularly constituted commanders, he came up and rejoined her.

The field of Bunkerloo now presented a martial and spirited appearance indeed. The small plain bristled with the men and guns arrayed for the conflict, while on the impromptu ocean floated gallantly the navy of either power, covering with their guns their respective armies. Commander in Chief Jones' troops were drawn up within his fortifications, a large force being prudently posted in reserve near a bivouac of tin tents, at a considerable distance in the rear of the rest.

Generalissimo Bell's force, on the other hand, was marshaled for the attack. His order of battle was as follows: A line of silk spools, two deep, extended entirely across the plain. Behind these, to the right, came a division of lead infantry in two brigades; in the center, the wooden grenadiers; to the left, lead and wooden levies of many a varied height and aspect. The cavalry was stationed in support of either wing. A numerous body of thread spools was, furthermore, massed as a reserve, on this side also, along the wooden curb of the area, nearer to the fort. The artillery, after having delivered several rousing volleys from the ramparts, was taken down and set in the intervals between the divisions of troops. General Bell first mentally rode along the whole line and in a few stirring words fired the hearts of his men, then gave the signal to advance. He did not at once disclose the objective point of his attack, but strategically made a demonstration against the enemy's entire front.

While troops were numerous on both sides, the fun was fast and furious. The first few discharges of the artillery, in particular, were harrowingly fatal. Bell's elegant dress parade was mowed down in swaths. A marble from the old pistol barrel cleaned out half his stock of reserves at a crack. On his side, in return, he found means to elevate his pieces and fire them with light charges, so that the contents dropped down upon the thick ranks massed inside of Jones' fort and destroyed them by hecatombs.

But after the hosts were thinned, it became more a matter of scientific gunnery. It had been stipulated that a piece should not be fired when the men behind it were knocked down and so, as was agreed, *hors du combat*, and that they could not be replaced with fresh ones till the other side had all the regular shots that were at the time its due. Also, if a gun itself were once dismounted, it was not to be further used.

Each step of the way was hotly contested. The advancing army only reached the middle of the plain frightfully decimated. Ivanhoe had fallen; the great Marlborough was down; Judas Maccabeus, one leg gone, and his sword twisted inanely about into his own face, presented a pitiable sight.

At the middle of the plain, the lines were rallied, as it were, and re-formed in more open order. But the very next instant the deadly old pistol barrel, by a raking shot, unceremoniously laid low full half a brigade. The fire of all the invader's fieldpieces was vindictively concentrated upon it in return, with the happy result of crumbling the parapet about it and dismounting it, thus putting an end to the rain of miscellaneous material it had been so ruinously pouring out ever since the beginning of the fray. The breach thus formed offered a favorable point for the assault, and the quick eye of General Bell was not slow to seize upon it. He formed a storming party, placing the Light Brigade characteristically in the lead as forlorn hope. There was a slight historical anomaly in the fact that his light brigade did not consist of cavalry, but of infantry, and the most miscellaneous of infantry at that; but they were gallant warriors, all the same. They were the survivors of corps which had otherwise been wholly wrecked. Each figure, in the battle of Bunkerloo, counted as a hundred, to make the totals more imposing; and they were six figures all told, to wit: one wooden sharpshooter, a trumpeter, a vivandière, and a zouave, in lead, and two silk spools.

Following the Light Brigade came a choice body of leaden Highlanders of most steady and courageous bearing.

The matter of forming such a column in the very face of the enemy is a proceeding attended with no little peril. Before it was well over, Kossuth had his horse shot under him; the Cid, Ruy Diaz del Bivar, was doubled up as with an aggravated case of colic; Zenobia of Palmyra was blown away bodily, and only discovered afterwards in an ash barrel. The cavalry force, in particular, were made to look, as one of the commanders phrased it, like the breaking up of a hard winter or the last end of a misspent life. General Bell may, perhaps, be criticised for bringing them into action at all. This is an arm of the service to be used only in accordance with its peculiar conditions, which seem to have been here disregarded. Still, on the other hand, circumstances are often known to a commander which justify an unusual course of action, which may not be known to the military censor and annalist.

The gallant Light Brigade buckled to the onset in the manner rightly to have been expected from their traditions. On they went to the breach; once there, the opposing guns could no longer play upon them, and the game seemed in their own hands. Into and through the yawning breach they went, hauling fieldpieces with them. They reached the heart of the enemy's works, and his camp and reserves were at their mercy. A wild cry of victory, in the mind's ear of Generalissimo Bell, rent the air.

All seemed indeed lost on the side of the heroic Jonesey, but that commander did not yet despair. He conceived a last desperate resource, one of those that, when told in history, send an unceasing shiver down through generations of blanched and horrified listeners. He fired a train. The train communicated with a mine which he had secretly prepared during a brief absence of his opponent in the kitchen, and the exploding mine blew the entire fort, and with it the invading force, to smithereens. The plain was one vast scene of carnage.

And now the contest for the supremacy of the seas began. Lord High Admiral Bell, hot for vengeance, poured a deadly broadside into his opponent's flagship, peppering her sails full of holes and sending a force of lead marines to the bottom, to rise no more. A return broadside from Commodore Jones split Admiral Bell's bowsprit, and cut a number of stays, allowing his foremast to assume a tendency it had always had to wabble sideways.

Both high contending powers mounted their land artillery as well, and brought it to bear upon the shipping. Everything presently hung in rags and tatters, and every movable object was shot away. Lord Nelson, however, glued to his deck, still kept an undaunted front, like Farragut in his shrouds at Mobile. Commodore Jones laid him alongside, threw boarders into his nettings, and seemed about to lure the victory to his own ensign.

Now again ensued a *contretemps* fully as startling and dramatic as the blowing up of the fort, for which catastrophe Bell had prepared a terrible retaliation. He put all his surplus powder into the hold of his schooner, battened down the hatches, and touched off the whole with a fuse consisting of a firecracker string. The invaders, oh where were they?

Ask of the winds that far and wide
With fragments strewed the sea.

The explosion that ensued blew the deck out of the craft thus devoted to destruction, maiming and drowning the boarding party and Nelson with them, every one. It created in addition a tidal wave, which first stood the enemy's fleet on their beam ends and then wrecked them all alongshore.

When the captain returned to Sophia Bell, she was idly pulling to pieces some of the newly swelling buds of the grapevine, just opening out in the genial spring sunshine.

"Why have you never told *me* anything about all those doings?" she asked him in a nonchalant way without looking at him.

"You have never asked me," he returned, regarding her with surprise.

His hand chanced to be near hers as he came up, resting it on the railing, and accidentally touched it. The soft little contact gave him as it were an electric thrill, and he broke forth again with sudden rapture: —

"Dear Sophy, I love you so. Will you not be mine? I will devote every instant, every breath of my life, to make you happy. I am going away. I ——"

"You must not talk to me in such a way," she interrupted, withdrawing her fair hand with a show of indignation. "Where everybody can hear, too; the idea!"

"But you would not listen to me, when I tried to have you, where they could not hear."

The girl moved up the two or three remaining steps to the top, and threw herself wearily into a willow armchair with an air as if she said: —

"I suppose it is quite useless to hope to escape this man's persistency. Well, then, let us hear what he has to say."

It puzzled the honest captain not a little why it was that, if she were so disdainful and offended, she did not go and leave him altogether. It was she who first broke the silence that followed, asking indifferently: —

"Are you not afraid in those horrid wars and battles?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why do you so rashly expose — I mean, why don't you let them alone?"

"Well, it's a kind of occupation, you know. One must do something for a living."

"Yes, but supposing you were killed?"

"Well, one doesn't exactly expect to live forever, you know."

"Enemies running up at you with such faces as that, and horrid yells," she said reflectively. "Ugh!" and she shrugged her slender shoulders in a little shiver of repulsion at the idea.

This was certainly more conciliatory, but the captain was only kept upon the subject on compulsion, wondering at her interest in it, and turned off from it with —

"Do not let us talk of that now! Let me tell you how beautiful I think you, how dear you are to me! We can discuss it at least, can we not? that can do no harm?"

"Yes, it can," she maintained obstinately.

"Both your father and mother are on my side," he ventured, exploding a bombshell.

"Oh, dreadful!" she exclaimed, starting up with an expression as if surrounded, desperately hemmed in front, flank, and rear, with small hope of retreat possible, — "have you spoken to them? — But they know nothing about such things — nothing."

The lover was in despair. He feared that he had committed a hopeless imprudence, and began to apologize: —

"I mean to say — that is ——"

"*No!* I say, you must not talk to me so."

This now, as it happened, was the exact moment of the marine explosion below, which had consequences above, far beyond anything its authors could have dreamed of. Fully a square yard of good plastering was shaken from the ceiling of the veranda by it, and fell to the floor with a crash. It must have been already, for some time, in a defective condition, to be thus easily displaced. However this may be, it fell precisely upon our lovers with a thump and a dull roar, staggering them and enveloping them in a dense cloud of white dust.

Captain Bradford was the first to recover, and saw Sophy leaning against the wall, deadly pale, and heard her murmur weakly, "My head! my head!" Her beautiful hair was disheveled, her entire costume in disarray, and one hand raised to her brow in a dazed way. He flew to her, frantically brushed away a part of the *débris*, and, taking her boldly in his arms, supported her within.

"Oh, what has happened to you, my darling, my pet, my pretty one? Oh, I *hope* you are not hurt," he cried, as he labored over her, most tenderly bathing her face and hands with cool water.

"I feared we were both killed," she said, soon smiling at him faintly. "A weight of tons seemed to fall upon my head, but my braids saved me. I am not hurt, only a little stunned."

He was holding both her hands in his, now, without resistance. Perhaps she was not conscious of it.

"Oh, if I should lose you," he went on, "what would become of me?"

She was dazed, as has been said, and this was very pleasant to listen to.

"I fear I do not understand women. It is said — it is a kind of proverb that they say 'no' when they mean 'yes.'" The military man let fall this abstruse intelligence with a simple engaging frankness. "They do not wish to appear too easily won. But you are not like that, I know. You would not wring my heart for an absurd scruple, a petty conventional whim."

She opened a shrewd corner of an eye at him upon this, but closed it again before he discovered it. Where had he learned such a profundity of wisdom, indeed?

"I can never think of you as easily won. I can never half tell you how I adore you, how unworthy I feel myself of you, were I to take a whole lifetime," he persisted, borne on in the fervid torrent of his wooing.

"Who has given you such ridiculous ideas about women?" she asked him, raising slowly at length the lids, fringed with their charming long lashes which had veiled so long both lustrous eyes, now arch with laughter.

She closed them again softly the next moment, and added, before he could speak: —

"I am so glad this has happened. I have liked you all the time."

⁂

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

By EUGENE FIELD.

[1850-1895.]

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
  And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
  And the soldier was passing fair,

And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
  He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

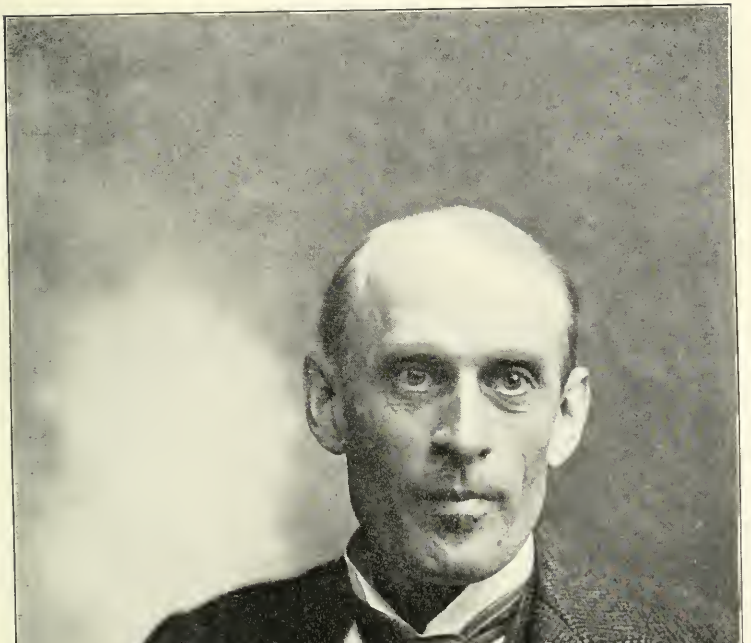
* * *

DUTCH LULLABY.

By EUGENE FIELD.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of misty light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
            Said Wynken,
            Blynken,
            And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.



EUGENE FIELD

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

◆

FRAGOLETTE.[1]

By ÉDOUARD LABOULAYE.

[ÉDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBVRE DE LABOULAYE: A French jurist, historian, and author; he was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. Best known for his fairy stories, issued in three series and known as the "Blue Stories"; he also wrote several novels, among them being: "Paris in America" (1863) and "Prince Caniche" (1868). Besides several treatises on jurisprudence, he wrote a "Political History of the United States from 1620 to 1789" (1855-1866). He died at Paris, May 25, 1883.]

ONCE upon a time there lived near Mantua an orphan girl, who used to go to school every morning with her books and basket. The school was not far, but then the road wound among bushes, and the great trees were (according to season) full of flowers and fruit, of birds and butterflies. How was it possible not to linger now and then among these wonders of creation?

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[1] From "Fairy Tales." By permission of G. Routledge & Sons. (Price 5s.)

One day our little scholar saw a blue butterfly, the prettiest she had ever seen, in the cup of an eglantine blossom. She held her breath; crept forward on the points of her toes; raised her hand softly, and — the butterfly escaped between her fingers! Floating from left to right in a careless way, he at last perched upon a slope of the road. The young girl followed, but he flew off; then stopped on a flower; then off again; and so on till he led his huntress up on the heights, near an inclosure that had a very bad reputation in that neighborhood. It was there, gossip said, that the fairies danced in the beautiful spring nights, and the witches held their nocturnal meetings in the somber autumn. Although the walls were so ruined in several places that the débris had fallen into the moat, no Christian dared to risk himself in the accursed place. But butterflies have no scruples, and children are like butterflies.

Our little traveler with the blue wings entered without ceremony into this garden, which resembled a virgin forest, and our heroine followed, drawn on by the pleasure of the chase. But she had hardly passed a bush when she stopped short and uttered a cry of admiration.

Before her lay a great prairie bordered by immense trees, and the ground was all enameled with white and red. It was strawberries; the blossoms and the fruit; strawberries without a master, which offered themselves to any one who chose to profit by this hidden wealth. Good-by to butterflies! Our little scholar dropped on her two knees on the verdure, and in less than a quarter of an hour she filled her basket. After that she started off at her utmost speed for the school, and arrived there all out of breath, and redder than the strawberries she carried. She was scolded for being late, but she was so proud and delighted she heard nothing. The idea of preaching about rules to conquerors, indeed! At noon she shared her treasures with her little companions, who never ceased admiring her courage and good fortune. She had the air of a queen in the midst of her courtiers. Nothing was wanting to her triumph. They gave her the nickname of Fragolette, which is the Italian for "little strawberry," and she bore that title all her life. It is, at least, the only name under which she is known in history.

To say the truth, there were some timid souls who could not help having a few misgivings. Even while eating the berries, they asked if this might not be a temptation of the evil one to lead them into his power; but these vain rumors were lost in the sounds of victory. No one would listen to them.

But they were wrong not to listen, as you will see by the rest of this story. Delighted with her popularity and her good fortune, Fragolette went every day to the condemned spot, and at last regarded herself as its owner. "It was," she said, "a piece of abandoned land, where all the fruit had been eaten by the blackbirds and tomtits, and a Christian should have at least as much right as the birds."

But one day as she was picking the berries as usual, she received a terrible blow on the head that stretched her out on the sod.

"Ah, I have caught you, thief!" cried a frightful voice. "Now you've got to pay me."

Fragolette, half stunned, tried to rise. She found herself in the presence of a creature who froze her blood with horror This was an old woman, large, thin, yellow, and wrinkled, with red eyes and nose like the beak of a vulture. From her hidious mouth two teeth projected, longer and sharper than the tusks of a wild boar. Fragolette tried to stammer an excuse, but the old woman, who was a witch, did not deign to listen. She tied the child's hands behind her back, wound a rope seven times around her body, made a slipknot, and put through it the handle of the enormous broom with which she had struck her.

Then, in witch language, she pronounced a few of those horrible words which shake the earth and pale the skies. This done, she mounted the broom, which sped into the air like an arrow, carrying with her the unhappy Fragolette, like a spider at the end of her thread.

If she had known geography, she might have enjoyed the magnificent spectacle spread out in her sight. It was beautiful Italy, bordered by the snowy Alps and the blue sea, and traversed by the verdant slopes of the Apennines. But in those days women plied the distaff in their own homes, and did not concern themselves with what was going on in China or Peru. Geography was of little account to them. And, for that matter, the poor child was too frightened to open her eyes. She might have passed even over Vesuvius and Etna without seeing them.

She was more dead than alive when the magic broom descended to the earth in the midst of the forests of Sicily.

"At last, little thief," said the witch, as she lifted her up by the hair. "Now you belong to me, go to work, go and set the table in the dining room. How soon I would eat you if you were not so thin," added she, pinching the child's arms; "but with me people grow fat quickly, and you will lose nothing by waiting."

With this grim joke she opened her great mouth, and licked her lips with a smile which made poor Fragolette shiver all over.

The dinner was not very gay, as you may think. The old witch ate a roast cat and some mice cooked in jelly, and some radishes as sweetmeats. Fragolette gnawed a crust of bread and threw herself, all in tears, on a wretched mattress in a corner. Happily she was at that age when sleep is stronger than sorrow, and had hardly lain down when she went to sleep.

The day after this sad adventure the slavery of Fragolette commenced. Each day she had to sweep and scrub the house, cook the meals, serve the table, wash the dishes, and what was worse, aid at the toilet of her horrible mistress. During entire hours the child was exhausted in trying to curl the three hairs that the witch had on her head. Then she had to brush the two great teeth, and to use the powder of rice, and the rouge, and the patches. It was happy for her if, when all was done, she escaped without three or four blows.

Yet, spite of this hard life, Fragolette grew prettier each day — I wish I could say she grew better — but she was not one of those mild creatures who accept blows and kiss the hand that strikes them. No; the blood boiled in her veins, and she dreamed only of revenge. The old witch noticed this. One is always afraid of those whom they have wronged. She often asked herself if the girl might not strangle her some day while she helped at her toilet, and she thought it would be wise for her to prevent the chance.

One day when Fragolette looked prettier than usual, envy and anger gnawed the witch's heart.

"Take this basket," she said to the young girl, "go to the fountain, and bring it back to me full of water; if not, I shall eat you!"

The girl ran quickly. She imagined that the basket was enchanted, and that the witch, according to her custom, was amusing herself by frightening her. She plunged the basket into the fountain, but when she drew it up the water ran through it as though it were a sieve. Three times she tried in vain, and then she comprehended that the witch meant to kill her. Furious and despairing, she leaned against the fountain and burst into tears. All at once she heard a soft voice which called her.

"Fragolette! Fragolette! why do you weep?"

She raised her head and saw a handsome young man, who looked at her tenderly.

"Who are you," she said, "who know my name?"

"I am the son of the witch, and my name is Belèbon. I know that your death is desired, but it shall not be, I promise you. Give me one kiss, and I will fill your basket."

"Kiss the son of the witch, never!" said Fragolette, proudly.

"Ah, well, I will not be so hard as you," said the young man.

He breathed three times on the basket, and then plunging it into the fountain, drew it out full of water. Not a drop escaped.

Fragolette went back to the house, and without a word placed the basket on the table. The witch grew pale as death.

"Are you too one of our trade?" she said, looking keenly into the girl's eyes. Then striking her forehead, she said: "You have seen Belèbon. He has helped you. Confess it."

"You ought to know, since you are a witch."

For a reply the witch gave her such a blow that she was obliged to hold fast to the table to keep from falling.

"Good, good!" said the old witch, "we'll see who'll carry the day. He laughs best who laughs last."

The next day the witch said to Fragolette: —

"I am going to take a turn in Africa, and I will come back this evening. You see this sack of wheat? You must have that made into loaves, and baked on my return. You will not find this task any more difficult than to carry water in a basket. If it is not done, take care of yourself."

Saying this, seemingly she locked the door and left.

"This time I am lost," cried the young girl. "Can I grind the flour, make the bread and bake it? I have neither a mill nor oven, and I have no time."

Then she beat frantically on the door in a vain effort to escape.

It was Belèbon who opened it.

"Fragolette! Fragolette!" said he, "this does no good. Give me one kiss, and I will take care of the bread and you will be saved."

"Kiss the son of the witch," cried Fragolette, trembling, "never!"

"You have no pity, Fragolette. Nevertheless, I cannot let you die."

He whistled, and the rats and the mice ran out from all the holes in the house. The rats carried the wheat to the mill and came running back with a sack of flour. The mice turned bakers, and the rats heated the oven. When the witch returned all was baked, and the golden loaves piled up to the ceiling.

"Wretch," she said, "you have seen Belèbon! He has helped you; confess it!"

"You ought to know, since you are a witch," she said.

The witch strove to strike her, but Fragolette dodged the blow, and her enemy fell with her nose on the table and grew all blue with rage and pain.

"Good," she said, "we'll see who'll beat. Who laughs last, laughs best."

Two days later the old witch put on a smiling air and called Fragolette.

"My child, go and see my sister, and ask for her strong box, and bring it to me."

"How do I know where your sister lives, and what is her name?"

"Nothing is easier," said the witch. "You go straight on till you come to a stream that runs across the road. You pass by the ford, and a little further you will see an old château with an iron fence. There is where my sister Viperine lives. Go, and hurry back, my child."

"A miracle," thought Fragolette; "the old thing is in a good humor."

Saying this she started out with a light step, and met Belèbon out in the road.

"Where are you going this morning?" he asked.

"I am going to the sister of my mistress to ask for a strong box."

"Unhappy one," cried Belèbon, "they are sending you to your death. No living creature has ever left the château of Viperine. But I can save you. Give me a kiss and I will answer for all."

"No, I will never kiss the son of a witch."

"Fragolette, you are ungrateful, but I love you more than myself, and I will save you in spite of yourself. Listen well to me. When you get to the banks of the stream, say, 'Beautiful river, let me cross on your silvery tide.' Then take this bottle of oil, this bread, this cord, and this little broom. When you get to the fence of the old château, rub the hinges of the gate with oil. It will fly open of itself. Then a great dog will spring out, barking. Throw him the bread and he will stop. In the courtyard you will see a poor woman who is obliged to draw pails of water out of a well by the long locks of her hair. Give her the rope. Go on then into the kitchen, and you will find another woman, who is forced to polish the stove with her tongue. Give her the little broom. Then you may enter the room where Viperine sleeps. The strong box is upon the top of the clothespress; take it and fly as fast as possible. If you attend to all this, you will save your life."

Fragolette did not forget anything that Belèbon had said. On the bank of the stream she cried, "Beautiful river, let me pass over on your silvery tide." And the nymph of the river replied, in the softest voice, "Pass, sweet young lady." And the waves separated so that she passed over dry shod. The gate, rubbed with oil, opened of its own accord. The dog snatched the bread, then turned and stretched himself out with his head on his two paws, and cast an affectionate glance at Fragolette. The two women took with joy the presents she brought them, and our heroine entered, without noise, into the chamber of Viperine, who lay there snoring. She ran to the clothespress and took the strong box. Her heart beat fast, and she believed that she was safe. When all at once Viperine waked. Fragolette was already on the stairs.

"Ho, there!" cried Viperine. "Cook! kill that thief!"

"Not much," answered her victim; "she has given me a broom, while you condemned me to polish the stove with my tongue."

"Woman at the well!" cried the witch, "take this thief and drown her."

"Not much," answered this victim; "she has given me a rope, while you condemned me to draw up water with my hair."

"Dog, eat her."

"Not much," said the dog, without raising his head; "she has given me bread, while you let me die of hunger."

"Gate, shut her in."

"Not much," said the gate; "she has oiled my hinges, while you let me spoil with rust."

The witch made but one jump to the bottom of the stairs, but the gate, happy at having such liberty of movement, kept swinging backward and forward on its two hinges, and, at the very moment Viperine went to go out, it closed so abruptly that she came near being shut in it and crushed.

Fragolette ran without looking behind her, but in her flight she did not forget to offer her compliments to the river, and passed as she had done before. Viperine was just behind her.

"Get out, dirty stream!" she cried; "open a way, or I will dry you up."

The stream opened, but, all at once, when Viperine was in the midst of it, the waves rose, crept over the witch, and drowned her in an instant. The nymph was avenged.

Once more at home, Fragolette gave the strong box to her terrible mistress. One can imagine what a face the old witch made. "It is a new trick of Belèbon," she thought, "but I know how to revenge it. He who laughs last, laughs best."

That same evening she made Fragolette stay and go to bed in her room.

"You must remain here," she said to her. "In the hennery are three cocks. One is red, the other is black, and the third is white. To-night, when one of these cocks crows, you must tell me which it is. Take care of a mistake; I will only make one mouthful of you."

"Belèbon will not be there," Fragolette said to herself, "I am lost." And she did not close her eyes for a single instant.

At midnight a cock crowed.

"Which one is this that has crowed?" asked the witch.

"Belèbon," murmured Fragolette, "tell me which crowed."

"Give me a kiss," murmured a voice, "and I will tell you."

"No."

"Cruel one — but I do not want you to die! It is the red cock that crowed."

The witch is by her bed. She approaches Fragolette.

"Answer, or I'll eat you!"

"It is the red cock that crowed," Fragolette answered, trembling.

And the witch went back to her bed, grumbling.

At the same instant another cockcrow was heard.

"Which cock was that?" cried the witch.

And Belèbon whispered the answer to his well-beloved.

And the old witch went back to her bed, grumbling.

At the break of day they heard once more the crow of a cock.

"Belèbon, help me!" cried Fragolette.

"Give me a kiss," he said; "I've had enough of your scruples!"

And there was the witch coming toward her with her cruel mouth wide open.

"Belèbon," cried the girl, "if you abandon me, you will be my murderer."

"It's the white cock that crows," answered Belèbon, who could not resist her tenderness.

"It's the white cock!" cried Fragolette.

"No matter, traitress," cried the witch in anger, "your hour is come. You must die!"

She sprang on her prey. But Fragolette, young and agile, escaped from her, opened a window and jumped out into the garden. The witch followed in a fury. But she did not manage well, for her foot caught on the window and she fell, head first, and broke out at one blow her two great tusks. In these two tusks lay all her power and life, so that only a corpse was found on the ground in the garden.

Left alone with Belèbon, Fragolette often asked herself what would become of her. She did not think of returning to her own home. She was an orphan and all must have forgotten her. To stay in the house where she had suffered so much, oh! she could not think of that either. Belèbon said nothing. He was happy at finding himself near Fragolette and did not dare consider the future.

But one day Fragolette came to him to ask for her liberty. Belèbon could not refuse her anything, but he recalled to the ungrateful girl all he had done for her, and offered her his heart with his hand.

"No," said Fragolette, "I could not marry the son of a witch."

"Go then," said poor Belèbon, "go, since nothing will keep you; but before leaving me to mourn in this house far from you, give me one proof of friendship — the only one I shall ever receive from you. Lay your hand in mine and pardon me the sin of my birth. Then we will separate like two strangers."

She held out her hand, and he took it and covered it with tears and kisses. She did not draw it away, and she regarded him with a singular glance.

"Good-by, Fragolette," said Belèbon, "you take with you my happiness and my life. Happy, a thousand times happy, will be the one to whom you shall give this hand."

"Ah, well," said she, "since you have taken it — keep it."

He raised his head, and clasped her in his arms with sobs. And she, the elf, she took his head and kissed his brow, and began to laugh and cry at once. One can never know what is passing in the heart of a woman. Two days after, they were married.

So the story finishes, but is one permitted to know what became of the couple? Did Belèbon continue the dangerous practices of his mother? Did Fragolette return with her husband to the life of common mortals? On this subject I have written to a learned Sicilian member of the Academy at Catania, Agrigente, and other places. Here is his answer: —

Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir, — In our old chronicles I find nowhere the name of Fragolette, nor that of Belèbon. But fearing this might have been from lack of knowledge, I have consulted my most learned brothers in all the academies, and the response has been that in all the races that have successively conquered Sicily, — Pelagians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, and others, one has never seen a sorcerer husband. It is then allowable to believe that once married, Belèbon has been no more than other folks.

So this is the result of my research. It appears to me wise and probable. I leave the point to my readers, especially those of the feminine gender.

LITTLE ORPHANT ALLIE.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[1853–.]

Little Orphant Allie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Allie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout! —
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Allie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched away, —
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

* * *

GRIGGSBY'S STATION.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Le's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station —
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

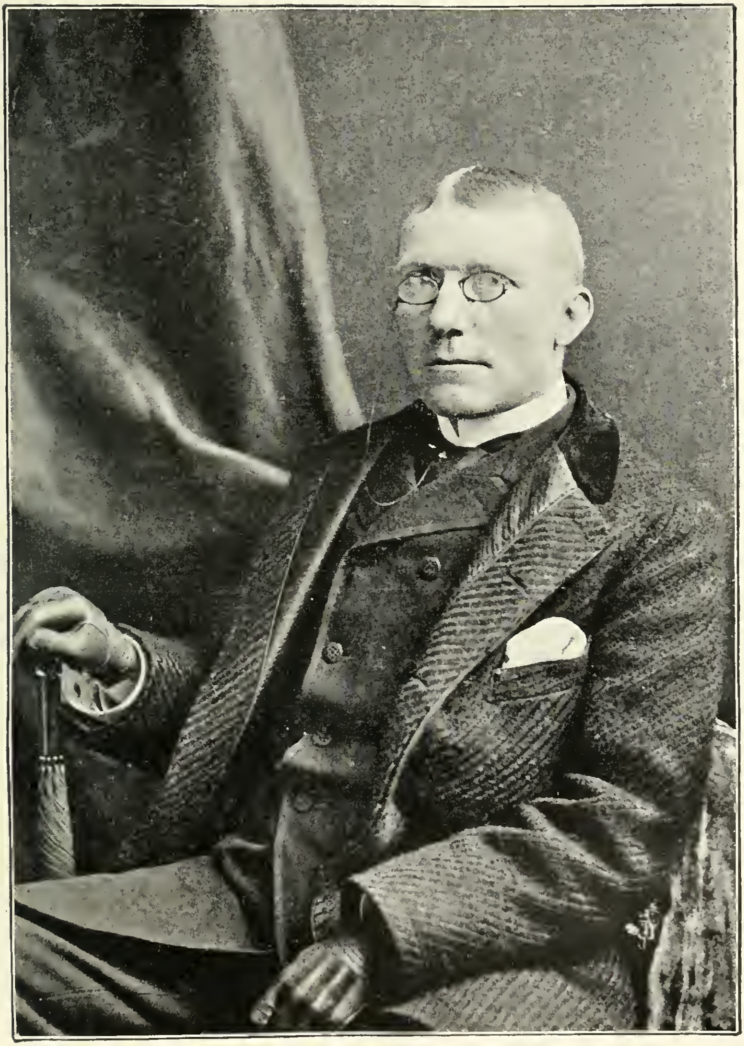
The likes of us a livin' here! It's jest a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city! city! city! —
And nothin' but the city all around us ever'wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech nor ellum tree!
And right here in earshot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us, or we want to go and see!

Le's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station —
Back where the latchstring's a hangin' from the door,
And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation —
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and bilin'
A drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sunday through;
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece quilts the Jones girls is makin';
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh a takin',
  Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Le's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station —
  Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any more;
Shet away safe in the woods around the old location —
  Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her sewin',
  And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's growin',
  And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower eighty —
  Where John our oldest boy, he was tuk and burried, — for
His own sake and Katy's, — and I want to cry with Katy
  As she reads all his letters over, writ from The War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
  And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door? —
Le's go a visitin' back to Griggsby's Station —
  Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

THE CAVE OF LIGHT.[1]

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

(From "The Great Stone of Sardis.")

[Frank Richard Stockton, American story-writer, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1834. He was a wood engraver, and became a magazine writer, mostly of humorous short stories, with half-burlesque wonder tales for children. Among his longer books are: "Rudder Grange," a series of short stories on a common thread; "The Late Mrs. Null"; "The Hundredth Man"; "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," with its sequel, "The Dusantes"; "The Merry Chanter"; "The Squirrel Inn"; "Ardis Claverden"; "The Great War Syndicate"; "The Adventures of Captain Horn," with its sequel, "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht"; and "The Great Stone of Sardis."]

On the day that Margaret left Sardis, Roland began his preparations for descending the shaft. He had so thoroughly considered the machinery and appliances necessary for the undertaking, and had worked out all his plans in such detail, in his mind and upon paper, that he knew exactly what he wanted to do. His orders for the great length of chain exhausted the stock of several manufactories, and the engines he obtained were even more powerful than he had intended them to be; but these he could procure immediately, and for smaller ones he would have been obliged to wait.

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[1] Copyright, 1897, by Harper and Brothers.

The circular car which was intended to move up and down the shaft, and the peculiar machinery connected with it, with the hoisting apparatus, were all made in his Works. His skilled artisans labored steadily day and night.

It was ten days before he was ready to make his descent. Margaret was still at the seashore. They had written to each other frequently, but neither had made mention of the great shaft. Even when he was ready to go down he said nothing to any one of any immediate intention of descending. There was a massive door which covered the mouth of the pit; this he ordered locked and went away.

The next morning he walked into the building a little earlier than was his custom, called for the engineers, and for Mr. Bryce, who was to take charge of everything connected with the descent, and announced that he was going down as soon as preparations could be made.

The door of the shaft was removed, the car, which had hung high above it, was lowered to the mouth of the opening, and Roland stepped within it and seated himself. Above him and around him were placed geological tools and instruments of many kinds; a lantern, food, and drink; everything, in fact, which he could possibly be presumed to need upon this extraordinary journey. A telephone was at his side by which he could communicate at any time with the surface of the earth. There were electric bells; there was everything to make his expedition safe and profitable. When he gave the word to start the engines, there were no ceremonies, and nothing was said out of the common.

