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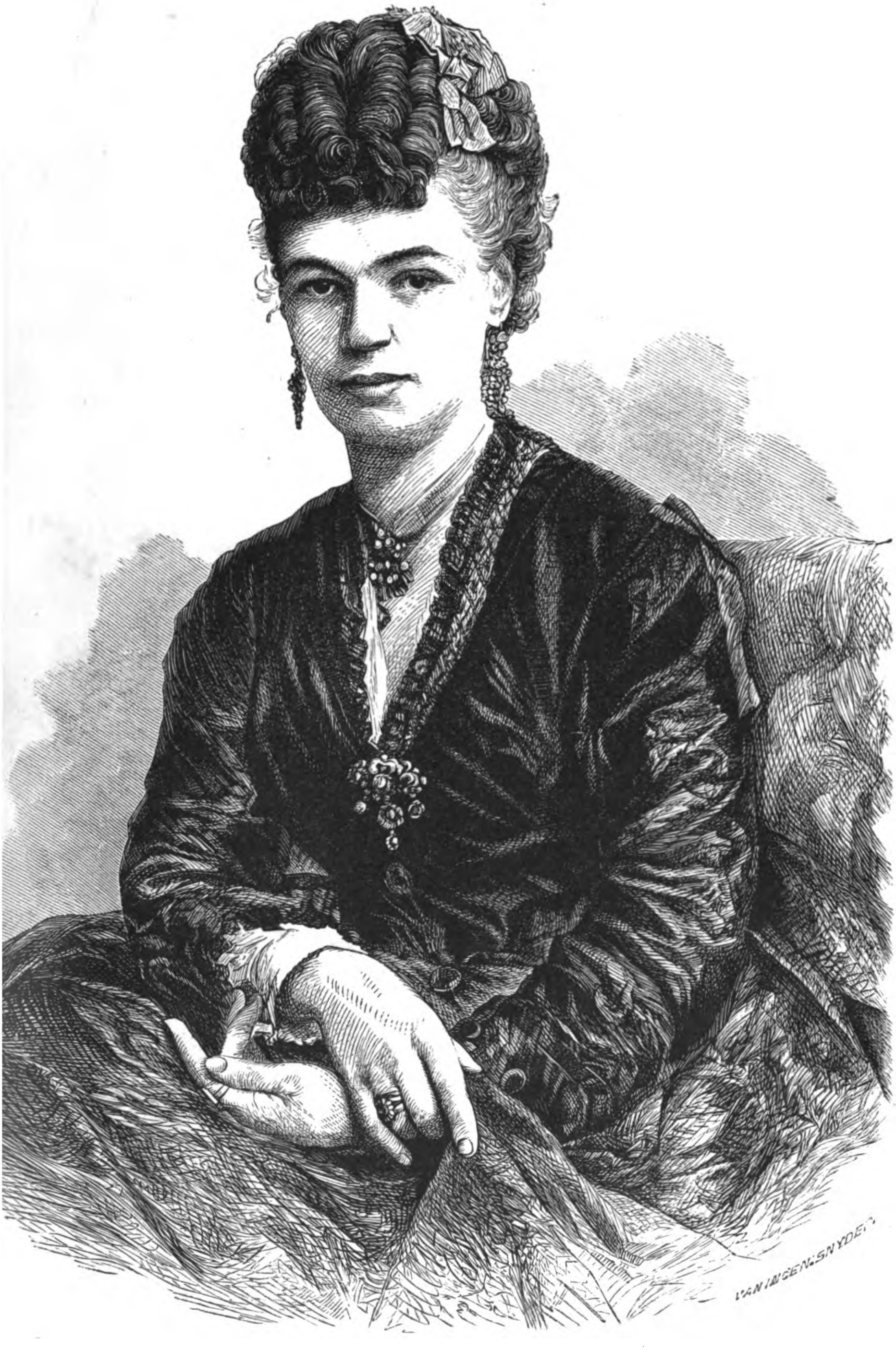
VAN INGEN-SNYDER

WILHELMINE VON HILLERN,

**Author of "Only a Girl," "By His Own Might," etc.**

[*See Our Monthly Gossip.*]

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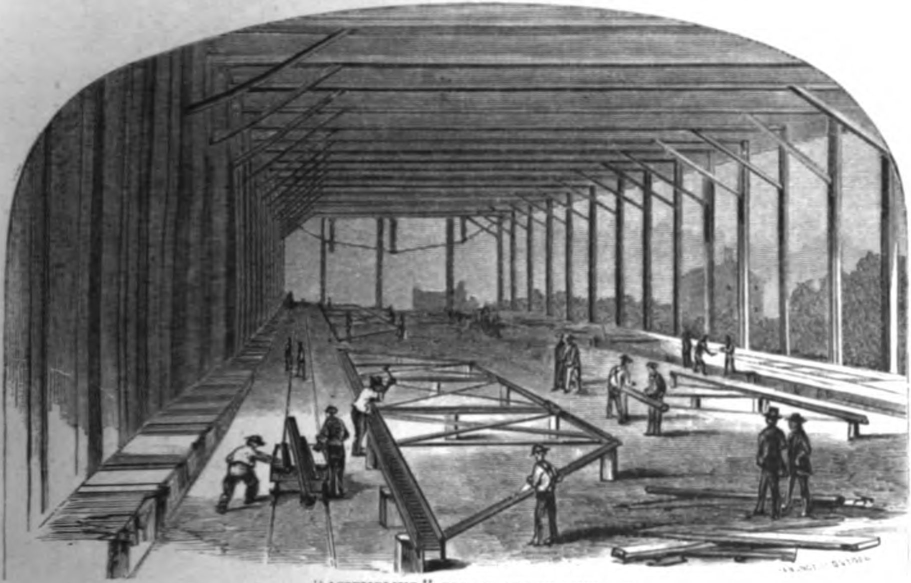
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

*POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

JANUARY, 1873.

# IRON BRIDGES, AND THEIR CONSTRUCTION.



"ASSEMBLING" BRIDGE UNDER SHED.—P. 22.

IN a graveyard in Watertown, a village near Boston, Massachusetts, there is a tombstone commemorating the claims of the departed worthy who lies below to the eternal gratitude of posterity. The inscription is dated in the early part of this century (about 1810), but the name of him who was thus immortalized has faded like the date of his death from my memory, while the deed for which he was distinguished, and which was recorded upon his tombstone, remains clear. "He built the famous bridge over the Charles River in this town," says the record. The Charles River is here a small stream, about twenty to thirty feet

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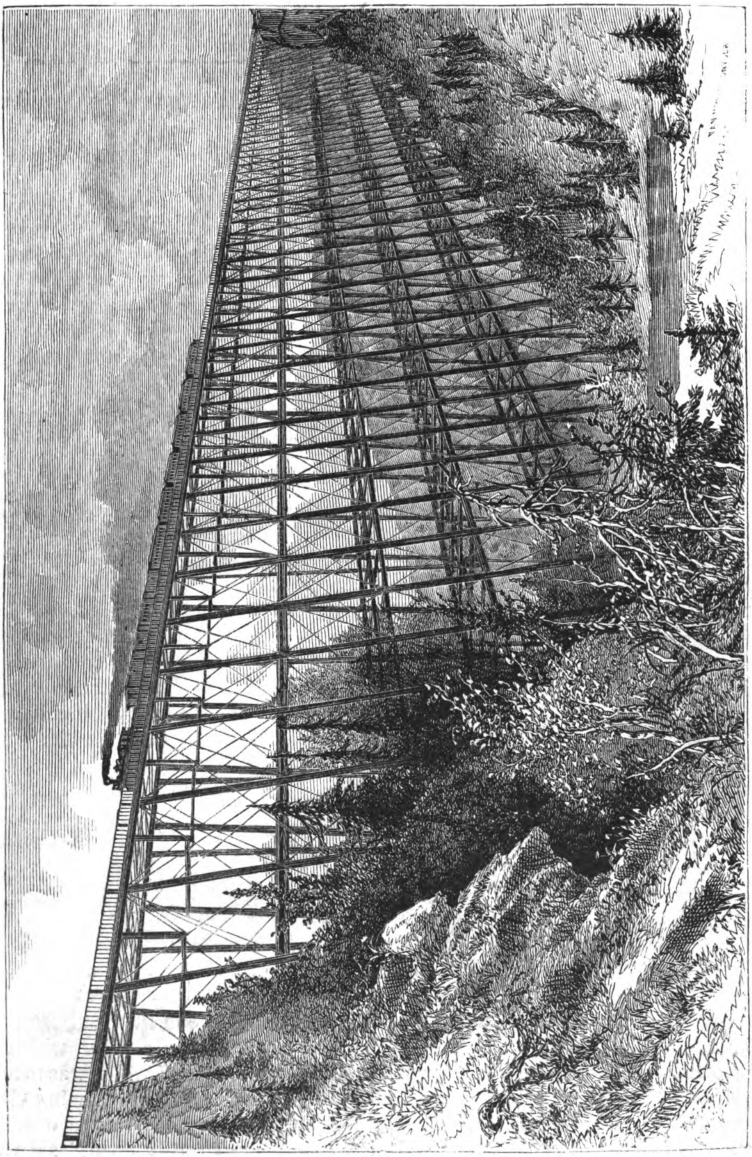
wide, and the bridge was a simple wooden structure.



THE LYMAN VIADUCT.

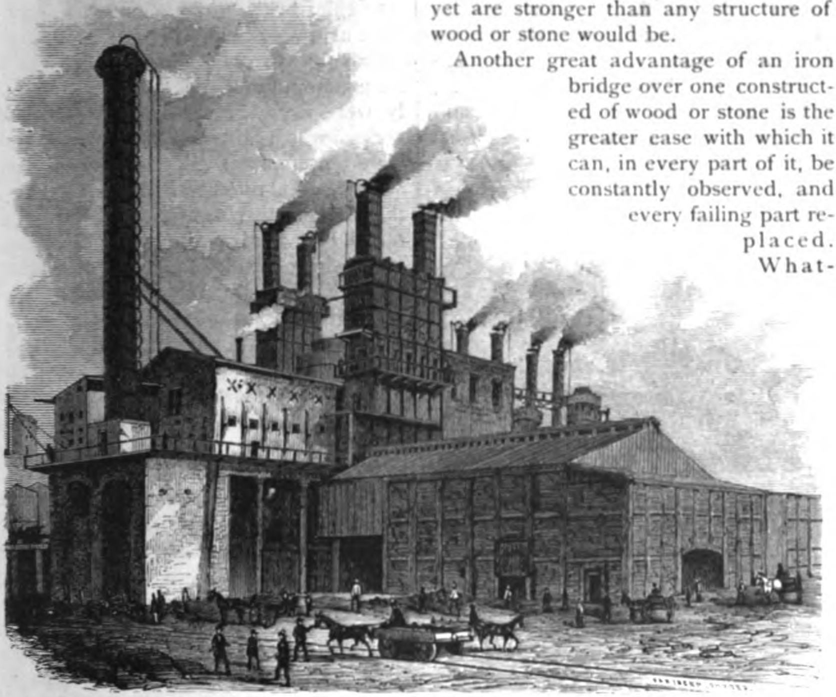
Doubtless in its day this structure was considered an engineering feat worthy of such posthumous immortality as is gained by an epitaph, and afforded such convenience for transportation as was needed by the commercial activity of that era. From that time, however, to this, the changes which have occurred in our commercial and industrial methods are so fully indicated by the changes of our manner and method of bridge-building that it will not be a loss of time to investigate the present condition of our abilities in this most useful branch of engineering skill.

In the usual archæological classification of eras the Stone Age precedes that of Iron, and in the history of bridge-building the same sequence has been preserved. Though the knowledge of working iron was acquired by many nations at a pre-historic period, yet in quite modern times—within this century, even—the invention of new processes and the experience gained of new methods have so completely revolutionized this branch of industry, and given us such a mastery over this material, enabling us to apply it to such new uses, that for the future the real Age of Iron will date from the present century.

The knowledge of the arch as a method of construction with stone or brick—both of them materials aptly fitted for resistance under pressure, but of comparatively no tensile strength—enabled the Romans to surpass all nations that had preceded them in the course of history in building bridges. The bridge across the Danube, erected by Apollodorus, the architect of Trajan's Column, was the largest bridge built by the Romans. It was more than three hundred feet in height, composed of twenty-one arches resting upon twenty piers, and was about eight hundred feet in length. It was after a few years destroyed by the emperor Adrian, lest it should afford a means of passage to the barbarians, and its ruins are still to be seen in Lower Hungary.