When the conical top of the car had descended below the surface, a steel grating, with orifices for the passage of the chains, was let down over the mouth of the shaft, and the downward journey was begun. In the floor of the car were grated openings, through which Clewe could look downward; but although the shaft below him was brilliantly illuminated by electric lights placed under the car, it did not frighten him or make him dizzy to look down, for the aperture did not appear

FRANK R. STOCKTON

to be very far below him. The upper part of the car was partially open, and bright lights shone upon the sides of the shaft.

As he slowly descended, he could see the various strata appearing and disappearing in the order in which he knew them. Not far below the surface he passed cavities which he believed held water; but there was no water in them now. He had expected these, and had feared that upon their edges there might be loosened patches of rock or soil, but everything seemed tightly packed and hard. If anything had been loosened, it had gone down already.

Down, down he went until he came to the eternal rocks, where the inside of the shaft was polished as if it had been made of glass. It became warmer and warmer, but he knew that the heat would soon decrease. The character of the rocks changed, and he studied them as he went down, and continually made notes.

After a time the polished rocky sides of the shaft grew to be of a solemn sameness. Clewe ceased to take notes; he lighted a cigar and smoked. He tried to quietly imagine what he would come to when he got to the bottom; it would be some sort of a cave into which his shell had been an opening. He wondered what sort of a cave it would be, and how nigh the roof of it was from the bottom. He wondered if his gardener had remembered what he had told him about the flower beds in front of his house; he wanted certain changes made which Margaret had suggested. He tried to keep his mind on the flower beds, but it drifted away to the cave below. He began to wonder if he would come to some underground body of water where he would be drowned; but he knew that was a silly thought. If the shaft had gone through subterranean reservoirs, the water of these would have run out, and before they reached the bottom of the shaft would have dissipated into mist.

Down, down he went. He looked at his watch; he had been in that car only an hour and a half. Was that possible? He had supposed he was almost at the bottom. Suddenly he thought of the people above, and of the telephone. Why had not some of them spoken to him? It was shameful! He instantly called Bryce, and his heart leaped with joy when he heard the familiar voice in his ear. Now he talked steadily on for more than an hour. He had his gardener called, and he told him all that he wanted done in the flower beds. He gave many directions in regard to the various operations of the

Works. Things had been put back a great deal of late. He hoped soon to have everything going on in the ordinary way. There were two or three inventions in which he took particular interest, and of these he talked at great length with Mr. Bryce. Suddenly, in the midst of some talk about hollow steel rods, he told Bryce to let the engines move faster; there was no reason why the car should go so slowly.

The windlasses moved with a little more rapidity, and Clewe now turned and looked at an indicator which was placed on the side of the car, a little over his head. This instrument showed the depth to which he had descended, but he had not looked at it before, for if there should be anything which would make him nervous it would be the continual consideration of the depth to which he had descended.

The indicator showed that he had gone down fourteen and one eighth miles. Clewe turned and sat stiffly in his seat. He glanced down and saw beneath him an illuminated hole, fading away at the bottom. Then he turned to speak to Bryce, but to his surprise he could think of nothing to say. After that he lighted another cigar and sat quietly.

Some minutes passed — he did not know how many — and he looked down through the gratings at the floor of the car. The electric light streamed downward through a deep orifice, which did not fade away and end in nothing: it ended in something dark and glittering. Then, as he came nearer and nearer to this glittering thing, he saw that it was his automatic shell, lying on its side, but he could see only a part of it through the opening of the bottom of the shaft which he was descending. In an instant, as it seemed to him, the car emerged from the narrow shaft, and he seemed to be hanging in the air — at least there was nothing he could see except that great shell, lying some forty feet below him. But it was impossible that the shell should be lying on the air! He rang to stop the car.

"Anything the matter?" cried Bryce, almost at the same instant.

"Nothing at all," Clewe replied. "It's all right. I am near the bottom."

In a state of the highest nervous excitement, Clewe gazed about him. He was no longer in a shaft; but where was he? Look out on what side he would, he saw nothing but the light going out from his lamps, but which seemed to extend indefinitely all about him. There seemed to be no limit to his vision in any direction. Then he leaned over the side of his car and looked downward. There was the great shell directly under him, but under it and around it, extending as far beneath it as it extended in every other direction, was the light from his own lamps, and yet that great shell, weighing many tons, lay as if it rested upon the solid ground.

After a few moments Clewe shut his eyes; they pained him. Something seemed to be coming into them like a fine frost in a winter wind. Then he called to Bryce to let the car descend very slowly. It went down, down, gradually approaching the great shell. When the bottom of the car was within two feet of it, Clewe rang to stop. He looked down at the complicated machine he had worked upon so long, with something like a feeling of affection. This he knew, it was his own. Looking upon its familiar form, he felt that he had a companion in this region of unreality.

Pushing back the sliding door of the car, Clewe sat upon the bottom and cautiously put out his feet and legs, lowering them until they touched the shell. It was firm and solid. Although he knew it must be so, the immovability of the great mass of iron gave him a sudden shock of mysterious fear. How could it be immovable when there was nothing under it?

But he must get out of that car, he must explore, he must find out. There certainly could be no danger so long as he could cling to his shell.

He now cautiously got out of the car and let himself down upon the shell. It was not a pleasant surface to stand upon, being uneven, with great spiral ribs, and Clewe sat down upon it, clinging to it with his hands. Then he leaned over to one side and looked beneath him. The shadows of that shell went down, down, down, until it made him sick to look at it. He drew back quickly, clutched the shell with his arms, and shut his eyes. He felt as if he were about to drop with it into a measureless depth of atmosphere.

But he soon raised himself. He had not come down here to be frightened, to let his nerves run away with him. He had come to find out things. What was it that this shell rested upon? Seizing two of the ribs with a strong clutch, he let himself hang over the sides of the shell until his feet were level with its lower side. They touched something hard. He pressed them downward; it was very hard. He raised himself and stood upon the substance which supported the shell. It was as solid as any rock. He looked down and saw his shadow stretching far beneath him. It seemed as if he were standing upon petrified air. He put out one foot and he moved a little, still holding on to the shell. He walked, as if upon solid air, to the foremost end of the long projectile. It relieved him to turn his thoughts from what was around him to the familiar object. He found its conical end shattered and broken.

After a little he slowly made his way back to the other end of the shell, and now his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the great radiance about him. He thought he could perceive here and there faint indications of long, nearly horizontal lines — lines of different shades of light. Above him, as if hung in the air, was the round, dark hole through which he had descended.

He rose, took his hands from the shell, and made a few steps. He trod upon a horizontal surface, but in putting one foot forward, he felt a slight incline. It seemed to him that he was about to slip downward! Instantly he retreated to the shell and clutched it in a sudden frenzy of fear.

Standing thus, with his eyes still wandering, he heard the bell of the telephone ring. Without hesitation he mounted the shell and got into the car. Bryce was calling him.

"Come up," he said. "You have been down there long enough. No matter what you have found, it is time for you to come up."

Roland Clewe was not accustomed to receive commands, but he instantly closed the sliding door of the car, seated himself, and put his mouth to the telephone.

"All right," he said. "You can haul me up, but go very slowly at first."

The car rose. When it reached the orifice in the top of the cave of light, Clewe heard the conical steel top grate slightly as it touched its edge, for it was still swinging a little from the motion given to it by his entrance; but it soon hung perfectly vertical and went silently up the shaft.

COLONEL BRERETON'S AUNTY.[1]

By H. C. BUNNER.

(From "Short Sixes.")

[Henry Cutler Bunner: An American poet, story writer, and humorist; born in Oswego, N.Y., 1855. He was the editor of *Puck* from its inception down to the time of his death at Nutley, N.J., in 1896. Aside from his editorials, which were noteworthy for their pungency and literary form and for their sanity, he published among others, "A Woman of Honor" (1883), "Airs from Arcady" (1884), "The Midge: a Story of New York Life" (1886), "The Story of a New York House" (1887), "Short Sixes," which first appeared serially in *Puck*, etc. "The Lost Child" and "My Aromatic Uncle" are among his numerous articles written for the magazines, and he also wrote, in collaboration with Brander Matthews, "In Partnership," in 1883.]

The pleasant smell of freshly turned garden mold and of young growing things came in through the open window of the Justice of the Peace. His nasturtiums were spreading, pale and weedy — I could distinguish their strange, acrid scent from the odor of the rest of the young vegetation. The tips of the morning-glory vines, already up their strings to the height of a man's head, curled around the window frame, and beckoned to me to come out and rejoice with them in the freshness of the mild June day. It was pleasant enough inside the Justice's front parlor, with its bright ingrain carpet, its gilt clock, and its marble-topped center table. But the Justice and the five gentlemen who were paying him a business call — although it was Sunday morning — looked, the whole half-dozen of them, ill in accord with the spirit of the spring day. The Justice looked annoyed. The five assembled gentlemen looked stern.

"Well, as you say," remarked the fat little Justice, who was an Irishman, "if this divilment goes on ——"

"It's not a question of going on, Mr. O'Brien," broke in Alfred Winthrop; "it has gone on too long."

Alfred is a little inclined to be arrogant with the unwinthropian world; and, moreover, he was rushing the season in a very grand suit of white flannels. He looked rather too much of a lord of creation for a democratic community. Antagonism lit the Justice's eye.

"I'm afraid we've got to do it, O'Brien," I interposed

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[1] Copyright, 1891, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

hastily. The Justice and I are strong political allies. He was mollified.

"Well, well," he assented; "let's have him up and see what he's got to say for himself. Mike!" he shouted out the window, "bring up Colonel Brereton!"

Colonel Brereton had appeared in our village about a year before that Sunday. Why he came, whence he came, he never deigned to say. But he made no secret of the fact that he was an unreconstructed Southron. He had a little money when he arrived—enough to buy a tiny one-story house on the outskirts of the town. By vocation he was a lawyer, and, somehow or other, he managed to pick up enough to support him in his avocation, which, we soon found out, was that of village drunkard. In this capacity he was a glorious, picturesque, and startling success. Saturated with cheap whisky, he sat all day long in the barroom or on the porch of the village groggery, discoursing to the neighborhood loafers of the days befo' the wah, when he had a vast plantation in "Firginia"—"and five hundred niggehs, seh."

So long as the Colonel's excesses threatened only his own liver, no one interfered with him. But on the night before we called upon the Justice, the Colonel, having brooded long over his wrongs at the hands of the Yankees, and having made himself a reservoir of cocktails, decided to enter his protest against the whole system of free colored labor by cutting the liver out of every negro in the town; and he had slightly lacerated Winthrop's mulatto coachman before a delegation of citizens fell upon him, and finding him unwilling to relinquish his plan, placed him for the night in the lockup in Squire O'Brien's cellar.

We waited for the Colonel. From under our feet suddenly arose a sound of scuffling and smothered imprecations. A minute later, Mike, the herculean son of the Justice, appeared in the doorway, bearing a very small man hugged to his breast as a baby hugs a doll.

"Let me down, seh!" shouted the Colonel. Mike set him down, and he marched proudly into the room, and seated himself with dignity and firmness on the extreme edge of a chair.

The Colonel was very small indeed for a man of so much dignity. He could not have been more than five foot one or two; he was slender—but his figure was shapely and supple. He was unquestionably a handsome man, with fine, thin features and an aquiline profile — like a miniature Henry Clay. His hair was snow white — prematurely, no doubt — and at the first glance you thought he was clean shaven. Then you saw that there was scarcely a hair on his cheeks, and that only the finest imaginable line of snowy white mustaches curled down his upper lip. His skin was smooth as a baby's and of the color of old ivory. His teeth, which he was just then exhibiting in a sardonic smile, were white, small, even. But if he was small, his carriage was large and military. There was something military, too, about his attire. He wore a high collar, a long blue frock coat, and tight, light gray trousers with straps. That is, the coat had once been blue, the trousers once light gray, but they were now of many tints and tones, and, at that exact moment, they had here and there certain peculiar high lights of whitewash.

The Colonel did not wait to be arraigned. Sweeping his black piercing eye over our little group, he arraigned *us*.

"Well, *gentlemen*," with keen irony in his tone, "I reckon you think you've done a right smart thing, getting the Southern gentleman in a hole? A pro-*dee*-gious fine thing, I reckon, since it's kept you away from chu'ch. *Baptis*' church, I believe?" This was to poor Canfield, who was suspected of having been of that communion in his youth, and of being much ashamed of it after his marriage to an aristocratic Episcopalian. "Nice Sunday mo'ning to worry a Southern gentleman! Gentleman who's owned a plantation that you could stick this hyeh picayune town into one co'neh of! Owned mo' niggehs than you eveh saw. Robbed of his land and his niggehs by you Yankee gentlemen. Drinks a little wine to make him fo'get what he's suffehed. Gets ovehtaken. Tries to avenge an insult to his honah. Put him in a felon's cell and whitewash his gyarments. And now you come hyeh — you come hyeh — " here his eye fell with deep disapproval upon Winthrop's white flannels — "you come hyeh in youh underclothes, and you want to have him held fo' Special Sessions."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Brereton," Winthrop interposed; "if we can have your promise —— "

"I will promise you nothing, seh!" thundered the Colonel, who had a voice like a church organ, whenever he chose to use it; "I will make no conventions with you! I will put no restrictions on my right to defend my honah. Put me in youh felon's cell. I will rot in youh infehnal dungeons ; but I will make no conventions with you. You can put me in striped breeches, but you cyan't put my honah in striped breeches ! "

"That settles it," said the Justice.

"And all," continued the Colonel, oratorically, "and all this hyeh fuss and neglect of youh religious duties, fo' one of the cheapest and most o'nery niggehs I eveh laid eyes on. Why, I wouldn't have given one hundred dollahs fo' that niggeh befo' the wah. No, seh, I give you my wo'd, that niggeh ain't wo'th ninety dollahs ! "

"Mike ! " said the Justice, significantly. The Colonel arose promptly, to insure a voluntary exit. He bowed low to Winthrop.

"Allow me to hope, seh," he said, "that you won't catch cold." And with one lofty and comprehensive salute he marched haughtily back to his dungeon, followed by the towering Mike.

The Justice sighed. An elective judiciary has its trials, like the rest of us. It is hard to commit a voter of your own party for Special Sessions. However — "I'll drive him over to Court in the morning," said the little Justice.

* * * * * * *

I was sitting on my veranda that afternoon, reading. Hearing my name softly spoken, I looked up and saw the largest and oldest negress I had ever met. She was at least six feet tall, well built but not fat, full black, with carefully dressed gray hair. I knew at once from her neat dress, her well-trained manner, the easy deference of the courtesy she dropped me, that she belonged to the class that used to be known as "house darkies" — in contradistinction to the field hands.

"I understand, seh," she said in a gentle, low voice, "that you gentlemen have got Cunnle Bre'eton jailed ? "

She had evidently been brought up among educated Southerners, for her grammar was good and her pronunciation correct, according to Southern standards. Only once or twice did she drop into negro talk.

I assented.

"How much will it be, seh, to get him out ? " She produced a fat roll of twenty and fifty dollar bills. "I do fo' Cunnle Bre'eton," she explained ; "I have always done fo' him. I was his Mammy when he was a baby."

I made her sit down — when she did there was modest deprecation in her attitude — and I tried to explain the situation to her.

"You may go surety for Colonel Brereton," I said; "but he is certain to repeat the offense."

"No, seh," she replied in her quiet, firm tone; "the Cunnle won't make any trouble when I'm here to do fo' him."

"You were one of his slaves?"

"No, seh. Cunnle Bre'eton neveh had any slaves, seh. His father, Majah Bre'eton, he had slaves one time, I guess, but when the Cunnle was bo'n, he was playing kyards fo' a living, and he had only me. When the Cunnle's mother died, Majah Bre'eton he went to Mizzoura, and he put the baby in my ahms, and he said to me, 'Sabrine,' he sez, 'you do fo' him.' And I've done fo' him eveh since. Sometimes he gets away from me, and then he gets kind o' wild. He was in Sandusky a year, and in Chillicothe six months, and he was in Tiffin once, and one time in a place in the state of Massachusetts — I disremembeh the name. This is the longest time he eveh got away from me. But I always find him, and then he's all right."

"But you have to deal with a violent man."

"The Cunnle won't be violent with me, seh."

"But you're getting old, Aunty — how old?"

"I kind o' lost count since I was seventy-one, seh. But I'm right spry yet."

"Well, my good woman," I said decisively, "I can't take the responsibility of letting the Colonel go at large unless you give me some better guarantee of your ability to restrain him. What means have you of keeping him in hand?"

She hesitated a long time, smoothing the folds of her neat alpaca skirt with her strong hands. Then she said: —

"Well, seh, I wouldn't have you say anything about it, fo' feah of huhting Cunnle Bre'eton's feelings; but when he gets that way, I jes' nachully tuhn him up and spank him. I've done it eveh since he was a baby," she continued apologetically, "and it's the only way. But you won't say anything about it, seh? The Cunnle's powerful sensitive."

I wrote a brief note to the Justice. I do not know what legal formalities he dispensed with; but that afternoon the Colonel was free. Aunt Sabrine took him home, and he went to bed for two days while she washed his clothes. The next week he appeared in a complete new outfit — in cut and color the counterpart of its predecessor.

* * * * * * *

Here began a new era for the Colonel. He was no longer the town drunkard. Aunty Sabrine "allowanced" him — one cocktail in the "mo'ning"; a "ho'n" at noon, and one at night. On this diet he was a model of temperance. If occasionally he essayed a drinking bout, Aunty Sabrine came after him at eve, and led him home. From my window I sometimes saw the steady big figure and the wavering little one going home over the crest of the hill, equally black in their silhouettes against the sunset sky.

What happened to the Colonel we knew not. No man saw him for two days. Then he emerged — with unruffled dignity. The two always maintained genuine Southern relations. He called her his damn black nigger — and would have killed any man who spoke ill of her. She treated him with the humble and deferential familiarity of a "mammy" toward "young mahse."

For herself, Aunty Sabrine won the hearts of the town. She was an ideal washerwoman, an able temporary cook in domestic *interregna*, a tender and wise nurse, and a genius at jam and jellies. The Colonel, too, made money in his line, and put it faithfully into the common fund.

In March of the next year, I was one of a Reform Town Committee, elected to oust the usual local ring. We discharged the inefficient Town Counsel, who had neglected our interests in a lot of suits brought by swindling road contractors. Aunty Sabrine came to me, and solemnly nominated Colonel Brereton for the post. "He is sho'ly a fine loyyeh," she said.

I know not whether it was the Great American sense of humor, or the Great American sense of fairness, but we engaged the Colonel, conditionally.

He was a positive, a marvelous, an incredible success, and he won every suit.. Perhaps he did not know much law; but he was the man of men for country judges and juries. Nothing like his eloquence had ever before been heard in the county. He argued, he cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded, he thundered, he exploded, he confused, he blazed, he fairly dazzled — for silence stunned you when the Colonel ceased to speak, as the lightning blinds your eyes long after it has vanished.

The Colonel was utterly incapable of seeing any but his own side of the case. I remember a few of his remarks concerning Finnegan, the contractor, who was suing for $31.27 payments withheld.

"Fohty yahds!" the Colonel roared: "fohty yahds! This hyeh man Finnegan, this hyeh cock-a-doodle-doo, he goes along this hyeh road, and he casts his eye oveh this hyeh excavation, and he comes hyeh and sweahs it's fohty yahds good measure. Does he take a tape measure and measure it? NO! Does he even pace it off with those hyeh corkscrew legs of his that he's trying to hide under his chaiah? NO!! He says, 'I'm Finnegan, and this hyeh's fohty yahds,' and off he sashays up the hill, wondering wheah Finnegan's going to bring up when he's walked off the topmost peak of the snow-clad Himalayas of human omniscience! And this hyeh man, this hyeh insult to humanity in a papeh collah, he comes hyeh, to this august tribunal, and he asks you, gentlemen of the jury, to let him rob you of the money you have earned in the sweat of youh brows, to take the bread out of the mouths of the children whom youh patient and devoted wives have bohne to you in pain *and* anguish — but I say to you, *gen—tel—men* — (*suddenly exploding*) HIS PAPEH COLLAH SHALL ROAST IN HADES BEFO' I WILL BE A PAHTY TO THIS HYEH INFAMY!"

Finnegan was found in hiding in his cellar when his counsel came to tell him that he could not collect his $31.27. "Bedad, is *that* all?" he gasped; "I t'ought I'd get six mont's."

People flocked from miles about to hear the Colonel. Recalcitrant jurymen were bribed to service by the promise of a Brereton case on the docket. His performances were regarded in the light of a free show, and a verdict in his favor was looked upon as a graceful gratuity.

He made money — and he gave it meekly to Aunty Sabrine.

* * * * * * *

It was the night of the great blizzard; but there was no sign of cold or wind when I looked out, half an hour after midnight, before closing my front door. I heard the drip of water from the trees, I saw a faint mist rising from the melting snow. At the foot of my lawn I dimly saw the Colonel's familiar figure marching homeward from some political meeting preliminary to Tuesday's election. His form was erect, his step steady. He swung his little cane and whistled as he walked. I was proud of the Colonel.

An hour later the storm was upon us. By noon of Monday Alfred Winthrop's house, two hundred yards away, might as well have been two thousand, so far as getting to it, or even seeing it, was concerned. Tuesday morning the snow had stopped, and we looked out over a still and shining deluge with sparkling fringes above the blue hollows of its frozen waves. Across it roared an icy wind, bearing almost invisible diamond dust to fill irritated eyes and throats. The election was held that day. The result was to be expected. All the "hard" citizens were at the polls. Most of the reformers were stalled in railroad trains. The Reform Ticket failed of reëlection, and Colonel Brereton's term of office was practically at an end.

I was outdoors most of the day, and that night, when I awoke about three o'clock, suddenly and with a shock, thinking I had heard Aunty Sabrine's voice crying: "Cunnle! wheah are you, Cunnle?" my exhausted brain took it for the echo of a dream. I must have dozed for an hour before I sprang up with a certainty in my mind that I had heard her voice in very truth. Then I hurried on my clothes, and ran to Alfred Winthrop's. He looked incredulous; but he got into his boots like a man. We found Aunty Sabrine, alive but unconscious, on the crest of the hill. When we had secured an asylum for her, we searched for the Colonel. The next day we learned that he had heard the news of the election and had boarded a snow-clearing train that was returning to the Junction.

It was a week before Aunty Sabrine recovered. When I asked her if she was going to look for the Colonel, she answered with gentle resignation: —

"No, seh. I'm 'most too old. I'll stay hyeh, wheah he knows wheah to find me. He'll come afteh me, sho'."

* * * * * * *

Sixteen months passed and he did not come. Then, one evening, a summer walk took me by the little house. I heard a voice I could not forget.

"Hyeh, you black niggeh, get along with that suppeh, or I come in theah and cut youh damn haid off!"

Looking up, I saw Colonel Brereton, a little the worse for wear, seated on the snake fence. No . . . he was not seated; he was hitched on by the crook of his knees, his toes braced against the inside of the lower rail. His coat tails hung in the vacant air.

He descended, a little stiffly, I thought, and greeted me cordially, with affable dignity. His manner somehow implied that it was *I* who had been away.

He insisted on my coming into his front yard and sitting down on the bench by the house, while he condescendingly and courteously inquired after the health of his old friends and neighbors. I stayed until supper was announced. The Colonel was always the soul of hospitality; but on this occasion he did not ask me to join him. And I reflected, as I went away, that although he had punctiliously insisted on my sitting down, the Colonel had remained standing during our somewhat protracted conversation.

JIM BLUDSO.[1]

BY JOHN HAY.

[1838–.]

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the "Prairie Belle"?

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river
  To mind the pilot's bell;

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[1] Published by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

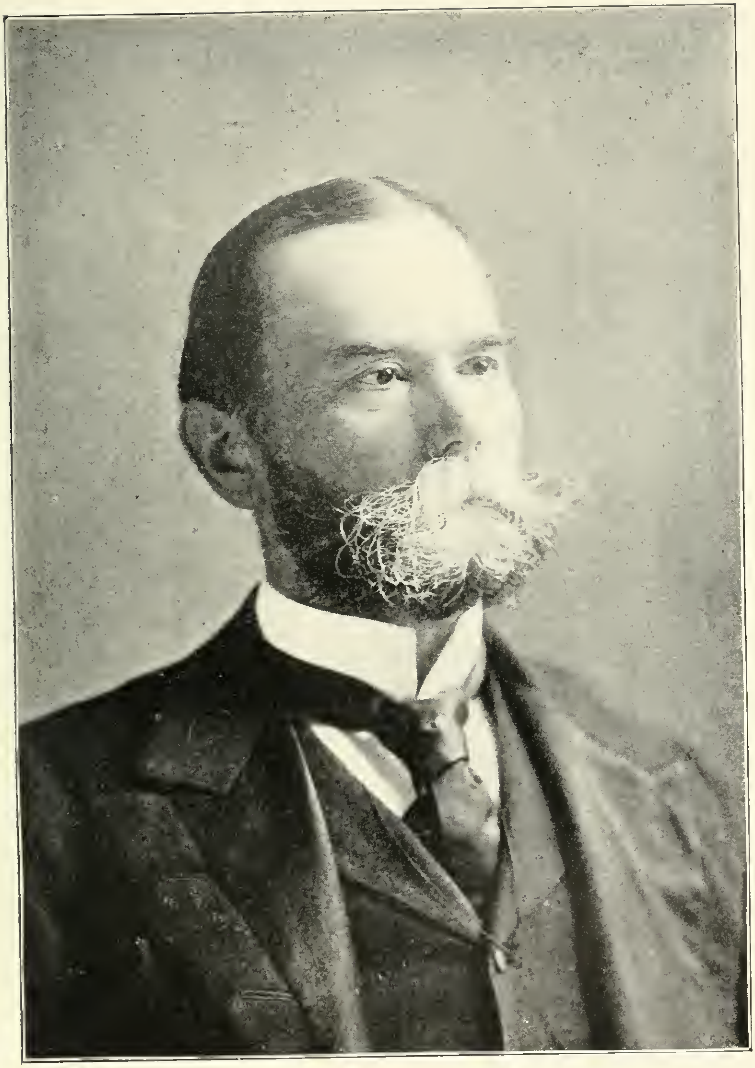
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,—
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last,—
The "Movastar" was a better boat,
  But the "Belle" she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
  The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For that willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.



JOHN HAY

THE ARMENIAN HORRORS.[1]

By WILLIAM WATSON.

(From "The Purple East.")

[1856-.]

Never, O craven England, nevermore
Prate thou of generous effort, righteous aim!
Betrayer of a People, know thy shame!
Summer hath passed, and Autumn's threshing floor
Been winnowed; Winter at Armenia's door
Snarls like a wolf; and still the sword and flame
Sleep not; thou only sleepest; and the same
Cry unto heaven ascends as heretofore;
And the red stream thou mightst have stanched yet runs;
And o'er the earth there sounds no trumpet's tone
To shake the ignoble torpor of thy sons;
But with indifferent eyes they watch, and see
Hell's regent sitting yonder, propped by thee,
Abdul the Damned, on his infernal throne.

You in high places; you that drive the steeds
Of empire; you that say unto our hosts
"Go thither," and they go; and from our coasts
Bid sail the squadrons, and they sail, their deeds
Shaking the world: lo! from the land that pleads
For mercy where no mercy is, the ghosts
Look in upon you faltering at your posts —
Upbraid you parleying while a People bleeds
To death. What stays the thunder in your hand?
A fear for England? Can her pillared fame
Only on faith forsworn securely stand?

On faith forsworn that murders babes and men?
Are such the terms of glory's tenure? Then
Fall her accursed greatness, in God's name!
Heaped in their ghastly graves they lie, the breeze
Sickening o'er fields where others vainly wait
For burial; and the butchers keep high state
In silken palaces of perfumed ease.
The panther of the desert, matched with these,
Is pitiful; beside their lust and hate,
Fire and plague wind are compassionate,

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[1] By permission of Mr. John Lane. (Fcap. 8vo. Price 1s. net.)

And soft the deadliest fangs of ravening seas.
How long shall they be borne? Is not the cup
Of crime yet full? Doth devildom still lack
Some consummating crown, that we hold back
The scourge, and in Christ's borders give them room?
How long shall they be borne, O England? Up,
Tempest of God, and sweep them to their doom!

* * *

MIRZA-SCHAFFY, THE WISE MAN OF GJÄNDSHA.

By FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.

(From "A Thousand and One Days in the East": translated by Richard Waddington.)

[Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt: A German poet; born at Peine in Hanover, April 22, 1819; died at Wiesbaden, April 18, 1892. He studied at Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin; was a tutor at Moscow, where he made a study of Slav languages; traveled in the Crimea, Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor; was professor of Slav languages and Old English in the University of Munich, and meanwhile published many translations from Slavonic poets. His most popular work, "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," was published in 1851, and reached its 143d edition in 1893. It was for some time supposed to be a translation from the Tartar, but was in reality original with Bodenstedt. The greater part of his works consists of translations, but he also wrote several volumes of poetry, including dramas and romances. Among his writings are: "Thousand and One Days in the East" (1850), "From the Posthumous Works of Mirza-Schaffy" (1874), "From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean" (1882), and "Recollections of my Life."]

Some Moscow friends, who had followed the new Governor into Georgia, paid me the compliment of celebrating my arrival at the old town of the Kyros, by a cheerful banquet. And by way of giving me a foretaste of Georgian life, all the arrangements of the table were made in the Asiatic style.

Young Georgians, in picturesque costume, served the viands; a slender Armenian presented, in gigantic buffalo horns embellished with silver, the fiery, blood-red wine of Kachetos; a Persian minstrel in blue Talar and lofty pyramidal cap, with a shrewd and finely molded face, and the tips of his fingers painted blue, played on the Tshengjir, and sang to it the lovely odes of Hafiz.

On whatever side I turned my astonished eye, I discovered something new and surprising. I really lived through one of the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights," which I had so often read and dreamed over in my childhood. In exhilarating succession we were entertained with eating, laughing, narrating, playing, and singing, but most of all — drinking.

Wonderfully did the love-inspiring songs of the bard of Shiraz entrance us with their minstrel tones; brighter and brighter beamed from within the reflection of the blood-red Kachetish wine in the faces of the guests; its fire had also its effect on me, but my exhausted frame longed for repose. For a fortnight I had not seen a bed, and had spent the damp nights partly on the saddle, partly on miserable carpets in more miserable mountain huts. Tired out with travel, my eyes closed again and again; and when I could no longer resist the inroads of sleep, I left the company in order to retire to my dwelling.

It was only when I rose to depart that I felt the full influence of the wine, and this in my legs more than in my head; for the Kachetish wine has the peculiarity of never producing headache, whereas it oppresses the lower part of the body with singular heaviness. I certainly should never have reached my destination, had not some of the gentlemen taken me under their friendly care, and led me through the unpaved, dog-howling streets of Tiflis, in safety to my dwelling.

It was a moonlight, fragrant night; one of those magical nights that are only to be seen under a Georgian sky, where the moon shines so clear, its luster seems more like a sunlight softened down by some mystic fairy-woven veil.

The long walk through the cool night air had somewhat refreshed and revived me; with ineffable alluringness did the stars twinkle down from the crystal sky; in the distance the crescent-shaped summit of Kasbék rose upwards like a spirit into the night; deep lay the city beneath me in legendary beauty; and between them the Kyros rolled his glancing waves.

A strong temptation offered itself to me of enjoying the lovely landscape before my windows for a moment longer; a door led out of my chamber to a high gallery running round the house. I had not observed that the gallery, quite a new erection, was only partially completed, whilst in several places the boards lay unjoined and unfastened on the beams that formed the basis of the superstructure. After considerable exertion I opened the door leading to the gallery — the verses of Pushkin were humming in my head: —

> On Grusia's hilltops nightly darkness lies,
> Before me Kyros' waves are foaming, etc.

I stepped out, the board on which I trod tottered beneath my feet — a shock — a shriek — and bleeding and moaning, I lay in the court below.

Of the immediate consequences of this fall, which had nearly cost me my life, I will be silent; for to keep a journal of one's sufferings is to suffer doubly. Suffice it to say that I was dangerously injured in several parts of my body, and that it required a painful cure and careful nursing, before I was again sufficiently recovered to divert myself with reading and study.

My first object in Georgia was to secure an instructor in Tartar, that I might learn as quickly as possible a language so indispensably necessary in the countries of the Caucasus.

Accident favored my choice, for my learned teacher Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he styles himself, is, according to his own opinion, the wisest withal of men.

Properly, with the modesty peculiar to his nation, he only calls himself the first wise man of the East; but as, according to his estimation the children of the West are yet living in darkness and unbelief, it is a matter of course with him that he soars above us in wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, he indulges the hope that, thanks to his endeavors, the illumination and wisdom of the East will also in the progress of years actually spread amongst us. I am already the fifth scholar, he tells me, who has made a pilgrimage to him, for the purpose of participating in his instructions. He argues from this that the need of traveling to Tiflis and listening to Mirza-Schaffy's sayings of wisdom is ever becoming more vividly felt by us. My four predecessors, he is further of opinion, have since their return into the West promoted, to the best of their ability, the extension of oriental civilization amongst their races. But of me he formed quite peculiar hopes; very likely because I paid him a silver ruble for each lesson, which I understand is an unusually high premium for the Wise Man of Gjändsha.

It was always most incomprehensible to him, how *we* can call ourselves wise or learned, and travel over the world with these titles, before we even understand the sacred languages.

Nevertheless he very readily excused these pretensions in me, inasmuch as I was at least ardently endeavoring to acquire these languages, but above all because I had made the lucky hit of choosing him for my teacher.

The advantages of this lucky hit he had his own peculiar way of making intelligible to me. "I, Mirza-Schaffy," said he, "am the first wise man of the East! consequently thou, as my disciple, art the second. But thou must not misunderstand me; I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, a very wise man, who is certainly not the third among the learned of the land.

"If I were not alive, and Omar-Effendi were thy teacher, then he would be the first, and thou, as his disciple, the second wise man!" After such an effusion, it was always the custom of Mirza-Schaffy to point with his forefinger to the forehead, at the same time giving me a sly look, whereupon, according to rule, I nodded knowingly to him in mute reciprocation.

That the Wise Man of Gjändsha knew how to render his vast superiority in the highest degree palpable to any one who might have any misgiving on the point, he once showed me by a striking example.