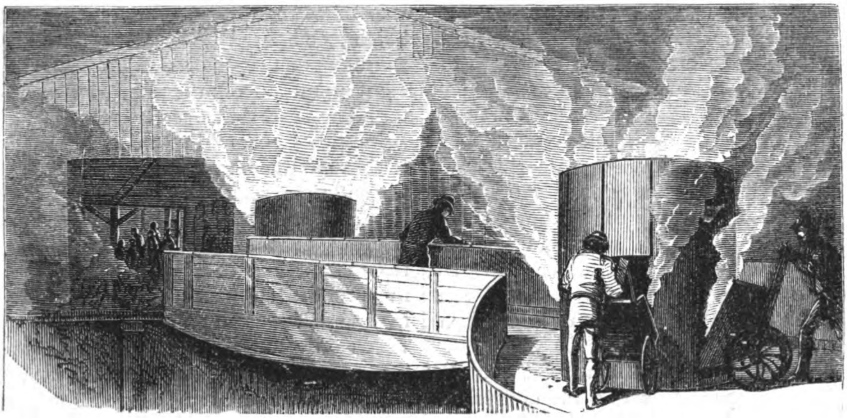
With the advent of railroads bridge-building became even a greater necessity than it had ever been before, and the use of iron has enabled engineers to grapple with and overcome difficultie which only fifty years ago would have been considered hopelessly insurmountable. In this modern use of iron advantage is taken of its great tensile strength, and many iron bridges, over which enormous trains of heavily-loaded cars pass hourly, look as though they were spun from gossamer threads, and yet are stronger than any structure of wood or stone would be.

Another great advantage of an iron bridge over one constructed of wood or stone is the greater ease with which it can, in every part of it, be constantly observed, and every failing part replaced. What-



BLAST-FURNACES

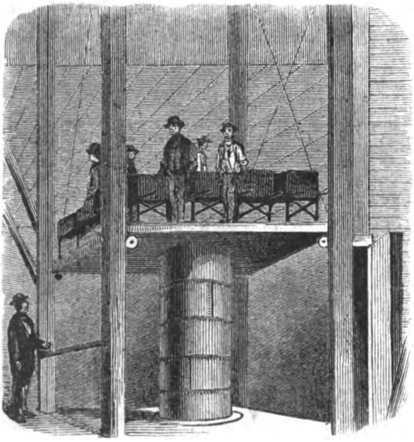
ever material may be used, every edifice is always subject to the slow disintegrating influence of time and the elements. In every such edifice as a bridge, use is a process of constant weakening, which, if not as constantly guarded against, must inevitably, in time, lead to its destruction.



DUMPING ORE AND COAL INTO BLAST-FURNACES.

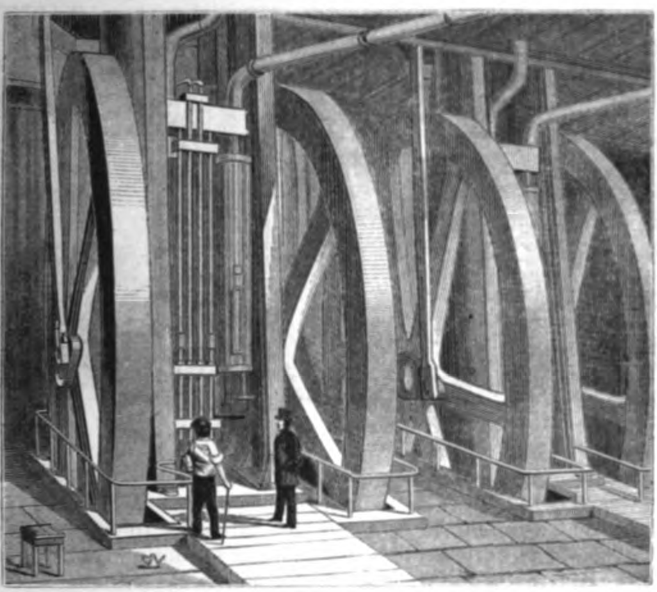
In a wooden or stone bridge a beam affected by dry rot or a stone weakened by the effects of frost may lie hidden from the inspection of even the most vigilant observer until, when the process has gone far enough, the bridge suddenly gives way under a not unusual strain, and death and disaster shock the community into a sense of the inherent defects of these materials for such structures.

The introduction of the railroad has brought about also another change in the bridge-building of modern times, compared with that of all the ages which have preceded this nineteenth century. The chief bridges of ancient times were built as great public conveniences upon thoroughways over which there was a large amount of travel, and consequently were near the cities or commercial centres which attracted such travel, and were therefore placed where they were seen by great numbers. Now, however, the connection between the chief commercial centres is made by the railroads, and these penetrate immense distances, through comparatively unsettled districts, in order to bring about the needed distribution; and in consequence many of the great railroad bridges are built in the most unfrequented spots, and are unseen by the numerous passengers who traverse them, unconscious that they are thus easily passing over specimens of engineering skill which surpass, as objects of intelligent interest, many of the sights they may be traveling to see.



ELEVATOR.

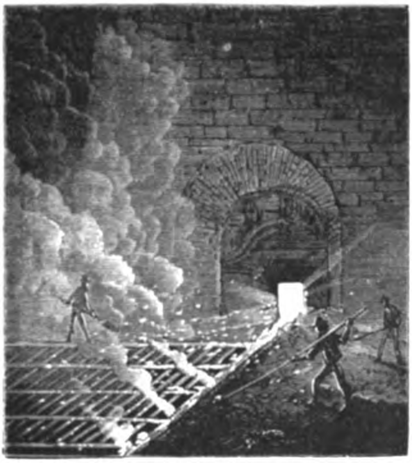
The various processes by which the iron is prepared to be used in bridge-building are many of them as new as is the use of this material for this purpose, and it will not be amiss to spend a few moments in examining them before presenting to our readers illustrations of some of the most remarkable structures of this kind. Taking a train by the Reading Railroad from Philadelphia, we arrive, in about an hour, at Phœnixville, in the Schuylkill Valley, where the Phœnix Iron- and Bridge-works are situated. In this establishment we can follow the iron from its original condition of ore to a finished bridge, and it is the only establishment in this country, and most probably in the world, where this can be seen.



THE ENGINE-ROOM.

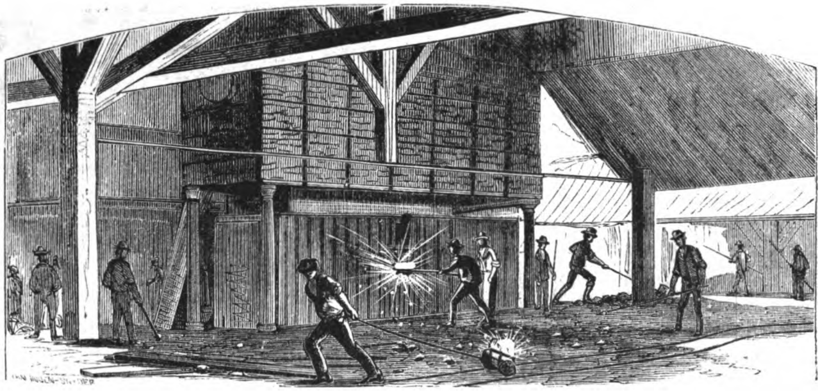
These works were established in 1790. In 1827 they came into the possession of the late David Reeves, who by his energy and enterprise increased their capacity to meet the growing demands of the time, until they reached their present extent, employing constantly over fifteen hundred hands.

The first process is melting the ore in the blast-furnace. Here the ore, with coal and a flux of limestone, is piled in and subjected to the heat of the fires, driven by a hot blast and kept burning night and day. The iron, as it becomes melted, flows to the bottom of the furnace, and is drawn off below in a glowing stream. Into the top of the blast-furnaces the ore and coal are dumped, having been raised to the top by an elevator worked by a blast of air. It is curious to notice how slowly the experience was gathered from which has re-



RUNNING METAL INTO PIGS.

sulted the ability to work iron as it is done here. Though even at the first settlement of this country the forests of England had been so much thinned by their consumption in the form of charcoal in her iron industry as to make a demand for timber from this country a flourishing trade for the new settlers, yet it was not until 1612 that a patent was granted to Simon Sturtevant for smelting iron by the consumption of bituminous coal. Another patent for the same invention was granted to John Ravenson the next year, and in 1619 another to Lord Dudley; yet the process did not come into general use until nearly a hundred years later.



CARRYING THE IRON BALLS.

The blast for the furnace is driven by two enormous engines, each of three hundred horse-power. The blast used here is, as we have said, a hot one, the air being heated by the consumption of the gases evolved from the material itself. The gradual steps by which these successive modifications were introduced is an evidence of how slowly industrial processes have been perfected by the collective experience of generations, and shows us how much we of the present day owe to our predecessors. From the earliest times, as among the native smiths of Africa to-day, the blast of a bellows has been used in working iron to increase the heat of the combustion by a more plentiful supply of oxygen. The blast-furnace is supposed to have been first used in Belgium, and to have been introduced into England in 1558. Next came the use of bituminous coal, urged with a blast of cold air. But it was not until 1829 that Neilson, an Englishman, conceived the idea of heating the air of the blast, and carried it out at the Muirkirk furnaces. In that year he obtained a patent for this process, and found that he could from the same quantity of fuel make three times as much iron. His patent made him very rich: in one single case of infringement he received a cheque for damages for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In his method, however, he used an extra fire for heating the air of his blast. In 1837 the idea of heating the air for the blast by the gases generated in the process was first practically introduced by M. Faber Dufour at Wasseralfingen in the kingdom of Würtemberg.

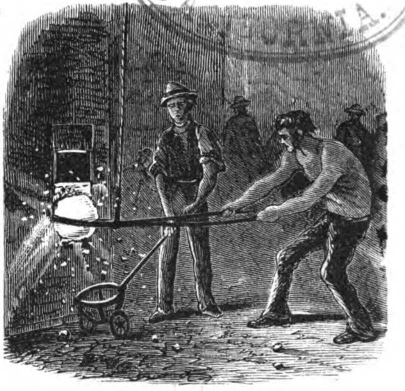
In this country, charcoal was at first used universally for smelting iron, anthracite coal being considered unfit for the purpose. In 1820 an unsuccessful attempt to use it was made at Mauch Chunk. In 1833, Frederick W. Geisenhainer of Schuylkill obtained a patent for the use of the hot blast with anthracite, and in 1835 produced the first iron made with this process. In 1841, C. E. Detmold adapted the consumption of the gases produced by the smelting to the use of anthracite; and since then it has become quite general, and has

RSITY C ORNIA.

caused an almost incalculable saving to the community in the price of iron.

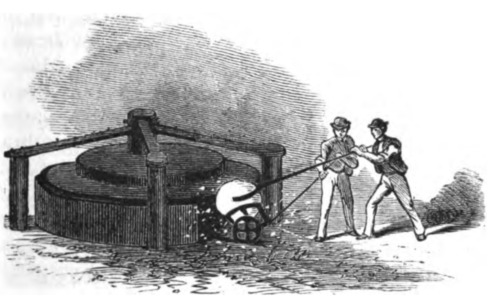
The view of the engines which pump the blast will give an idea of the immense power which the Phœnix company has at command. Twice every day the furnace is tapped, and the stream of liquid iron flows out into moulds formed in the sand, making the iron into pigs—so called from a fancied resemblance to the form of these animals. This makes the first process, and in many smelting-establishments this is all that is done, the iron in this form being sold and entering into the general consumption.

The next process is "boiling," which is a modification of "puddling," and is generally used in the best iron-works in this country. The process of puddling was invented by Henry Cort, an Englishman, and patented by him in 1783 and 1784 as a new process for "shingling, welding and manufacturing iron and steel into bars, plates and rods of purer quality and in larger quantity than heretofore, by a more effectual application of fire and machinery." For this invention Cort has been called "the father of the iron-trade of the British nation," and it is estimated that his invention has, during this century, given employment to six millions of persons, and increased the wealth of Great Britain by three thousand millions of dollars. In his experiments for perfecting his process Mr. Cort spent his fortune, and though it proved so valuable, he died poor, having been involved by the government in a lawsuit concerning his patent which beggared him. Six years before his death, the government, as an acknowledgment of their wrong, granted him a yearly pension of a thousand dollars, and at his death this miserly recompense was reduced to his widow to six hundred and twenty-five dollars.



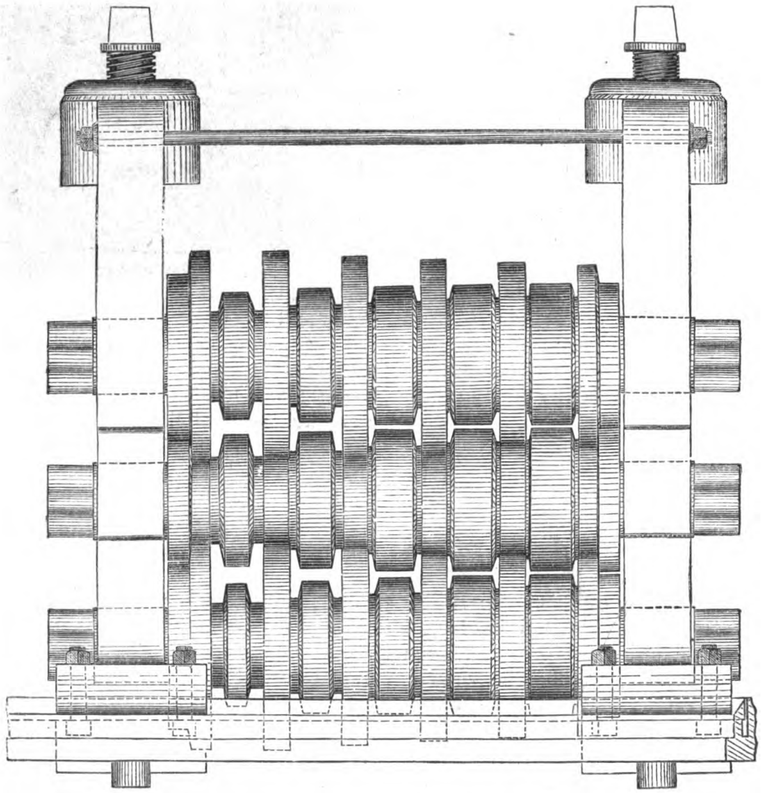
BOILING-FURNACE.