Among the many learned rivals who envied the lessons of Mirza-Schaffy, the most conspicuous was Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. He named himself after this city, because he had there pursued his studies in Arabic; from which he inferred that he must possess more profound accomplishments than Mirza-Schaffy, whom he told me he considered a Jschekj, an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "The fellow cannot even write decently," Jussuf informed me of my reverend Mirza, "and he cannot sing at all! Now I ask thee: What is knowledge without writing? What is wisdom without song? What is Mirza-Schaffy in comparison with me?"

In this way he was continually plying me with perorations of confounding force, wherein he gave especial prominence to the beauty of his name Jussuf, which Moses of old had celebrated, and Hafiz sung of in lovely strains; he exerted all his acuteness to evince to me that a name is not an empty sound, but that the significance attached to a great or beautiful name is inherited in more or less distinction by the latest bearers of this name. He, Jussuf, for example, was a perfect model of the Jussuf of the land of Egypt, who walked in chastity before Potiphar, and in wisdom before the Lord.

On one of these occasions, as he was about to furnish me with new proofs of his excellence, a measured clatter of slippers in the anteroom announced the arrival of my reverend teacher. He left the high slippers behind at the door according to the custom of the country, and with neat stockings, worked of various colors, stepped into the room.

He appeared to comprehend the cause of my visitor's presence, for with a contemptuous glance, at which Jussuf suddenly became quite timid, he surveyed the latter from head to foot, and was about to give expression to his feelings, when I interrupted him with the words : —

"Mirza-Schaffy, Wise Man of Gjändsha, what have my ears heard ! Thou undertakest to teach me, and canst neither write nor sing ; thou art a Jschekj among the bearers of wisdom, — so says Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad ! "

The indignation of Mirza-Schaffy's countenance acquired by degrees an expression of perfect scorn ; he clapped his hands — a sign at which my servant usually brought him a fresh pipe ; but this time Mirza-Schaffy asked for his thick-soled slippers. His request being immediately obeyed, he took one of them, and with it so unmercifully belabored the Wise Man of Bagdad, that the latter vainly sought to avoid his punishment by the most suppliant actions and entreaties. Mirza-Schaffy was inexorable.

" What, — thou wilt be wiser than I ? I cannot sing, dost thou say ? Wait, — I will make music for thee ! And I cannot write either ? Thy head shall answer for it! "

And a blow on the head followed the word. Whimpering and wailing, the Wise Man of Bagdad staggered beneath the strokes of the Wise Man of Gjändsha, and stumbled through the anteroom, and down the staircase.

From the contest of wisdom, which he had conducted to so triumphant an issue, Mirza-Schaffy turned away in greater tranquillity than I had expected. He exhorted me to continue faithfully under his instruction, and to lend no ear to such false teachers as Jussuf and his fellows.

"There will more of them come yet," he continued, "but thou must turn thy face away from them, for thou art wiser than they all. What says the Poet : 'He who cannot read would become Grand Vizier! ' So it is with these people, who can neither read nor sing. Their covetousness is greater than their wisdom ; they do not care to teach thee, but to rob thee. Appetite is behind their teeth."

And therewith he showed me his white teeth, and turned his high Phrygian cap on one side, as he usually does when his head is fresh shaved; for then he considers himself irresistible, and believes he awakens love in all women, and satisfaction in all men.

I knew his weakness, and every time he showed me his fresh-shaved head, I exclaimed: —

"How beautiful thou art, Mirza-Schaffy!"

This evening, notwithstanding the vehement affair of the slipper, he appeared to be in an unusually tender mood, and for the first time since our acquaintance he allowed himself to be prevailed on to take wine with me — a temptation he had hitherto carefully avoided on every occasion; not so much perhaps out of overgreat scrupulousness, as because he was afraid I might afterwards relate it among the people of the West, and so his reputation as a teacher of wisdom be slightly endangered. But in the throng of emotions, he was unable to resist the entreaty; he drank a glass, and then a second, and after that a third; and the wine loosened his tongue, and he became so affable and confiding as I had never seen him before.

"What says Hafiz?" he cried, with a smirkish look: —

"The drink of the wise is wine,
All goodness and virtue unfolding,
For round it circle and shine
Spirits of highest molding!

"In fact," he continued, "the pleasure of wine is a stone of stumbling only to the dull crowd. We, as philosophers, what need have we to trouble ourselves about the Koran? All wise men and poets have praised wine — are we to bring shame on their words?"

And to prove to me that his philosophy did not date from yesterday, he favored me with a song, which he asserted he had sent ten years ago to the house of a pious Mullah, who had derided him on account of his love for wine: —

"Mullah! wine is pure,
To revile it's a sin —
Shouldst thou censure my word,
Mayst thou see truth therein!

"No devotion has me
To the mosque led to pray;
But drunken and free
I have erred from the way!"

Glass followed glass, and song, song; but all at once, to my astonishment, the eye of the Mirza grew dim; he fell into a reverie, and stared sadly before him. He sat so for a long while, and I did not venture to disturb his silent contemplation. It was only when again he opened his mouth, and sang these words in a plaintive tone: —

"Oh, me! my heart Love's anguish has riven,
Ask not: for whom?
To me the pain of parting was given,
Ask not: by whom?"

that I interrupted him with the sympathizing question: —

"Art thou in love, Mirza-Schaffy?"

He looked at me, sorrowfully shaking his head; and then began to sing another song, I think of Hafiz: —

"Art thou treading Love's pathway, the sad and unending,
Hoping only in Death, in the all-comprehending!" etc.

He hummed the song through, and then turned to me and said: —

"No, I am not in love now, but I was in love once, as never man has been!"

THE SPECTER CARAVAN.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[Ferdinand Freiligrath, noted German lyric poet, was born at Detmold, June 17, 1810. He was destined for a mercantile life, but the success of his first volume of poems induced him to take up literature as a profession. In consequence of the political sentiments expressed in "Mein Glaubensbekenntniss" ("My Creed"), he was forced to leave the country, and went first to Belgium, and then to Switzerland and England. He returned to Germany in 1848, but again fled to London, where he remained until 1868. He eventually settled at

Stuttgart, and died at Cannstatt, March 18, 1876. Chief amongst his poems are: "The Revolution," "Ça Ira!" "Political and Social Poems"; besides translations of Burns, of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and many English poems.]

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretched
around;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold! — a sudden sandquake, — and between the earth and
moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was — "Allah Akbar! 'tis the Specter Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their
hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sumless as the
sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all the plains;
Yea! the ghastly camel bones arose, and grew to camel trains;
And the whirling column clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs, —
Here afoot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had
sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more forever! — still they swept in pomp along,
Till I asked me, — Can the Desert hold so vast a muster throng?

Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades
waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeb Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

"Courage comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west, —
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson
vest, —
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor winds of Morn!"

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

[Otto Edouard Leopold, Prince von Bismarck: A famous Prussian statesman and diplomat; born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. In 1847 he entered the Prussian Landtag. In 1851 he was Prussian ambassador at Frankfort; in 1859 ambassador to Russia; in 1862 ambassador to France. In 1862 he became Prussian minister of foreign affairs. In 1867 he was made chancellor of the North German Confederation, and in 1871 the first chancellor of the German empire. On March 18, 1890, soon after the accession of William II., he resigned from office and thereafter lived in retirement until his death, July 30, 1898. A collection of his letters was published during his lifetime. His memoirs were announced, in August, 1898, for simultaneous publication in the German, English, and French languages.]

To Freiherr von Schleinitz.

Petersburg, *May* 12, 1859.

I have brought away, as the result of my experience, from the eight years of my official life at Frankfort, the conviction that the present arrangements of the Bund form for Prussia an oppressive and, in critical times, a perilous tie, without affording us in exchange the same equivalents which Austria derives from them, while she retains at the same time a much greater freedom of separate action. The two Powers are not measured by the princes and governments of the smaller states with the same measure; the interpretation of the objects and laws of the Bund are modified according to the requirements of the Austrian policy. . . . *Invariably we found ourselves confronted by the same compact majority, the same demand on Prussia's compliance.* In the Eastern question, Austria's specific weight proved itself so superior to ours that even the unison of the wishes and inclinations of the allied governments, with the endeavors of Prussia, could only oppose to her a temporarily resisting dam. Almost without exception, our allies gave us then to understand, or even openly declared, that they were powerless to uphold the Bund with us, if Austria meant to go her own way, although it is indubitable that the laws of the Bund and true German interests were on the side of our peaceful policy; this was, at any rate at that time, the opinion of almost all the allied princes. Would these ever in a similar manner sacrifice their own inclinations and interests to the needs or even to the security of Prussia? Certainly not, since their attachment to Austria rests predominantly on false interests, which dictate to both sides a united front against Prussia, the repression of all progressive development of Prussia's power and influence as a lasting basis of their common policy. The completion of the present formation of the Bund, by placing Austria at its head, is the natural aim of the policy of the German princes and their ministers. This can only be achieved in their sense at the expense of Prussia, and is necessarily directed against her alone, as long as Prussia will not limit herself to the useful task of insuring her allies, who have an equal interest and duty in the matter as herself, against too great a preponderance on the part of Austria, and to bear, with never-failing complacency and devotion to the wishes of the majority, the disproportion of her duties to her rights in the Bund. This tendency of the policy of the middle States will reappear with the constancy of the magnet after every transitory oscillation, because it represents no arbitrary product of single circumstances or persons, but forms for the smaller States a natural and necessary result of the conditions of the Bund. We have no means of coming to a satisfactory and reliable arrangement with her within the circle of the present Diet treaties.

Since the time our allies in the Bund, nine years ago, commenced, under Austria's leadership, to bring to the light of day, from the hitherto disregarded arsenal of the fundamental laws of the Bund, such principles as can promote their system; and since the time the resolutions, which could only have significance in the sense of their originators, so far as they were supported by the agreement of Prussia and Austria, were attempted to be worked with the object of keeping Prussian policy in a state of tutelage, we have had to experience uninterruptedly the pressure of the situation in which we have been placed by the conditions of the Bund and its eventual historical development. We had to tell ourselves, however, that in quiet and regular times we might indeed, with able management, weaken the evil in its consequences, though we could do nothing to effect a cure; while, in dangerous times like the present, it is only too natural that the other side, which finds itself in possession of all the advantages of the arrangements, willingly admits that much irregularity has occurred, but declares, "in the general interest," the present moment utterly unsuited to bring bygone matters and "internal" disputes into discussion. For us, however, an opportunity, if we leave the present one unused, will perhaps not turn up again so soon, and we must afterwards once more resignedly confine ourselves to the fact that in more orderly times the matter admits of no alteration.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has taken up a position which has the undivided applause of all those who are capable of entertaining any judgment concerning Prussian policy, and who do not allow their view of it to be dimmed by party passions. With respect to this position, a part of our allies of the Bund seek by inconsiderate and fanatical endeavors to lead us astray. If the statesmen of Bamberg are so wantonly ready to follow the first impulse of the war cry of the indiscriminating and changeable opinion of the hour, they do so perhaps not without the secret thought of the facility with which a small State can, in case of need, change its colors. But when they want, at the same time, to avail themselves of the arrangements of the Bund to send a power like Prussia under fire, if we are expected to stake our lives and property for the political wisdom and thirst for action of governments to whose existence our protection is indispensable; if these States want to give us the directing impulse, and if, as a means to this end, they contemplate *theories of the rights of the Bund, the recognition of which would put an end to all independence of Prussian policy;* then, in my judgment, if we do not want to surrender altogether, it will be time to remember that the leaders who expect us to follow them serve other interests than those of Prussia, and that they so understand the cause of Germany, which they are always talking about, that it cannot, at the same time, be the cause of Prussia.

I am going, perhaps, too far in expressing the view that we ought to seize upon every legitimate occasion which our allies offer us, to attain that revision of our mutual relations which Prussia needs that she may be able to live permanently in orderly relations with the smaller German States. I think we should readily take up the gauntlet, and should look upon it as no misfortune, but as an improving step of the crisis toward convalescence, were a majority in Frankfort to arrive at a resolution in which we perceive an overstepping of its competency, an arbitrary alteration of the object for which the Bund exists, and a breach of the treatise in connection with the Bund. *The more unequivocally such a violation comes to light the better.* In Austria, France, Russia, we shall not easily find the conditions again so favorable for allowing us an improvement of our position in Germany, and our allies of the Bund are on the best road to afford us a perfectly just occasion for it, and without even our aiding their arrogance. Even the *Kreutz Zeitung*, as I see by last Sunday's copy, is startled at the idea that a Frankfort majority could without further ado dispose of the Prussian army. *Not only in this paper* have I hitherto observed with apprehension what supremacy Austria has created for herself in the German press by the cleverly laid net of her influence, and how well she knows how to wield this weapon. Without this, the so-called public opinion would hardly have got up to such a height; I say "the so-called," for the real mass of the population is never inclined to war, if the actual sufferings of heavy oppression have not provoked them. It has come to such a pitch that under the cloak of general German sentiment hardly a Prussian paper dares to avow Prussian patriotism. The general "cant" plays a great part in this; not less the florins, which never fail Austria for such a purpose. The majority of newspaper contributors write for their livelihood, the majority of papers have income for their main object; and in some of our papers, and others, an experienced reader may easily discover whether they have again received a subvention from Austria, are soon expecting it, or by threatening hints want to bring it about.

I think we could cause an important change in the tone of public feeling if, in answer to the arrogance of our German brethren of the Bund, we were to touch in the press the chords of independent policy. Perhaps things are going on in Frankfort which will afford us the most ample occasion for doing so.

In these eventualities the wisdom of our precautionary military measures may be turned to account towards other points of the compass, and thereby give emphasis to our position. Then will Prussia's self-reliance sound a louder, and perhaps more successful, tone than the present daily one of the Bund. *The word "German," instead of "Prussian," I would fain see inscribed upon our flag when first we are united with the rest of our countrymen in a closer and more efficient bond than hitherto;* the magic of it is lost if one wastes it on the present daily tangle of the affairs of the Bund.

I fear that your —— at this epistolary inroad on the field of my former activity will mentally give me a *ne sutor ultra crepidam* reminder; but I never intended making an official *exposé*, rather merely to lay before you the evidence of a person, well acquainted with the subject, against the Bund.

I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia's, which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair "ferro et igni," unless we take advantage betimes of a favorable season to employ a healing remedy against it. If the Bund were simply abolished to-day, without putting anything in its stead, I believe that by virtue of this negative acquisition better and more natural relations than heretofore would be formed between Prussia and her German neighbors.

BISMARCK.

TO HIS WIFE.

MOSCOW, *June* 6, 1859.

I will send you at least a sign of life from here, while I am waiting for the Samovar, and a young Russian in a red shirt is exerting himself behind me with vain attempts to light a fire — he puffs and blows, but it will not burn. After having complained so much about the scorching heat lately, I awoke to-day between Twer and here, and thought I was dreaming when I saw the country and its fresh verdure covered far and wide with snow. I shall wonder at nothing again, and having convinced myself of the fact beyond all doubt, I turned quickly on the other side to sleep and roll on farther, although the play of colors — from green to white — in the red dawn of day was not without its charm. I do not know if the snow still lies at Twer; here it has thawed away, and a cool gray rain is rattling on the green tin of the roofs. Green has every reason to be the Russian favorite color. Of the 500 miles I have passed in traveling here I have slept away about 200, but each handbreadth of the remainder was green in every shade. Towns and villages, and more particularly houses, with the exception of the railway stations, I did not observe. Bushy forests with birch trees cover swamp and hill, a fine growth of grass beneath, long tracts of meadow land between ; so it goes on for 50, 100, 200 miles. Plowed land I do not remember to have remarked, nor heather, nor sand. Solitary grazing cows or horses awoke one at times to the presumption that there might be human beings in the neighborhood. Moscow, seen from above, looks like a field of young wheat ; the soldiers are green, the cupolas green, and I do not doubt that the eggs on the table before me were laid by green hens. You will want to know how I come to be here ; I, also, have already asked myself this question, and the answer I received was that change is the soul of life. The truth of this profound saying becomes especially obvious after having lived for ten weeks in a sunny room of a hotel, with the lookout on pavement. The charms of moving become rather blunted if they occur repeatedly within a short period ; I therefore determined to forego them, handed over all paper to ——, gave Engel my keys, declared that I would put up in a week at Stenbock's house, and drove to the Moscow station. This was yesterday at noon, and this morning, at eight o'clock, I alighted here at the Hôtel de France. First of all I shall pay a visit to a charming acquaintance of former times, who lives in the country, about twenty versts from here ; to-morrow evening I shall be here again ; Wednesday and Thursday shall visit the Kremlin and so forth ; and Friday or Saturday sleep in the beds which Engel will meantime buy. Slow harnessing and fast driving lies in the character of this people. I ordered the carriage two hours ago : to every call which I have been uttering for each successive ten minutes of an hour and a half, the answer is, "Immediately," given with imperturbably friendly composure ; but there the matter rests. You know my exemplary patience in waiting, but everything has its limits ; afterwards there will be wild galloping, so that on these bad roads horse and carriage break down, and at last we reach the place on foot. I have meanwhile drunk three glasses of tea and annihilated several eggs ; the efforts at getting warm have also so perfectly succeeded, that I feel the need of fresh air. I should, out of sheer impatience, commence shaving if I had a glass. This city is very straggling, and very foreign-looking with its green-roofed churches and innumerable cupolas ; quite different to Amsterdam, but both the most original cities I know. No German guard has a conception of the luggage people drag with them into the railway carriage; not a Russian goes without two real pillows in white pillowcases, children in baskets, and masses of eatables of every kind. Out of politeness they bowed me into a sleeping car, where I was worse off than in my seat. Altogether it is astonishing to me to see the fuss made here about a journey.

ARCHANGELSKI, *Late in the Evening.*

This day last year I did not even dream that I should now be sitting here, of all places in the world; by the river on which Moscow stands, about fifteen miles above the town, with widely extended landscape gardening around, is situated a mansion in the Italian style; in front of it stretches a broad, terraced, sloping turf; hedges like those at Schönbrunn border down to the river; and to the left of it, near the water, stands a summer house, in the six rooms of which I move in a solitary circle. On the other side of the water a wide moonlit plain; on this side lawn, hedges, and orangery. In the fireplace the wind is howling and the flame flickering; from the walls all pictures are looking ghostlike at me, statues from without point through the window. To-morrow I am going with my hosts back to Moscow; from there they go, the day after to-morrow, *via* Petersburg to Berlin. I remain till Friday, if it is God's will, *to see what is to be seen.* As for the rest, this pen is too bad, I am going to bed, broad and cold though it looks. Good night! God be with you, and all under the roof of Reinfeld.

The 7th.

In spite of the broad, cold bed, I have slept very well, have had a good fire made, and am looking out over the steaming teakettle into the somewhat clearer but still gray horizon, into the completely green surroundings of my summer house — a cheerful little piece of earth — with the agreeable sensation of being unattainable by the telegraph. My servant, like a genuine Russian, has, as I see, slept in my anteroom on a silk sofa, and this seems to be taken into account in the house arrangements, as no special sleeping accommodation is assigned to the menservants. Adjoining my summer house is an orange conservatory, at least 150 feet long, and now empty, its winter tenants being at present ranged in stately grandeur along the hedges. The whole, with its park, is much like a very much magnified —— with *rococo* additions in furniture, hedges, terraces, and statues. Now I am going for a walk.

* * *

A FATAL STEP.[1]

By COUNT TOLSTOI.

(From "Anna Karénina": translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

[Count Lyoff Nikolaievich Tolstoi, the most eminent living Russian novelist, was born in a little village in the government of Tula, and is descended in a direct line from a nobleman who was a companion and trusted agent of Peter the Great. After a course of study at the University of Kazan he entered the army, and served in the Caucasus and at Sebastopol. He resigned at the close of the Crimean War, and since 1862 has lived on his estates near Moscow, dividing his time between literary work and the care of his property. "War and Peace" (1865–1868) and "Anna Karénina" are his most important novels. Among his other works are: "Sebastopol," "The Cossacks," "Ivan Ilyitch," "My Confession," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and "Master and Man."]

When Kitty heard of Anna's call, she had not wished to appear; but Dolly reasoned with her, and she finally controlled her repugnance and went to the parlor. She blushed as she approached Anna, and held out her hand.

"I am very glad," said she, in a low voice.

Kitty was constrained between her dislike of this wicked woman and her desire to be polite to her; but as soon as she saw Anna's beautiful, sympathetic face, all her prejudice vanished.

"I should have thought it quite natural if you had refused to see me: I am used to everything," said Anna. "You have been very ill: yes, you have changed."

Kitty thought that Anna looked at her with dislike, and she attributed her unfriendliness to the unpleasant position in which she stood in regard to herself. Her heart was filled with compassion.

They talked of Kitty's illness, of her child, and of Stiva; but Anna was evidently absent-minded.

"I came to bid you good-by," she said to Dolly, as she rose.

"When do you go?"

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Without answering her, Anna turned with a smile to Kitty.

"I am very glad to see you again, I've heard so much about you from every one, and especially from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him very much," she added with a wicked emphasis. "Where is he?"

"He has gone to the country," answered Kitty, blushing.

"Give my love to him: now, don't forget!"

"I will do it, certainly," said Kitty, simply, with a compassionate look.

"So good-by, Dolly," said Anna, kissing her; and shaking hands with Kitty, she hastened away.

"She is as fascinating as ever," remarked Kitty to her sister, when Dolly came in after going to the door with Anna. "And how beautiful she is! But there is something very painful about her, — terribly painful."

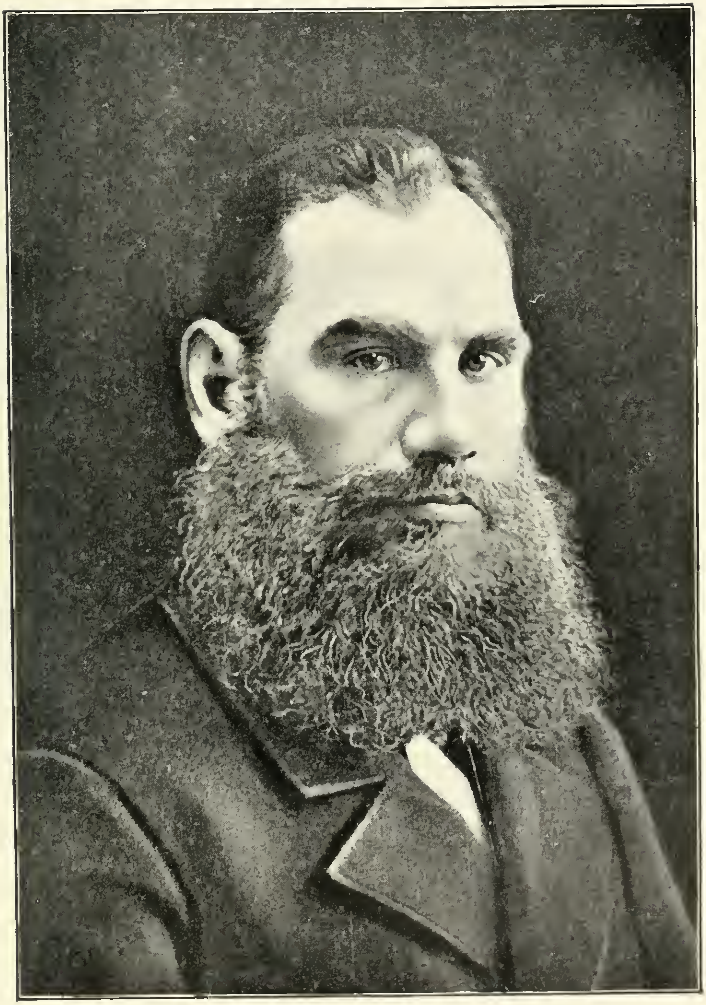
"She doesn't seem to be in her usual state to-day. I thought she came near bursting into tears in the anteroom."

Anna took her seat in the carriage, and went home more unhappy than ever. Her interview with Kitty awakened the consciousness of her own moral depravity, and the pain of this she felt in addition to her former sufferings.

"Where shall I drive you? Home?" asked Piotr.

"Yes, home," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

"They looked upon me as some strange, incomprehensible creature. — What can that man be saying so eagerly to the other?" thought she, seeing two passers-by talking together. "Is it possible to say what one really feels? I wanted to confess to Dolly, and I am glad that I kept still. How she would have rejoiced at my unhappiness! She would have tried to hide it, but at heart she would have been glad: she would have thought it just that I should pay for that happiness which she begrudged me. And Kitty would have been still more pleased. How I read her through and through! She knows her husband liked me uncommonly well, and she is jealous, and hates me; and, what's more, she despises me. In her eyes, I am an immoral woman. If I had been what she thinks, how easily I could have turned her husband's head if I had wanted to! I confess I thought of it. — There goes a man who is delighted with his own looks," she said to herself, as a tall, florid man went by, and, mistaking her for an acquaintance, lifted his shiny hat from his shiny bald head. "He thought he knew me! He knows me quite as well as anybody in the world



LYOFF NIKOLAIEVICH TOLSTOI

knows me. I don't know myself: I only know my *appetites*, as the French say. — They covet some of that bad ice cream," she said to herself, as she watched two little street children standing in front of a vender, who had just set down from his head his tub of ice cream, and was wiping his face with a corner of his coat. "We all want our sweet delicacies; if not sugar plums, then bad ice cream, just like Kitty, who, not catching Vronsky, took Levin. She envies me, she hates me; and we hate each other. So goes the world. *Tiutkin coiffeur — Je me fais coiffer* ["I will have my hair dressed"] *par Tiutkin.* — I will tell *him* this nonsense when he comes," thought she, and smiled, and then instantly remembered that there was no one now to whom she could tell amusing things. "There is nothing amusing, nothing gay: it is all disgusting. The vesper bell is ringing, and that storekeeper is crossing himself so quickly that one would think he was afraid of losing the chance.

"Why these churches, these bells, these lies? Just to hide the fact that we all hate each other, like those *izvoshchiks* who are swearing at each other so angrily. Yashvin was right when he said, 'He is after my shirt, and I am after his.'"

She was so engrossed by these thoughts that she forgot her grief for a while, and was surprised when the carriage stopped in front of her house. The sight of the Swiss, coming to meet her, reminded her that she had sent a letter and a telegram.

"Is there an answer yet?"

"I will go and see," said the Swiss; and he came back in a moment with a telegram in a thin square envelope. Anna read: —

I cannot be back before ten o'clock. VRONSKY.

"And has the messenger come back?"

"Not yet," replied the Swiss.

"Ah! if that is so, then I know what I must do;" and feeling a vague sense of anger and a desire for vengeance arising in her soul, she ran upstairs.

"I myself will go and find him," thought she. "Before I go away forever, I will show him what he has done. I never hated any one as I hate this man!" And when she caught sight of Vronsky's hat hanging in the anteroom, she shivered with aversion. She did not reflect that the dispatch was in answer to her telegram, and that he could not have yet received her note. She imagined him now chatting gayly with his mother and the Princess Sorokina without a thought of her suffering. "Yes, I must go as quickly as possible," she said, not knowing at all whither she should go. She felt that she must fly from these thoughts which weighed her down in this terrible house. The servants, the walls, the furniture, everything about it, filled her with disgust and pain, and crushed her with a terrible weight.

"Yes, I must go to the railroad station, and if not there, then somewhere, to punish him." Anna looked at the timetable in the newspaper. The evening train went at two minutes past eight. "Yes, I shall have plenty of time." She ordered the two other horses to be harnessed, and she had transferred from her trunk to her traveling bag things enough to last for several days. She knew that she should never come back again. She revolved a thousand plans in her head, and determined that when she had done what she had in mind to do, either at the countess' country seat, or at the station, she would go to the first city on the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad that she might happen to think of. Dinner was on the table. She took a bit of bread and cheese: the smell of the victuals was repugnant to her. She ordered the carriage again, and went out. The house cast a shadow clear across the street; but the sky was clear, and it was warm in the sun. Annushka, who brought her things, and Piotr, who carried them to the carriage, and the coachman, who was evidently angry, all were disagreeable to her, and vexed her with their words and motions.

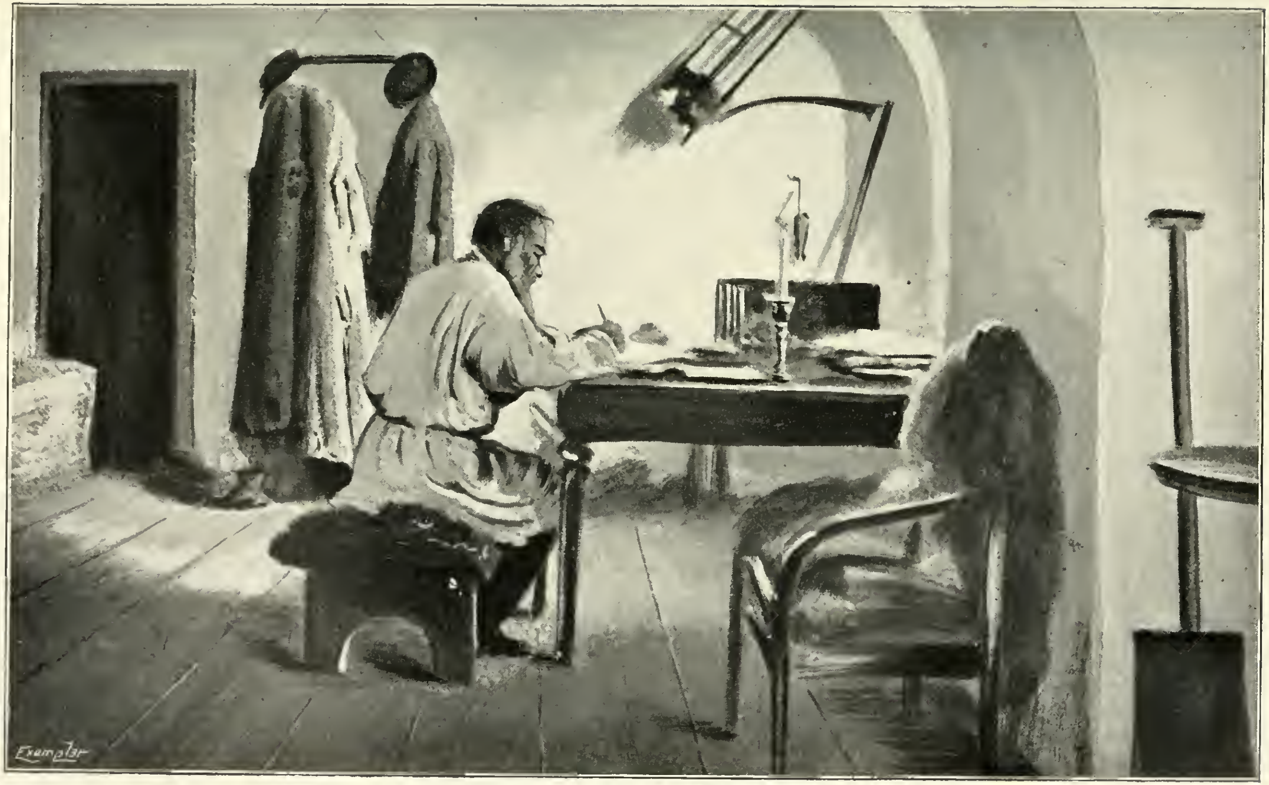
"I do not need you, Piotr."

"Who will get your ticket?"

"Well! Go if you wish: it makes no difference to me," she said pettishly. Piotr nimbly mounted the box, and, folding his arms, ordered the coachman to drive to the Nizhni station.

"Now I am myself again, — now my mind is clear," said Anna to herself, as soon as the carriage started, and, rolling a little, flew swiftly along the uneven pavement.

"Now! what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin, the *coiffeur?* Oh, no! not that. Oh, yes! what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence, and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No: we go at haphazard."



TOLSTOI IN HIS STUDY

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merrymakers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure trip.

"What are you seeking under the disguise of pleasure?" she thought. "You won't escape from yourselves;" and then, as her eye fell on a drunken workman, led by a policeman, she added, "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And for the first time Anna turned upon her relations with the count this bright light which was suddenly revealing her life to her.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

And she remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"He cared for the triumph of success above everything. Of course, he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said, yesterday, he wanted the divorce, so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still, — but how! The zest is gone," she said, in English, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse.

"There is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis: she saw things now clearly, as by a sort of clairvoyance.

"My love has been growing more and more selfish and passionate: his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot go on together. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move apart. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous, — and I am; and yet I am not, either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But" — she opened her mouth to speak, and, in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could, I would try to be a simple friend to him, and not a passionate mistress, whom his coldness frenzies; but I cannot transform myself. I am not mistaken. Don't I know that he would not deceive me, that he is no longer in love with Kitty, that he has no intention of marrying the Princess Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. But what is that to me? If he is tired of my love, — if, when he does not feel for me just what I feel for him, — I would, a thousand times, rather have him hate me. This is — hell! And this is the case. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, disgust begins. — I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! and in them, people, people, — no end of them! and they all hate each other!

"Well! what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?" And as she thought of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him before her, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints; and the idea of their relation to one another, which had hitherto been tinged with tenderness, made her shudder.

"Now! suppose I were married, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least no worse than they are now? No, and no!" she replied, without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We are growing apart; and I am disagreeable to him, and he displeases me, and I cannot change him: every means has been tried. . . . There's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate each other, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play! Serozha?" It reminded her of her son. "I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I also lived without him, gave him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, since I was connected with him whom I loved." And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness in which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her. "Thus am I, and Piotr and the coachman, Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable — and everywhere and always," she thought as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad, and the porter came out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovki?" asked Peter.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage.

As she entered with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair alternately filled her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming, — they were all her enemies, — and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he — not thinking of her suffering — was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him. The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And above all, how her heart was beating, as if to burst its bounds!

A bell sounded, and some impudent young men of a flashy and vulgar appearance passed before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting room, and came up to escort her to the cars. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out upon the platform; then one of them made some remark to his neighbor, which was apparently an insult. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which once had been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car window. Anna looked at her with disgust. The little girl was speaking loud in a mixture of Russian and French.

"That child is grotesque and already self-conscious," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty hunchbacked *muzhik* passed close to the window, and examined the car wheels: he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair. "There is something familiar about that humpbacked *muzhik*," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back frightened towards the car door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer, and under her veil no one could see the terror which paralyzed her. She sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her dress. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking, — evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention, and drawing her into the conversation. Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities. The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage, noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears. At last the third signal was given, the train started, the locomotive whistled, and the gentleman crossed himself. "It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked by the woman's head out of the car window at the people standing and walking on the platform. The car in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other cars. The motion became more rapid; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds.

Forgetting her neighbors, Anna breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"There! What was I thinking about? I cannot imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness: we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when you see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man, that he might avoid what he dislikes," remarked the woman, in French, apparently delighted with her sentence.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what he dislikes," she repeated; and a glance at the handsome-faced man, and his thin better half, showed her that the woman looked upon herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, but took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it is very unpleasant to me, and reason was given to avoid it: therefore, it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why does he shout? Why are there people in this car? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna followed the other passengers, and tried to avoid too rude a contact with the bustling crowd. She hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and to ask herself what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do now seemed to her difficult to execute, especially amid this disagreeable crowd. Now the porters came to her, and offered her their services; now some young men, clattering up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously; and she knew not where to take refuge. Finally, it occurred to her to stop an official, and ask him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"The Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. He was inquiring for the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Just then Anna espied the coachman, Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch chain, coming towards her, and carrying a note, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still as she read the carelessly written lines: —

I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock.

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself, with a sardonic smile.

"Very good, you can go home," she said to Mikhaïl. She spoke the words slowly and gently, because her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe or speak.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing with a threat, not Vronsky so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform. Two chambermaids waiting there turned to look at her, and made audible remarks about her toilet. "Just in style," they said, referring to her lace. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again, making their jokes so that she should hear. The station master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling *kvas* did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moï!* where shall I fly?" she said to herself.

When she reached the end of the platform, she stopped. Some women and children were there, talking with a man in spectacles, who had probably come to the station to meet them. They, too, stopped, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps. A truck full of trunks rumbled by, making the floor shake so that she felt as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was in store for her. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the pump at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars, at the chains and the brake, and the high iron wheels, and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the center, he will be punished, and I shall be delivered from it all, — and from myself."

Her little red traveling bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car: she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and, with outstretched hands, threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. "Where am I? What am I doing? Why?" thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head, and threw her upon her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the struggle to be in vain. A little *muzhik* was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read, as in a book, the fulfillment of her life's work, of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment, flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

CLEOPATRA.[1]

By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

[William Wetmore Story, lawyer, sculptor, and poet, was born in Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819, the son of Joseph Story, the eminent jurist. After graduating at Harvard, he studied law with his father and amused his leisure with sculpture. He went to Rome in 1848, and soon became proficient in the art which he had taken up as an amateur at home. He wrote legal treatises, and volumes of prose and poetry, among them being "Nature and Art: a Poem" (1844), "Roba di Roma, or Walks and Talks in Rome" (1862), "Excursus in Art and Letters" (1891), and "A Poet's Portfolio" (1894). He died at Vallombrosa, near Florence, October 8, 1895.]

[Dedicated to J. L. M.]

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets —
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows —
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

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[1] By permission of W. Blackwood & Sons.

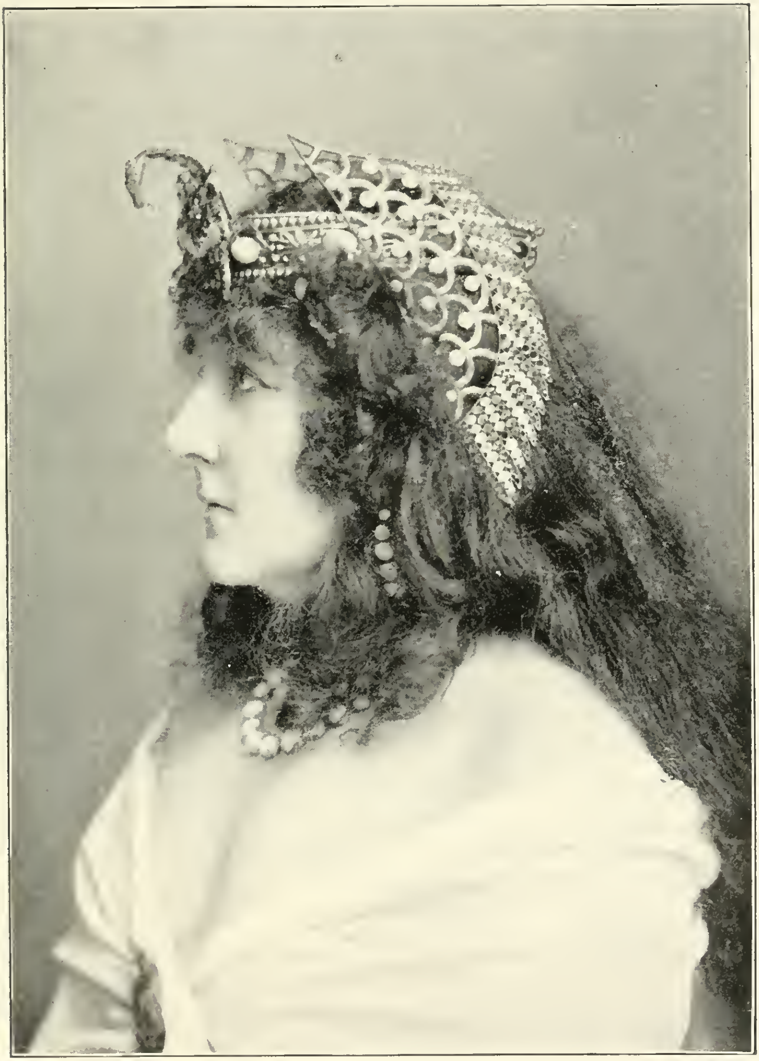
I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished —
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished —
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves, —
They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder —
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute — I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty —
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers —
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,



FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA

How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There — leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him, — my nerves he vexes,
The thing without blood or brain, —
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the noontide splendor,
  Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
  Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
  As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
  And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
  And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
  And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
  Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms —
  How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
  As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
  Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
  With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
  When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
  For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
  At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor —
  For I was flexile and fair —
Fought for me in the moonlight,
  While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
  And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
  To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
  Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
  Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
  Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero:
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

* * *

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS.[1]

By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

(From "Salammbô.")

[Gustave Flaubert: A French novelist; born at Rouen, December 12, 1821; died there May 8, 1880. His father was a surgeon, and the son lived in a hospital until 1839, when he went to Paris to study law. His first novel, "Madame Bovary," appeared in 1856 and was followed by "Salammbô," a historical novel, "The History of a Young Man" (1869), "The Temptation of St. Anthony" (1874), "The Candidate," a comedy (1874), and "Bouvard and Pécuchet."]

There were rejoicings at Carthage — rejoicings deep, universal, extravagant, frantic; the holes of the ruins had been stopped up, the statues of the Gods had been repainted, the streets were strewn with myrtle branches, incense smoked at the corners of the crossways, and the throng on the terraces looked, in their variegated garments, like heaps of flowers blooming in the air.

The shouts of the water carriers, watering the pavement, rose above the continual screaming of voices; slaves belonging to Hamilcar offered in his name roasted barley and pieces of raw meat; people accosted one another, and embraced one another with tears; the Tyrian towns were taken, the Nomads dispersed, and all the Barbarians annihilated. The Acropolis was hidden beneath colored velaria; the beaks of the triremes, drawn up in line outside the mole, shone like a dike of diamonds; everywhere there was a sense of the restoration of order, the beginning of a new existence, and the diffusion of vast happiness: it was the day of Salammbô's marriage with the king of the Numidians.

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[1] By permission of Gibbings & Co. Ltd. (Cr. 8vo. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

On the terrace of the temple of Khamon there were three long tables laden with gigantic plates, at which the Priests, Ancients, and Rich were going to sit, and there was a fourth and higher one for Hamilcar, Narr' Havas, and Salammbô; for as she had saved her country by the restoration of the zaïmph, the people turned her wedding into a national rejoicing, and were waiting in the square below till she should appear.

But their impatience was excited by another and more acrid longing: Matho's death had been promised for the ceremony.

It had been proposed at first to flay him alive, to pour lead into his entrails, to kill him with hunger; he should be tied to a tree, and an ape behind him should strike him on the head with a stone; he had offended Tanith, and the cynocephaluses of Tanith should avenge her. Others were of opinion that he should be led about on a dromedary after linen wicks, dipped in oil, had been inserted in his body in several places — and they took pleasure in the thought of the large animal wandering through the streets with this man writhing beneath the fires like a candelabrum blown about by the wind.

But what citizens should be charged with his torture, and why disappoint the rest? They would have liked a kind of death in which the whole town might take part, in which every hand, every weapon, everything Carthaginian, to the very paving stones in the streets and the waves in the gulf, could rend him, and crush him, and annihilate him. Accordingly the Ancients decided that he should go from his prison to the square of Khamon without any escort, and with his arms fastened to his back; it was forbidden to strike him to the heart, in order that he might live the longer; to put out his eyes, so that he might see his torture through; to hurl anything against his person, or to lay more than three fingers upon him at a time.

Although he was not to appear until the end of the day, the people sometimes fancied that he could be seen, and the crowd would rush toward the Acropolis, and empty the streets, to return with lengthened murmurings. Some people had remained standing in the same place since the day before, and they would call on one another from a distance and show their nails, which they had allowed to grow, the better to bury them in his flesh. Others walked restlessly up and down; some were as pale as though they were awaiting their own execution.

Suddenly lofty feather fans rose above the heads, behind the Mappalian district. It was Salammbô leaving her palace; a sigh of relief found vent.

But the procession was long in coming; it marched with deliberation.

First there filed past the priests of the Pataec Gods, then those of Eschmoun, of Melkarth, and all the other colleges in succession, with the same insignia, and in the same order as had been observed at the time of the sacrifice. The pontiffs of Moloch passed with heads bent, and the multitude stood aside from them in a kind of remorse. But the priests of Rabbetna advanced with a proud step, and with lyres in their hands; the priestesses followed them in transparent robes of yellow or black, uttering cries like birds and writhing like vipers, or else whirling round to the sound of flutes to imitate the dance of the stars, while their light garments wafted puffs of delicate scents through the streets.

The Kedeschim, with painted eyelids, who symbolized the hermaphroditism of the Divinity, received applause among these women, and, being perfumed and dressed like them, they resembled them in spite of their flat breasts and narrower hips. Moreover, on this day the female principle dominated and confused all things; a mystic lasciviousness moved in the heavy air; the torches were already lighted in the depths of the sacred woods; there was to be a great prostitution there during the night; three vessels had brought courtesans from Sicily, and others had come from the desert.

As the colleges arrived they ranged themselves in the courts of the temples, on the outer galleries, and along double staircases which rose against the walls, and drew together at the top. Files of white robes appeared between the colonnades, and the architecture was peopled with human statues, motionless as statues of stone.

Then came the masters of the exchequer, the governors of the provinces, and all the Rich. A great tumult prevailed below. Adjacent streets were discharging the crowd, hierodules were driving it back with blows of sticks; and then Salammbô appeared in a litter surmounted by a purple canopy, and surrounded by the Ancients crowned with their golden tiaras.

Thereupon an immense shout arose; the cymbals and crotala sounded more loudly, the tambourines thundered, and the great purple canopy sank between the two pylons.

It appeared again on the first landing. Salammbô was walking slowly beneath it; then she crossed the terrace to take her seat behind on a kind of throne cut out of the carapace of a tortoise. An ivory stool with three steps was pushed beneath her feet; two negro children knelt on the edge of the first step, and sometimes she would rest both arms, which were laden with rings of excessive weight, upon their heads.

From ankle to hip she was covered with a network of narrow meshes which were in imitation of fish scales, and shone like mother-of-pearl; her waist was clasped by a blue zone, which allowed her breasts to be seen through two crescent-shaped slashings; the nipples were hidden by carbuncle pendants. She had a headdress made of peacock's feathers studded with gems; an ample cloak, as white as snow, fell behind her — and with her elbows at her sides, her knees pressed together, and circles of diamonds on the upper part of her arms, she remained perfectly upright in a hieratic attitude.

Her father and her husband were on two lower seats, Narr' Havas dressed in a light simar and wearing his crown of rock salt, from which there strayed two tresses of hair as twisted as the horns of Ammon; and Hamilcar in a violet tunic figured with gold vine branches, and with a battle sword at his side.

The python of the temple of Eschmoun lay on the ground amid pools of pink oil in the space inclosed by the tables, and, biting its tail, described a large, black circle. In the middle of the circle there was a copper pillar bearing a crystal egg; and, as the sun shone upon it, rays were emitted on every side.

Behind Salammbô, stretched the priests of Tanith in linen robes; on her right the Ancients, in their tiaras, formed a great gold line, and on the other side the Rich, with their emerald scepters, a great green line — while quite in the background, where the priests of Moloch were ranged, the cloaks looked like a wall of purple. The other colleges occupied the lower terraces. The multitude obstructed the streets. It reached to the house tops, and extended in long files to the summit of the Acropolis. Having thus the people at her feet, the firmament above her head, and around her the immensity of the sea, the gulf, the mountains, and the distant provinces, Salammbô in her splendor was blended with Tanith, and seemed the very Genius of Carthage, and its embodied soul.

The feast was to last all night, and lamps with several branches were planted like trees on the painted woolen cloths which covered the low tables. Large electrum flagons, blue glass amphoras, tortoise-shell spoons, and small round loaves were crowded between the double row of pearl-bordered plates; bunches of grapes with their leaves had been rolled round ivory vine stocks after the fashion of the thyrsus; blocks of snow were melting on ebony trays, and lemons, pomegranates, gourds, and watermelons formed hillocks beneath the lofty silver plate; boars with open jaws were wallowing in the dust of spices; hares, covered with their fur, appeared to be bounding amid the flowers; there were shells filled with forcemeat; the pastry had symbolic shapes; when the covers of the dishes were removed doves flew out.

The slaves, meanwhile, with tunics tucked up, were going about on tiptoe; from time to time a hymn sounded on the lyres, or a choir of voices rose. The clamor of the people, continuous as the noise of the sea, floated vaguely around the feast, and seemed to lull it in a broader harmony; some recalled the banquet of the Mercenaries; they gave themselves up to dreams of happiness; the sun was beginning to go down, and the crescent of the moon was already rising in another part of the sky.

But Salammbô turned her head as though some one had called her; the people, who were watching her, followed the direction of her eyes.

The door of the dungeon, hewn in the rock at the foot of the temple, on the summit of the Acropolis, had just opened; and a man was standing on the threshold of this black hole.

He came forth bent double, with the scared look of fallow deer when suddenly enlarged.

The light dazzled him, he stood motionless awhile. All had recognized him and they held their breath.

In their eyes the body of this victim was something peculiarly theirs, and was adorned with almost religious splendor. They bent forward to see him, especially the women. They burned to gaze upon him who had caused the deaths of their children and husbands; and from the bottom of their souls there sprang up in spite of themselves an infamous curiosity, a desire to know him completely, a wish mingled with remorse which turned to increased execration.

At last he advanced; then the stupefaction of surprise disappeared. Numbers of arms were raised, and he was lost to sight.

The staircase of the Acropolis had sixty steps. He descended them as though he were rolled down in a torrent from the top of a mountain; three times he was seen to leap, and then he alighted below on his feet.

His shoulders were bleeding, his breast was panting with great shocks; and he made such efforts to burst his bonds that his arms, which were crossed on his naked loins, swelled like pieces of a serpent.

Several streets began in front of him, leading from the spot at which he found himself. In each of them a triple row of bronze chains fastened to the navels of the Pataec Gods extended in parallel lines from one end to the other; the crowd was massed against the houses, and servants, belonging to the Ancients, walked in the middle brandishing thongs.

One of them drove him forward with a great blow; Matho began to move.

They thrust their arms over the chains, shouting out that the road had been left too wide for him; and he passed along, felt, pricked, and slashed by all those fingers; when he reached the end of one street another appeared; several times he flung himself to one side to bite them; they speedily dispersed, the chains held him back, and the crowd burst out laughing.

A child rent his ear; a young girl, hiding the point of a spindle in her sleeve, split his cheek; they tore handfuls of hair from him and strips of flesh; others smeared his face with sponges steeped in filth and fastened upon sticks. A stream of blood started from the right side of his neck; frenzy immediately set in. This last Barbarian was to them a representative of all the Barbarians, and all the army; they were taking vengeance on him for their disasters, their terrors, and their shame. The rage of the mob developed with its gratification; the curving chains were overstrained, and were on the point of breaking; the people did not feel the blows of the slaves who struck at them to drive them back; some clung to the projections of the houses; all the openings in the walls were stopped up with heads; and they howled at him the mischief that they could not inflict upon him.

It was atrocious, filthy abuse, mingled with ironical encouragements and with imprecations; and, his present tortures not being enough for them, they foretold to him others that should be still more terrible in eternity.

This vast baying filled Carthage with stupid continuity. Frequently a single syllable — a hoarse, deep, and frantic intonation — would be repeated for several minutes by the entire people. The walls would vibrate with it from top to bottom, and both sides of the street would seem to Matho to be coming against him, and carrying him off the ground, like two immense arms stifling him in the air.

Nevertheless he remembered that he had experienced something like it before. The same crowd was on the terraces, there were the same looks and the same wrath; but then he had walked free, all had then dispersed, for a God covered him — and the recollection of this, gaining precision by degrees, brought a crushing sadness upon him. Shadows passed before his eyes; the town whirled round in his head, his blood streamed from a wound in his hip, he felt that he was dying; his hams bent, and he sank quite gently upon the pavement.

Some one went to the peristyle of the temple of Melkarth, took thence the bar of a tripod, heated red hot in the coals, and, slipping it beneath the first chain, pressed it against his wound. The flesh was seen to smoke; the hootings of the people drowned his voice; he was standing again.

Six paces further on, and he fell a third and again a fourth time; but some new torture always made him rise. They discharged little drops of boiling oil through tubes at him; they strewed pieces of broken glass beneath his feet; still he walked on. At the corner of the street of Satheb he leaned his back against the wall beneath the penthouse of a shop, and advanced no further.

The slaves of the Council struck him with their whips of hippopotamus leather, so furiously and long that the fringes of their tunics were drenched with sweat. Matho appeared insensible; suddenly he started off and began to run at random, making noise with his lips like one shivering with severe cold. He threaded the streets of Boudes, and the street of Sœpo, crossed the Green Market, and reached the square of Khamon.

He now belonged to the priests; the slaves had just dispersed the crowd, and there was more room. Matho gazed round him and his eyes encountered Salammbô.

At the first step that he had taken she had risen; then, as he approached, she had involuntarily advanced by degrees to the edge of the terrace; and soon all external things were blotted out, and she saw only Matho. Silence fell in her soul — one of those abysses wherein the whole world disappears beneath the pressure of a single thought, a memory, a look. This man who was walking toward her attracted her.

Excepting his eyes he had no appearance of humanity left; he was a long, perfectly red shape; his broken bonds hung down his thighs, but they could not be distinguished from the tendons of his wrists, which were laid quite bare; his mouth remained wide open; from his eye sockets there darted flames which seemed to rise up to his hair — and the wretch still walked on!

He reached the foot of the terrace. Salammbô was leaning over the balustrade; those frightful eyeballs were scanning her, and there rose within her a consciousness of all that he had suffered for her. Although he was in his death agony, she could see him once more kneeling in his tent, encircling her waist with his arms, and stammering out gentle words; she thirsted to feel them and hear them again; she did not want him to die! At this moment Matho gave a great start; she was on the point of shrieking aloud. He fell backward and did not stir again.

Salammbô was borne back, nearly swooning, to her throne by the priests who flocked about her. They congratulated her; it was her work. All clapped their hands and stamped their feet, howling her name.

A man darted upon the corpse. Although he had no beard he had the cloak of a priest of Moloch on his shoulder, and in his belt that species of knife which they employed for cutting up the sacred meat, and which terminated, at the end of the handle, in a golden spatula. He cleft Matho's breast with a single blow, then snatched out the heart and laid it upon the spoon; and Schahabarim, uplifting his arm, offered it to the sun.

The sun sank behind the waves; his rays fell like long arrows upon the red heart. As the beatings diminished the planet sank into the sea; and at the last palpitation it disappeared.

Then from the gulf to the lagoon, and from the isthmus to the pharos, in all the streets, on all the houses, and on all the temples, there was a single shout; sometimes it paused, to be again renewed; the building shook with it; Carthage was convulsed, as it were, in the spasm of Titanic joy and boundless hope.

Narr' Havas, drunk with pride, passed his left arm beneath Salammbô's waist in token of possession; and taking a gold patera in his right hand, he drank to the Genius of Carthage.

Salammbô rose like her husband, with a cup in her hand, to drink also. She fell down again with her head lying over the back of the throne — pale, stiff, with parted lips — and her loosened hair hung to the ground.

Thus died Hamilcar's daughter for having touched the mantle of Tanith.

THE UNDERTAKER.

By A. S. PUSHKIN.

(Translated by S. S. Skidelsky.)

[Alexander Sergejevich Pushkin: A Russian poet; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; died at St. Petersburg, January 29, 1837. He was educated at the Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, and entered the service of the government, but his sharp and fearless attacks on various public men and institutions brought about his dismissal. He was sent to southern Russia in 1820, and thence, in 1824, to his estate near Pskov. His poems are as remarkable for their force and realism as for their beauty and elegance of form. They include: "Ruslan and Liudmila" (1820); "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1822); "Fountain of Bakhchiserai" (1826); "Tzigani" (1827); "Eugene Onegin" (1828); "Poltava" (1829); "Boris Godunov," a tragedy; "A History of the Revolt of Pugachev" (1834); and many others.]

The enlightened reader doubtless remembers that both Shakespeare and Walter Scott portray their gravediggers as cheerful and humorous creatures. With due deference to the truth, we cannot emulate their example, and must confess that the disposition of our undertaker fully harmonizes with his somber trade. Adrian Prokhorof was of a stern, thoughtful, and pensive temperament, and if he ever broke his silence it was only upon the most urgent occasions, such, for example, as reprimanding his daughters if he found them sitting idly at the window and gazing at the passers-by, or asking a threefold price for his coffins of those who were so unfortunate (and at times, perhaps, so fortunate) as to be in need of such articles.

Many and varied were the thoughts upon which Prokhorof's mind dwelt this evening while finishing his seventh cup of tea. He thought of the last funeral, during that memorable rain storm, which had caused so much damage to his hearse, robes, hats, etc. He anticipated unavoidable expenses, for his undertaking supplies in general were in a very poor state indeed. Of course, he entertained great hopes with regard to the wealthy Mrs. Truchina, who for nearly a year had been hovering between life and death.

But Truchina was slow in taking her departure — a circumstance which had caused him no little anxiety. Besides, he entertained some fears lest her heirs should engage another undertaker, notwithstanding their faithful promise to award the job of burying their mother to him. Sadder and sadder grew Prokhorof as he advanced to his tenth cup of tea, but a knock at the door soon brought his thoughts and reflections to a standstill.

"Come in!" uttered the undertaker. A man who at a glance could be taken to be a German tradesman made his appearance and with a most happy smile upon his face approached the undertaker.

"I beg your pardon, kind neighbor," he began in broken Russian — "beg pardon for disturbing your peace. . . . It is my wish to make your acquaintance. I am a shoemaker by trade and my name is Gottlieb Schultz. I live across the street in that little house, which faces your windows. I am celebrating my silver wedding to-morrow and we shall be greatly honored to have you and your daughters to dinner with us."

This invitation was courteously accepted. Precisely at noon on the following day the undertaker, accompanied by his daughters, started toward Schultz's residence.

The shoemaker's little house was crowded to its utmost capacity, mostly with German mechanics, their wives and apprentices.

Of the Russian officials there was only one present — an old policeman, Urko, who, notwithstanding his humble name and station in life, was well trained in the art of predisposing people of influence in his favor. He was very popular and was well known to all the German residents in the Nikitski district, and no social affair among them ever took place without his presence.

Adrian Prokhorof became charmed with Urko almost at first sight. "A man like Urko," he thought to himself, "is well worth becoming acquainted with" — and when dinner was announced he managed to take his seat at the table next to Urko's.

Both Schultz and his wife, as well as their seventeen-year-old daughter, Lotchen, took great pains about the dinner, and everything was provided in abundance. Although Urko disposed of a quantity sufficient to feed four men, Adrian Prokhorof was not far behind in keeping pace with him; both did justice to the dinner. The conversation in German grew more and more noisy.

Suddenly the host demanded attention. Extracting a cork from a bottle and filling his glass, he uttered in broken Russian: "I drink to the health of my dear Louise." He then tenderly embraced his forty-five-year-old spouse and imprinted a loud kiss upon her healthy and rosy cheek. The guests followed his example, all draining their glasses to the good health of the "dear Louise."

"Here, I drink to the health of my noble friends," exclaimed the host, opening another bottle. The guests, thanking him for his courtesy, emptied their glasses for the second time. And here a general health drinking began in rapid succession. They drank to the health of every individual present as well as to the health of all as a body; to the health of the city of Moscow as well as to the health of a dozen German colonies within and around the city of Moscow; to the health of all mechanics and tradesmen as a body, as well as to the health of each known member individually; to the health of the "boss" mechanics and to the health of their apprentices.

Prokhorof drank glass after glass, becoming quite lively and proposing some sort of a humorous toast himself. His example was followed by a stout baker, who, seizing a glass full of wine, arose from his seat and proposed a toast to *Unserer Kundleute* (our customers). The last toast, not unlike all the former ones, was responded to heartily and unanimously. A general exchange of compliments now took place — the tailor bowing to the shoemaker, the shoemaker bowing to the tailor, and the baker bowing to both the shoemaker and the tailor. While the bowing was thus going on, Urko arose and turning to his neighbor exclaimed: "See here, my friend, ain't you going to propose a toast to the health of your buried patrons?" This joke made the audience roar with laughter, but the undertaker, finding himself insulted, assumed a very somber face. No one, however, paid any attention to him, and the health drinking, as well as the drinking for its own sake, kept up till an early hour in the morning. At last the guests started to depart. The stout baker and the bookbinder, whose face looked as though it was bound in red leather, escorted Urko arm in arm to his budka.

The undertaker came home very drunk and quite angry. "What made those fools laugh, anyhow? Is not my business as honorable as any of theirs? Ah," he argued to himself aloud, "do they mean to compare an undertaker with a hangman? You just wait! . . . I intended to invite them to my house to give them a dinner, . . . but never now! . . . I will invite my customers, this I will do — my dead, Christian customers."

"What makes you talk such nonsense, master?" remarked the servant girl, who was busying herself about pulling off his boots. "What are you talking about? Cross yourself and go to bed. The idea of inviting the dead to a dinner! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, now, that's straight. As true as my name is Adrian, I will call them all, and to-morrow sure! Come all, my kind-hearted dead friends, and partake of my hospitality! All of you! . . ."

After these last words he fell on his bed and was soon sound asleep.

Mrs. Truchina took her departure at last. A messenger was dispatched to summon Prokhorof at once. Prokhorof was quite pleased with this call; he even tipped the messenger with a ten-kopeck silver coin for the good tidings. He then dressed himself, took a *drosky*, and hurried off to Mrs. Truchina's house. At the gates he met a number of police officers, merchants, relations — the whole crowd resembling a flock of ravens scenting a dead body. The corpse, yellow and disfigured, was put upon the table. Friends, relations, and the domestics came crowding around it. The windows and shutters were closed, candles were lit, and the priest read the appropriate prayers. Adrian approached Mrs. Truchina's son, a young merchant attired in fashionable clothes, and informed him that everything for the funeral was ready and in the best of order. The young heir thanked him for his pains, remarking that under the circumstances he would not enter into any negotiations as to the price for his services, etc.; that he would leave the matter to him and that he would trust to his, Prokhorof's, conscience. As usual, the undertaker assured him that he would not overcharge for his services, and, after exchanging a significant glance with one of the managers of Truchina's estate, who happened to be present, he left to make the necessary preparations for the funeral. It was a very busy day for Prokhorof, and he was glad when evening came and his work was over.

The night was bright and starry. As the undertaker approached his house some one opened his gate and entered the yard. "Who might it be?" he thought to himself. "Who else should want me at this hour? Maybe a thief or perhaps some lover calls to see my stupid little girls. Such things are to be expected nowadays." He thought of calling to his assistance his friend Urko, but at this moment another person approached the gate and intended to enter it, but upon seeing the frightened undertaker, he stopped and removed his white cap. His face seemed familiar to Prokhorof, though his attempt to recognize him and call him by his name was fruitless.

"You came to honor me with your visit," uttered Prokhorof, in a breathless tone — "step right in, please."

"You need not stand on ceremony with us," answered the stranger, bluntly; "go ahead and show your visitors the way." The little gate was thrown open. Prokhorof and his visitor entered the yard. "Go ahead and lead the way to your reception room," commanded the stranger. Prokhorof obeyed in silence and was soon climbing the flight of stairs leading to the second story. It seemed to him that his rooms were full of strangers. "What in the d—— does all this mean?" he thought to himself as he hastened to enter his sitting room. "Is it possible?" but he could think no longer; he trembled like an aspen leaf and it seemed as if he were nailed to the spot he stood upon. His room was full of ghosts. Their ghastly faces, sunken mouths, their turbid and half-open eyes, were fearful to behold. Prokhorof recognized with terror all his patrons; the stranger who followed him was the retired army officer whom he had buried during the recent memorable rain storm. Prokhorof was soon surrounded by a number of gentlemen and ladies — all bowing and complimenting him in various ways. One individual, however, kept aloof from the audience. He seemed to be ashamed of his garb, which was poor and shabby-looking.

It was the one who had been recently buried at the expense of the community. All the others were attired in the finest of cloth, silks and satins, the noblemen wearing their uniforms and the merchants their Sunday *Kaftans.*

"Don't you know, Prokhorof," began the retired officer of the army, in behalf of the audience, "we have accepted your invitation, and we have come to partake of your hospitality. Except those who were utterly unable to move, who fell apart, whose flesh and skin is stripped off their bones, except those, I say, you see all your patrons here. And even from among those unfortunate, one individual could not decline your tempting invitation and came to see you." At this moment a little skeleton pushed himself through the crowd and approached Prokhorof. His clothes were in shreds and his feet, or mere bones, produced a loud rattle in his long top boots.

"Don't you know me, Prokhorof?" asked the skeleton. "Cannot you recollect the ex-sergeant of the guard, Peter Petrovitch Kurilkin, the very man to whom in 1799 you sold your first coffin? Don't you remember that pine coffin, which you kindly substituted for the oak one, after the bargain was made and closed?" Here the skeleton offered his bony embrace. Prokhorof uttered a shriek of terror and felled him to the ground. A general uproar filled the room. All were ready to fight for the honor of their comrade. Poor Prokhorof was surrounded on all sides with threats of revenge. Squeezed and almost deafened by the tumult, he fell upon the bones of the ex-sergeant of the guard and became unconscious.

The sun had already long risen and cast his rays upon Prokhorof's bed. He opened his eyes. The servant girl was in the room, busying herself about the samovar. The events of last night inspired his mind with terror. He expected to hear from the servant girl about the result of last night's occurrence.

"You slept pretty well," remarked Akulina, handing him his *chalat* (smoking jacket). "Our neighbor, the tailor, was here to invite you to a birthday feast, but we thought we had better not disturb you from your sleep."

"Has anybody been here from Mrs. Truchina?"

"Why, is she dead?"

"What a stupid girl you are! Where is your memory? Have not you yourself helped me to get ready for her funeral?"

"Are you out of your mind, master, or are you still drunk?

What funeral are you talking about? You spent all day yesterday with the Germans, came home dead drunk, went to bed, and slept to this very hour."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the undertaker, with a sigh of relief.

"Certainly," replied Akulina.

"Well, if such is the case, call the girls and let us have some breakfast."

AN INVOLUNTARY IMPOSTOR.[1]

By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL.

(From "The Inspector General": translated by Arthur A. Sykes.)

[Nikolai Vassilievitch Gogol: A Russian novelist; born at Sorochintzy in the government of Poltava, March 31, 1809; died at Moscow, March 4, 1852. He was called the "father of modern Russian journalism." His works include: "Evenings on a Farm" (2 series, 1831 and 1834); "The Inspector," a play (1836); "Dead Souls," his greatest work (1837); "Marriage," a play; "How the Two Ivans Quarreled"; "Jaras Bulba," an historical novel; and many others.]

[Khlestakóf, a clerk, is mistaken by the local authorities for the "revizór" or inspector general.]

The Police Officers *throw both folding doors open.* Khlestakóf *enters; after him the* Governor, *then the* Charity Commissioner, *the* Director of Schools, *and* Bobchínski *with plaster on his nose. The* Governor *points out a piece of paper lying on the floor to the* Police Officers, *who rush breathlessly to pick it up, and butt against each other.*

Khlestakóf — Splendid institutions! I'm charmed with the way you have of showing strangers all that's to be seen in your town! In other places they showed me nothing.

Governor — In *other* towns, I venture to suggest, the authorities and officials care most for their own advancement; but *here*, one may say, there is no other thought than how to win the recognition of the Government by good order and vigilance.

Khlestakóf — That lunch was excellent; I've quite overeaten myself. D'you then have a spread like that every day?

Governor — No; it was in honor of such an acceptable guest!

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Khlestakóf — I'm fond of my dinner! What does one live for but to pluck the flowers of pleasure? What was that fish called?

Charity Commissioner [*stepping forward*] — *Labardán* [codfish], sir!

Khlestakóf — It was exquisite! Where was it we lunched? In the infirmary, wasn't it?

Charity Commissioner — Precisely so, sir; in the hospital.

Khlestakóf — I remember, I remember — there were beds there. But have the sick got well? There were not many of them, it seemed.

Charity Commissioner — Ten or so remain, not more; the rest have all recovered. The place is so well organized — there's such good discipline. It may seem incredible to you, perhaps, but ever since I've undertaken the management they all get well like flies. [Instead of "die like flies."] The patient no sooner gets into the sick ward than he's well again. It's not so much done by the doctoring as by honesty and regularity.