When iron is simply melted and run into any mould, its texture is granular, and it is so brittle as to be quite unreliable for any use requiring much tensile strength. The process of puddling consisted in stirring the molten iron run out in a puddle, and had the effect of so changing its atomic arrangement as to render the process of rolling it more efficacious. The process of boiling is considered an improvement upon this. The boiling-furnace is an oven heated to an intense heat by a fire urged with a blast. The cast-iron sides are double, and a constant circulation of water is kept passing through the chamber thus made, in order to preserve the structure from fusion by the heat. The inside is lined with fire-brick covered with metallic ore and slag over the bottom and sides, and then, the oven being charged with the pigs of iron, the heat is let on. The pigs melt, and the oven is filled with molten iron. The puddler constantly stirs this mass with a bar let through a hole in the door, until the iron boils up, or "ferments," as it is called. This fermentation is caused by the combustion of a portion of the carbon in the iron, and as soon as the



ROTARY SQUEEZER.

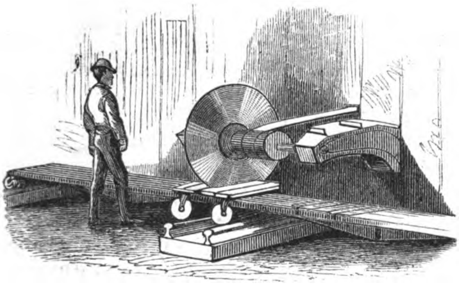
excess of this is consumed, the cinders and slag sink to the bottom of the oven, leaving the semi-fluid mass on the top. Stirring this about, the puddler forms it into balls of such a size as he can conveniently handle, which are taken out and carried on little cars, made to receive them, to "the squeezer."



THE ROLLS.

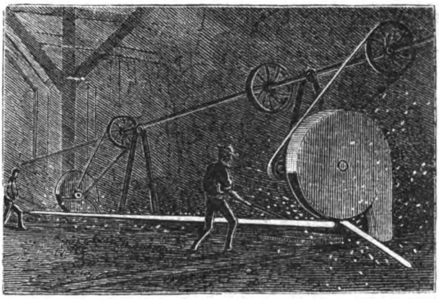
To carry on this process properly requires great skill and judgment in the puddler. The heat necessarily generated by the operation is so great that very few persons have the physical endurance to stand it. So great is it that the clothes upon the person frequently catch fire. Such a strain upon the physical powers naturally leads those subjected to it to indulge in excesses. The perspiration which flows from the puddlers in streams while engaged in their work is caused by the natural effort of their bodies to preserve themselves from injury by keeping their normal temperature. Such a consumption of the fluids of the body causes great thirst, and the exhaustion of the labor, both bodily and mental, leads often to the excessive use of stimulants. In fact, the work is too laborious. Its conditions are such that no one should be subjected to them. The necessity, however, for judgment, experience and skill on the part of the operator has up to this time prevented the introduction of machinery to take the place of human labor in this process. The successful substitution in modern times of machines for performing various operations which formerly seemed to require the intelligence and dexterity of a living being for their execution, justifies the expectation that the study now being given to the organization of industry will lead to the invention of machines which will obviate the necessity for human suffering in the process of puddling. Such a consummation would be an advantage to all classes concerned. The attempts which have been made in this direction have not as yet proved entirely successful.

In the squeezer the glowing ball of white-hot iron is placed, and forced with a rotary motion through a spiral passage, the diameter of which is constantly diminishing. The effect of this operation is to squeeze all the slag and cinder out of the ball, and force the iron to assume the shape of a short thick cylinder, called "a bloom." This process was formerly performed by striking the ball of iron repeatedly with a tilt-hammer.



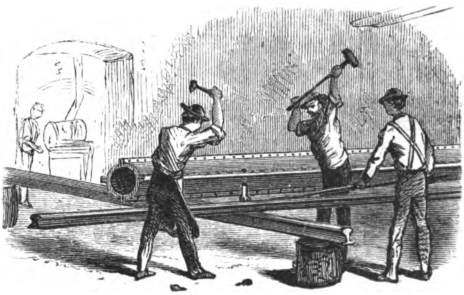
COLD SAW.

The bloom is now re-heated and subjected to the process of rolling. "The rolls" are heavy cylinders of cast iron placed almost in contact, and revolving rapidly by steam-power. The bloom is caught between these rollers, and passed backward and forward until it is pressed into a flat bar, averaging from four to six inches in width, and about an inch and a half thick. These bars are then cut into short lengths, piled, heated again in a furnace, and re-rolled. After going through this process they form the bar iron of commerce. From the iron reduced into this form the various parts used in the construction of iron bridges are made by being rolled into shape, the rolls through which the various parts pass having grooves of the form it is desired to give to the pieces.



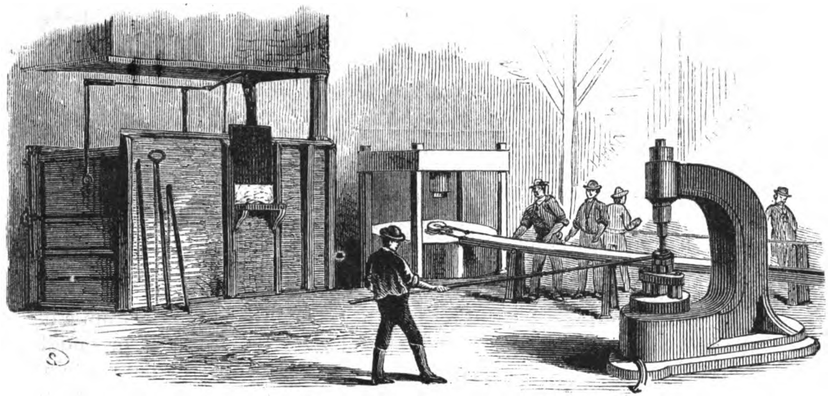
HOT SAW.

These rolls, when they are driven by steam, obtain this generally from a boiler placed over the heating- or puddling-furnace, and heated by the waste gases from the furnace. This arrangement was first made by John Griffin, the superintendent of the Phœnix Iron-works, under whose direction the first rolled iron beams over nine inches thick that were ever made were produced at these works. The process of rolling toughens the iron, seeming to draw out its fibres; and iron that has been twice rolled is considered fit for ordinary uses. For the various parts of a bridge, however, where great toughness and tensile strength are necessary, as well as uniformity of texture, the iron is rolled a third time. The bars are therefore cut again into pieces, piled, re-heated and rolled again. A bar of iron which has been rolled twice is



RIVETING A COLUMN

formed from a pile of fourteen separate pieces of iron that have been rolled only once, or "muck bar," as it is called; while the thrice-rolled bar is made from a pile of eight separate pieces of double-rolled iron. If, therefore, one of the original pieces of iron has any flaw or defect, it will form only a hundred and twelfth part of the thrice-rolled bar. The uniformity of texture and the toughness of the bars which have been thrice rolled are so great that they may be twisted, cold, into a knot without showing any signs of fracture. The bars of iron, whether hot or cold, are sawn to the various required lengths by the hot or cold saws shown in the illustrations, which revolve with great rapidity.



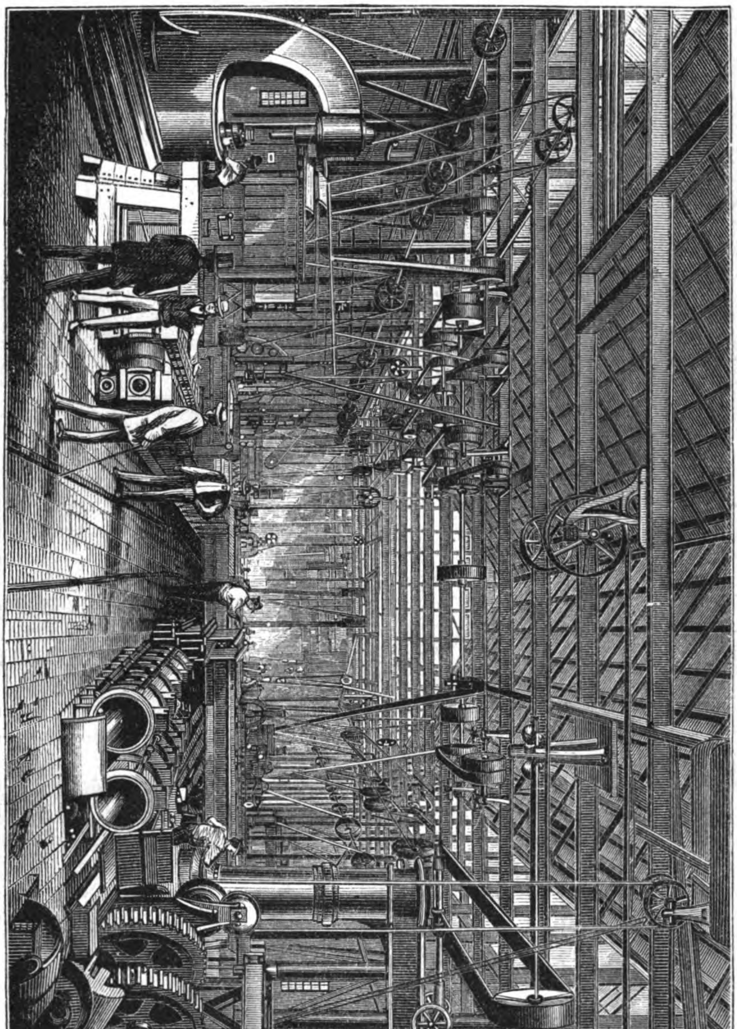
FURNACE AND HYDRAULIC DIE.

For the columns intended to sustain the compressive thrust of heavy weights a form is used in this establishment of their own design, and to which the name of the "Phœnix column" has been given. They are tubes made from four or from eight sections rolled in the usual way and riveted together at their flanges. When necessary, such columns are joined together by cast-iron joint-blocks, with circular tenons which fit into the hollows of each tube.

To join two bars to resist a strain of tension, links or eye-bars are used from three to six inches wide, and as long as may be needed. At each end is an enlargement with a hole to receive a pin. In this way any number of bars can be joined together, and the result of numerous experiments made at this establishment has shown that under sufficient strain they will part as often in the body of the bar as at the joint. The heads upon these bars are made by a process known as die-forging. The bar is heated to a white heat, and under a die worked by hydraulic pressure the head is shaped and the hole struck at one operation. This method of joining by pins is much more reliable than welding. The pins are made of cold-rolled shafting, and fit to a nicety.

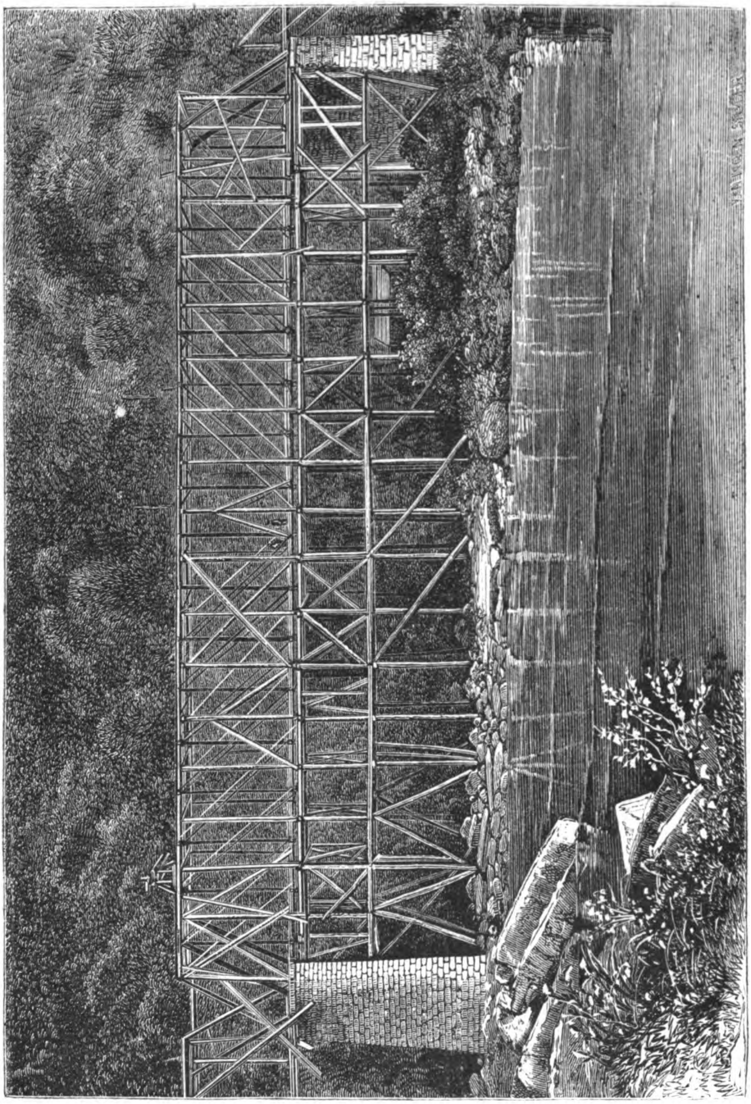
The general view of the machine-shop, which covers more than an acre of ground, shows the various machines and tools by which iron is planed, turned, drilled and handled as though it were one of the softest of materials. Such a machine-shop is one of the wonders of this century. Most of the operations performed there, and all of the tools with which they are done, are due entirely to modern invention, many of them within the last ten years. By means of this application of machines great accuracy of work is obtained, and each part of an iron bridge can be exactly duplicated if necessary. This method of construction is entirely American, the English still building their iron bridges mostly with hand-labor. In consequence also of this method of working, American iron bridges, despite the higher price of our iron, can successfully compete in

Canada with bridges of English or Belgian construction. The American iron bridges are lighter than those of other nations, but their absolute strength is as great, since the weight which is saved is all dead weight, and not necessary to the solidity of the structure. The same difference is displayed here that is seen in our carriages with their slender wheels, compared with the lumbering, heavy wagons of European construction.

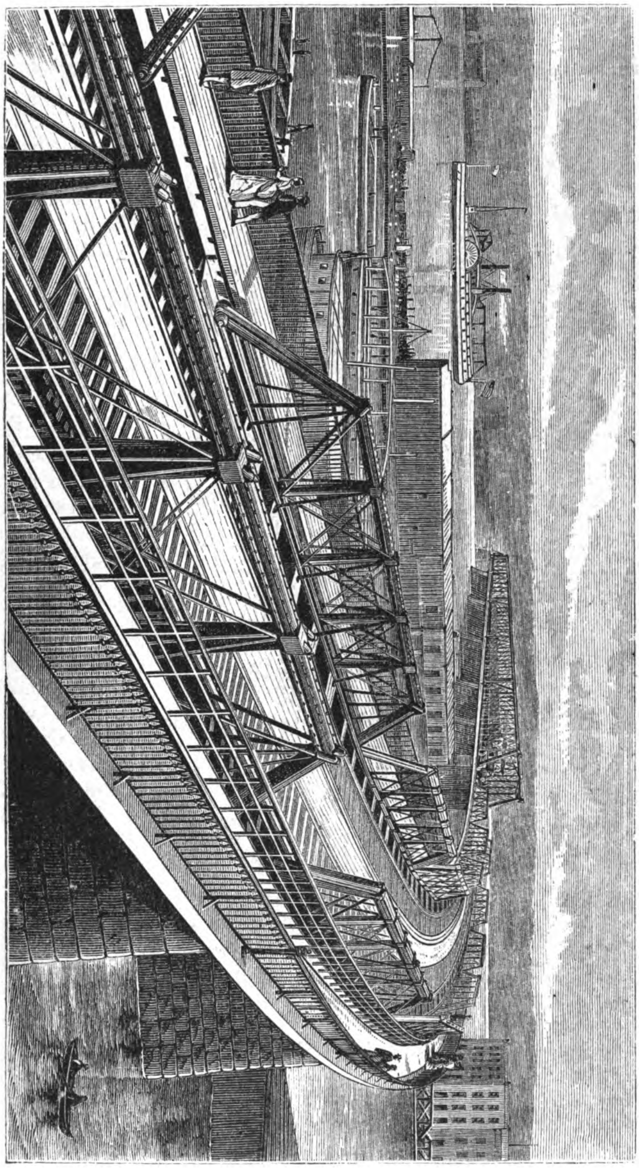


VIEW OF MACHINE-SHOP.

Before any practical work upon the construction of a bridge is begun the data and specifications are made, and a plan of the structure is drawn, whether it is for a railroad or for ordinary travel, whether for a double or single track, whether the train is to pass on top or below, and so on. The calculations and plans are then made for the use of such dimensions of iron that the strain upon any part of the structure shall not exceed a certain maximum, usually fixed at ten thousand pounds to the square inch. As the weight of the iron is known, and its tensile strength is estimated at sixty thousand pounds per square inch, this estimate, which is technically called "a factor of safety" of six, is a very safe one. In other words, the bridge is planned and so constructed that in supporting its own weight, together with any load of locomotives or cars which can be placed upon it, it shall not be subjected to a strain over one-sixth of its estimated strength.

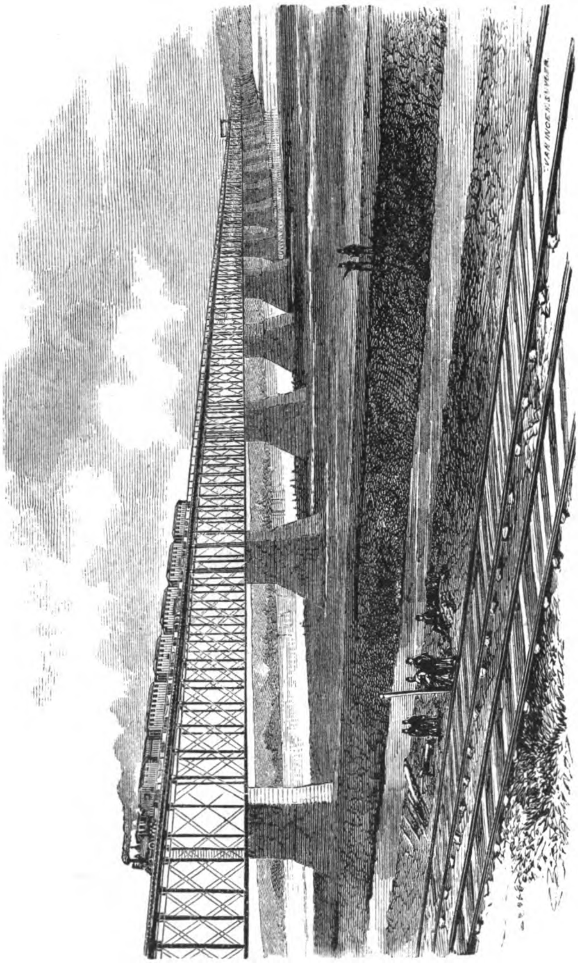

NEW RIVER BRIDGE ON ITS STAGING.

After the plan is made, working drawings are prepared and the process of manufacture commences. The eye-bars, when made, are tested in a testing-machine at double the strain which by any possibility they can be put to in the bridge itself. The elasticity of the iron is such that after being submitted to a tension of about thirty thousand pounds to the square inch it will return to its original dimensions; while it is so tough that the bars, as large as two inches in diameter, can be bent double, when cold, without showing any signs of fracture. Having stood these tests, the parts of the bridge are considered fit to be used.



BRIDGE AT ALBANY.

When completed the parts are put together—or "assembled," as the technical phrase is—in order to see that they are right in length, etc. Then they are marked with letters or numbers, according to the working plan, and shipped to the spot where the bridge is to be permanently erected. Before the erection can be begun, however, a staging or scaffolding of wood, strong enough to support the iron structure until it is finished, has to be raised on the spot. When the bridge is a large one this staging is of necessity an important and costly structure. An illustration on another page shows the staging erected for the support of the New River bridge in West Virginia, on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, near a romantic spot known as Hawksnest. About two hundred yards below this bridge is a waterfall, and while the staging was still in use for its construction, the river, which is very treacherous, suddenly rose about twenty feet in a few hours, and became a roaring torrent.



LA SALLE BRIDGE.

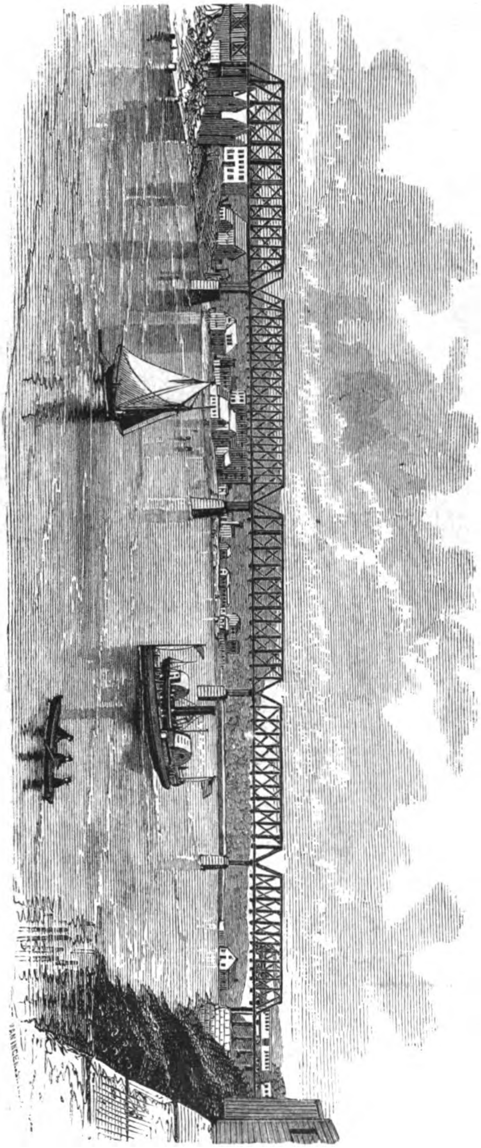
The method of making all the parts of a bridge to fit exactly, and securing the ties by pins, is peculiarly American. The plan still followed in Europe is that of using rivets, which makes the erection of a bridge take much more time, and cost, consequently, much more. A riveted lattice bridge one hundred and sixty feet in span would require ten or twelve days for its erection, while one of the Phœnixville bridges of this size has been erected in eight and a half hours.

The view of the Albany bridge will show the style which is technically called a "through" bridge, having the track at the level of the lower chords. This view of the bridge is taken from the west side of the Hudson, near the Delavan House in Albany. The curved portion crosses the Albany basin, or outlet of the Erie Canal, and consists of seven spans of seventy-three feet each, one of sixty-three, and one of one hundred and ten. That part of the bridge which crosses the river consists of four spans of one hundred and eighty-five feet each, and a draw two hundred and seventy-four feet wide. The iron-work in this bridge cost about three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The bridge over the Illinois River at La Salle, on the Illinois Central Railroad, shows the style of bridge technically called a "deck" bridge, in which the train is on the top. This bridge consists of eighteen spans of one hundred and sixty feet each, and cost one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The bridge over the Kennebec River, on the line of the Maine Central Railroad, at Augusta, Maine, is another instance of a "through" bridge. It cost seventy-five thousand dollars, has five spans of one hundred and eighty-five feet each, and was built to replace a wooden deck bridge which was carried away by a freshet.

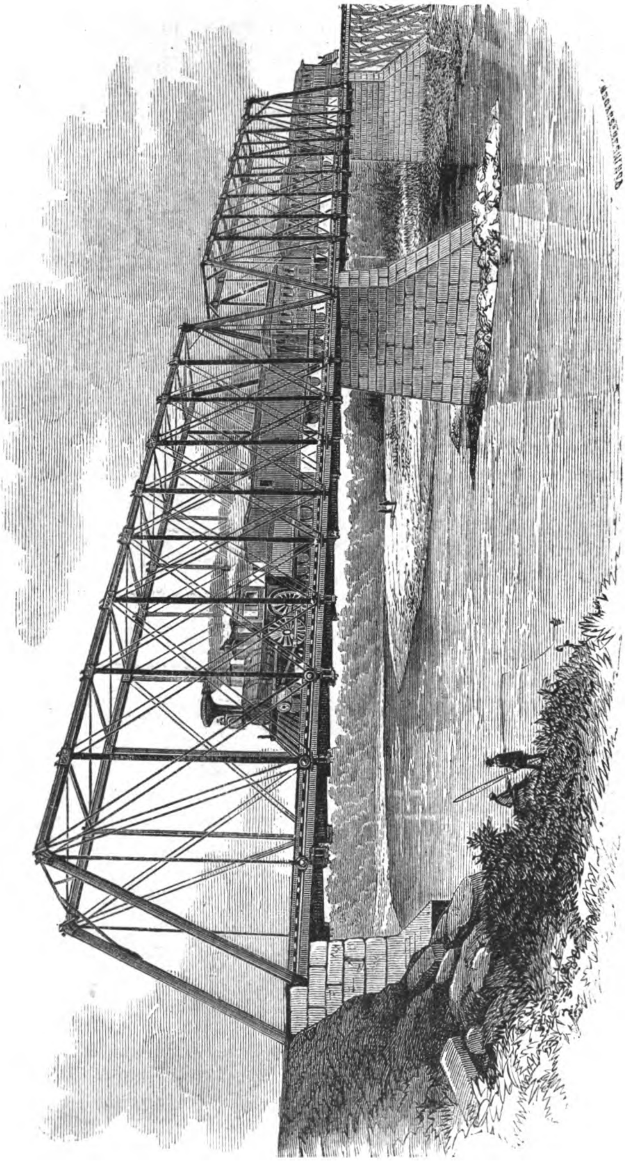
The bridge on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad which crosses the Saco River is a very general type of a through railway bridge. It consists of two spans of one hundred and eighty-five feet each, and cost twenty thousand dollars. The New River bridge in West Virginia consists of two spans of two hundred and fifty feet each, and two others of seventy-five feet each. Its cost was about seventy thousand dollars.