Governor — And I venture to point out what a head-splitting business is the office of a Town Governor! How many multifarious matters are referred to him, concerning the cleanness of the town and repairs and alterations alone! In a word, the most competent of men might get into hopeless difficulties. God be thanked though, everything progresses favorably here! Any *other* governor, to be sure, would look after his own profit; but believe me that when I lie down to rest my sole prayer is: "O Lord my God, grant that Government may see my zeal and be satisfied!" They may, or may not, reward me — that is as they please, of course — but, at any rate, my conscience is clear. When there is order throughout the town, when the streets are swept clean, and the prisoners are well kept and locked up, when the number of drunkards is small — what more do I want? Ah, I long for no honors! They are, without doubt, alluring, but to the upright all dust and vanity!

Charity Commissioner [*aside*] — Ah, the villain, how he can spout! It's a gift of Heaven!

Khlestakóf — Quite true. I don't mind saying I also like to declaim now and then; sometimes it's in prose, and sometimes I throw off verses.

Bobchínski [*to* DOBCHÍNSKI] — How well, how very well that was put, Pyotr Ivánovich! Such an observation — shows he's studied the liberal arts!

Khlestakóf — By the way, could you tell me if you have any amusements here, any places where you could get a game of *cards*, for instance?

Governor [*aside*] — Oho, my young friend, *I* know who you mean *that* for! [*Aloud*] God forbid! We've never even heard of such a thing as a card club here! I've not dealt a card in my life; I don't even know how cards are played. I can't bear to *look* at 'em — if ever I happen to see a king of diamonds or such like, I'm so overcome with disgust that I just have to spit to relieve myself. It *did* once happen that, to please the children, I built a house of cards, but I had a nightmare of the cursed things the night after! Lord forgive 'em — how *can* people waste precious time over card playing?

Luká [*aside*] — But, the rascal, he rooked me to the tune of a hundred roubles at faro yesterday!

Governor — No, I think it better to employ my time for the Empire's benefit!

Khlestakóf — Well, I don't quite agree with you, though. It all depends how you look at it. As long as you stop, say, after losing three quarters of your cash, it's all right. No, don't say that cards are not good fun, now and then!

Enter ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA *and* MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — May I take the liberty of introducing my family: my wife and daughter!

Khlestakóf [*bowing to each*] — How fortunate I am, madam, in being permitted the pleasure of meeting you!

Anna — It is far more agreeable to *us* to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage!

Khlestakóf [*with an air of gallantry*] — Pardon me, *Sudárînya*, it is quite the contrary; the pleasure is on *my* side!

Anna — Impossible, sir — you allow yourself to say that by way of compliment! I beg of you to take a seat.

Khlestakóf — To *stand* near you is happiness enough; still, if you insist on it, I will sit. How favored I am, to sit at length by your side!

Anna — Pardon me, but I cannot dare to take that as meant sincerely. You have found the journey very disagreeable, I should think, after life in the capital?

Khlestakóf — Excessively so! After being used, *comprenez-vous*, to living in society — to find myself all at once on my travels — with dirty inns, in the depths of uncivilization! If it were not, I must say, for circumstances which [*looks meaningly at* ANNA, *showing off*] — which recompense me for all the ——

Anna — Really, how unpleasant it must have been for you!

Khlestakóf — I find it quite the reverse, though, madam, at the present moment!

Anna — Oh, how can you say so, sir! You do me much honor. I do not deserve it!

Khlestakóf — Why *not*, indeed? *Sudárînya*, you *do* deserve it!

Anna — Oh, I live only in the country.

Khlestakóf — Ah, but the country, all the same, has its charming hills and rivulets. To be sure, who could compare it to St. Petersburg? Ah, Petersburg — what a life it is, indeed! I dare say you think I am only a copying clerk; on the contrary, I'm on the most friendly terms with the chief of our department. He slaps me on the back and says, "Come and dine, my boy!" I only look in at my office for a couple of minutes or so, just to say, "This is to be done *so*, and that *so*." There's a rat of a clerk there, who scribbles away — tr — tr! for dear life. They wanted even to make me a "College Assessor." I can guess pretty well why. And the porter flies after me on the stairs with the blacking brush: "Allow me, Iván Alexándrovich," says he, "to clean your boots for you!" [*To the* GOVERNOR] But why do you *stand*, gentlemen? Pray be seated!

Together.

Governor — Our rank is not high enough; we must stand!

Chief Commissioner — Oh, we had rather remain standing.

Luká — Don't allow yourself to bother about *us!*

Khlestakóf — No ceremony! I entreat you to take seats! [*The* GOVERNOR *and the rest sit down.*] I do not care to stand on my dignity; on the contrary, I always try to slip away unobserved! But it's impossible to hide one's self. Quite impossible! No matter where I go, they cry at once: "There goes Iván Alexándrovich!" Once they even took me for the Commander in Chief; the soldiers rushed out of the guardhouse and saluted. An officer, whom I knew very well, said to me afterwards: "Hullo, my boy, we completely mistook you for the Commander in Chief!"

Anna — You don't say so!

Khlestakóf — I know nearly all the pretty actresses, and compose all sorts of vaudevilles. I frequently see literary men; I'm on a very friendly footing with Púshkin — often say to him: "Well, how de do, Púshkin, my boy!" "So-so, old man," he'd reply. "Things might be better." A regular original, is Púshkin!

Anna — So you *write* too? How delightful it must be to be an author! And do you really write for the papers?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I write for the papers too. Besides that, there are a good many of my productions, such as "Figaro's Wedding," "Robert the Devil," "Norma" — I really forget some of their names. It all happened by chance. I didn't intend to write, but a theater manager said, "*Do* turn me off something, old man." I consider a bit: "You may as well, brother!" And so I knocked it off in one evening, I dare say. I have a marvelous flow of ideas, you know. All that came out under the name of "Baron Brambeus," and "The Frigate of Hope," and the *Moscow Telegraph* — all that was *my* composition!

Anna — Is it possible; and so you were really "Brambeus"?

Khlestakóf — Of course, and I correct all their verses. Smirdin gives me forty thousand for that.

Anna — And, I dare say, "Yúri Miloslávski" was composed by you.

Khlestakóf — Yes, that's by me.

Anna — I thought so at once.

Márya — But, mamma dear, it says on the title-page that Zagoskin was the author.

Anna — There! of course: I *knew* you would want to argue!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so it was; that's true, that particular work *was* by Zagoskin; but there's another "Yúri Miloslávski," and that was written by *me*.

Anna — Ah, to be sure! I read yours. How beautifully it is written!

Khlestakóf — I must admit, I live by my pen. My house is the first in Petersburg; it's well known there as "Iván Alexándrovich's." [*Addresses the company generally.*] Do me the favor, if any of you are ever in Petersburg, to pay me a visit — I beg, I beg of you! I give balls too, you know.

Anna — I can fancy with what good taste and magnificence the balls are given!

. .

Khlestakóf — It's a simple affair, not worth talking about! On the table, for instance, is a watermelon that costs seven hundred roubles. The soup comes straight from Paris by steamer in the tureen: there's nothing in the world to be compared with its flavor! I go to a ball every day. We have our whist club there too: the Foreign Minister, the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and myself. We regularly kill ourselves over cards; there's nothing to be seen like it! How I rush home, and clamber up four flights of stairs, and just have strength to say to the cook, "Here, Mavrúsha, take my greatcoat!" What do I say? I was forgetting that I live on the first floor. — Why, the staircase alone cost me I don't know how much. And it's a curious sight to see my antechamber: counts and princes jostling and humming there like bees; all you can hear is *buzz, buzz, buzz!* Once there was a Minister [*the* GOVERNOR *and the rest start from their chairs in alarm*]. They even write "Your Excellency" on their letters to me. On one occasion I took charge of a Department. It was a funny story: the Director went off somewhere — nobody knew where. So, naturally, people began to ask how was his place to be taken? who was to fill it? Any number of generals coveted the post and tried it, but they soon gave the thing up — too difficult for 'em! It looked easy enough, but, on closer inspection, it proved a devil of a business! There was nothing to be done, but come to *me.* In a twinkling the streets were choke-full of couriers, couriers after couriers. Just picture to yourselves thirty-five thousand couriers! How's that for a situation, I ask you? "Iván Alexándrovich, come and direct the Department!" I own I was a little taken aback. I went out in my dressing gown and wanted to refuse, but, thinks I, it'll get to the Emperor's ears, and it wouldn't look well on my record of service either — so, "All right," I say, "I'll undertake the job, I'll undertake it! So be it!" I say, "I'll take it; only remember, sharp's the word with me — *sharp's the word,* mind!" And so it *was;* I go through the Department like an earthquake; they all shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. [*The* GOVERNOR *and others quake with terror;* KHLESTAKÓF *proceeds with redoubled vehemence.*] Oh, it's no joke, I can tell you. I gave them all a jobation! Even the Council of the Empire is in awe of me. And why not, indeed? I'm such a — I don't spot any one in particular. I address them all generally, and say, "*I* know my power; *I* know my business!" I'm everywhere — everywhere! I go to Court every day. Why, to-morrow, they're going to make me a Field Marsh——

[*Slips off his chair, and sprawls on the floor, but is respectfully helped up by the chinovniks.*

Governor [*approaches, trembling all over, and struggles to speak*] — But, your E—e—ex—— [*Gasps.*

Khlestakóf [*sharply*] — What's the matter?

Governor — Your E—e—ex——

Khlestakóf [*as before*] — I can't make out a word you say; it's all nonsense.

Governor — Yo—ur E—e—xlncy, excellency, won't you be pleased to rest a little? Here is a room, and all you require.

Khlestakóf — Bosh! Rest a little! Stay, I think I will! Your lunch, gentlemen, was excellent. I'm delighted, delighted! [*Theatrically.*] Labardán! Labardán!

[*Exit into the side room, followed by the* GOVERNOR.

Bobchínski — There, Pyótr Ivánovich, there's a man for you! That's what I call a *man!* Never have I been before in the presence of such a swell — I nearly died of fright! What's his rank, do you think, Dobchínski?

Dobchínski — I should think he's almost a general.

Bobchínski — Well, *I* think that a general wouldn't do for the sole of his boots! Or if he is a general, then he must be the very Generalissimo himself! Did you hear how he bullies the Council of State? Let's go quick, and tell Ammos Fyódorovich and Karóbkin. Good afternoon, Anna Andréyevna!

Dobchínski — Good afternoon, *Kúmushka!* [*Both go out.*

Charity Commissioner [*to* LUKÁ LUKÍCH] — It's a terrible anxiety, and one doesn't know who's the culprit. We're not in uniform either! As soon as he wakes he'll send a report about us to Petersburg! [*Exit dejectedly with the* SCHOOL INSPECTOR, *both saying to* ANNA:] Good-by, *Sudárînya!*

Governor [*entering on tiptoe*] — Sh — sh ——

Anna — What?

Governor — I'm vexed that he has drunk so much. Now, supposing *half* of what he said was true! [*Reflects.*] And why shouldn't it be so? When a man's tipsy he let's everything out: what's in his heart flies to his tongue. Of course he invented a little; but then no story is ever told without a little ornamentation. So he plays whist with Ministers, and goes to Court. Upon my word, the more one thinks about it — the devil knows what to make of it — I feel as giddy as if I stood on the top of a steeple, or they were going to hang me.

Anna — *I* don't feel the slightest nervousness; I merely saw in him an educated, polished, well-bred young man; but I don't bother myself about his rank.

Governor — Oh, that's just like you *women!* That one word *woman* explains everything! You women only care about fiddle-faddle, and fire off remarks without rhyme or reason. *You* may be let off with a flogging, but *your husband* will never more be heard of. You treat this gentleman, my dear, as familiarly as if he was another Dobchínski.

Anna — I recommend you not to trouble about *that*. We shall see what we shall see.

[*Glances significantly at her daughter.*

Governor [*soliloquizing*] — Oh, it's no good talking to you! *What* a state of things this is! I haven't yet been able to recover from my fright. [*Opens the door and calls off:*] Mishka, call the police officers Svistunóv and Derzhimórda; they are somewhere about near the gate. [*After a short silence.*] It's a very queer world now. One *ought* to be able to recognize such people by their distinguished appearance; but *this* miserable stripling — how is one to know *who* he is? A military man reveals himself at once. When he puts on civilian dress he looks like a fly with its wings clipped. But then he obstinately remained at the inn, and just now gave vent to such allegories and ambiguities that it would take you an age to make head or tail of 'em. However, he has surrendered at last. Yes, and said a good deal more than he'd need to. It's pretty plain he's *quite* young! [*Exeunt.*

Khlestakóf [*coming out alone, with the look of a man who has overslept himself*] — I've had a proper snooze, it seems. Where did they get such mattresses and feather beds from? I regularly perspired. They must have plied me fairly well after lunch: my head aches yet. As far as I can see, I can pass the time here very comfortably. I like generosity and hospitality — all the more if I think they've not got a deep game to play. And the Governor's daughter's not at all bad; while her mother, well. No, I don't know but this sort of life just suits me to a T.

Judge [*enters and stops still, soliloquizing*] — Oh Lord! oh Lord! grant me success! How my knees knock together! [*Aloud, drawing himself up and steadying himself with his sword*] I have the honor to present myself: County Court Judge of this district and College Assessor Lyápkin-Tyápkin!

Khlestakóf — Pray take a seat! So you are the judge here?

Judge—I was elected judge for three years by the nobility and gentry in the year 1816, and have continued in the office ever since.

Khlestakóf—You find it profitable, I dare say, being a judge?

Judge—After three periods of the three years I was decorated with the Vladímir of the Fourth Class, with commendation from the Government. [*Aside*] This money is regularly burning a hold through my hand!

Khlestakóf—Well, I like the Vladímir; it's better than the Anna of the Third Class, at any rate.

Judge [*thrusting his clenched fist somewhat forward, aside*]— Oh, Lord God! I don't know *where* I'm sitting! I feel as if I was on hot burning coals!

Khlestakóf — What have you got in your hand there?

Judge [*loses his head, and drops the bank notes on the floor*] — No—othing, sir!

Khlestakóf — Nothing? How's that? Why, I see there's some money dropped!

Judge [*shaking all over*] — I—impos—sible, sir! [*Aside*] Oh, Lord, now *I'm* before the judge! They've brought the cart to take me to Siberia!

Khlestakóf [*picks the notes up*] — Yes, so it is; it's money!

Judge — Now, all is over! I'm lost! I'm lost!

Khlestakóf — I say, *lend* me this!

Judge [*eagerly*] — If you wish, sir, if you wish — with the greatest of pleasure! [*Aside*] Now, courage — courage! Aid me, Most Holy Mother!

Khlestakóf — I spent all my money on the road, you know, over one thing and another. However, as soon as I get home I'll return it you.

Judge — Don't mention it; it's quite unnecessary! The *honor* of lending it you is enough. Indeed, with my feeble powers, but with all zeal and loyalty to the Government — I shall endeavor to deserve — [*Rises and stands erect, hands down* *his sides.*]. I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Will there be any injunction?

Khlestakóf — *Injunction* — what injunction?

Judge — I mean, will you not give any injunction to the judge of this district?

Khlestakóf — *Why* should I? I've no need for him at present; no, thank you — thanks very much!

Judge [*bowing and going out, aside*] — *Now* the town is ours!

Khlestakóf [*alone*] — H'm, the Judge is an excellent fellow!

Enter the POSTMASTER *in uniform, sword in hand.*

Postmaster — I have the honor to present myself: Postmaster and Court Councilor Shpyókin!

Khlestakóf — Ah, welcome! I'm very fond of agreeable company! Take a seat! And so you live here always?

Postmaster — Yes, sir, just so.

Khlestakóf — Well, I like this little town of yours. Cert'nly, there are not many people in it, but what of that? it's not the capital. That's true, isn't it — it's *not* the capital?

Postmaster — That's quite true, sir.

Khlestakóf — You see, it is only in the capital you get *bon-ton*, and no country bumpkins. That's your opinion, isn't it?

Postmaster — Exactly so, sir! [*Aside*] Well, he's not at all *haughty* — he talks about anything!

Khlestakóf — Still you admit you *can* live happily in a small town?

Postmaster — Precisely so, sir!

Khlestakóf — What does one want? In *my* opinion, all you want is that people should respect you, and sincerely like you — isn't that so?

Postmaster — Absolutely correct.

Khlestakóf — I must say I'm glad we are of the same mind. I dare say I'm called eccentric, but it's my nature. [*Catches the other's eye, and speaks sotto voce.*] I may as well borrow a trifle of this Postmaster too. [*Aloud*] A very odd thing has happened to me: I've spent my last coin on the way. Can you lend me three hundred roubles?

Postmaster — Of course! I shall count it a very great happiness. Here it is — take it, sir, please — delighted to oblige you!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, very much. You see, I've a mortal hatred of stinting myself when I'm traveling — why should I? Ain't I right?

Postmaster — *Quite* right, sir! [*Rises and draws himself up, with his hand on his sword.*] I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Have you any observation to make with reference to the postal administration?

Khlestakóf — No, nothing!

[*The* POSTMASTER *bows and exit.*

Khlestakóf [*lighting a cigar*] — The Postmaster, it seems to me, is also a very good fellow — at least, he's ready to oblige; that's the sort of people I like.

Enter LUKÁ LUKÍCH, *unceremoniously propelled from behind. A voice in his rear is heard saying, almost aloud,* "Go on, what are you afraid of?"

Luká [*saluting nervously, with his hand on his sword*] — I have the honor to present myself: Director of Schools and Honorary Councilor Khlópof!

Khlestakóf — Ah, how d'ye do! Take a seat! take a seat! Won't you have a weed? [*Offers him one.*

Luká [*aside, irresolutely*] — Good gracious now! I never *thought* of that! Shall I take it or not?

Khlestakóf — Take it, take it; it's of an excellent brand. To be sure, it's not a Petersburg one. I used to smoke cigars *there*, my good sir, that cost twenty-five roubles the hundred. Ah! you'd lick your fingers after smoking *them!* Here's a match — light up! [*Gives him a match.* LUKÁ *tries to smoke, shaking all over.*] There, don't put *that* end in your mouth!

Luká [*throws the cigar down, spits, and gesticulates. Aside*] — Devil take it all; my cursed nervousness spoils everything!

Khlestakóf — I see you're not very fond of cigars, but I own they're one of *my* weaknesses. Not the only one, though — I'm rather susceptible to the charms of the fair sex too. What's *your* taste? Do you prefer *brunettes*, or *blondes?*

[LUKÁ *is completely dumfoundered.*

Khlestakóf — No, out with it! — *brunettes*, or *blondes!*

Luká — I daren't give an opinion.

Khlestakóf — No, no; don't get out of it *that* way. I particularly want to know your taste.

Luká — I will venture to say then — [*Aside*] *I* don't know what I'm saying — my head's in a whirl!

Khlestakóf—Aha! Aha! So you won't commit yourself! I'm sure you're smitten with some little *brunette* or other! Confess it now—you *are!* [LUKÁ *is speechless.*] Oho, you're blushing. Look, look! Why won't you speak?

Luká—I'm too shy, your nob—excell—enity! [*Aside*] Confound my tongue, it's done for me, done for me!

Khlestakóf—Too shy—eh? Well, there's a certain something in my look which inspires that feeling; at least I know that not a woman can resist it—can they?

Luká—Certainly not, sir!

Khlestakóf—Now, there's a very funny thing happened to me: I've spent all I possess in coming here. You couldn't lend me three hundred roubles, could you?

Luká [*aside, grabbing at his purse*]—What a case, if I haven't got them!—Ah, I have, I have!

[*Takes some notes out, and hands them, trembling, to* KHLESTAKÓF.

Khlestakóf—I'm deeply indebted to you!

Luká—I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence!

Khlestakóf—Good-by, then!

Luká [*disappears hastily, remarking, aside*]—There! thank Heaven! perhaps he won't visit the schools now!

Enter the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, ARTÉMI PHILÍPPOVICH. *He draws himself up like the others, in a military attitude of respectful attention, with his hand on his sword.*

Charity Commissioner—I have the honor to present myself: Charity Commissioner and Court Councilor Zemlyaníka.

Khlestakóf—How do you do? Won't you take a seat?

Charity Commissioner—I had the honor of receiving and personally conducting you through the charitable institutions committed to my charge.

Khlestakóf—Ah, so you did, I remember. You gave me an excellent luncheon.

Charity Commissioner—I am glad to labor in the service of my Fatherland.

Khlestakóf—It's my weakness—I confess it—I'm fond of good cookery. But it seems as if you weren't so tall and erect yesterday, were you?

Charity Commissioner—It's very possible. [*After a short silence.*] I can only say that I spare no effort to perform my duty zealously. [*Draws his chair a little closer, and speaks in a* *lower tone.*] There's this Postmaster here does absolutely nothing. Everything is in the greatest state of neglect: letters and packages are kept back — pray investigate the matter yourself. The Judge too, who was here just before me, does nothing but hunt hares, and keeps his dogs in the County Court buildings; while his general conduct, if I *must* unburden my mind to you — certainly it's for my country's good that I have to do it, though he's my friend and connection — well, his conduct is most deplorable. There's a certain proprietor here, Dobchínski by name — you have deigned to meet him — and as soon as ever Dobchínski goes away anywhere, his wife and the Judge are having a *tête-à-tête.* I am ready to swear to it — and the *children*, down to the youngest little girl, have a very strong likeness to the Judge ——

Khlestakóf — Well, I declare! I never should have thought it!

Charity Commissioner — Then there's the Director of Schools. I can't think *how* the Government could have appointed him. He's worse than a Jacobin, and he poisons the minds of the young generation with revolutionary doctrines that simply baffle description. Hadn't I better put all this down on paper?

Khlestakóf — Do, by all means; I shall be very glad to have it! I like to read something amusing when I'm bored. By the way, what is your name? I keep forgetting!

Charity Commissioner — Zemlyaníka.

Khlestakóf — Ah, of course — Zemlyaníka. And tell me, please, have you any children?

Charity Commissioner — To be sure I have, sir, five of 'em; two are now grown up.

Khlestakóf — You don't say so; grown up! And now — what are their ——

Charity Commissioner — I understand, you are pleased to ask what their names are?

Khlestakóf — Yes, what are their names?

Charity Commissioner — Nikolaí, Iván, Yelizavéta, Márya, and Perepetúya.

Khlestakóf — Good, good!

Charity Commissioner — As I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence, or take up the time which you consecrate to the performance of your duties ——

[*Bows and prepares to leave.*

Khlestakóf [*accompanying him out*] — Oh, don't mention it! All you told me is very amusing. It's a great treat to me. [*Turns back, and reopens the door, calling after him:*] Hi, there! what are your — I quite forget your Christian and paternal names!

Charity Commissioner — Artémi Philíppovich.

Khlestakóf — Oh, I beg your pardon, Artémi Philíppovich, but an odd thing has happened to me — I've cleaned myself out coming here. You haven't got four hundred roubles to lend me?

Charity Commissioner — Yes, I have. [*Gives it.*

Khlestakóf — Well, that *is* lucky! I thank you most sincerely!

Enter the GOVERNOR, *breathlessly, and* ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA *and* MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — I will never do so again, your Excellency! Don't ruin me — don't ruin me!

Khlestakóf — Why, what's the matter?

Governor — The merchants have been here, complaining to your Excellency. I swear, on my honor, not half of what they say is true. They cheat and rob the people themselves. The sergeant's wife lied when she told you I flogged her — it's false, *yéi Bóhu*, it's false. Why, *she flogged herself!*

Khlestakóf — The sergeant's wife may go to the devil — I'm not going to bother about *her!*

Governor — Don't believe 'em — don't believe 'em! they're such liars — not a *child* will trust 'em even! The whole town knows they're liars, and as for cheating, I'll go so far as to say the world has never bred such a gang!

Anna — But do you know the honor Iván Alexándrovich has conferred on us? He has asked for our daughter's hand!

Governor — What? what? You're *mad*, *mátushka*. Don't be offended, your Excellency; but she's a little wrong in the head sometimes — she takes after her mother.

Khlestakóf — But I do really ask for her hand! I'm deeply in love!

Governor — I can't believe it, your Excellency ——

Anna — Not when he *tells* you so?

Khlestakóf — I'm not joking — I'm madly in love with her!

Governor — I daren't believe it; I'm not worthy of such an honor!

Khlestakóf — If you refuse me Márya Antónovna's hand, the devil knows what I'm not ready for!

Governor — I *can't* believe you — you are pleased to be jesting, Excellency!

Anna — Oh, what a *blockhead* you are, to be sure! How many times are you to be told?

Governor — No, no — it's incredible!

Khlestakóf — Give me your consent, give me your consent! I'm a desperate man — capable of anything! If I blow my brains out, *you* will be held responsible.

Governor — Oh, my God! I am innocent, body and soul! Don't take offense, I beg! Please do what your honor thinks fit! My head's in such a whirl now — I can't realize what's going on. I've become a regular tom fool — such as I never was before!

Anna — There now, give them your blessing!

[KHLESTAKÓF *and* MÁRYA *approach him.*

Governor — May the Lord bless you — but I am innocent of it! [KHLESTAKÓF *kisses* MÁRYA. *The* GOVERNOR *stares at them, and at last realizes that it is not all a plot.*] *What?* what the devil! They're really — [*Rubs his eyes.*] *So* they are, they're kissing each other; they actually *are* — just as if they were engaged! Aha! Oho! What a stroke of luck! *Well*, I'm blest!!

Enter OSIP.

Osip — The horses are ready!

Khlestakóf — All right — I'll come directly!

Governor — Why! Are you going away?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I'm starting.

Governor — But just when — that is to say — you condescended to hint at a marriage, I thought!

Khlestakóf — I have to leave, though, at a minute's notice; but I'm only going for a day to see my uncle — he's a wealthy old boy — and I'll be back again to-morrow!

Governor — We won't venture to detain you then — we'll only hope for your safe return!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, thanks; I'll come back directly! [*To* MÁRYA] Good-by, my love! — No, I can't bear to say it! Farewell, darling. [*Kisses her hand.*

Governor — Will you want anything for your journey? You were good enough, I think, to say you were short of funds?

Khlestakóf — Oh, no, it doesn't matter. [*Reflects a little.*] Well — all the same — since you *are* so kind ——

Governor — How much do you want?

Khlestakóf — Well, you know, you have lent me two hundred — that's to say, it wasn't *two* hundred, but *four* — I don't want to profit by your mistake — so, if you like to lend me as much again, that will make it a round sum, just eight hundred.

Governor — You shall have it at once! [*Takes the notes out of his purse.*] There, as if on purpose, there's some brand-new notes!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so they are! [*Takes the notes and examines them.*] That's fine! They say new bank notes mean good luck, don't they?

Governor — So they do, sir; exactly so!

Khlestakóf — Well, good-by, Antón Antónovich! I'm deeply grateful to you for your hospitality — I've never been so well treated as here. Good-by, Anna Andréyevna! Farewell, Márya Antónovna, my darling!

[*They go off, and their voices are heard behind the scenes.*

Khlestakóf — Farewell, Márya Antónovna, angel of my soul!

Governor — Oh, how's this? you're going to ride in a post carriage?

Khlestakóf — Yes, it's a way I have. Springs give me a headache.

Driver — Tprr. — Whoa then!

Governor — Have something then laid there; a rug, say. Won't you let me tell them to get you one?

Khlestakóf — Oh no, why? it's needless — still, if you like, let's have the rug!

Governor — Here, Avdótya, run to the cupboard and get out the very best rug, the Persian one with the blue ground — make haste!

Driver — Tprrr ——

Governor — How long are we to wait for your return?

Khlestakóf — Oh, to-morrow, or the day after!

Osip — Ah, is that the rug? let's have it here — lay it *so!* And now put some hay this side!

Driver — Whoa then, whoa ——

Osip — Here, on this side! this way! more — that's right! that'll do famous! [*Pats the rug with his hand.*] Now you can take your seat, your honor!

Khlestakóf — Good-by, Antón Antónovich!
Governor — Good-by, your Excellency!
Women's Voices — Good-by, Iván Alexándrovich!
Khlestakóf — Good-by, *mámenka!*
Driver — Gee-up, my beauties!

[*Bell tinkles; the curtain falls.*

Enter the JUDGE, CHARITY COMMISSIONER, GOVERNOR, DOBCHÍNSKI, BOBCHÍNSKI, *and* LUKÁ LUKÍCH.

Judge — Who was it then who first gave out he was the Revizór? Answer me!

Charity Commissioner [*shrugging his shoulders*] — It all happened in such a way that I wouldn't tell you, if you were to kill me. Our wits were befogged — it was the devil's doing!

Judge — Who started the idea? Why, there they are — those enterprising young bucks!

[*Points to* DOBCHÍNSKI *and* BOBCHÍNSKI.

Bobchínski — I swear it wasn't *me!* I never thought ——

Dobchínski — I hadn't the *least* idea ——

Charity Commissioner — Undoubtedly it was *you!*

Luká — Why, certainly it was; they ran like mad from the inn with the news — "He's here, he's come, he pays no money!" A *fine* bird you discovered!

Governor — Of course, it was *you* — you gossiping busybodies, you damnable liars!

Charity Commissioner — I wish you had gone to the devil with your revizór and your stories!

Governor — All you do is to run about the town and meddle with everybody, you confounded chatterboxes, you tittle-tattling scandal mongers, you short-tailed jackdaws!

Judge — You confounded bunglers!

Luká — You dirty nightcaps!

Charity Commissioner — You pot-bellied drivelers!

[*All crowd up to them threateningly.*

Bobchínski — *Yéi Bóhu*, it wasn't *me*, it was Dobchínski!

Dobchínski — No, Peter Ivánovich, you certainly were the first to ——

Bobchínski — No, I did *not* — *you* began it.

Enter a Gendarme.

Gendarme — The Inspector General sent by Imperial command has arrived, and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn.

[*They are thunderstruck at this announcement. The ladies utter simultaneous ejaculations of amazement; the whole group suddenly shift their positions and remain as if petrified.*

IRMA'S REMORSE.

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

(From "On the Heights.")

[Berthold Auerbach: A German writer; born in 1812; died in 1882. He was of Jewish extraction, and received his education at the universities of Heidelberg and Munich. His parents designed him for the Jewish priesthood, but his philosophical tastes being somewhat advanced for his time, he finally abandoned that career. His writings cover a wide range, including history, biography, philosophy, and fiction. He wrote, among others, a "Life of Frederick the Great," published under the pseudonym of Theobald Chauber, and a version of Spinoza's philosophy in the German, a work displaying much painstaking care. Among a great number of other works may be mentioned "On the Heights," generally considered to be his best work in fiction, and "The Villa on the Rhine." "The Head Forester" was published two years before his death.]

He who destroys his life does not destroy his own life alone.

The child who afflicts a father assists in preparing his grave.

Upon my brow there stands an inextinguishable print, a Cain mark from the hand of my father.

I can never again look at my own face, nor can I ever let the eye of another look on it.

Can I flee from myself? Everywhere myself must follow me.

I am a castaway, lost, and ruined —

Such was the dreary monotone that rang through Irma's soul again and again.

She lay in the darkened room, where not a sunbeam was allowed to penetrate, nor a ray of light to enter; she was alone with herself and darkness. Her thoughts called to her like voices, on the right, on the left, from above, and from below, everywhere — and it often seemed to her as if her father's hand hovered through the gloom with an outstretched finger of flame.

She heard without the voices of Bruno and the physician; Bruno wanted to ask her many things, Gunther wished to return to the capital. Irma answered that she could see no one; she commissioned Gunther with a thousand greetings to all who cared for her.

Gunther charged the family doctor and the maid to watch carefully over Irma; he sent a messenger to Emmy in the convent.

Irma remained in darkness and in solitude.

The tempter came to her, and said: —

"Why dost thou pine away thy young life? the whole world lies before thee with its splendor and beauty. Where is a trace upon thy brow? the hand that left it is stiff and decayed. Rise up! the world is thine! why languish away? why mortify thyself? everything lives for itself, everything lives its time. Thy father has consummated his life, consummate thou thine own! What is sin? — death has no right to life, life alone has right —

Hither and thither the struggle tormented her, and suddenly in the gloom she seemed to have before her the New Testament scene, in which Satan and the Archangel dispute about the body of Moses.

"I am no dead body," she burst forth, "and there are no angels and there are no devils! All is a lie! from generation to generation they sing to all sorts of tales as they do to children in the darkness.

"The day is here. I can pull aside my curtain and the world of light is mine. Have not thousands erred like me, and still live happy?"

She rushed to the window. It seemed to her as if she lay buried alive in the earth, her imagination transported her to that one grave —

"I must have light, light!"

She raised the curtain. A broad ray of light came in. She sprang back; the curtain fell again and she lay in darkness.

Presently she heard a voice which went deep to her heart. Colonel Bronnen had come from the capital to show the last token of respect to Eberhardt; he begged Irma — and his strong voice was half stifled — to do him the favor and let him mourn with her for the dead.

Irma's blood seemed to congeal in her heart. She opened the door and held out her hand to her friend in the dark; he pressed it, and she heard him, strong man as he was, weeping loudly. As if storm-driven, the thoughts passed through her mind: there stands a man who could rescue thee, and thou couldst serve him, and be subject to him — but how wouldst thou dare?

"I thank you," she said at last; "may you ever feel the happiness of having acted kindly to the departed one and me" —

Her voice faltered; she could not say more.

Bronnen went: he left her in the darkness.

Irma was again alone.

The last hold which she had left in life was broken. Could she have imagined what lines, from a torn letter picked up on the public way, Bronnen had in his pocket, she would have screamed aloud.

One thought alone was ever awake within her. What was it to her to see the sun rise so many thousand times more, and every sunbeam and every eye would make writing the glare, and words would be an everlasting terror to her. Father — daughter — who would efface those words from language, that she might never hear them again, never read them again?

She felt a sort of unfathomable void in her mind. The one and only thought was ever returning, it was never to be exhausted, and yet every side of it had been weighed, and brooding reflection had turned it over and over, with crushing power, indefatigably and yet wearyingly, in a thousand different aspects.

Then there came on that stupor of mind which is utter thoughtlessness. Nothing to think, nothing to desire, nothing to do. Chaos had fallen over the individual man, and beyond it hovered intangible objects. Let them come; be still as a beast for sacrifice, upon whose head the ax of the officiating priest is to be uplifted. The destiny must be accomplished; thou canst do nothing, thou canst only stand still and not shrink away from it.

Irma lay thus for hours.

Outside her room, the pendulum of the great clock ticked, and the sound seemed ever saying, "Father — daughter, daughter — father." For hours she heard nothing but the ticking, and ever the words, Father — daughter, daughter — father! She longed to call out and order them to stop the clock, but she forbore. She tried to force herself not to hear these words in the ticking of the pendulum. But she could not succeed. Father — daughter, daughter — father! the pendulum still kept on repeating.

That which had once been the free play of her humor, now played with her. "What hast thou seen of the world?" she said to herself. "A little segment. Thou must now make a journey round the whole earth; that shall be thy pilgrimage, and so thou wilt forget thyself. Thou must become acquainted with the whole planet, on which these creatures creep about, who call themselves men, and who stupefy their misery with digging and planting, with preaching and singing, with chiseling and painting, until they die. Stupefaction is everything" —

And in her mind pictures formed themselves, carrying her into boundless distances, the faithful servant pitching the tent in the desert, and perhaps some wild race approaching —

Half dreaming she heard the tomtom, and saw herself borne away, adorned with peacock's feathers, and dusky young forms dancing round her.

Her lively fancy had once amused itself with the idea, and it now arose of itself before her, half maddening her, as the sense-confusing dance closed around her.

It was the depth of the night. All were sleeping.

Irma opened her door gently and glided out.

She went to the chamber of death. A solitary light was burning at the head of the body; he lay in an open coffin, with a bunch of corn in his hand. The servant, who was watching by the corpse, looked amazed at Irma; he only nodded and did not speak a word.

Irma grasped her father's hand. Had that hand but rested in blessing on her head, instead of —

She knelt down and kissed the icy cold hand with her burning lips. A thought, a sense-distracting thought, flashed through her mind: "It was the kiss of eternity! Burning flame and icy coldness had met together. It was the kiss of eternity" —

When she awoke in her room, she knew no longer whether she had been dreaming, or whether it was a reality that she had kissed the dead hand of her father; but this she felt — that deep within her innermost soul there lay something like a drop of ice, immovable, indelible.

The kiss of eternity — she could nevermore kiss warm lips — she was united to the dead.

She heard the bells toll as they carried her father to the grave; she did not leave her room, no sound came from her lips, no tear fell from her eye; everything in her was mute, dull, and shattered.

She lay in darkness. When the pigeons cooed on the window sill outside, and flew away, she knew that it was day.

Bruno was annoyed to the utmost at his sister's eccentric conduct. He wished to leave, and he requested her to accompany him, or to say what she proposed doing. But she gave no reply. At length, equipped for starting, he went into Irma's anteroom; her maid was sitting there, reading.

Bruno had stretched out his hand to pat her under the chin, but he quickly recollected himself that he was in sorrow; and he drew his hand back.

He gave his hat to the maid to fasten a mourning band on it, and in doing so, he stroked her hand as if by accident. Then he went again to his sister's door.

"Irma," said he, "Irma, be reasonable: give me an answer at last!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked a voice within.

"Open the door."

"I hear," she replied, but she did not open it.

"Well, then, I must tell you, there has been no will of my father's found. I will arrange everything with you in a brotherly manner. Won't you go with me to my family?"

"No."

"Then I must start alone. Good-by!"

He received no answer; he listened to the footsteps retreating from the door, and turned away. The maid had fastened the crape round his hat; Bruno kissed her hand, and gave her a handsome present.

Then he set out on his journey.

It suited him well that he could travel without Irma; he could better give way to his inclinations when undisturbed by any one, and his philosophy enjoined no unnecessary sorrow! It is of no avail, and only mars life by it.

On the road, he felt very well satisfied with himself. The Wildenort estate he kept for himself on account of the name; it was small, and without some position in the state he could not live on it in a manner suitable to his rank. He resolved to give Irma when she married, which he hoped would soon be the case, the entire value of the hereditary property as her dowry.

Bruno traveled to the capital, and his first object after having visited his family was the jockey club, which was now permanently established. By paying a moderate forfeit, he wished to withdraw his horses from the race, which was to take place in the next few days ; he was in sorrow, and they would have regard to that. On the way he met the physician, and Bruno turned back. The physician was going to the palace.

Never had this man, who was regarded at court as unmovable, been seen so agitated as when he brought back the tidings of the death of the old Count Wildenort.

He told the queen of the edifying reflections which had roused Eberhardt in his last hour, but he could not help adding that his deceased friend had not attained to the high point towards which he had so honestly striven ; for that in his very last hour he had groped for outward support, and was obliged to impress anew upon his mind all that he had labored to obtain. The queen looked with astonishment at the man who could judge so sternly even when most deeply affected.

"How does our Irma bear it?" asked she.

"Heavily and silently, your majesty," replied the physician.

"I think," said the king to the queen, "we ought to write to our friend and send a messenger to her."

The queen concurred with his opinion, and the king said aloud to the comptroller of the household : —

"The queen wishes at once to dispatch a courier to the Countess Irma; will you make the necessary arrangement? Send the lackey Baum."

The queen was startled. Why did the king say that she wished to send a messenger, when he had suggested it, and she had only agreed? A fear passed through her, but she mastered it quickly, and reproached herself that the evil thought which had once been stirred in her had not yet entirely vanished. She went to her room, and wrote to Irma. The king also wrote.

Baum assumed a very modest and submissive expression when the comptroller of the household ordered him at once to make ready and to go as courier to the Countess of Wildenort; he was to remain with the countess, and never to leave her, and if she wished to travel, he was to accompany her until her return to the court.

When Baum set off with the letters, his face wore a very different expression; it was now triumphant; he was now on the point of gaining his great desire; the most delicate commission had been given him, he knew how it was, they understood him and he understood others. He turned behind to look towards the palace, and his expression was now by no means submissive; whispering behind his left hand, while he stroked his breast with the right, he said to himself, "I shall come back a made man, and I must at least be gentleman of the chamber."

Baum arrived at the castle. The maid told him that her mistress neither saw nor spoke to any one.

"If she could only cry," said the maid; "her silent grief is killing her."

There was a knock at Irma's closed door; but it was long before an answer came. At last Irma inquired what was the matter. She was obliged to support herself by the handle of the door, when she recognized Baum's voice. Had the king himself perhaps come?

Baum said that he had been sent as courier by their majesties, to deliver a letter. Irma opened the door only so far as to put out her hand; she took in the large letter and placed it on the table — she had nothing to learn of the world outside, the world outside could give her no comfort, no one could.

At length, towards evening, she drew back the curtains and broke the seal of the large envelope. Two letters were in it; one was directed in the queen's handwriting, the other in that of the king. She unfolded the queen's letter first, and read: —

Dear, good Irma! [It was the first time that the queen had written so affectionately. Irma wiped her face with her handkerchief and went on reading.]

You have suffered the hardest sorrow in life. I should like to be with you to press your heavily beating heart to my own, and to kiss the tears from your eyes. I will not comfort you, I will only tell you that I feel with you, so far as one can feel what one has not one's self experienced. You are strong, noble, and harmonious, and I must appeal to you [Irma's hand trembled as she read this] to remember yourself and to bear your grief purely and beautifully. You are orphaned, but the world must not be desolate and void to you. There still live hearts allied to you by friendship. I rejoice, or rather I thank God, that I can be anything to you in sorrow. I need not tell you that I am your friend, but it does one good in hours like this to tell one's self so. I should like not to spend a single hour in amusement while you are in affliction. Every feeling is shared between us. [Irma covered her face with her hand. She composed herself and went on reading.]

Let me soon know what I can be to you. Come to me, or remain in solitude, just as your nature prompts. If I could only give you that enjoyment of yourself which we feel! You don't know what great delights you have afforded us. You have enriched our wealth of perception; that is the noblest achievement. Be strong in yourself, and know that you may rely on your heartily loving

MATILDA.

Irma laid the letter on the table, but she involuntarily pushed it far away from that of the king, which was still unopened. Years should elapse, seas should lie between, before the words of the king ought to be heard after such as these. And yet — how often had she listened to them both in the same breath, and looked at them with the same glance.

With a violent movement, as if in anger, she broke open the king's letter and read : —

It is deeply painful to me that you, my sweet friend, should have to learn that you are the child of a mortal man. I lament that your beautiful eyes should weep. If the most exalted are still capable of purification — and what mortal being is not so — this sorrow will only heighten your noble sentiments. But I pray you not to mount so high as to find us mean and low. Carry us with you on your heights.

Irma's countenance assumed a bitter, petrified expression. She went on reading : —

If you torment your beautiful eyes with tears and your noble heart with sighs, for more than seven days, and wish to live alone, let me know it by one word. If you wish to protect your mourning, and to recover yourself and another self by travel, decide whither you intend to go; only not too far away, not too far into the land of sorrow, a land foreign to you. You ought to be joyful, and to subdue grief cheerfully and quickly.

Your affectionate K.

In the letter there lay a small piece of paper with the inscription, "to be burnt at once."

I can't live without thee: I lose myself if I lose thee. The present alone is life. I can only breathe in the light of thine eyes. I want no clouds, I yearn for sun. Remember what a world of thought thou harborest beneath that feathered hat. Give the world its sway. Thou must not be sad, thou must not, for my sake. Thou must be mistress of thy grief, as thou art mistress over me. Be strong, soar above everything, and come to thy K.

The kiss of eternity! I alone can kiss away the clouds, the sadness from thy brow — I can and I will!

Irma screamed aloud; she suppressed a convulsive laugh.

Can any lips kiss this brow? How would they relish the cold touch of death stamped here forever? How would that terrible word taste to their lips? Kiss it away! kiss it away! It burns, it freezes!

The maid outside heard these last words; she wanted to hasten to Irma, but the door was locked.

After a time Irma raised her head, and was astonished to find herself on the ground. She rose, and ordered light and writing materials. She burned both the letters from the king, held her heavy head for a time in her two hands, then took her pen and wrote :—

QUEEN, — I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget.
IRMA.

She wrote on the envelope, "By Gunther's hand. To the queen herself."

Then she took another sheet, and wrote: —

MY FRIEND, — I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself, agree with the law that binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both; and I, I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly, if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin, but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow, inscribe thine in thy heart, and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance.

THE CONFESSION.[1]

By JUAN VALERA.

(From "Pepita Ximenez": translated by Mary J. Serrano.)

[JUAN VALERA: A Spanish novelist and poet; was born at Cabra, province of Cordova, October 18, 1824. His works include: "Poems" (1858), "Critical Studies" (1864–1884), "Pepita Ximenez" (1874), "The Illusions of Doctor Faustino" (1876), "The Comendador Mendoza" (1877), "Doña Luz" (1878), "New Studies" (1884), "Songs, Romances, and Poems" (1885), "Stories, Dialogues, and Fantasies" (1887), and "A Good Reputation" (1895).]

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Pepita was in an apartment on an upper floor, contiguous to her bedroom and dressing room, where no one ever entered without being summoned, save Antoñona.

The furniture of this apartment was simple, but comfortable and in good taste. The curtains and the covering of the easy-chairs, the sofas, and the armchairs were of a flowered cotton fabric. On a mahogany table were writing materials and papers, and in a bookcase, also of mahogany, were many books of devotion and history. The walls were adorned with pictures — engravings on religious subjects, but with this particularity in their selection, unheard of, extraordinary, almost incredible in an Andalusian village, that, instead of being bad French lithographs, they were engravings in the best style of Spanish art, as the "Spasimodi Sicilia" of Rafael; the "St. Ildefonso and the Virgin," the "Conception," the "St. Bernard," and the two "Lunettes" of Murillo.

On an antique oak table, supported by fluted columns, was a small writing desk, or escritoire, inlaid with shell, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and brass, and containing a great many little drawers, in which Pepita kept bills and other papers. On this table were also two porcelain vases filled with flowers; and, finally, hanging against the walls, were several flower-pots of Seville Carthusian ware, containing ivy, geranium, and other plants, and three gilded cages, in which were canaries and larks.

This apartment was the retreat of Pepita, where no one entered during the daytime except the doctor and the reverend vicar, and, in the evening, only the overseer to settle accounts. This apartment was called the library, and served the purpose of one.

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[1] By permission of D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Mr. Wm. Heinemann. (Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Pepita was seated, half reclining, on a sofa, before which stood a small table with some books upon it.

She had just risen, and was attired in a light summer wrapper. Her blond hair, not yet arranged, looked even more beautiful in its disorder. Her countenance, somewhat pale, and, although it still preserved its fresh and youthful aspect, showing dark circles under the eyes, looked more beautiful than ever under the influence of the malady that robbed it of color.

Pepita showed signs of impatience; she was waiting for some one.

At last the person she was awaiting, who proved to be the reverend vicar, arrived, and entered without announcement.

After the usual salutations, the reverend vicar settled himself comfortably in an easy-chair, and the conversation thus began: —

"I am very glad, my child, that you sent for me; but, even without your doing so, I was just coming to see you. How pale you are! What is it that ails you? Have you something of importance to tell me?"

Pepita began her answer to this series of affectionate inquiries with a deep sigh; she then said: —

"Do you not divine my malady? Have you not discovered the cause of my suffering?"

The vicar made a gesture of denial, and looked at Pepita with something like terror in his gaze; for he knew nothing of all that had taken place, and was struck by the vehemence with which she spoke.

Pepita continued: —

"I ought not to have sent for you, father. I should have gone to the church myself instead, to speak with you in the confessional, and there confess my sins. But, unhappily, far from repenting of them, my heart has hardened itself in wickedness. I have neither the courage nor the desire to speak to the confessor, but only to the friend."

"What are you saying about sins and hardness of heart? Have you taken leave of your senses? What sins can you have committed, you who are so good?"

"No, father, I am not good. I have been deceiving you; I have been deceiving myself; I have tried to deceive God."

"Come, come, calm yourself; speak with moderation and common sense, and don't talk foolishly."

"And how shall I avoid talking foolishly when the spirit of evil possesses me?"

"Holy Virgin! Don't talk nonsense, child; the demons most to be feared that take possession of the soul are three, and none of them, I am certain, can have dared to enter into yours. One is Leviathan, or the spirit of Pride; the other is Mammon, or the spirit of Avarice; and the other is Asmodeus, or the spirit of Unholy Love."

"Well, I am the victim of all three; all three hold dominion over me."

"This is dreadful! Calm yourself, I repeat. The real trouble with you is that you are out of your head."

"Would to God it were so! The contrary, unhappily for me, is the case. I am avaricious, because I possess riches, and do not perform the works of charity I ought to perform; I am proud, because I scorn the addresses of my many suitors, not through virtue, not through modesty, but because I thought them unworthy of my love. God has punished me; God has permitted the third enemy you have named to take possession of me."

"How is this, child? What diabolical notion has entered into your mind? Have you by chance fallen in love? And, if you have, what harm is there in that? Are you not free? Get married, then, and stop talking nonsense. I am certain it is my friend Don Pedro de Vargas who has wrought the miracle. That same Don Pedro is the very devil! I confess I am surprised, though. I did not think matters had gone quite so far as that already."

"But it is not Don Pedro de Vargas I am in love with."

"And with whom, then?"

Pepita rose from her seat, went to the door, opened it, looked to see if any one was listening outside, drew near to the reverend vicar, and, with signs of the deepest distress, in a trembling voice, and with tears in her eyes, said, almost in the ear of the good old man: —

"I am hopelessly in love with his son."

"With whose son?" cried the reverend vicar, who could not yet bring himself to believe what he had heard.

"With whose son should it be? I am hopelessly, desperately in love with Don Luis."

Consternation and dolorous surprise were depicted on the countenance of the kind and simple priest. There was a moment's pause; the vicar then said: —

"But this is a love without hope; a love not to be thought of. Don Luis will not love you in return."

In the midst of the tears that clouded the beautiful eyes of Pepita gleamed a joyful light; her rosy, dewy lips, contracted by sorrow, parted in a smile, disclosing to view her pearly teeth.

"He loves me," said Pepita, with a faint and ill-concealed accent of satisfaction and triumph that rose exultant over her sorrow and her scruples of conscience.

The consternation and the astonishment of the reverend vicar here reached their highest pitch. If the saint to whom he paid his most fervent devotions had been suddenly cast down from the altar before him, and had fallen, broken into a thousand fragments, at his feet, the reverend vicar could not have felt greater consternation than he did. He still looked at Pepita with incredulity, as if doubting whether what she had said were true, or only a delusion of feminine vanity, so firmly did he believe in the holiness of Don Luis, and in his spiritual-mindedness.

"He loves me," Pepita repeated, in answer to his incredulous glance.

"Women are worse than the very devil!" said the vicar. "You would set a snare for the old boy himself."

"Did I not tell you already that I was very wicked?"

"Come, come! calm yourself. The mercy of God is infinite. Tell me all that has happened."

"What should have happened? That he is dear to me; that I love him; that I adore him; that he loves me, too, although he strives to conquer his love, and, in the end, may succeed in doing so; and that you, without knowing it, are very much to blame for it all!"

"Well, this caps the climax! What do you mean by saying I am very much to blame?"

"With the extreme goodness that is characteristic of you, you have done nothing but praise Don Luis to me; and I am sure that you have pronounced still greater eulogies on me to him, although very much less deserved. What is the natural consequence? Am I of bronze? Have I not the passions of youth?"

"You are more than right; I am a dolt: I have contributed, in great part, to this work of Lucifer."

The reverend vicar was so truly good, and so full of humanity, that, while pronouncing the preceding words, he showed as much confusion and remorse as if he were the culprit and Pepita the judge.

Pepita, conscious of her injustice and want of generosity in thus making the reverend vicar the accomplice, and scarcely less than the chief author, of her fault, spoke to him thus: —

"Don't torment yourself, father, for God's sake, don't torment yourself! You see now how perverse I am. I commit the greatest sins, and I want to throw the responsibility of them on the best and the most virtuous of men. It is not the praises you have recited to me of Don Luis that have been my ruin, but my own eyes, and my want of circumspection. Even though you had never spoken to me of the good qualities of Don Luis, I should still have discovered them all by hearing him speak; for, after all, I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool. And, in any case, I myself have seen the grace of his person, the natural and untaught elegance of his manners, his eyes full of fire and intelligence, his whole self, in a word, which seems to me altogether amiable and desirable. Your eulogies of him have indeed pleased my vanity, but they did not awaken my inclinations. Your praises charmed me because they coincided with my own opinion, and were like the flattering echo — deadened, indeed, and faint — of my thoughts. The most eloquent encomium you have pronounced, in my hearing, on Don Luis, was far from being equal to the encomiums that I, at each moment, at each instant, silently pronounced upon him in my own soul."

"Don't excite yourself, child," interrupted the reverend vicar.

Pepita continued, with still greater exaltation: —

"But what a difference between your encomiums and my thoughts! For you Don Luis was the exemplary model of the priest, the missionary, the apostle, now preaching the gospel in distant lands, now endeavoring in Spain to elevate Christianity, so degraded in our day through the impiety of some, and the want of virtue, of charity, and of knowledge of others. I, on the contrary, pictured him to myself handsome, loving, forgetting God for me, consecrating his life to me, giving me his soul, becoming my stay, my support, my sweet companion. I longed to commit a sacrilegious theft: I dreamed of stealing him from God and from his temple, like the thief who, proclaiming himself the enemy of Heaven, robs the sacred monstrance of its most precious jewel. To commit this theft, I have put off the mourning garments of the widow and orphan, and have decked myself with profane adornments; I have abandoned my seclusion, and I have sought and gathered around me society. I have tried to make myself look beautiful; I have cared for every part of this miserable body — that must one day be lowered into the grave, and be converted into dust — with an unholy devotion; and, finally, I have looked at Don Luis with provoking glances, and on shaking hands with him I have sought to transmit from my veins to his the inextinguishable fire that is consuming me."

"Alas! my child, what grief it gives me to hear this! Who could have imagined it?" said the vicar.

"But there is still more," resumed Pepita; "I succeeded in making Don Luis love me. He declared it to me with his eyes. Yes, his love is as profound, as ardent, as mine. His virtues, his aspirations toward heavenly things, his manly energy, have all urged him to conquer this insensate passion. I sought to prevent this. One day, at the end of many days during which he had stayed away, he came to see me, and found me alone. When he gave me his hand, I wept; I could not speak, but hell inspired me with an accursed, mute eloquence that told him of my grief that he had scorned me, that he did not return my love, that he preferred another love — a love without stain — to mine. Then he was unable to resist the temptation, and he approached his lips to my face to kiss away my tears. Our lips met. If God had not willed that you should approach at that moment, what would have become of me?"

"How shameful! my child, how shameful!" said the reverend vicar.

Pepita covered her face with both hands and began to sob like a Magdalen. Her hands were, in truth, beautiful, more beautiful even than Don Luis had described them to be in his letters. Their whiteness, their pure transparency, the tapering form of the fingers, the roseate hue, the polish and the brilliancy of the pearl-like nails, all were such as might turn the head of any man.

The virtuous vicar could understand, notwithstanding his eighty years, the fall, or rather the slip, of Don Luis.

"Child!" he exclaimed, "don't cry so! It breaks my heart to see you. Calm yourself; Don Luis has no doubt repented of his sin; do you repent likewise, and nothing more need be said. God will pardon you both, and make a couple of saints of you. Since Don Luis is going away the day after to-morrow, it is a sure sign that virtue has triumphed in him, and that he flies from you, as he should, that he may do penance for his sin, fulfill his vow, and return to his vocation."

"That is all very well," replied Pepita; "fulfill his vow, return to his vocation, after giving me my death wound! Why did he love me, why did he encourage me, why did he deceive me? His kiss was a brand, it was as a hot iron with which he marked me and stamped me as his slave. Now that I am marked and enslaved, he abandons and betrays and destroys me. A good beginning to give to his missions, his preachings, and gospel triumphs! It shall not be! By Heaven, it shall not be!"

This outbreak of anger and scorned love confounded the reverend vicar.

Pepita had risen. Her attitude, her gesture, had something in them of tragic animation. Her eyes gleamed like daggers; they shone like two suns. The vicar was silent, and regarded her almost with terror. She paced with hasty steps up and down the apartment. She did not now seem like a timid gazelle, but like an angry lioness.

"What!" she said, once more facing the vicar, "has he nothing to do but laugh at me, tear my heart to pieces, humiliate it, trample it underfoot, after having cheated me out of it? He shall remember me! He shall pay me for this! If he is so holy, if he is so virtuous, why did he, with his glance, promise me everything? If he loves God so much, why does he seek to hurt one of God's poor creatures? Is this charity? Is this religion? No; it is pitiless selfishness."

Pepita's anger could not last long. After she had spoken the last words, it turned to dejection. She sank into a chair, weeping bitterly, and abandoning herself to an anguish heart-breaking to witness.

The vicar's heart was touched with pity; but he recovered himself on seeing that the enemy gave signs of yielding.

"Pepita, child," he said, "be reasonable; don't torment yourself in this way. Console yourself with the thought that it was not without a hard struggle he was able to conquer himself; that he has not deceived you; that he loves you with his whole soul, but that God and his duty come first. This life is short, and soon passes. In heaven you will be reunited, and will love each other as the angels love. God will accept your sacrifice; he will reward you, and repay you with interest. Even your self-love ought to be satisfied. How great must be your merit, when you have caused a man like Don Luis to waver in his resolution, and even to sin! How deep must be the wound you have made in his heart! Let this suffice you. Be generous! be courageous! Be his rival in firmness. Let him depart; cast out from your heart the fire of impure love; love him as your neighbor, for the love of God. Guard his image in your memory, but as that of the creature, reserving to the Creator the noblest part of your soul. I know not what I am saying to you, my child, for I am very much troubled; but you have a great deal of intelligence and a great deal of common sense, and you will understand what I mean. Besides, there are powerful worldly reasons against this absurd love, even if the vocation and the vow of Don Luis were not opposed to it. His father is your suitor. He aspires to your hand, even though you do not love him. Does it look well that the son should turn out now to be the rival of his father? Will not the father be displeased with the son for loving you? See how dreadful all this is, and control yourself for the sake of Jesus and his blessed Mother."

"How easy it is to give advice!" returned Pepita, becoming a little calmer. "How hard for me to follow it, when there is a fierce and unchained tempest, as it were, raging in my soul! I am afraid I shall go mad."

"The advice I give you is for your own good. Let Don Luis depart. Absence is a great remedy for the malady of love. In giving himself up to his studies, and consecrating himself to the service of the altar, he will be cured of his passion. When he is far away, you will recover your serenity by degrees, and will preserve in your memory only a grateful and melancholy recollection of him that will do you no harm. It will be like a beautiful poem whose music will harmonize your existence. Even if all your desires could be fulfilled — earthly love lasts, after all, but a short time. The delight the imagination anticipates in its enjoyment — what is it in comparison with the bitter dregs that remain behind, when the cup has been drained to the bottom? How much better is it that your love, hardly yet contaminated, hardly despoiled of its purity, should be dissipated, and exhale itself now, rising up to heaven like a cloud of incense, than that, after it is once satisfied, it should perish through satiety! Have the courage to put away from your lips the cup while you have hardly tasted of its contents. Make of them a libation and an offering to the Divine Redeemer. He will give you, in exchange, the draught he offered to the Samaritan — a draught that does not satiate, that quenches the thirst, and that produces eternal life."

"How good you are, father! Your holy words lend me courage. I will control myself; I will conquer myself. It would be shameful — would it not? — that Don Luis should be able to control and conquer himself, and that I should not be able to do so? Let him depart. He is going away the day after to-morrow; let him go with God's blessing. See his card. He was here with his father to take leave of me, and I would not receive him. I do not even want to preserve the poetical remembrance of him of which you speak. This love has been a nightmare; I will cast it away from me."

"Good! very good! It is thus that I want to see you — energetic, courageous."

"Ah, father, God has cast down my pride with this blow. I was insolent in my arrogance, and the scorn of this man was necessary to my self-abasement. Could I be more humbled or more resigned than I am now? Don Luis is right: I am not worthy of him. However great the efforts I might make, I could not succeed in elevating myself to him and comprehending him, in putting my spirit into perfect communication with his. I am a rude country girl, unlearned, uncultured; and he — there is no science he does not understand, no secret of which he is ignorant, no region of the intellectual world, however exalted, to which he may not soar. Thither on the wings of his genius does he mount; and me he leaves behind in this lower sphere, poor, ignorant woman that I am, incapable of following him even in my hopes or with my aspirations."

"But, Pepita, for Heaven's sake don't say such things, or think them! Don Luis does not scorn you because you are ignorant, or because you are incapable of comprehending him, or for any other of those absurd reasons that you are stringing together. He goes away because he must fulfill his obligation toward God; and you should rejoice that he is going away, for you will then forget your love for him, and God will reward you for the sacrifice you make."

Pepita, who had left off crying, and had dried her tears with her handkerchief, answered quietly: —

"Very well, father; I shall be very glad of it; I am almost glad now that he is going away. I long for to-morrow to pass and for the time to come when Antoñona shall say to me on awakening, 'Don Luis is gone.' You shall see then how peace and serenity will spring up again in my heart."

"God grant it may be so!" said the reverend vicar; and, convinced that he had wrought a miracle and almost cured Pepita's malady, he took leave of her and went home, unable to repress a certain feeling of vanity at the thought of the influence he had exercised over the noble spirit of this charming woman.

THE TRIAL AND THE VERDICT.[1]

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

(From "The Sin of Joost Avelingh.")

[Maarten Maartens: A Dutch novelist whose real name is J. M. W. van der Poorten-Schwartz; born at Amsterdam, August 15, 1858. He spent a part of his boyhood in England, was educated in Germany, and studied law at Utrecht University. He traveled much, and though intending to enter a political life, he finally drifted into literature. His novels, which are written in English, are strong, dramatic, and true to life. Their titles include: "The Sin of Joost Avelingh"(1890), "An Old Maid's Love" (1891), "A Question of Taste" (1891), "God's Fool" (1892), "The Greater Glory" (1894), and "My Lady Nobody" (1895).]

The court was crowded. Any one could have foreseen that this would have been the case; and accordingly ticket holders had begun to form in line almost an hour before the doors were opened. As for the ticketless, their chance seemed of the smallest. . . . The trial itself was naturally on all lips and on all ears. The opinion of great and small, rich and poor, was unanimously against the accused. The mere fact of his being a gentleman proved his guilt to the crowd. No gentleman was ever accused of crimes unless he had really committed them, and the pity which one might naturally mete out to a poor man and brother, victim of plutocratic legislation, was changed to execration and righteous vindictiveness now the criminal was himself a plutocrat. It had got known, besides, — and the fact had been widely disseminated by all the papers from an early stage, — that the murdered man had been the murderer's protector and benefactor from his infancy upward; that he had fed, clothed, nurtured, and educated him, and had made him his heir. As a return for this lifelong benevolence, the nephew had killed his uncle so as the sooner to possess himself of his inheritance, and he had in reality enjoyed that inheritance during ten long, guilty years. When the melancholy prison van made its appearance, yells of hate and fury rent the air. Agatha heard them, waiting with a sick yet prayerful heart in a hired room close by the Palais de Justice; the prisoner heard them as he sat in his little, carefully locked box. They drove him under a covered archway and shut the gates. . . .

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[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

He stopped for one instant in the doorway, and cast a swift glance over the sea of faces turned toward him. . . .

The prisoner passed to his bench, bowed to the president, who took no notice of the salutation, and sat down.

The act of accusation, as they call it, was read — a lengthy document, quite a small book in itself, setting forth the whole story of the crime as it presented itself to the mind of the public prosecutor — the advocate general, to give him his proper title. This document — really nothing more than a written brief against the prisoner — attacked him with violence from the very first, and ascribed to him, besides the crime now actually under consideration, as many more as it could conveniently insinuate. The man thus accused appeared to listen with great composure. The audience, however, — at least the non-legal part of it, — got impatient, and began to whisper in friendly ears that the same thing might have been said with half the words in a quarter of the time. But the slow, monotonous drone went on as if it would never come to a conclusion. It did so, nevertheless, unexpectedly; the president nodded; somebody coughed; and soon after the examination of the prisoner began.

The prisoner stood up to be examined. As he did so, even his enemies — and who but Kees Hessel was his friend in that large concourse? — even his enemies acknowledged the dignity of his bearing.

"Your name?" said the president.

"Joost Avelingh."

"Your profession?"

"I have none."

"You have no title of any kind — no university degree?"

"None."

"No occupation?" The president, a red-faced little man, leered at the prisoner over his round spectacles. Joost smiled — a bitter little smile.

"I am a member of the council of management of some ten or twelve charitable societies," he said, "and on the board of some half-dozen industrial companies; that is all."

"Yes," said the president, "I know. You have found charity a convenient cloak to hide a multitude of sins."

Joost's soul flinched, if that expression be permissible.

"You admit," said the president, "that the Baron van Trotsem, your uncle, took you into his house when you were a destitute orphan of five, and that from that moment until the day of his death he fed, clothed, and educated you, and that finally he appointed you his heir?"

"Yes," said Joost.

"Did you know during the baron's lifetime that his will had been drawn up in your favor?"

"I had reasons to suspect it from frequent allusions which he made."

"Had you, in spite of all you owed him, any cause — in your own opinion — to dislike the Baron van Trotsem, or to feel a grudge against him?"

"Yes," said Joost, in a distinct voice. "We did not get on well together, and he made me very unhappy." He refused to see the anxious signs his advocate was covertly making him. The poor man desisted in despair.

"That is vague," said the president, "and unsatisfactory. Were there any special grievances which you could bring forward?"

"My uncle," replied the accused, "had resisted my wishes whenever he could do so. He had refused to allow me to take up a legal career, and had insisted on my studying medicine without any adequate reason. He had forbidden me to marry the lady who is at present my wife, also without in any way explaining his action in that matter."

"Ah!" said the president.

"Many a man," continued Joost's examiner, "has been compelled — by his very affection — to resist youthful desires, to choose another profession for a son or ward, to deny his consent to an early marriage. In such cases the 'reasons' usually appear 'inadequate' to the sufferer. Are these all the offenses you charge your uncle with?"

"I charge him with nothing," replied the prisoner; "I answer your questions as best I can."

"And you admit that you hated him?"

"Yes," replied Joost, softly.

Once more quick glances were interchanged. The counsel for the defense cast up his eyes to heaven and folded his lean hands over his black robe.

"On the evening of your uncle's death you had had words with him?"

"I had."

"And you knew, when he ordered his carriage, that he was about to drive to the notary to alter his will?"

"I did."

"You knew you were bringing him there, and that it was his intention to disinherit you in case you married the Freule van Hessel?'

"Yes."

"He had told you so expressly?"

"He had."

"And you killed him before he could reach his destination?"

"No." Joost's voice rang out clear and full.

"That will do. Prisoner, you may sit down."

After that the witnesses were called — the witnesses for the prosecution; there were none for the defense.

Jan Lorentz gave his evidence brightly and decidedly enough. His account of the events of the evening flowed on smoothly till it reached the description of the moment when the crime was committed. Here the witness faltered, contradicted himself — stopped.

"Take care," said the president, sternly. "You repeatedly stated in the preliminary inquiry that you saw the accused seize his uncle by the red neckerchief he wore. That statement is fully corroborated by the evidence of the Jonker van Asveld, who says that you first made it to him when you were arrested on a charge of vagabondage, thereby causing him to communicate with the necessary authorities. Do you maintain it now?"

The witness looked round nervously at Joost Avelingh, then at Van Asveld. His eyes wandered rapidly over the glass ceiling of the hall back to the president's face.

"Yes," he said.

The notary described the arrival of the chaise with the dead man at his house. He created a great sensation by solemnly affirming that the red comforter was drawn into a tight knot round the neck of the corpse, a knot so tight indeed that it must, in his opinion, have been purposely tightened. The prisoner was once more called forward.

"Can you explain the tightness of the knot round your uncle's neck?"

"No," said Joost.

"While he was lying in the chaise in that condition — dying — that, at any rate is *in confesso* — what did you do to relieve him?"

"Nothing," said Joost.

He felt the absurdity of the answer even while he made it. There was not a man in the hall who believed him on this point — not even Kees Hessel.

"You may sit down," said the president.

The notary continued his account. It ended with the recital of the prisoner's last words that fatal evening. "When I told him the baron was dead," said the notary, "Mynheer Avelingh broke out into a wild cry. 'I knew it!' he shrieked. 'I would give the world were it not so.' That was all he said at the time."