The Lyman Viaduct, on the Connecticut Air-line Railway, at East Hampton, Connecticut, is one hundred and thirty-five feet high and eleven thousand feet long.



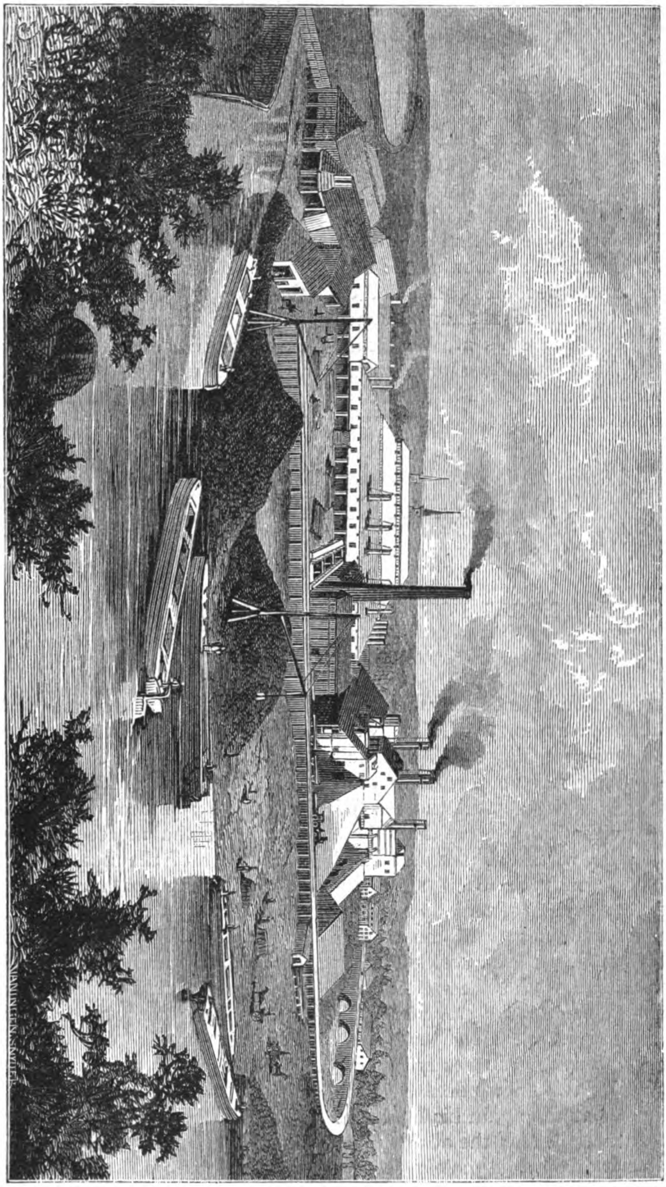
BRIDGE AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

These specimens will show the general character of the iron bridges erected in this country. When iron was first used in constructions of this kind, cast iron was employed, but its brittleness and unreliability have led to its rejection for the main portions of bridges. Experience has also led the best iron bridge-builders of America to quite generally employ girders with parallel top and bottom members, vertical posts (except at the ends, where they are made inclined toward the centre of the span), and tie-rods inclined at nearly forty-five degrees. This form takes the least material for the required strength.



SACO BRIDGE.

The safety of a bridge depends quite as much upon the design and proportions of its details and connections as upon its general shape. The strain which will compress or extend the ties, chords and other parts can be calculated with mathematical exactness. But the strains coming upon the connections are very often indeterminate, and no mathematical formula has yet been found for them. They are like the strains which come upon the wheels, axles and moving parts of carriages, cars and machinery. Yet experience and judgment have led the best builders to a singular uniformity in their treatment of these parts. Each bridge has been an experiment, the lessons of which have been studied and turned to the best effect.



PHŒNIX WORKS.

There is no doubt that iron bridges can be made perfectly safe. Their margin is greater than that of the boiler, the axles or the rail. To make them safe, European governments depend upon rigid rules, and careful inspection to see that they are carried out. In this country government inspection is not relied on with such certainty, and the spirit of our institutions leads us to depend more upon the action of self-interest and the inherent trustworthiness of mankind when indulged with freedom of action. Though at times this confidence may seem vain, and "rings" in industrial pursuits, as in politics, appear to corrupt the honesty which forms the very foundation of freedom, yet their influence is but temporary, and as soon as the best public sentiment becomes convinced of the need for their removal their influence is destroyed. Such evils are necessary incidents of our transitional movement toward an industrial, social and political organization in which the best intelligence and the most trustworthy honesty shall control these interests for the best advantage of society at large. In the mean time, the best security for the safety of iron bridges is to be found in the self-interest of the railway corporations, who certainly do not desire to waste their money or to render themselves liable to damages from the breaking of their bridges, and who consequently will employ for such constructions those whose reputation has been fairly earned, and whose character is such that reliance can be placed in the honesty of their work. Experience has given the world the knowledge needed to build bridges of iron which shall in all possible contingencies be safe, and there is no excuse for a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy when it leads to disaster.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

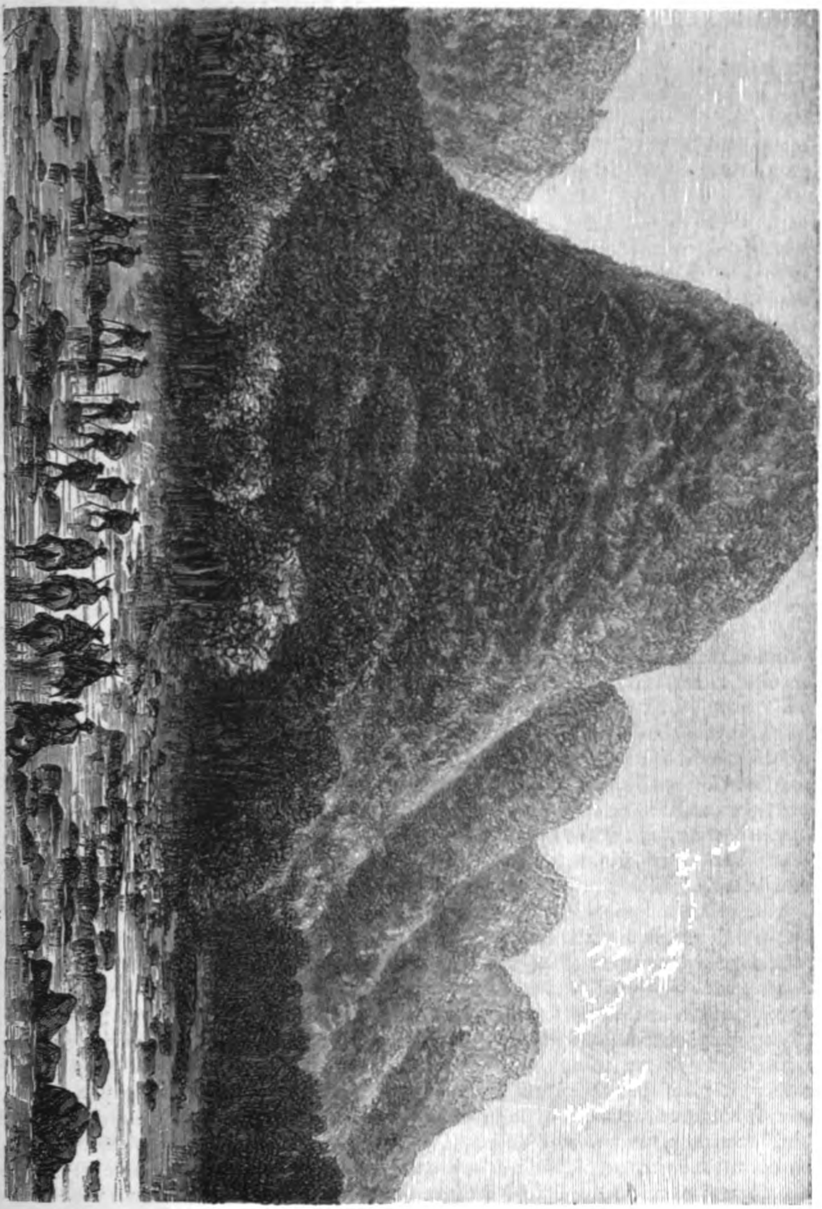
# SEARCHING FOR THE QUININE-PLANT IN PERU.

## SECOND PAPER.

THE crystal peaks of the Andes were behind our explorers: before, were their eastward-stretching spurs and their eastward-falling rivers. On the mountain-flanks, as the last landmark of Christian civilization, nestled the village of Marcapata, whose square, thatched belfry faded gradually from sight, reminding the travelers of the ghostly ministrations of the padre and the secular protection of the gobernador. Neither priest nor edile would they encounter until their return to the same church-tower. Their patron, Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo, was already picking his way along the snowy defiles of the mountains to attain again his luxurious home in Cuzco. Behind the adventurers lay companionship and society—represented by the dubious orgies of the House of Austria—and the security of civil government—represented by the mortal ennui of a Peruvian city. Before them lay difficulties and perhaps dangers, but also at least variety, novelty and possible wealth.

Colonel Perez, Marcoy and the examinador retained their horses, and a couple of the mozos their mules, the remainder of the beasts being kept at livery in Marcapata, and the muleteers volunteering to accompany the troupe as far as Chile-Chile: at this point the bridle-path came to an end, and the gentlemen would have to dismount, accompanying thenceforth their peons on a literal "footing" of equality.

Two torrents which fall in perpendicular cataracts from the mountains, the Kellunu ("yellow water") and the Ccachi ("salt"), run together at the distance of a league from their place of precipitation. They enclose in their approach the hill on which Marcapata is perched, and they form by their confluence the considerable river which our travelers were about to trace, and which is called by the Indians Cconi ("warm"), but on the Spanish maps is termed the river of Marcapata.



"THE FIRST FORD OF THE CCONI WAS PASSED JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN."—P. 27.

The first ford of the Cconi was passed just outside the town, at a point where the right bank of the river, growing steeper and steeper, became impracticable, and necessitated a crossing to the left. The ford allowed the peons to stagger through at mid-leg on the uneven pavement afforded by the large pebbles of the bed. At this point the valley of the Cconi was seen stretching indefinitely outward toward the east, enclosed in two chains of conical peaks: their regular forms, running into each other at the middle of their height, clothed with interminable forests and bathed with light, melted regularly away into the perspective. Indian huts buried in gardens of the white lily which had seemed so beautiful in the chapel of Lauramarca, hedges of aloe menacing the intruder with their millions of steely-looking swords, slender bamboos daintily rocking themselves over the water, and enormous curtains of creepers hanging from the hillsides and waving to the wind in vast breadths of green, were the decorations of this Peruvian paradise.

The pretty lilies gradually disappeared, and the thatched cabins became more and more sparse, when from one of the latter, at a hundred paces from the caravan, issued a human figure. The man struck an attitude in the pathway of the travelers, his carbine on his shoulder, his fist on his hip and his nose saucily turned up in the air. Neither his Metamora-like posture nor his dress inspired confidence.

"He is evidently waiting for us," remarked Colonel Perez, an heroic yet prudent personage: "fortunately, it is broad day. I would not grant an interview to such a *salteador* (brigand) alone at night and in a desert."

The salteador wore a low broad felt, on whose ample brim the rain and sun had sketched a variety of vague designs. A gray sack buttoned to the throat and confined by a leathern belt, and trowsers of the same stuffed into his long coarse woolen stockings, completed his costume. He was shod, like an Indian, in *ojotas*, or sandals cut out of raw leather and laced to his legs with thongs. Two ox-horns hanging at his side contained his ammunition, and a light haversack was slung over his back. This mozo, who at a distance would have passed for a man of forty, appeared on examination to be under twenty-two years of age. It was likewise observable on a nearer view that his skin was brown and clear like a chestnut, and that his lively eye, perfect teeth and air of decision were calculated to please an Indian girl of his vicinity. To complete his rehabilitation in the eyes of the party, his introductory address was delivered with the grace of a Spanish cavalier.