"Can you explain that exclamation?" asked the president of the prisoner.

"I do not wish to do so."

"You will scarcely pretend, I suppose, that it was caused by grief for the loss of the man whom you regarded, as you have just admitted, with feelings of such strong aversion?"

"It was not," said Joost.

After that came the doctor. There were signs, he admitted, which pointed to strangulation, but as it was certain that the dead man had previously had a fit of some kind, it was almost impossible to say whether the tightening of the comforter, which accounted for the symptoms alluded to, had occasioned death, or had perhaps merely accompanied, or even immediately succeeded it.

"You mean to imply," said the president, "that the baron might, judging from the condition of the brain and heart, have died before the neckerchief was drawn tight?"

"That may have been so," said the doctor. "Immediately before."

"On the other hand, the tightening of the neckerchief may have been in itself sufficient to cause death?"

"I cannot say," replied the doctor. "It depends first on how tight it was drawn; secondly, on how long it had been tightened before the notary loosened it; thirdly, on the appearance the corpse presented immediately before and immediately after the unfastening of the knot. I did not see the corpse till half an hour later, and there was no post-mortem examination. I cannot say."

"But you must say, sir!" cried the little president, pettishly; "the whole case turns on it."

"Then God help the prisoner, Mynheer the President. If my evidence and Jan Lorentz's be all the proof against him, God grant him a good escape."

"Silence!" cried the president; "you were not asked for any such expression of opinion. Step down, sir."

The Jonker van Asveld was next called.

It transpired in the course of the examination that Arthur had received money from Joost. The whole story of the legacy came out, to the amazement of the audience.

"Prisoner," said the president, "can you explain how you came to give such an enormous sum as forty thousand florins to the witness, merely because he asked you for it?"

"I considered it my duty to do so," said Joost.

"Ah, conscience is a wonderful power," said a clergyman to his neighbor; "no rest, you see, no rest."

The court adjourned at this stage of the proceedings. There were three men in it, at that moment, and three only, who did not believe the prisoner guilty; they were Kees Hessel, Joost Avelingh, and Jan Lorentz.

They locked the prisoner in a cell, while waiting for the court to reassemble. Joost Avelingh felt relieved to find himself again alone. He could not shut his eyes to the fact that matters had gone very much against him. And no doubt it was true, as his counsel had told him in passing out, that his own evidence had done most to damage his cause. "If you are condemned, Mr. Avelingh," the lawyer had said, not without a shade of bitterness in his tone, "and there is every reason to fear you will be, you will have yourself to blame. It would have been better to confess altogether, than to confess as much as you have done, and then deny the rest."

"I have confessed the exact truth," replied Joost Avelingh.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "That is often the unwisest thing of all," he said.

And now in the quiet of this little cell the accused again told himself that he had done right. Self-deception there may have been in his conclusions, but they were undoubtedly sincere. No man need incriminate himself, he reasoned, but no man may tell a lie. I have answered each question put to me according to my inmost conviction; I need not answer questions they do not put. The charge against me is utterly and irremediably false, and I plead 'Not guilty' with all my heart and soul."

But now, while waiting there in the interval of his trial, he first began to realize what condemnation might mean! He shuddered at the idea, and once more his mind reverted to Agatha. He knelt down on the stone floor and prayed God to have pity upon her. And then the blue-coated officials came with their bunches of keys and led him forth again.

As soon as the advocate general had got through the opening sentences of his address to the judges, it became apparent to all present that he was exceptionally hostile to the prisoner. Joost Avelingh himself felt that with growing conviction, and bent forward in an attitude of anxious inquiry. It was terrible to think what opinion this man must have formed of him. Was it but the expression of the thoughts of all around? . . .

"My client has declared his innocence," said the counsel, "and the law has not succeeded in establishing his guilt. If he sinned, he sinned alone in the darkness, and in the darkness his deed has remained. And sin, ere the law can touch it, must lie red and glaring, an offense to all who tread the highway, in the resistless light of day!"

A voice from the gallery called out "Jan Lorentz!" in allusion to the words, "alone in the darkness." There was another burst of approval. Joost Avelingh, for the first time during the long trial, hid his face in his hands.

It was growing dark when the court rose. The black van again rumbled under an archway, amid the disappointed hootings of the roughs. The prisoner got into it. He was less calm and firm now, it was said, than at the beginning of the trial. His courage seemed to be giving way. He had asked, immediately on coming out, to be allowed to see his wife. The verdict would be given, as usual, after an interval of a week.

"Silence!" cried the usher, settling his broad orange scarf as he spoke. The presiding judge took up one of the documents lying before him. A nervous thrill of expectation ran through the vast concourse. The prisoner knitted his eyebrows slightly. It was noted with some surprise that Kees Hessel was not present, as he had been all through the day of the trial.

The judge began to read the verdict in a shrill voice full of abortive attempts at impressiveness. It was a long document, comprising several folio pages, and giving first an accurate summary of the facts of the case, and then a full exposition of the legal consequences the deed must involve. Seven minutes were spent over the descriptions in the first part; the president cleared his throat and coughed solemnly as he turned over page after page. At last, however, long after every one was tired of hearing facts enumerated which most men by this time had unwillingly learned by heart—at last the legal part of the document was reached. Much of what the president read was a repetition of the address of the advocate general on the day of the trial. The same charges of ingratitude and avarice were brought against Joost. Full attention was accorded to the testimony of Jan Lorentz, the principal witness. It was supplemented by that of the notary and the doctor. And taking all things into consideration, and reckoning that the motives for the deed and the circumstances immediately connected with it, everything, in fact, but the actual commission of the crime, had been confessed by the prisoner, the judges came to the conclusion that they were justified in declaring that the necessary legal evidence had been supplied, and on the ground of that evidence, and all that had come to their knowledge in connection with it, they found the prisoner "Guilty of Murder."

THE CLOSE OF A RAINY DAY.[1]

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

[1852-.]

The sky was dark and gloomy;
  We heard the sound of rain
Dripping from eaves and tossing leaves
  And driving against the pane.

The clouds hung low o'er the ocean,
  The ocean gray and wan,
Where one lone sail before the gale
  Like a spirit was driven on.

The screaming sea fowl hovered
  Above the boiling main,
And flapped wide wings in narrowing rings,
  Seeking for rest in vain.

The sky grew wilder and darker,
  Darker and wilder the sea,
And night with her dusky pinions
  Swept down in stormy glee.

Then lo! from the western heaven
  The veil was rent in twain,
And a flood of light and glory
  Spread over the heaving main.

It changed the wave-beat islands
  To Islands of the Blest,
And the far-off sail like a spirit
  Seemed vanishing into rest.

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THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN AND THE ENGLISH GIRL.[1]

By FRANCES C. BAYLOR.

(From "On Both Sides.")

[Frances Courtenay Baylor (Mrs. Frances Courtenay Baylor Barnum), an American author, was born in Fayetteville, Ark., January 20, 1848, and is now living in Savannah, Ga. She has traveled extensively both at home and abroad, and during the years 1865-1867 and 1873-1884 resided in England. She has written much for periodicals, and is the author of "On Both Sides," an international novel; "Behind the Blue Ridge"; "Juan and Juanita," a juvenile tale; and "Claudia Hyde."]

A large party assembled on the day chosen, — a fine, mild day, full of suggestions of spring, and as well adapted for the expedition as though it had been ordered on purpose. A long string of carriages went rattling out of the town into the lovely country beyond, past Cranham Wood to Witcomb, where it had been agreed that the remains of a Roman villa should be visited. Arrived at the spot, the party came to a halt, and, after endless chatter and delay, dismounted and formed into a straggling procession, which struck into a footpath that led through a farmyard full of comfortable-looking animals, hayricks, and poultry into a succession of fields, and brought up at two small stone thatched huts near the border of the wood. Entering the largest of these in detachments, all the ladies fell into the regulation fit of rapture over what remained of the remains, and gazed with enthusiasm at certain spots in the tessellated mosaic pavement which, with the aid of a vivid imagination and the eye of faith, could be made out to have been intended for fishes. Most of the guests felt but a languid interest in this piscatorial display; but Mr. Ketchum got out a foot rule and went to poking and peeping and measuring with much zeal and intelligence. He discovered that the lintels of the doorway leading into the next room were of massive stone and more than six feet high; that the floor of the room rested on pillars three feet high, and each about one foot square, set sufficiently far apart to permit combustibles to be thrust in between them and the whole room heated. He tipped the guide and got two bits of the tesseræ and dug up a bit of the cement. "Hang it! I must find out how those old scalawags did this! They beat the world at it!" said he, as he tied the relics up in a corner of his handkerchief. He stared for ten minutes at the hypocaust under the flooring, calculated the amount of wood and coal it would take to "run" it, and declined to leave, though Kate assured him the others were getting restless, until he had satisfied himself as to what became of the ashes, and wondered what people in Tecumseh would say if he bought it and transported it bodily there. The interest he exhibited in this antiquarian research surprised his relatives, who could not understand the attraction it had for his practical mind.

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At last he consented to move, and, taking carriages, they drove rapidly to Birdlip and up to the door of "The Black Horse" Inn, where everything wore an extremely festive air and a small army of servants was drawn up to meet them. Entered from the street, the house was in no way remarkable, but it must have been artfully contrived to heighten the effect produced on the mind when, walking straight through a long, narrow, dark passage, they came out suddenly upon a lovely garden laid out on the very verge of a cliff which sloped almost perpendicularly several hundred feet to the valley of the Severn and commanded one of the most extended, varied, and beautiful views in all England. The Americans were especially enraptured by it, and, long after the other ladies had gone in to lay aside their wraps, Jenny and Kate and Lucy and Mrs. Fletcher stood in a group on the terrace, picking out and admiring in detail the white Roman road stretching straight across the valley, the Severn winding through it, the towns of Gloucester and Worcester with their spires and cathedrals dotting it, the abbey tower of Tewkesbury rising out of the woods in its center, the beautiful Malvern and Shropshire hills that encircled it, and a thousand features besides of this most charming landscape.

By this time the party had assembled in a closed pavilion, which, thanks to the upholsterer and the florist, had been completely transformed. The dull gray light of an English winter's day had been shut out; it was brilliantly lit, and the long, bare, dismal room was gay with bunting and mirrors and flowers, and at the upper end an orchestra was playing delightfully. Mr. Ketchum had kept his preparations a secret even from his relatives, and, like his other guests, they found this feature of the entertainment a most agreeable surprise. On their complimenting him upon it, he said that he was "determined it shouldn't be a one-horse, Jim Crow blow-out, if he had anything to do with it." Mrs. Vane stood transfixed when she arrived at the door, near which her host was standing. "Look here! Why don't you leave your gums outside?" said he, glancing down at her feet.

"What? What did you say?" she exclaimed.

"Your gums. You have forgotten to take them off."

"Take off my *gums!* What on earth do you mean? How can I? or why should I, if I could? I beg pardon, but I really can't have understood you," said she, putting on her glasses and peering at him in her nearsighted way, completely mystified.

"Why, your shoes I am talking about. Don't you see?" said he, pointing at them as he spoke.

"Oh!" she exclaimed,— a full, long-drawn English "Oh!" with volumes in it,—"you mean my *galoches.*" And then she sat down and laughed more heartily than she had done most likely for twenty years over what was to her mind an exquisitely absurd mistake, and, seizing Miss Frynne, who was passing, began, "What *do* you suppose they call galoches in America, my dear? *Gums!*" and she related what had passed, and both ladies found in it a whole comic almanac. They are relating it to this day, no doubt, amidst cries of "Really, now!" and "How very remarkable!" and "What very curious people the Americans must be!" from their astonished friends, who, truth to tell, are easily surprised, and find the least variation from English customs amazing in a people who, though they went to housekeeping three thousand miles away a good while ago, and have naturally got to calling some things by different names, are in the main more easily understood than the worthy inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or even England, outside the large towns and below a certain rank.

When the dancing had gone on with immense spirit for a couple of hours, luncheon was announced. It was called that, but was really an elaborate banquet, in which every delicacy that Covent Garden Market could furnish and a French *chef* convert into delicious *plats* was served to perfection. At each lady's plate there was a lovely bouquet and a charming little souvenir of some kind, ordered from Paris by Mr. Ketchum, each one an elegant and tasteful trifle, and as nearly as possible of equal value. To each was fastened a card, with "Mr. Job

Ketchum, Tecumseh, Michigan," engraved on it in large letters, and, though there have been prettier names and better-known places, I doubt whether any gentleman's card ever gave more entire satisfaction. There was the prettiest possible little flutter around the table as each package was opened and its contents admired and compared, and beaming glances and cordial thanks were poured out on the smiling host, who I am afraid lost a good deal of both in his effort to catch Mabel's timid, pleased glance as she unrolled the tissue papers folded around her dainty tortoise-shell fan.

"If you please, 'm, one lady has been overlooked," whispered Walton (who was presiding over the affair with a dignity and omnipresence remarkable even in him) to young Mrs. Fletcher. "What would you wish done about it? Would one of the family, beggin' your pardon for making so bold, be willing to give up ——"

"Certainly. You see everything, Walton. Take mine," she said. And a moment later Miss Frynne, who was quite at the other end of the table, received, with a neat apology from Walton, her share of the goods the gods had provided. Partaken of under unusual circumstances and in such pleasant company, the little feast seemed a piquant improvement upon ordinary entertainments, and put every one into a state of brilliant good humor.

All the conditions for thawing English reserve were in force, and although the entire party did not make as much noise as ten average Americans would have made under the same circumstances, there was plenty of animation in the subdued current of sound, and it was evident that pleasure was at the helm as well as Walton, who, to pursue the simile, had taken command of all Higginson and Chuffey's young men early in the day, and felt as bold as an admiral on his own quarter-deck.

When they rose from the table, Mr. Ketchum walked round to where Mabel Vane was sitting, took a lovely rose from one of the *épergnes* and offered it to her. With a shy look at him and an anxious one in the direction of her mother, she accepted it and held it in her hand.

"Put it in your dress," he commanded rather than suggested, and Mabel, flushing painfully, and mindful of her mother's instructions, began to say, in her low voice: —

"I — I would rather not. At least ——" here she caught

Mrs. Vane's eye, and saw with surprise that she was smiling and nodding amicably in Mr. Ketchum's direction. Mrs. Vane had been hearing from Miss Frynne that Mr. Ketchum had "pots of money, and was no end of a catch." She had been deeply impressed by the present display, and had suddenly concluded that she would reverse her policy of the past two weeks. Glad of the permission implied by her mother's glance, Mabel said, by way of reparation, "I am afraid it will fade. However ——" She did not finish the sentence, but put the rose in her belt. Mrs. Vane joined them, and was overpoweringly civil to Mr. Ketchum. She was too sorry to have missed him so often lately, but she had been selfishly absorbed in some private matters, and Mabel had been obliged to keep her room a good deal. Dear child! her throat was so delicate! But he must come very soon again and spend a nice long morning and tell them some more about his exciting adventures in — what was the name of the place? — Colorado.

Mr. Ketchum did not understand the situation at all, but, nothing loath, promised readily enough, and promptly asked Mabel for a dance, which she cheerfully accorded. Everybody had drifted back to the pavilion by this time, and dancing was going on with more zest than ever. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Ketchum danced five times with Miss Vane, and not much with any one else.

"Depend upon it, he is in earnest, dear Mrs. Vane! I am sure your Mabel is about to make a most brilliant match," whispered Miss Frynne. "Only do be sure about the money. It is so very difficult to find out anything about foreign fortunes."

And, though she parried her friend's congratulations discreetly and affected to pooh-pooh the idea, Mrs. Vane revolved in her own mind a dozen schemes for landing the big fish that had strayed into her net, and marked out her own line of conduct definitely.

It was almost nightfall, and Mr. Ketchum was disposing of his guests in the various carriages, when he heard a hubbub in the inn, and turned back to see what was the matter. It was briefly this: Lucy had gone back to the edge of the cliff to get a last view of the valley, which came very near being her last view of anything, for her foot slipped in some way, and she slid down ten feet, stopping on a ledge that, fortunately, jutted out just there. How it happened that Walton heard her shriek, and, seizing one of Chuffey's men and a couple of tablecloths, managed in a few minutes to get her back on terra firma, and bear her, half fainting, to the house, she never knew; but it was one of that invaluable servant's most striking peculiarities that he was never out of the way and never in it. Here was a sensation that afforded ample food for comment as the party drove home in the twilight.

"Where did you get that fellow?" Sir Robert asked Mrs. Fletcher senior. "He is one of the best servants I ever saw. If you are not thinking of taking him to America with you, I should like to take him into my service. He is a quick-witted chap, and a plucky one, too, by Jove! That was a neat thing of his, getting your daughter up from that place like that. Most servants would have left her to tumble off into the valley while they ran all over the place collecting a mob of people and pointing out the wrong spot."

"And hasn't he a *good* face, Sir Robert? Such an honest, open countenance! I am sure we never, never can repay him," she replied.

The lights of Cheltenham were twinkling in the distance, and Mr. Ketchum, who had saved a seat for himself next to Mabel, was wishing the town a good deal farther off, when Mrs. Vane bent forward and addressed him: "If you have no engagement, could I see you to-morrow?"

"Why, of course you can," he replied heartily. "I am always at the service of the ladies. About what time?"

"In the morning, sometime. About eleven, I think, if convenient."

Not long afterward, they were all exchanging farewells and telling Mr. Ketchum what a "charming affair" and "immense success" the expedition had been.

"I hope you have had a happy day," Mr. Ketchum said to Mabel, "and that I shall see you to-morrow. I have said 'Damn it!' pretty often lately when I have found that door shut on me, though I generally draw things mild. Shall you be at home?"

Before Mabel could answer, Mrs. Vane interfered: "No: Mabel, unfortunately, is obliged to go to the dentist's to-morrow. You must put up with an ugly old woman for once," she said, with what she meant for a meaning glance, Mabel standing by and hearing of this arrangement for the first time.

At the appointed hour next day Mr. Ketchum made his appearance in Portarlington Gardens, and was almost instantly admitted and taken up to Mrs. Vane's shabby-genteel little drawing-room, where she was waiting to receive him. As far as he had thought of the interview at all, he had quite made up his mind that he was to be consulted on some business matter. "Women are always getting into a muddle in money matters and sending — generally when it is too late — for some man to pull them out," he said to himself. He was confirmed in his impression by Mrs. Vane's thanking him effusively for his kindness in coming and apologizing for the inroad she was making upon his time. He saw that she was ill at ease and somewhat nervous in manner, and, with a view to helping her, said kindly, "Well, now, what is it? Here I am, ready to do anything in the world that I can for you and Miss Mabel."

"You are very kind; really, most kind. Thank you very much for it," she murmured, putting down the cushion on which she was making macramé lace and looking at him.

"Oh, no, I ain't. What are men for?" he rejoined.

"I am about to approach you upon a very delicate matter, — a very delicate matter indeed, — and it is highly embarrassing. But I have a sacred duty to perform, and I must do it, no matter what impression I may make upon you," she went on.

"Now, don't you bother your *cabeza* about that, my dear madam. I have told you already that you can count on yours truly to command," said he, leaning back in his chair and thinking, "In a mess with her stocks and bonds: I'd bet my bottom dollar on that." Then, aloud, "You are in some sort of fix now, ain't you?"

"If you mean trouble and anxiety, you are right, dear Mr. Ketchum. Never was a woman more sorely perplexed; and, reluctant as I am to say anything to you that —— "

"Oh, that's all right. Go ahead. Never mind," he interrupted.

"Then, if you will pardon the natural solicitude of a parent, the only surviving parent of a most lovely and interesting young girl, placed in a position of most terrible responsibility" (here she took out a black-bordered handkerchief and put it up to her eyes, while Job shuffled uneasily in his seat, thinking, "Great Scott! I hope she isn't going to let on her waterworks!"), "I beg of you not to be offended, dear Mr. Ketchum, if I ask you what your intentions are in regard to my dearest child."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Ketchum, sitting bolt upright in his chair and staring at her with a fierce frown, his whole body galvanized into immediate interest. "What's that you are saying?" he repeated curtly.

Mrs. Vane trembled inwardly at the change in his manner, but went boldly on: "I am asking what your intentions are with respect to my daughter, Miss Vane," she said, putting the case more formally. "You cannot be blind to the fact that from the very first you have gone out of your way in every place and company where you have met us to shower upon her the most pronounced and compromising attentions. You have singled her out repeatedly; you know that you have, perfectly well. It is useless to deny it. And I have a right to ask whether, after coming here day after day for weeks, and sending my child books and flowers and music and boxes upon boxes of sweets, and dancing with her in public *five times in succession*, you mean to go away from here without making her a proposition of marriage?"

Her temper had risen; gone were her mellifluous accents, and her voice was as sharp and rasping as a fishwife's as she turned and glared at poor Mr. Ketchum, who, instead of attempting to answer any of the charges on which he was arraigned at the maternal bar, only sank back in his chair, and exclaimed, "Well! If this don't beat the Jews!" He was so completely taken aback that he was positively speechless for several minutes, and returned Mrs. Vane's stare with interest. Then, to that lady's intense astonishment, he suddenly burst into a roar of laughter, and, getting up from his seat, walked rapidly up and down the room, shaking his head from side to side, waving his long arms about, and exclaiming, "This beats everything! This gets me, and no mistake!"

When the paroxysm of laughter had spent itself, he resumed his seat without apology and turned a quizzical face and a pair of twinkling eyes upon Mrs. Vane, who had spent the interval in bouncing about on the sofa in a state of fury.

"Is it, has it been your intention all along to compromise my daughter by engaging in a meaningless and contemptible flirtation?" she jerked out.

"Not if the court knows itself," he replied coolly. "But, if it comes to that, I should say that *you* are doing a great deal more to compromise her than I have done. What *have* I done, by the bye? I should say that, on a rough estimate, I had paid five hundred girls as much attention in my time, and nobody ever thought anything of it."

This was a direct realization of Mrs. Vane's worst fears and suspicions, and she broke out upon him: "That sort of thing may be customary in *America*, Mr. Ketchum, where I have heard that the relations between the sexes are of a most extraordinary character; but let me tell you that it will not do in respectable *English* families. You have done my daughter a great wrong. You have blighted her future and kept off other men."

A fresh twinkle lit up Mr. Ketchum's eye at the idea of his being supposed to have frightened off a hundred or two of Miss Vane's suitors, when that guileless child had already told him that he was the only man who, as she put it, "had ever been at all — well, you know, nice to me," or whom she had known intimately.

"I don't want to crowd the mourners," said he. "If she wants any fellow to take my place, I'm ready to take a back seat. I'll ask her about that."

"You shall do nothing of the sort," snapped mamma.

"I have a good deal to say to her about that and several other little matters," rejoined he, calmly.

And she, seeing that the battle was going against her, had recourse to the last refuge and safety valve of the sex, and burst into tears. She loved Mabel, and was really distressed and upset by the result of her interference. She dared not let the child know what she had done, feeling instinctively that it would be regarded as unpardonable. "Don't tell her," she whimpered. "She would never forgive me. And I thought I was acting for the best."

This speech not only changed the whole current of his feelings toward her, for he saw in it a genuine expression of maternal affection and solicitude, but it brought the delightful assurance that Mabel knew nothing about her mother's little plan for bringing him to book. "Now, look here! You stop crying," he said in his usual friendly tones. "I love your daughter, and I mean to ask her to be my wife. I'm a rough fellow, and I ain't fit for such a dainty, pretty piece of goods as that; but I made up my mind to it the first time I ever set eyes on her sweet face. But you oughtn't to have tried to hurry up the corpse as you have done. It may be the custom over here, but it ain't a pretty one, to my thinkin'. A man ought to be ready to go down on his knees before a woman like that, and it hurts him to think of her being speculated with. If I thought Miss Mabel had a hand in this, I'd take the next steamer. But I know she hasn't. It would never come into her innocent mind. She'd never do anything she oughtn't to. She's the sweetest woman that ever trod shoe leather." He spoke very gently, and made little pauses after each sentence, while Mrs. Vane cried copiously in her corner. "You haven't got anything to fear from me. I want to do what's right and square," he went on presently. "I'll ask her this very day, if you say so. Lord! I wish I'd been a better man!"

At this Mrs. Vane took her hands down suddenly from her face, and, with a real burst of womanly feeling, grasped his hand and shook it warmly, half crying all the while. "You are a good man, Mr. Ketchum! You have made me ashamed of myself. If Mabel will marry you, I shall be glad and proud to have such a son!" she cried.

◆

BALLADE OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOSTS OF THE FOREST.[1]

By THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

[Théodore Faullain de Banville, French novelist and poet, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823; died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of a naval officer; became a Parisian man of letters. His best-known works were the volumes of poetry, "The Caryatides" (1842), "The Stalactites" (1846), "Odes Funambulesques" (1857), "New Odes Funambulesques" (1868), "Russian Idyls" (1872), and "Thirty-six Merry Ballads" (1873). He wrote also prose tales and sketches; as, "The Poor Mountebanks" (1853), "The Parisians of Paris" (1866), "Tales for Women" (1881), and "The Soul of Paris" (1890). He published his autobiography, "My Recollections," in 1882.]

Still sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
   Beneath the shade of thorn and holly tree;
The west wind breathes upon them pure and cold,
   And still wolves dread Diana roving free,
   In secret woodland with her company.
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
   And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray;

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[1] From "Essays in Little." By permission of Mr. Andrew Lang and Longmans, Green & Co. (Cr. 8vo. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
  And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

With waterweeds twined in their locks of gold
  The strange cold forest fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs overtimorous and overbold
  Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
  The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy;
Then, 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
  With one long sigh for summers passed away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
  And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

She gleans her sylvan trophies; down the wold
  She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee,
Mixed with the music of the hunting rolled,
  But her delight is all in archery,
  And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than the hounds that follow on the flight;
The tall nymph draws a golden bow of might,
  And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay,
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
  And Dian through the dim wood thrids her way.

Envoi.

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight;
  Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is the mystic home of our delight,
  And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

TO THE LOST CHILDREN.[1]

By THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

I know Cythera long is desolate;
  I know the winds have stripped the garden green.
Alas, my friends! beneath the fierce sun's weight
  A barren reef lies where Love's flowers have been,
  Nor ever lover on that coast is seen!
So be it, for we seek a fabled shore,
To lull our vague desires with mystic lore,
  To wander where Love's labyrinths beguile;

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[1] From "Essays in Little." By permission of Mr. Andrew Lang and Longmans, Green & Co. (Cr. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.)

There let us land, there dream for evermore;
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

The sea may be our sepulcher. If Fate,
If tempests wreak their wrath on us, serene
We watch the bolt of Heaven, and scorn the hate
Of angry gods that smite us in their spleen.
Perchance the jealous mists are but the screen
That veils the fairy coast we would explore.
Come, though the sea be vexed, and breakers roar,
Come, for the breath of this old world is vile,
Haste we, and toil, and faint not at the oar;
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

Gray serpents trail in temples desecrate
Where Cypris smiled, the golden maid, the queen,
And ruined is the palace of our state;
But happy loves flit round the mast, and keen
The shrill wind sings the silken cords between.
Heroes are we, with wearied hearts and sore,
Whose flower is faded and whose locks are hoar.
Haste, ye light skiffs, where myrtle thickets smile;
Love's panthers sleep 'mid roses, as of yore:
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

Envoi.

Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore.
Ah, singing birds, your happy music pour;
Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile;
Flit to these ancient gods we still adore:
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle."

LAST TIME AT M'GURK'S.[1]

By JANE BARLOW.

(From "Bogland Studies.")

[JANE BARLOW, Irish novelist, was born in County Dublin about 1857, daughter of a professor in Dublin University. She has published: "Irish Idyls" (1892), "Bogland Studies" (1892), "Kerrigan's Quality" (1893), "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters" (1893), "Strangers at Liscounel" (1895)].

In throth I've no call to be laid on the shelf yet, as ould as I be:
There's Thady O'Neill up above, that's a year or so senior to me,

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[1] By permission of Hodder & Stoughton. (Cr. 8vo. Price 6s.)

An' passin' his meadow just now, I seen it was mowin', and bedad,
There's himself in it stoopin' away as limber an' soople as a lad.
An' the Widdy Maclean, that was married afore I was three fut high,
She'll thramp her three mile to the town every market day that comes by.
'Twas the fever, last Lent was a twelvemonth, disthroyed me; I'm fit for naught since.
The way of it was: Our ould cow had sthrayed off thro' the gap in the fence,
An' Long Daly he met me an' tould me. Sez he: "An' ye'll need to make haste,
If it's dhry-fut ye'd find her this night." For away o'er the hills to the aist
The hail showers were slantin' in sthrakes; an' thin wanst clane across wid a swipe
Wint the lightnin'. An': "Look-a," sez he, "there's Saint Pether a kindlin' his pipe;
That 'ill take a good sup to put out." An', thrue for him, he'd scarce turned his back,
Whin it settled to poither an' pour, an' the sky overhead grew as black
As the botthomless pit; not a stim could I see, nor a sight o' the baste,
But, sthravadin' about in the bog, I slipped into a hole to me waist,
An' was never so nigh dhrownin' dead, forby bein' dhrenched to the skin;
So I groped me way home thro' the dark in the teeth of a freezin' win'.
An' next mornin' I couldn't move finger nor fut, all me limbs were that sore,
And I lay there a ravin' like wild in me bed for a month an' more;
For me head was on fire, an' the pains was like gimlits an' knives in me bones,
Till the neighbors a goin' the road 'ud be hearin' me groans an' me moans.
An' thin, whin I'd over'd the worst, as the Docther'd not looked for at all,
Sure, the strenth was gone out o' me clane, an' I scarcely was able to crawl,
An' that stooped, any rapin' hook's sthraighter than me, an' the jints o' me stift,
An' me fingers as crookt as the claws of a kite, wid no use in thim lift;

An' whin first I got on me ould brogues, I stuck fast like a wheel in a rut,
I seemed raisin' the weight o' the world every time that I lifted me fut.

So I sat in the door not long afther, whin Judy O'Neill comes by,
An': "Bedad, Mick Flynn, ye're an ould man grown," sez she; an': "Git out!" sez I.
But as soon as she'd passed I stepped round to the field that the lads were in,
For I thought I'd been idlin' enough, an' 'twas time I set to it agin.
They were diggin' the first of the praties; I smelt thim 'fore ever I came,
An' I dunno a pleasanter scent in the world than the smell o' thim same,
Whin ye thrust down your spade or your fork, an' ye turn thim up hangin' in clumps,
Wid the skins o' thim yeller, an' smooth, an' the clay shakin' off thim in lumps.
They'd a creel on the bank be the gate, an' Pat called from his end o' the dhrill
To be bringin' it up where he was, for he wanted another to fill;
And I thought to ha' lifted it light, but I'd betther ha' let it alone,
Tho' 'twas hardly three parts full, an' 'ud hould but a couple o' stone;
For I hadn't the strenth to hoist it, and over it wint wid a pitch,
An' there like a sthookaun I stood, an' the praties rowled in the ditch.
But Pat, whin he seen I was vexed, up he come an' laid hould o' me arm,
An' he bid me never to mind, for there wasn't a ha'porth o' harm.
An' sez I: "I'm not able for aught." An' sez he: "Dad, ye've worked in your day
Like a Trojin, an' now ye've a right to your rest, while we'll wrastle away.
Sure it's many a creel ye've loaded afore I'd the strenth or the wit;
And ye needn't be throublin' your head, for there's plinty of help I'll git;
Here's Larry an' Tim grown sizable lads, an' Joe'll soon be lendin' a hand —
So ye'll just sit quite in your corner, an' see that we'll git on grand."
And he said it as kind as could be, yet me heart felt as heavy as lead,
And I wint to the door, and I sat in the sun, but I wished I was dead.

He's been always a good son, Pat, an' the wife, there's no fau't in his wife,
Sure she's doin' her best to keep house sin' me ould woman lost her life;
But the throuble she's had — och! the crathur, small blame to her now if she'd think
It was time they were quit of a wan fit for naught save to ait an' to dhrink.
For whiles, whin she's washin' the praties, or cuttin' the childher's bread,
I know be the look of her face she's rememb'rin' the child that's dead;
The littlest, that died in last winther, and often afore it died
Did be askin' its mammy for bread, an' thin, 'cause she'd none, it cried;
An' the Docther he said 'twas the hunger had kilt it; an' that was the case:
Ye could see thro' its wee bits of hands, an' its eyes were as big as its face.
An' whiles whin I'm aitin' me crust, *I'll* be thinkin' to hear it cry —
But *she*, that's the mother who bore it — who'd blame her? In throth not I.
Och! but that was the terrible winther, an' like to ha' starved us outright;
Ne'er a hungrier saison I mind since the first o' the pratie blight;
An' whine'er wan's no call to be hungry, it's three times as hungry wan feels,
An' so I that worked never a sthroke, I did always be great at me meals.
Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o' nights whin I noticed our heap
O' praties looked small in the pot, I'd let on I was fast asleep;
So Molly she'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim to whisht an' be quite,
For if gran'daddy sted on asleep, he'd be wantin' no supper that night;
Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice they'd all keep whin they heard,
An' to think that the little childher'd sit watchin', not darin' a word,
But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might happin to wake
And ait up their morsel o' food — sure me heart 'ud be ready to break.

Thin I'd think: "There's the House; ay, an' thin they'd be fewer to starve an' to stint;"
Yet I hated the thought, an' kep' hopin' I'd maybe be dead ere I wint.

But I'm just afther hearin' this day what has settled me plans in me mind,
Like as if I had turned round me face; and I won't go a lookin' behind.
I'd been sthreelin' about in the slip at the back, whin I thought I'd creep down
An' see what was up at M'Gurk's, for it's weeks since I've been in the town;
So round to the front I was come, an' the first thing that ever I seen
Was two gintlemen close to our door, an' a car standin' down the boreen.
And the wan o' the two was a sthranger, a stout little man, wid each square
O' the checks on his coateen the size of our own bit o' field over there;
Divil much to be lookin' at aither, tho' here the lads tould me as how
'Twas no less than our Landlord himself, that we'd never set eyes on till now.
For away off in England he lives, where they say he's an iligant place
Wid big walls round it sevin mile long, and owns dozens of horses to race,
That costs him a fortin to keep; so whin all of his money is spint,
He sends word over here to the Agint; an' bids him make haste wid the rint.
An' the other's the Agint, I know him; worse luck, I've known many a wan,
An' it's sorra much good o' thim all. I remember the carryin's on
We'd have in the ould times at home, whin we heard he was comin' his round:
For, suppose we'd a calf or a heifer, we'd dhrive her off into the pound,
Or if we'd a firkin of butther, we'd hide it away in the thatch.
Ay, bedad, if we'd even so much as an old hin a sittin' to hatch,
We'd clap her in under the bed, out o' sight, for, mind you, we knew right well
He'd be raisin' the rint on us sthraight, if he spied that we'd aught to sell.
I've heard tell there's a change in the law, an' the rint takes three Judges to fix,
So it isn't as aisy these times for an Agint to play thim bad thricks;
I dunno the rights of it clear, but all's wan, for he would if he could;

And as soon as I seen him this day, I was sure he'd come afther no good.
But I slipped the wrong side o' the bank ere they heard me, an' there I sat still,
An' they came an' stood nigh it to wait, while their car crep' along up the hill.

And Turner, the Agint, looked back to the house: "Well, yer Lordship," he sez,
"That's a case for eviction; we'll scarce see a pinny while wan o' thim stez.
Why, they haven't a goose or a hin, let alone e'er a baste on the land,
So where we're to look for our money is more nor I understand.
But in coorse the man's axin' for time." An' sez t'other, "Confound him! in coorse —
'Tis their thrade to be axin' for that, if ye're axin' a pound for your purse.
They may have their damned time, sure, an' welcome, as long as they plase, on'y first
They'll pay up or clear out." An' the Agint he laughed till ye'd think he'd ha' burst.
An' sez he, "Thin 'clear out' 'ill be the word, and my notion's we'll find that it pays,
If we pull down thim ould sticks o' cabins, an' put in the cattle to graze;
Faith, I'd liefer see sheep on the land than the likes o' that breed any day,"
Sez he, pointin' his hand to the dike, where the childher, poor sowls, were at play.
An' the Lord sez, "It's on'y a pity we can't git the lap of a wave
Just for wanst, o'er the whole o' the counthry; no end to the throuble 'twould save,
And lave the the place *clane*." An' the Agint laughed hearty; sez he: "Our best start,
Since we can't git thim under the wather is sendin' thim over it smart.
An' these Flynns here we'd imigraph aisy; they've several lads nearly grown;
The on'y dhrawback's the ould father, we'll just have to let him alone,
For the son sez he's sheer past his work, an' that niver 'ud do in the States;
It's a burthen he's been on their hands for this great while — he'll go on the rates.

Sure, the Union's the place for the likes of him, so long as he bides above."
But be this time their car had come by, an' up wid thim, an' off they dhruv.

I'd ne'er ha' thought Patsy'd say that; an' he didn't belike — I dunno —
But it's on'y the truth if he did. A burthen? Bedad, I'm so.
An' Pat, that's a rale good son, and has been all the days of his life,
It's the quare thanks I'm givin' him now, to be starvin' the childher and wife.
For I often considher a sayin' we have: "Whin it's little ye've got,
It's the hunger ye'll find at the botthom, if many dip spoons in your pot."
But if wanst they were shut o' meself, an' the Agint 'ud wait for a bit,
They might weather the worst o' the throuble, an' keep the ould roof o'er thim yit.
But suppose they're put out afther all, an' packed off to the divil knows where,
An' I up away in the House, I might never so happin to hear;
An' I'd liefer not know it for certin. Och! to think the ould place was a roon,
Wid naught left save the rims o' four walls, that the weeds 'ud be coverin' soon;
An' the bastes o' the field walkin' in; an' the hole where the hearth was filled
Wid the briers; an' no thrace o' the shed that I helped me poor father to build,
An' I but a slip of a lad, an' that plased to be handlin' the tools,
I 'most hammered the head off each nail that I dhruv. Och, it's boys that are fools.

'Tis sevin mile good into Westport; I never could thramp it so far,
But Tim Daly dhrives there of a Friday; he'll loan me a sate on his car.
An' Friday's to-morra, ochone! so I'm near now to seein' me last
O' Barney, an' Pat, an' the childher, an' all the ould times seem past.
I remimber the House goin' by it. It stands on a bit of a rise.
Stone-black, lookin' over the lan', wid its windows all starin' like eyes;

And its lonesome an' sthrange I'll be feelin', wid ne'er a frind's face
    to behould;
An' the days 'ill go dhreary an' slow. But I'm ould, plase God,
    I'm ould.

* * *

"POSSON JONE'."[1]

By GEORGE W. CABLE.

[George Washington Cable: An American journalist and novelist; born in New Orleans, La., October 12, 1844. His works include: "Old Creole Days" (1879), "The Grandissimes" (1880), "Madame Delphine" (1881), "Dr. Sevier" (1883), "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884), "The Silent South" (1885), "John March, Southerner," "Bonaventure," "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," "The Busy Man's Bible," and "The Negro Question."]

To Jules St.-Ange — elegant little heathen — there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school, and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round — for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily enumerated resorts: to go to work — they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else — why not? — to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Upstreet, and across the Rue du Canal, one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste. Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

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It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant without turning his head that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bullfight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bullfight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bullfight — not an ordinary bullfight with sick horses, but a buffalo and tiger fight. I would not miss it ——"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward — can the Creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers — can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain* — a West Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak——"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!"

Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant, good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little Creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top of the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank notes. The crowd laughed, the West Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dengerous to make your money expose like that, Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the Creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of West-Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging house, and present and future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on busi*ness* for Bethesdy Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah — his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special provi*dence.* — Jools, do you believe in a special provi*dence?*"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d'body sarvant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descanted upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special provi*dence* again' cotton untell folks quits a pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis,*" said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah — I nevah see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop.* 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte.*' I ged the holy water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril."

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id broughd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge the more high cost than any other in the city. *Parceque*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound" — falling back — "*mais* certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy water?" asked the parson.

"*Mais*, what could make it else? Id not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique*, *mais*" — brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew — "not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones — "where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in. Colossus and this boy can go to the kitchen. — Now, Colossus, what *air* you a beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go' way!" said the parson, with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alleyway with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I — I's gwine; but" — he ventured nearer — "don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been dosted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy. — Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life — which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"*Mais*, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young Creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesdy who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company" — they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know — whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued: —

"As a p'inciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors. De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolution of de Sabbaf, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of bywords, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience; an' if any man sins de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man. — Ain't that so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Neberdeless, mind you" — here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye — "mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body sarvants, can take a *leetle* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus' eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of a true Christian, to wit, Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St.-Ange declared he could not touch; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in —— "

"Oh, yes!" cried St.-Ange, "conscien'; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismatique;* you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee — well, then, it *is* wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price — well, then, it *is* wrong; I think it is right — well, then, it *is* right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout.* What a man thing is right, *is right;* 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscien'. My faith! do you thing I would go again' my conscien'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain' the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cockfight Sunday evening. I thing it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe — always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shamefaced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded Creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visite?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church member' — certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expire for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel', yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez — me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez — for me it *is* the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the Creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure-sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe — everybody, I thing — *mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk — "Jools, I *don't* want to lose my niggah."

"You will not loose him. With Baptiste he *cannot* ged loose."

But Colossus' master was not reassured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church ——"

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by and by turned into a cross street. The parson stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twan't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theater, honeycombed with gambling dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St.-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath school! No such thing, saw; I *ain't* bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm a *white man*, saw! No, saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do *not* know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St.-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I didn't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St.-Ange's replies were in *falsetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscien' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrny, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing — *mais* I did not soupspicion this from you, Posson Jone' ——"

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscien' — me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty, and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead, a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant loads, leaving Jules St.-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild Creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great, white fleets drawn off upon the horizon — "see — heaven smiles upon the bullfight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheater sat the gayly decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *métaries* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Américains*, too — more's the shame — from the upper rivers — who will not keep their seats, — who ply the bottle, and who will get home by and by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans, too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black lace shawls — and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women, and there is — but he vanishes — Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various

Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull! — hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling — standing head and shoulders above the rest — calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little Creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flatboatmen, ha-ha-ing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, through some shameful knavery of the men, into whose hands he has fallen, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of his own nation — men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flatboatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words —

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

— from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from sinners who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats; the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans —

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth, and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness that ——"

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore — and all the people shouted at once when they saw it — the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against its belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting: —

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't, and I'll comb you with this varmint from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell!* Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flatboatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut, and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was born aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calaboza*.

When Parson Jones awoke, a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ringbolt in the center of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone'," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone'?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone', is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all the time* intoxicate, I think that is again' the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened — oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone', never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don' know w'ere — *mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jools?" asked Parson Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone', you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man — *mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the 'Isabella' schooner. Pore Smyrny!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone'," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'It is a specious providence.'

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone'," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theater St. Philippe. Hah! you is the moz brave dat I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone', I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you, I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of de calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering — 'Ah! Jules, me boy, juz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone', it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank notes, *bons*, and duebills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take the effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The Creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for two reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws, and ought to stand the penalty; and secondly — you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but the pass has been got onfairly, I'm afeerd. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I muss stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of moral heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "*Mais*, Posson Jone'!" — in his old *falsetto* — "de order — you cannot read it, it is in French — compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face — "is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but, though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered, "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nestled under live oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St. Jean.

With the first beam came the West Floridian and the Creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddlebags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad, blue rings, and one cheek bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus' left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and, half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point: he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clicking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the "Isabella," moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you — I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal" — he set foot upon the gang plank — "but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money — w'at I win las' night? Well, I win it by a specious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

"Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

"Ah!" cried the Creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged this money in the mysterieuze way. *Mais*, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly smiling young man.

The schooner captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid *it?*"

"Anything!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man ——"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hondred dollar' — 'twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"*Mais*, it was!"

"No!"

"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! *Mais*, here is five hondred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money. — Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said: —

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguidened friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions — oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson. "I'm in the Lord's haynds, and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!" — the schooner swung slowly off before the breeze — "good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow *dis* promise: you never, never, *never* will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the Creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little Creole almost wept. He ran down the towpath, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, backslidin' jackace of a parson and this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de *money!*" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully mourned and honestly prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schooner men, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be ——" cried Jones.

"*Amen!*" reiterated the negro.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

And now up runs Baptiste, covered with slime, and prepares to cast his projectiles. The first one fell wide of the mark; the schooner swung round into a long reach of water, where the breeze was in her favor; another shout of laughter drowned the maledictions of the muddy man; the sails filled; Colossus of Rhodes, smiling and bowing as hero of the moment, ducked as the main boom swept round, and the schooner, leaning slightly to the pleasant influence, rustled a moment over the bulrushes, and then sped far away down the rippling bayou.

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now reappeared, beyond the tops of the high undergrowth; but when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel, his servant, saying, as he turned, "Baptiste."

"*Miché?*"

"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"*Non, m'sieur.*"

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts! *Allons!*"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones' after life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father an honest man.

CELIA THAXTER

THE SANDPIPER.[1]

By CELIA THAXTER.

[1835-1894.]

Across the narrow beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry,
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
  He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

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AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT.[1]

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

(From "Colonel Carter of Cartersville.")

[Francis Hopkinson Smith, artist, author, and civil engineer, was born in Baltimore, Md., October 3, 1838. He is one of the most popular writers of the day, and has also displayed marked ability as a painter in water colors. Besides contributing largely to magazines and reviews, he has published: "Old Lines in New Black and White," "Well-worn Roads of Spain," "Holland and Italy," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "A Day at Laguerre's," "A Gentleman Vagabond," "Espero Gorgoni, Gondolier," and "Tom Grogan." All his works are illustrated by himself.]

The colonel's front yard, while as quaint and old-fashioned as his house, was not — if I may be allowed — quite so well bred.

This came partly from the outdoor life it had always led and from its close association with other yards that had lost all semblance of respectability, and partly from the fact that it had never felt the refining influences of the friends of the house; for nobody ever lingered in the front yard who by any possibility could get into the front door — nobody, except perhaps now and then a stray tramp, who felt at home at once and went to sleep on the steps.

That all this told upon its character and appearance was shown in the remnants of whitewash on the high wall, scaling off in discolored patches, in the stagger of the tall fence opposite, drooping like a drunkard between two policemen of posts; and in the unkempt, bulging rear of the third wall,— the front house,— stuffed with rags and tied up with clothes-lines.

If in the purity of its youth it had ever seen better days as a garden — but then no possible stretch of imagination, however brilliant, could ever convert this miserable quadrangle into a garden.

It contained, of course, as all such yards do, one lone plant, — this time a honeysuckle,— which had clambered over the front door and there rested as if content to stay; but which later on, frightened at the surroundings, had with one great spring cleared the slippery wall between, reached the rain spout above, and by its helping arm had thus escaped to the roof and the sunlight.

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It is also true that high up on this same wall there still clung the remains of a crisscross wooden trellis supporting the shivering branches of an old vine, which had spent its whole life trying to grow high enough to look over the tall fence into the yard beyond; but this was so long ago that not even the landlord remembered the color of its blossoms.

Then there was an old-fashioned hydrant, with a half-spiral crank of a handle on its top and the curved end of a lead pipe always aleak thrust through its rotten side, with its little statues of ice all winter and its spattering slop all summer.

Besides all this there were some broken flowerpots in a heap in one corner,—suicides from the window sills above,—and some sagging clotheslines, and a battered watering pot, and a box or two that might once have held flowers; and yet with all this circumstantial evidence against me I cannot conscientiously believe that this forlorn courtyard ever could have risen to the dignity of a garden.

But of course nothing of all this can be seen at night. At night one sees only the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market with its one blazing eye glaring high up over the fence, the little lantern hung in the tunnel, and the glow through the curtains shading the old-fashioned windows of the house itself, telling of warmth and comfort within.

To-night when I pushed open the swinging door — the door of the tunnel entering from the street — the lantern was gone, and in its stead there was only the glimmer of a mysterious light moving about the yard,— a light that fell now on the bare wall, now on the front steps, making threads of gold of the twisted iron railings, then on the posts of the leaning fence, against which hung three feathery objects,— grotesque and curious in the changing shadows,— and again on some barrels and boxes surrounded by loose straw.

Following this light, in fact, guiding it. was a noiseless, crouching figure peering under the open steps, groping around the front door, creeping beneath the windows; moving uneasily with a burglarlike tread.

I grasped my umbrella, advanced to the edge of the tunnel, and called out: —

"Who's that?"

The figure stopped, straightened up, held a lantern high over its head, and peered into the darkness.

There was no mistaking that face.

"Oh, that's you, Chad, is it? What the devil are you doing?"

"Lookin' for one ob dese yer tar'pins Miss Nancy sent de colonel. Dey was seben ob 'em in dis box, an' now dey ain't but six. Hole dis light, Major, an' lemme fumble round dis rain spout."

Chad handed me the lantern, fell on his knees, and began crawling around the small yard like an old dog hunting for a possum, feeling in among the roots of the honeysuckle, between the barrels that had brought the colonel's china from Carter Hall, under the steps, way back where Chad kept his wood ashes — but no "brer tar'pin."

"Well, if dat don't beat de lan'! Dey was two ba'els — one had dat wild turkey an' de pair o' geese you see hangin' on de fence dar, an' de udder ba'el I jest ca'aed down de cellar full er oishters. De tar'pins was in dis box — seben ob 'em. Spec' dat rapscallion crawled ober de fence." And Chad picked up the basket with the remaining half-dozen, and descended the basement steps on his way through the kitchen to the front door above. Before he reached the bottom step I heard him break out with: —

"Oh, yer you is, you black debbil! Tryin' to git in de door, is ye? De pot is whar you'll git!"

At the foot of the short steps, flat on his back, head and legs wriggling like an overturned roach, lay the missing terrapin. It had crawled to the edge of the opening and had fallen down in the darkness.

Chad picked him up and kept on grumbling, shaking his finger at the motionless terrapin, whose head and legs were now tight drawn between its shells.

"Gre't mine to squash ye! Wearin' out my old knees lookin' for ye. Nebber mine, I'm gwine to bile ye fust an' de longest — hear dat? — de longest!" Then looking up at me, "I got him, Major — try dat do'. Spec' it's open. Colonel ain't yer yit. Reckon some ob dem moonshiners is keepin' him down town. 'Fo' I forgit it, dar's a letter for ye hangin' to de mantelpiece."

The door and the letter were both open, the latter being half a sheet of paper impaled by a pin, which alone saved it from the roaring fire that Chad had just replenished.

I held it to the light and learned, to my disappointment, that business of enormous importance to the C. & W. A. L. R. R. might preclude the possibility of the colonel's leaving his office until late. If such a calamity overtook him, would I forgive him and take possession of his house and cellar and make myself as comfortable as I could with my best friend away? This postscript followed: —

"Open the new Madeira; Chad has the key."

Chad wreaked his vengeance upon the absconding terrapin by plunging him, with all his sins upon him, headlong into the boiling pot, and half an hour later was engaged at a side table in removing, with the help of an iron fork, the upper shell of the steaming vagabond, for my special comfort and sustenance.

"Tar'pin jes like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. But you got to know 'em fust to eat 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate, an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the impromptu dish.

"Now, Major, take yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebery mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat's de way *we* eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dat's *tar'pin.*"

I followed Chad's directions to the word, picking the terrapin as I would a crab and smothering the dainty bits in the hot sauce, until only two empty shells and a heap of little bones were left to tell the tale of my appetite.

"Gwine to crawl ober de fence, was ye?" I heard him say with a chuckle as he bore away the débris. "What I tell ye? Whar am ye now?"

"Did Miss Nancy send those terrapin?" I asked, watching the old darky drawing the cork of the new Madeira referred to in the colonel's note.

"Ob co'se, Major; Miss Nancy gibs de colonel eberytin'. Didn't ye know dat? She's de on'y one what's got anythin' to gib, an' she wouldn't hab dat on'y frough de war her money was in de bank in Baltimo'. I know, 'cause I went dar once to git some for her. De Yankee soldiers searched me; but some possums got two holes."

"And did she send him the Madeira too?"

"No, sah; Mister Grocerman gib him dat."

As he pronounced this name his voice fell, and for some time thereafter he kept silent, brushing the crumbs away, replacing a plate or two, or filling my wineglass, until at last he took his place behind my chair as was his custom with his master. It was easy to see that Chad had something on his mind.

Every now and then a sigh escaped him, which he tried to conceal by some irrelevant remark, as if his sorrow were his own and not to be shared with a stranger. Finally he gave an uneasy glance around, and, looking into my face with an expression of positive pain, said: —

"Don't tell de colonel I axed, but when is dis yer railroad gwineter fotch some money in?"

"Why?" said I, wondering what extravagance the old man had fallen into.

"Nuffin', sah; but if it don't putty quick dar's gwineter be trouble. Dese yer gemmen on de av'nue is gittin' ugly. When I got dar Madary de udder day de tall one warn't gwineter gib it to me, pass book or no pass book. On'y de young one say he'd seen de colonel, an' he was a gemmen an' all right, I wouldn't 'a' got it at all. De tall gemmen was comin' right around hisself — what he wanted to see, he said, was de color ob de colonel's money. Been mo' den two months, an' not a cent.

"Co'se I tole same as I been tellin' him, dat de colonel's folks is quality folks; but he say dat don't pay de bills."

"Did you tell the colonel?"

"No, sah; ain't no use tellin' de colonel; on'y worry him. He's got de pass book, but I ain't yerd him say nuffin' yit 'bout payin' him. I been spectin' Miss Nancy up here, an' de colonel says she's comin' putty soon. She'll fix 'em; but dey ain't no time to waste."

While he spoke there came a loud knock at the door, and Chad returned trembling with fear, his face the very picture of despair.

"Dat's de tall man hisself, sah, an' his dander's up. I knowed dese Yankees in de war, an' I don't like 'em when dey's ris'. When I tole him de colonel ain't home, he look at me pizenlike, same as I was a lyin'; an' den he stop an' listen an' say he come back to-night. Trouble comin'; old coon smells de dog. Wish we was home an' out ob dis!"

I tried to divert his attention into other channels and to calm his fears, assuring him that the colonel would come out all right; that these enterprises were slow, etc.; but the old man only shook his head.

"You know, Major, same as me, dat de colonel ain't nuffin' but a chile, an' about his bills he's *wuss*. But I'm yer, an' I'm 'sponsible. 'Chad,' he says, 'go out an' git six mo' bottles of dat old Madary;' an' 'Chad, don't forgit de sweet ile;' an' 'Chad, is we got claret enough to last ober Sunday?' — an' not a cent in de house. I ain't slep' none for two nights, worritin' ober dis business, an' I'm mos' crazy."

I laid down my knife and fork and looked up. The old man's lip was quivering, and something very like a tear stood in each eye.

"I can't hab nuffin' happen to de fambly, Major. You know our folks is quality, an' always was, an' I dassent look my mistress in de face if anythin' teches Marsa George." Then bending down he said in a hoarse whisper: "See dat old clock out dar wid his eye wide open? Know what's down below dat in de cellar? De jail!" And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off, — an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey'll all git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa," — and his eyes glistened, — "my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say, — you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant, — 'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head;' an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 'twa'n't no birds about his voice den, — mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad — an' some niggers is dat way — den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups — dat's one ob 'em you's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea; Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says: —

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin' room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin' room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom ob de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:—

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a hollerin':—

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa.—Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

"'What'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman'll have.'

"'What'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

"'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like: —

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It didn't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de tablecloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond" — here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter — "dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose pond wid one leg stuck down — so — an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you —— '

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ''tain't fair, 'tain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"''Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire: —

"'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says: —

"'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

A cheerful voice at the yard door, and the next moment the colonel was stamping his feet on the hall mat, his first word to Chad an inquiry after my comfort, and his second an apology to me for what he called his brutal want of hospitality.

"But I couldn't help it, Major. I had some letters, suh, that could not be postponed. Has Chad taken good care of you? No dinner, Chad; I dined down town. How is the Madeira, Major?"

I expressed my entire approbation of the wine, and was about to fill the colonel's glass when Chad leaned over with the same anxious look in his face.

"De grocerman was here, Colonel, an' lef' word dat he was comin' agin later."

"You don't say so, Chad, and I was out: most unfortunate occurrence! When he calls again show him in at once. It will give me great pleasure to see him."

Then turning to me, his mind on the pass book and its empty pages,—"I'll lay a wager, Major, that man's father was a gentleman. The fact is, I have not treated him with proper respect. He has shown me every courtesy since I have been here, and I am ashamed to say that I have not once entered his doors. His calling twice in one evening touches me deeply. I did not expect to find yo' tradespeople so polite."

Chad's face was a study while his master spoke, but he was too well trained, and still too anxious over the outcome of the expected interview, to do more than bow obsequiously to the colonel,—his invariable custom when receiving an order,—and to close the door behind him.

"That old servant," continued the colonel, watching Chad leave the room, and drawing his chair nearer the fire, "has been in my fam'ly ever since he was bawn. But for him and his old wife, Mammy Henny, I would be homeless to-night." And then the colonel, with that soft cadence in his voice which I always noticed when he spoke of something that touched his heart, told me with evident feeling how, in every crisis of fire, pillage, and raid, these two faithful souls had kept unceasing watch about the old house; refastening the wrenched doors, replacing the shattered shutters, or extinguishing the embers of abandoned bivouac fires. Indeed, for months at a time they were its only occupants, outside of strolling marauders and bands of foragers, and but for their untiring devotion its tall chimneys would long since have stood like tombstones over the grave of its ashes. Then he added, with a break in his voice that told how deeply he felt it:—

"Do you know, Major, that when I was a prisoner at City Point that darky tramped a hundred miles through the coast swamps to reach me, crossed both lines twice, hung around for three months for his chance, and has carried in his leg ever since the ball intended for me the night I escaped in his clothes, and he was shot in mine.

"I tell you, suh, the color of a man's skin don't make much diffe'ence sometimes. Chad was bawn a gentleman, and he'll never get over it."

As he was speaking, the object of his eulogy opened the hall door, and the next instant a tall, red-headed man with closely trimmed side whiskers, and wearing a brown check suit and a blue necktie, ran the gantlet of Chad's profound but anxious bow, and advanced towards the colonel, hat in hand.

"Which is Mr. Carter?"

The colonel arose gracefully. "I am Colonel Carter, suh, and I presume you are the gentleman to whom I am indebted for so many courtesies. My servant tells me that you called earlier in the evenin'. I regret, suh, that I was detained so late at my office, and I have to thank you for perseve'in' the second time. I assure you, suh, that I esteem it a special honor."

The tall gentleman with the auburn whiskers wiped his face with a handkerchief, which he took from his hat, and stated with some timidity that he hoped he did not intrude at that late hour. He had sent his pass book, and —

"I have looked it over, suh, repeatedly, with the greatest pleasure. It is a custom new to us in my county, but it meets with my hearty approval. Give yo' hat to my servant, suh, and take this seat by the fire."

The proprietor of the hat after some protestations suffered Chad to bear away that grateful protection to his slightly bald head,— retaining his handkerchief, which he finally rolled up into a little wad and kept tightly clenched in the perspiring palm of his left hand,— and then threw out the additional hope that everything was satisfactory.

"Delicious, suh; I have not tasted such Madeira since the wah. In my cellar at home, suh, I once had some old Madeira of '28 that was given to my father, the late General John Carter, by old Judge Thornton. You, of course, know that wine, suh. Ah! I see that you do."

And then followed one of the colonel's delightful monologues descriptive of all the vintages of that year, the colonel constantly appealing to the dazed and delighted groceryman to be set right in minor technical matters,— the grocer understanding them as little as he did the Aztec dialects,— the colonel himself supplying the needed data and then thanking the auburn gentleman for the information so charmingly that for the moment that worthy tradesman began to wonder why he had not long before risen from the commonplace level of canned vegetables to the more sublime plane of wines in the wood.

"Now the Madeira you sent me this mornin', suh, is a trifle too fruity for my taste. Chad, open a fresh bottle."

The owner of the pass book instantly detected a very decided fruity flavor, but thought he had another wine, which he would send in the morning, that might suit the colonel's palate better.

The colonel thanked him, and then drifted into the wider field of domestic delicacies,— the preserving of fruits, the making of pickles as practiced on the plantations by the old Virginia cooks,— the colonel waxing eloquent over each production, and the future wine merchant becoming more and more enchanted as the colonel flowed on.

When he rose to go the grocer had a mental list of the things he would send the colonel in the morning all arranged in his commercial head, and so great was his delight that, after shaking hands with me once and with the colonel three times, he would also have extended that courtesy to Chad had not that perfectly trained servant checkmated him by filling his extended palm with the rim of his own hat.

When Chad returned from bowing him through the tunnel, the lines in his face a tangle of emotions, the colonel was standing on the mat, in his favorite attitude — back to the fire, coat thrown open, thumbs in his armholes, his outstretched fingers beating woodpecker tattoos on his vest.

Somehow the visit of the grocer had lifted him out of the cares of the day. How, he could not tell. Perhaps it was the fragrance of the Madeira; perhaps the respectful, overawed bow,— the bow of the tradesman the world over to the landed proprietor,— restoring to him for one brief moment that old feudal supremacy which above all else his soul loved. Perhaps it was only the warmth and cheer and comfort of it all.

Whatever it was, it buoyed and strengthened him. He was again in the old dining hall at home: the servants moving noiselessly about; the cut-glass decanters reflected in the polished mahogany; the candles lighted; his old, white-haired father, in his high-backed chair, sipping his wine from the slender glass.

Ah, the proud estate of the old plantation days! Would they ever be his again?

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

[1827-.]

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies, —
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck, — though still he cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies, —
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Ark, ho!" — Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries, —
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies, —
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!" — "Mark, ho!" — Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright
And while his hand, washed clean and white,

Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
    "Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies, —
    "Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!" — "Ah, go!" — while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries, —
    "Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,
    "Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!" — "Hark, O!" — Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE.

By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

[Anthelme Brillat-Savarin: A French writer and gourmand. He was born in 1755, was a magistrate and subsequently a judge in Paris. His political affiliations rendered it inexpedient for him to remain in Paris during the Reign of Terror and he fled to America, returning to France in 1796. His "Physiology of Taste," a gastronomic essay, is the work by which he is remembered.]

Gastronomy has at last appeared, and all the sister sciences have made a way for it.

Well; what could be refused to that which sustains us, from the cradle to the grave, which increases the gratifications of love and the confidence of friendship, which disarms hatred and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which not being followed by fatigue makes us weary of all others.

Certainly, as long as it was confided to merely hired attendants, as long as the secret was kept in cellars, and where dispensaries were written, the results were but the products of an art.

At last, too late, perhaps, *savants* drew near.

They examined, analyzed, and classified alimentary substances, and reduced them to simple elements.

They measured the mysteries of assimilation, and following most matter in all its metamorphoses saw how it became vivified.

They watched diet in its temporary and permanent effects, for days, months, and lives.

They even estimated its influence and thought to ascertain if the savor be impressed by the organs or if it acts without them. From all this they deduced a lofty theory which embraces all mankind, and all that portion of creation which may be animalized.

While all this was going on in the studies of *savants*, it was said in drawing-rooms that the science which fed man was at least as valuable as that which killed him. Poets sang the pleasures of the table, and books, the object of which was good cheer, awakened the greatest and keenest interest in the profound views and maxims they presented.

Such were the circumstances which preceded the invention of gastronomy.

Gastronomy is a scientific definition of all that relates to man as a feeding animal.

Its object is to watch over the preservation of man by means of the best possible food.

It does so by directing, according to certain principles, all those who procure, search for, or prepare things which may be converted into food.

To tell the truth, this is what moves cultivators, vine-dressers, fishermen, huntsmen, and the immense family of cooks, whatever title or qualification they bear, to the preparation of food.

Gastronomy is a chapter of natural history, from the fact that it makes a classification of alimentary substances.

Of physics, for it examines their properties and qualities.

Of chemistry, from the various analysis and decomposition to which it subjects them.

Of cookery, from the fact that it prepares food and makes it agreeable.

Of commerce, from the fact that it purchases at as low a rate as possible what it consumes, and displays to the greatest advantage what it offers for sale.

Lastly it is a chapter of political economy, from the resources it furnishes the taxing power, and the means of exchange it substitutes between nations.

Gastronomy rules all life, for the tears of the infant cry for the bosom of the nurse ; the dying man receives with some degree of pleasure the last cooling drink, which, alas! he is unable to digest.

It has to do with all classes of society, for if it presides over the banquets of assembled kings, it calculates the number of minutes of ebullition which an egg requires.

The material of gastronomy is all that may be eaten ; its object is direct, the preservation of individuals. Its means of execution are cultivation, which produces ; commerce, which exchanges ; industry, which prepares ; and experience, which teaches us to put them to the best use.

Gastronomy considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible ; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits, which a man who respects himself will never pass.

It also considers the action of food or aliments on the morale of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes.

Gastronomy determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject ; all are not presentable under the same circumstances.

Some can be eaten until they are entirely developed. Such as capers, asparagus, sucking pigs, squabs, and other animals eaten only when they are young.

Others, as soon as they have reached all the perfection to which they are destined, like melons, fruit, mutton, beef, and grown animals. Others when they begin to decompose, such as snipe, woodcock, and pheasant. Others not until cooking has destroyed all their injurious properties, such as the potato, manioc, and other substances.

Gastronomy classifies all of these substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, though not necessary, are an agreeable relief, and become the *obligato* accompaniment of convivial gossip.

It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate. It teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so exactly calculated that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins.

Gastronomy examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.

Gastronomical knowledge is necessary to all men, for it tends to augment the sum of happiness. This utility becomes the greater in proportion as it is used by the more comfortable classes of society; it is indispensable to those who have large incomes, and entertain a great deal, either because in this respect they discharge an obligation, follow their own inclination, or yield to fashion.

They have this special advantage, that they take personal pleasure in the manner their table is kept; they can, to a certain point, superintend the depositories of their confidence, and even on many occasions direct them.

The Prince de Soubise once intended to give an entertainment, and asked for the bill of fare.

The maître d'hôtel came with a list surrounded by *vignettes*, and the first article that met the Prince's eye was *fifty hams*. "Bertrand," said the Prince, "I think you must be extravagant; fifty hams! Do you intend to feast my whole regiment?"

"No, Prince, there will be but one on the table, and the surplus I need for my *epagnole*, my *blonds*, garnitures, etc."

"Bertrand, you are robbing me. This article will not do."

"Monseigneur," said the artist, "you do not appreciate me! Give the order, and I will put those fifty hams in a crystal flask no longer than my thumb."

What could be said to such a positive operation? The Prince smiled, and the hams were passed.

In men not far removed from a state of nature, it is well known that all important affairs are discussed at their feasts.

Amid their festivals savages decide on war and peace; we need not go far to know that villages decide on all public affairs at the cabinet.

This observation has not escaped those to whom the weightiest affairs are often confided. They saw that a full-stomached individual was very different from a fasting one; that the table established a kind of alliance between the parties, and made guests more apt to receive certain impressions and submit to certain influences. This was the origin of political gastronomy. Entertainments have become governmental measures, and the fate of nations is decided on in a banquet. This is neither a paradox nor a novelty, but a simple observation of fact. Open every historian, from the time of Herodotus to our own days, and it will be seen that, not even excepting conspiracies, no great event ever took place, not conceived, prepared, and arranged at a festival.

Such, at the first glance, appears to be the domain of gastronomy, a realm fertile in results of every kind and which is aggrandized by the discoveries and inventions of those who cultivate it. It is certain that before the lapse of many years, gastronomy will have its academicians, courses, professors, and premiums.

At first some rich and zealous gastronomer will establish periodical assemblies, in which the most learned theorists will unite with artists, to discuss and measure the various branches of alimentation.

Soon (such is the history of all academies) the government will intervene, will regularize, protect, and institute; it will seize the opportunity to reward the people for all orphans made by war, for all the Arianas whose tears have been evoked by the drum.

Happy will be the depositary of power who will attach his name to this necessary institution! His name will be repeated from age to age with that of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and other benefactors of humanity; he will be among ministers what Henri IV. was among kings; his eulogy will be in every mouth, though no regulation make it a necessity.

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