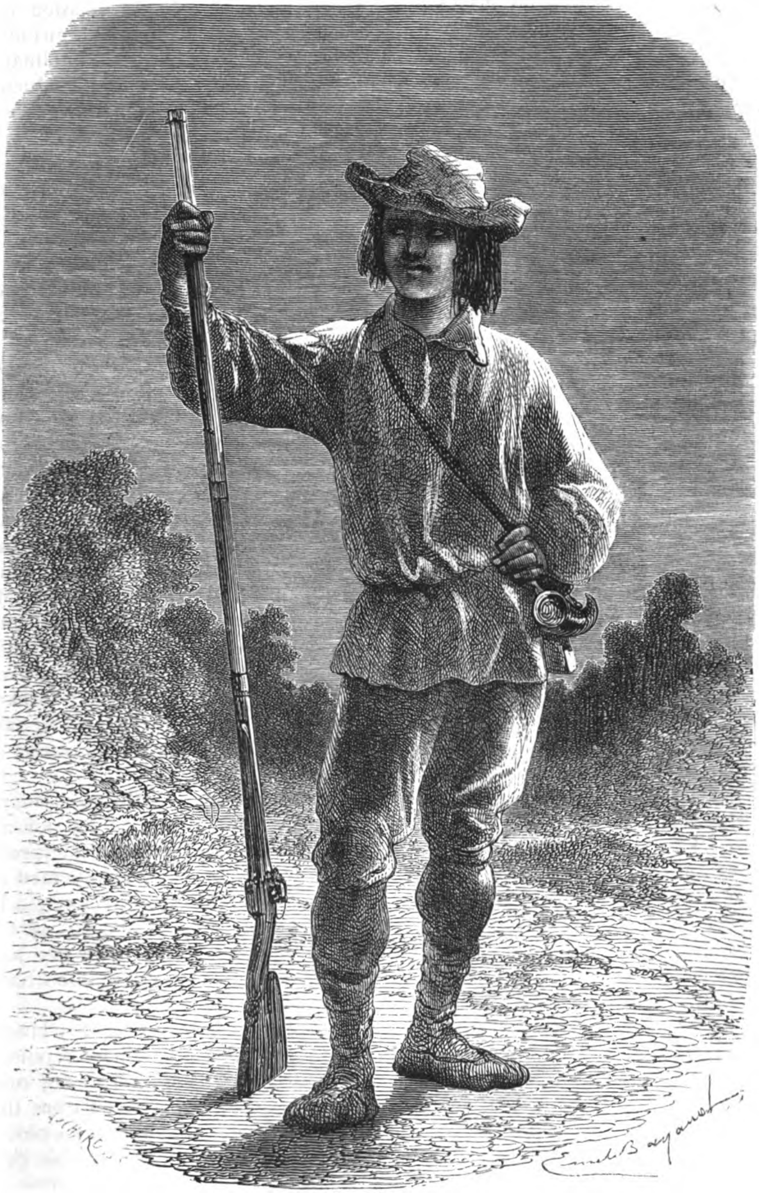
"The gentlemen," said he, gracefully getting rid of his superabundant hat, "will voluntarily excuse me for having waited so long with my respects and offers of service. I should have gone to meet them at Marcapata, but my uncle the gobernador forbade me to do so for fear of displeasing the priest. Gentlemen, I am Juan the nephew of Aragon. It is by the advice of my uncle that I have come to place myself in your way, and ask if you will admit me to your company as mozo-assistant and interpreter."

The colonel, whose antipathy to the salteador did not yield on a closer acquaintance, roughly asked the youth what he meant by his assurance. Mr. Marcoy, however, was disposed to temporize.

"If you are Juan the nephew of Aragon," said he, "you must have already learned from your uncle that we have engaged an interpreter, Pepe Garcia of Chile-Chile."

"Precisely what he told me, señor," replied the young man; "but, for my part, I thought that if one interpreter would be useful to these gentlemen on their journey, two interpreters would be a good deal better, on account of the fact that we walk better with two legs than with one: that is the reason I have intercepted you, gentlemen."

This opinion made everybody laugh, and as Juan considered it his privilege to laugh five times louder than any one, a quasi engagement resulted from this sudden harmony of temper. Colonel Perez shrugged his shoulders: Marcoy, as literary man, took down the name of the new-comer. The nephew of Aragon was so delighted that he gave vent to a little cry of pleasure, at the same time cutting a pirouette. This harmless caper allowed the party to detect, tied to his haversack, the local banjo, or *charango*, an instrument which the Paganinis of the country make for themselves out of half a calabash and the unfeeling bowels of the cat.



"GENTLEMEN, I AM JUAN THE NEPHEW OF ARAGON."—P. 28.

The priest, who had recommended Pepe Garcia, had made mention of that person's fine voice, with which the church of Marcapata was edified every Sunday.

The gobernador, while putting in a word for his nephew, and particularizing the beauty of his execution on the guitar, had insinuated doubts of the baritone favored by the padre. Happy land, whose disputes are like the disputes of an opera company, and where people are recommended for business on the strength of their musical execution!

Aragon quickly understood that his friend in the expedition was not Colonel Perez, who had insultingly dubbed him the Second Fiddle (or Charango). He attached himself therefore with the fidelity of a spaniel to Mr. Marcoy, walking alongside and resting his arm on the pommel of his saddle. After an hour's traverse of a comparatively desert plateau called the Pedregal, covered with rocks and smelling of the patchouli-scented flowers of the mimosa, Aragon pointed out the straw sheds and grassy plaza of Chile-Chile. This rustic metropolis is not indicated on many maps, but for the travelers it had a special importance, bearing upon the inca history and etymological roots of Peru, for it was the residence of their interpreter-in-chief, Pepe Garcia.

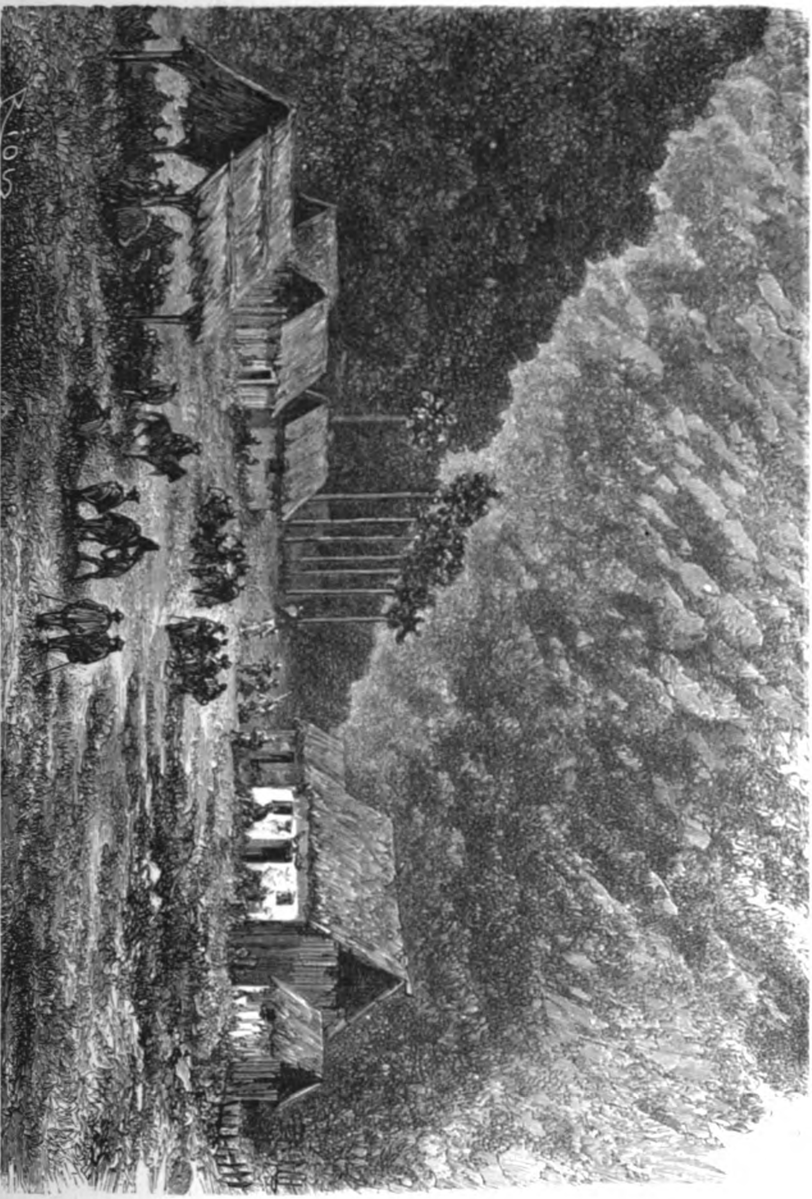
Introduced by the latter, our explorers made a kind of triumphal entry into the village. The old Indian women dropped their spinning, the naked children ceased to play with the pigs and began to play with the garments and equipage of the visitors, and a couple of blind men, who were leading each other, remarked that they were glad to see them.

Garcia the polyglot, radiant with importance, lost no time in dragging his guests toward his own residence, a large straw thatch surmounting walls of open-work, which took the fancy of the travelers from the singular trophy attached above the door. This trophy was composed of the heads of bucks and rams, with those of the fox and the ounce, where the shrunken skin displayed the pointed *sierra* of the teeth, while the horns of oxen and goats, set end to end around the borders, formed dark and rigid festoons: all vacancies were filled up with the forms of bats, spread-eagled and nailed fast, from the smallest variety to the large, man-attacking *vespertilio*. As a contrast to this exterior decoration, the inside was severely simple: it was even a little bare. A partition of bamboo divided the hut into kitchen and bed-room, and that was all. Into the latter of these apartments Pepe Garcia dragged the saddles of his guests, and in the former his two twin-daughters, melancholy little half-breeds in ragged petticoats, assisted their father to prepare for the wanderers a hunter's supper.

Every moment, in a dark corner or behind the backs of the company, Garcia was observed caressing these little girls in secret. Being rallied on his tenderness, he observed that the twins were the double pledge of a union "longer happy than was usual," and the only survivors of fifteen darlings whom he had given to the world in the various countries whither his wandering fortunes had led him. Still explaining and multiplying his caresses, the man of family went on with his exertions as cook, and in due time announced the meal.

This festival consisted of sweet potatoes baked in the ashes, and steaks of bear broiled over the coals. The latter viand was repulsed with horror by the colonel, who in the effeminacy of a city life at Cuzco had never tasted anything more outlandish than monkey. Seeing his companions eating without scruple, however, the valiant warrior extended his tin plate with a silent gesture of application. The first mouthful appeared hard to swallow, but at the second, looking round at his fellow-travelers with surprise and joy, he gave up his prejudices, and marked off the remainder of his steak with wonderful swiftness. Standing behind his boarders, Pepe Garcia had been watching the play of jaws and expressions of face with some uneasiness, but when the colonel gave in his adhesion his doubts were removed, and he smiled agreeably, flattered in his double quality of hunter and cook.

The beds of the gentlemen-travelers were spread side by side in the adjoining room, and Garcia gravely assured them that they would sleep like the Three Wise Men of the East. Unable



"THE STRAW SHEDS AND GRASSY PLAZA OF CHILE-CHILE."—P. 30.

to see any personal analogy between themselves and the ancient Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the tired cavaliers turned in without remarking on the subject. They paused a moment, however, before taking up their candle, to set forth to Garcia in full the circumstances and nature of Juan of Aragon's engagement. This explanation, which the close quarters of the troop had made impossible during the journey, was received in excellent part by the interpreter-in-chief.

"Oh, I am not at all jealous of Aragon," said he, "and the gentlemen have done very well in taking him along. He will be of great use. He is a bright, capable mozo, who would walk twenty miles on his hands to gain a piastre. As an interpreter, I think he is almost as good as I am."

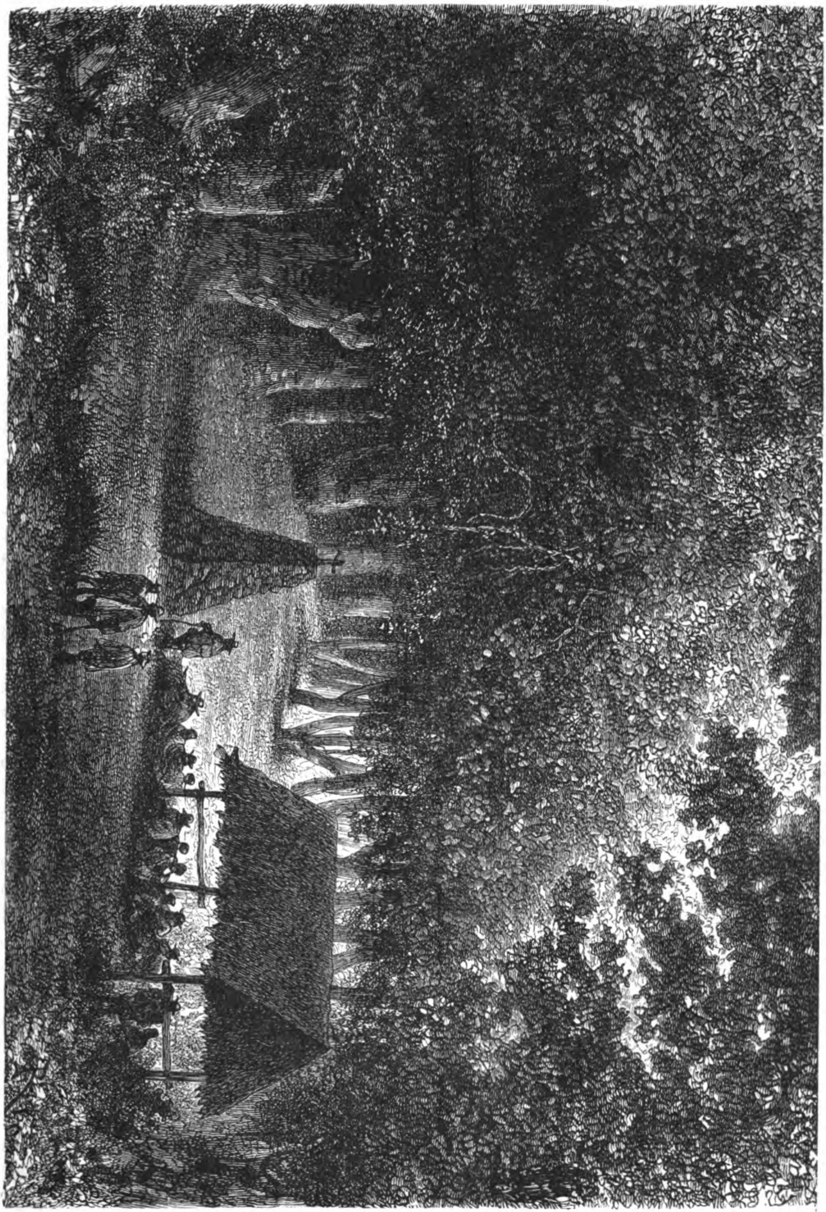
Having thus smoothed away all grounds of rivalry, the colonel, the examinador and Marcoy took possession of their sleeping-room. Here, long after their light was put out, they watched the scene going on in the apartment they had just left, whose interior, illuminated by a candle and a lingering fire, was perfectly visible through the partition of bamboo. The dark-skinned girls, on their knees in a corner, were gathering together the shirts and stockings destined for the parental traveling-bag. Garcia, for his part, was occupied in cleaning with a bit of rag a portentous, long-barreled carbine, apparently dating back to the time of Pizarro, which he had been exhibiting during the day as his hunting rifle, and which he intended to carry along with him.

The sleep under the thatched roof of Pepe Garcia, though somewhat less sound than that of the Three Magi in their tomb at Cologne, lasted until a ray of the morning sun had penetrated the open-work walls of the hut. The colonel rapidly dressed himself, and aroused the others. A disquieting silence reigned around the modest mansions of Chile-Chile. The interpreter was away, Juan of Aragon was away, the muleteers had returned, according to instructions received over-night, to Marcapata with the animals, and the peons were found dead-drunk behind the mud wall of the last house in the village.

After three hours of impatient waiting there appeared—not Garcia and Aragon, whose absence was inexplicable, but—the faithful Bolivian bark-hunters in a body. Not caring to stupefy themselves with the peons, they had gone out for a reconnoissance in the environs. Contemplating the nodding forms of their comrades, they now let out the discouraging fact that these tame Indians, madly afraid of their wild brothers the Chunchos, had been fortifying themselves steadily with brandy and chicha all the way from Marcapata. Disgusted and helpless, Perez and the examinador betook themselves to reading tattered newspapers issued at Lima a month before, and Marcoy to his note-book. Suddenly a ferocious wild-beast cry was heard coming from the woods, and while the Indian porters tried to run away, and the white men looked at each other with apprehension, Pepe Garcia and Aragon appeared in the distance. Their arms were interlaced in a brother-like manner, they were poising themselves with much care on their legs, and they were drunk. Well had the elder interpreter said that he was not jealous of Aragon. They rolled forward toward the party, repeating their outrageous duet, whose reception by the staring peons appeared to gratify them immensely.

The mozo, feeling his secondary position, had enervated himself slightly—the superior was magisterially tipsy. He wore a remarkable hat entirely without a brim, and patched all over the top with a lid of leather. His face, marked up to the eyes with the blue stubble of that beard which filled him with pride as a sign of European extraction, was swollen and hideous with drunkenness. He carried, besides the fearful blunderbuss of the night before, a belt full of pistols and hatchets. A short infantry-sword was banging away at his calves, and two long ox-horns rattled at his waist. The interpreters had been partaking of a little complimentary breakfast with the muleteers in whose care the animals had gone off to Marcapata.

A concentration of energy on the part of the chiefs of the expedition was required to set in movement this unpromising assemblage. The examinador undertook the peons: he rapped them smartly and repeatedly about the head and shoulders, until they staggered to their feet and declared that they were a match for whole hordes of Indians: this courage, borrowed from the flask, gave strong assurance that at the first alarm from genuine Chunchos they would take to their heels. Mr. Marcoy, feeling unable to do justice to the case of the nephew, turned him over to Perez, whose undisguised dislike made the work of correction at once grateful and thorough. Marcoy himself confronted the stolid and sullen Pepe Garcia, insisting upon



"CHAUPICHACA WAS MARKED WITH A SQUARE TERMINAL PILLAR."—P. 35.

the example he owed to the Indian porters and the responsibility of his Caucasian blood. The half-breed listened for a minute, his eyes fixed upon the ground: he then shook himself, looked an instant at his employer, and planted himself firmly on his legs. Then, determined to prove by a supreme effort that he was clear-headed and master of his motions, he suddenly drew his sword, hustled the Indians in a line by two and two, pointed out to Aragon his position as rear-guard, and cried with a voice of thunder, "*Adelante!*" The porters and peons staggered forward, knocking against each other's elbows and tottering on their stout legs. The three white men, burdenless, but regretting their horses, walked as they pleased, keeping the train in sight. And John the nephew of Aragon's guitar, dangling at his back, brought up the rear, with its suggestions of harmony and the amenities of life.

The first trait of aboriginal character (after this parenthetical alacrity at drunkenness) was shown after some hours of marching and the passage of a dozen streams. The porters, weakened by their drink and the extreme heat, squatted down on the side of a hill by their own consent and with a single impulse. With that lamb-like placidity and that mule-like obstinacy which characterize the antique race of Quechuas, they observed to the chief interpreter that they were weary of falling on their backs or their stomachs at every other step, and that they were resolved to go no farther. Pepe Garcia caused the remark to be repeated once more, as if he had not understood it: then, convinced that an incipient rebellion was brewing, he sprang upon the fellow who happened to be nearest, haled him up from the ground by the ears, and, shaking him vigorously, proceeded to do as much for the rest of the band. In the flash of an eye, much to their astonishment, they found themselves on their feet.

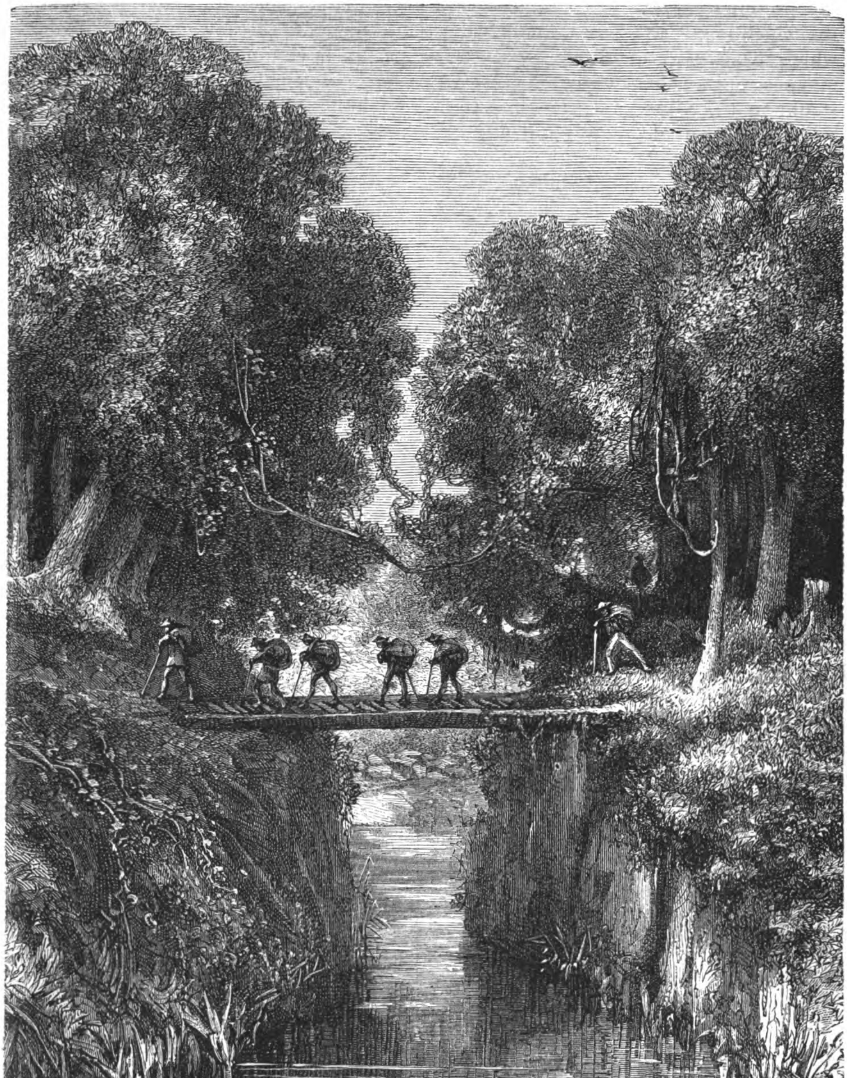
A judicious if not very discriminating award of blows from the sabre then followed, causing the Indians to change their resolve of remaining in that particular spot, and to show a lively determination to get away from it as quickly as possible. Each porter, forgetting his fatigue, and seeming never to have felt any, began to trot along, no longer languidly as before, but with a precision of step and a firmness in his round calves which surprised and charmed the travelers. Pepe Garcia, much refreshed by this exercise of discipline, and perspiring away his intoxication as he marched, began to give grounds for confidence from his steady and authoritative manner. By nightfall the whole troop was in harmony, and the strangers retired with hopeful hearts to the privacy of the hammocks which Juan of Aragon slung amongst the trees on the side of Mount Morayaca.

No effect could seem finer, to wanderers from another latitude, than this first night-bivouac in the absolute wilderness. The moon, seeming to race through the clouds, and the camp-fire flashing in the wind, appeared to give movement and animation to the landscape. The Indians, grouped around the flame, seemed like swarthy imps tending the furnace of some fantastic pandemonium. Meanwhile, amidst the constant murmurs of the trees, the nephew of Aragon was heard drawing the notes of some kind of amorous despair from the hollow of his melodious calabash. The examinador and Colonel Perez lulled themselves to sleep with a conversation about the beauties and beatitudes of their wives, now playing the part of Penelopes in their absence. To hear the eulogies of the examinador, an angel fallen perpendicularly from heaven could hardly have realized the physical and moral qualities of the spouse he had left in Sorata. The Castilian tongue lent wonderful pomp and magnificence to this portrait, and as the metaphors thickened and the superb phrases lost themselves in hyperbole, one would have thought the lady in question was about to fly back to her native stars on a pair of resplendent wings. Colonel Perez furnished an equally elaborate delineation of his own fair helpmate. As for the wife of Lorenzo, nobody knew what she was like, and the panegyric from the lips of her faithful lord rolled on in safety and success. But the personage called by Perez "his Theresa" was a female whom anybody who had passed through the small shopkeeping quarters of Cuzco might have seen every day, as well as heard designated by her common nickname (given no one knows why) of Malignant Quinsy; and, arguing in algebraic fashion from the known to the unknown, it was not difficult to be convinced that the poetic flights of the examinador were equally the work of fond flattery.

Surprised by a midnight storm, the camp was broken up before the early daylight, and our explorers' caravan moved on without breakfast. This necessary stop-gap was arranged for at the first pleasant spot on the route. An old clearing soon appeared, provided with the welcome accommodation of an *ajoupa*, or shed built upon four posts. At the command of *Alto allí!*—"Halt there!"—uttered by Perez in the tone he had formerly used in governing his troops, the whole band stopped as one person; the porters dumped their bales with a significant *ugh!* the Bolivian bark-hunters laid down their axes; and the gentlemen arranged themselves around the parallelogram of the hut, attending the commissariat developments of Colonel Perez. The site which hazard had so conveniently offered was named Chaupichaca. It was the scene of an ancient wood-cutting, around which the trunks of the antique forests showed themselves in a warm soft light, like the columns of a temple or the shafts of a mosque.

A detail which struck the travelers in arriving was very characteristic of these lands, filled so full of old traditions and inca customs. Chaupichaca was marked with a square terminal pillar, one of those boundaries of mud and stones, called *apachectas*, which Peruvian masonry lavishes over the country of Manco Capac. A rude cross of sticks surmounted this stone altar, on which some pious hand had laid a nosegay, now dried—signifying, in the language of flowers proper to masons and stone-cutters, that the work was finished and left. A little water and spirits spared from the travelers' meal gave a slight air of restoration to these mysterious offerings, and a couple of splendid butterflies, whether attracted by the flowers or the alcoholic perfume, commenced to waltz around the bouquet; but the corollas contained no honey for their diminutive trunks, and after a slight examination they danced contemptuously away.

At seven or eight miles' distance another streamlet was reached, named the Mamabamba. It is a slender affluent of the Cconi, to be called a rivulet in any country but South America, but here named a river with the same proud effrontery which designates as a *city* any collection of a dozen huts thrown into the ravine of a mountain. The Mamabamba was crossed by an extemporized bridge, constructed on the spot by the ingenuity of Garcia and his men. Strange and incalculable was the engineering of Pepe Garcia. Sometimes, across one of these continually-occurring streams, he would throw a hastily-felled tree, over which, glazed as it was by a night's rain or by the humidity of the forest, he would invite the travelers to pass. Sometimes, to a couple of logs rotting on the banks he would nail cross-strips like the rungs of a ladder, and, while the torrent boiled at a distance below, pass jauntily with his Indians, more sure-footed than goats. The wider the abyss the more insecure the causeway; and the terrible rope-bridges of South America, or the still more conjectural throw of a line of woven roots, would meet the travelers wherever the cleft was so wide as to render timbering an inconvenient trouble. Occasionally, on one of these damp and moss-grown ladders, a peon's foot would slip, and down he would go, the load strapped on his back catching him as he was passing through the aperture: then, using his hands to hold on by, he would compose, on the spur of the moment, a new and original language or telegraphy of the legs, *kicking* for assistance with all his might. Juan of Aragon was usually the hero to extricate these poor estrays from the false step they had taken, the other peons regarding the scene with their tranquil stolidity. A glass of brandy to the unfortunate would always compose his nerves again, and make him hope for a few more accidents of a like nature and bringing a like consolation.



"THE MAMABAMBA WAS CROSSED BY AN EXTEMPORIZED BRIDGE."—P. 35.

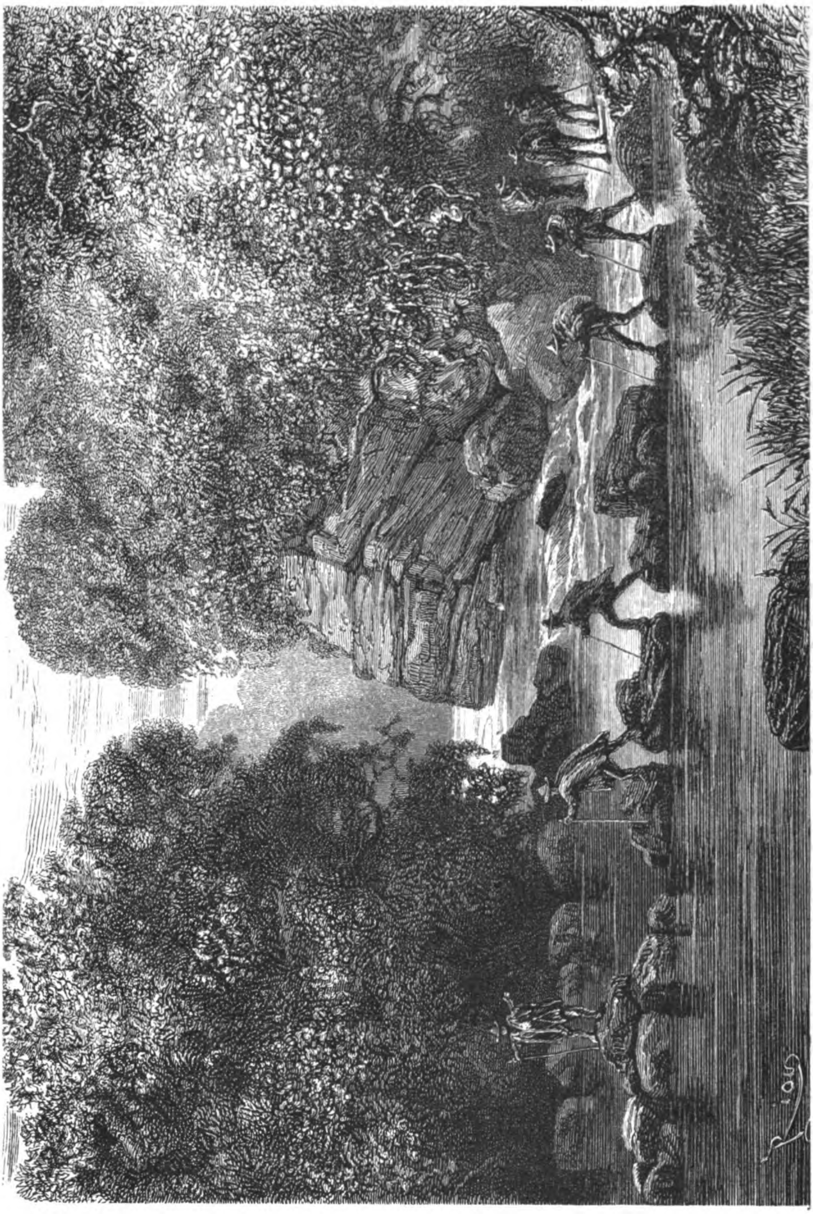
The bridge of the Mamabamba conducted the party to a site of the same name, through an interval of forest where might be counted most of the varieties of tree proper to the equatorial highlands. Up to this point the vegetation everywhere abounding had not indicated the presence, or even the vicinage, of the cinchona. The only circumstance which brought it to the notice of the inexperienced leaders of the expedition would be a halt made from time to time by the Bolivian bark-hunters. The examinador and his cascarilleros, touching one tree or another with their hatchets, would exchange remarks full of meaning and mysteriousness; but when the colonel or Mr. Marcoy came to ask the significance of so many hints and signals, they got the invariable answer of Sister Anna to the wife of Bluebeard: "I see nothing but the forest turning green and the sun turning red." The most practical reminder of the quest of cinchona which the travelers found was an occasional *ajoupa* alone in the wilderness, with a broken pot and a rusted knife or axe beneath it—witness that some eager searcher had traveled the road before themselves. The cascarilleros are very avaricious and very brave, going out alone, setting up a hut in a probable-looking spot, and diverging from their head-quarters in every direction. If by any accident they get lost or their provisions are destroyed, they die of hunger. Doctor Weddell, on one occasion in Bolivia, landed on the beach of a river well shaded with trees. Here he found the cabin of a cascarillero, and near it a man stretched out upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was nearly naked, and covered with myriads of insects, whose stings had hastened his end. On the leaves which formed the roof of the hut were the remains of the unfortunate man's clothes, a straw hat and some rags, with a knife, an earthen pot containing the remains of his last meal, a little maize and two or three *chuñus*. Such is the end to which their hazardous occupation exposes the bark-collectors—death in the midst of the forests, far from home; a death without help and without consolation.

It was not until after passing the elevated site of San Pedro, and clambering up the slippery shoulders of the hill called Huaynapata—the crossing of half a dozen intervening streamlets going for nothing—that the explorers were rewarded with a sight of their Canaan, the bark-producing region. To attain this summit of Huaynapata, however, the little tributary of Mendoza had to be first got over. This affluent of the Cconi, flowing in from the south-south-west, was very sluggish as far as it could be seen. Its banks, interrupted by large rocks clothed with moss, offered now and then promontories surrounded at the base with a bluish shade. At the end of the vista, a not very extensive one, a quantity of blocks of sandstone piled together resembled a crumbling wall. Other blocks were sprinkled over the bed of the stream; and by their aid the examinador and the colonel hopped valiantly over the Mendoza, leaving the peons, who were less afraid of rheumatism and more in danger of slipping, to ford the current at the depth of their suspender-buttons.

It was on the top of Huaynapata, while the interpreters built a fire and prepared for supper a peccary killed upon the road, that Marcoy observed the examinador holding with his Bolivians a conversation in the Aymara dialect, in which could be detected such words as *anaranjada* and *morada*. These were the well-known commercial names of two species of cinchona. The historiographer interrupted their conversation to ask if anything had yet been discovered.

"Nothing yet," replied the examinador; "and this valley of the Cconi must be bewitched, for with the course that we have taken we should long ago have discovered what we are after. But this place looks more favorable than any we have met. I shall beat up the woods to-morrow with my men, and may my patron, Saint Lorenzo, return again to his gridiron if we do not date our first success in quinine-hunting from this very hillock of Huaynapata!"

The above style of threatening the saints is thought very efficacious in all Spanish countries. Whether or no Saint Lawrence really dreaded another experience of broiling, at the end of certain



"THE EXAMINADOR AND THE COLONEL HOPPED VALIANTLY OVER THE MENDOZA."—P. 37.

hours the Bolivians reappeared, and their chief deposited in the hands of the colonel a few green and tender branches. At the joyful shout of Perez, the man of letters, who had been occupied in making a sketch, came running up. Two different species of cinchona were the trophy brought back by Lorenzo, like the olive-leaves in the beak of Noah's dove. One of these specimens was a variety of the *Carua-carua*, with large leaves heavily veined: the other was an individual resembling those quinquinas which the botanists Ruiz and Pavon have discriminated from the cinchonas, to make a separate family called the *Quinquina cosmibuena.* After all, the discovery was rather an indication than a conquest of value. The examinador admitted as much, but observed that the presence of these baser species always argued the neighborhood of genuine quinine-yielding plants near by.

In the presence of this first success on the part of the exploration set on foot by Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo, we may insert a few words on the nature of the wonderful plant toward which its researches were directed.

It is doubtful whether the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador were acquainted with the virtues of the cinchona plant as a febrifuge. It seeems probable, nevertheless, that the Indians of Loxa, two hundred and thirty miles south of Peru, were aware of the qualities of the bark, for there its use was first made known to Europeans. It was forty years after the pacification of Peru however, before any communication of the remedial secret was made to the Spaniards. Joseph de Jussieu reports that in 1600 a Jesuit, who had a fever at Malacotas, was cured by Peruvian bark. In 1638 the countess Ana of Chinchon was suffering from tertian fever and ague at Lima, whither she had accompanied the viceroy, her husband. The corregidor of Loxa, Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, sent a parcel of powdered quinquina bark to her physician, Juan de Vega, assuring him that it was a sovereign and infallible remedy for "tertiana." It was administered to the countess, who was sixty-two years of age, and effected a complete cure. This countess, returning with her husband to Spain in 1640, brought with her a quantity of the healing bark. Hence it was sometimes called "countess's bark" and "countess's powder." Her famous cure induced Linnæus, long after, to name the whole genus of quinine-bearing trees, in her honor, *Cinchona.* By modern writers the first *h* has usually been dropped, and the word is now almost invariably spelled in that way, instead of the more etymological *Chinchona.* The Jesuits afterward made great and effective use of it in their missionary expeditions, and it was a ludicrous result of their patronage that its use should have been for a long time opposed by Protestants and favored by Catholics. In 1679, Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinquina from Sir Robert Talbor, an English doctor, for two thousand louis-d'or, a large pension and a title. Under the Grand Monarch it was used at dessert, mingled with Spanish wine. The delay of its discovery until the seventeenth century has probably lost to the world numbers of valuable lives. Had Alexander the Great, who died of the common remittent fever of Babylon, been acquainted with cinchona bark, his death would have been averted and the partition of the Macedonian empire indefinitely postponed. Oliver Cromwell was carried off by an ague, which the administration of quinine would easily have cured. The bigotry of medical science, even after its efficacy was known and proved, for a long time retarded its dissemination. In 1726, La Fontaine, at the instance of a lady who owed her life to it, the countess of Bouillon, composed a poem in two cantos to celebrate its virtues; but the remarkable beauty of the leaves of the cinchona and the delicious fragrance of its flowers, with allusions to which he might have adorned his verses, were still unknown in Europe.

The cinchonas under favorable circumstances become large trees: at present, however, in any of the explored and exploited regions of their growth, the shoots or suckers of the plants are all that remain. Wherever they abound they form the handsomest foliage of the forest. The leaves are lanceolate, glossy and vividly green, traversed by rich crimson veins: the flowers hang in clustering pellicles, like lilacs, of deep rose-color, and fill the vicinity with rich perfume. Nineteen varieties of cinchonæ have been established by Doctor Weddell. The cascarilleros of South America divide the species into a category of colors, according to the tinge of the bark: there are yellow, red, orange, violet, gray and white cinchonas. The yellow, among which figure the *Cinchona calisaya*, *lancifolia*, *condaminea*, *micrantha*, *pubescens*, etc., are placed in the first rank: the red, orange and gray are less esteemed. This arrangement is in proportion to the abundance of the alkaloid *quinine*, now used in medicine instead of the bark itself.

The specimens found by the examinador were carefully wrapped in blankets, and the march was resumed. After a slippery descent of the side of Huaynapata and the passage of a considerable number of babbling streams—each of which gave new occasion for the colonel to show his ingenuity in getting over dryshod, and so sparing his threatening rheumatism—the cry of "Sausipata!" was uttered by Pepe Garcia. Two neat mud cabins, each provided with a door furnished with the unusual luxury of a wooden latch, marked the plantation of Sausipata. The situation was level, and within the enclosing walls of the forest could be seen a plantation of bananas, a field of sugar-cane, with groves of coffee, orange-orchards and gardens of sweet potato and pineapple. The white visitors could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the neatness and civilization of such an Eden in the desert. At this point, Juan of Aragon, who had been going on ahead, turned around with an air of splendid welcome, and explained that the farm belonged to his uncle, the gobernador of Marcapata, who prayed them to make themselves at home. Introducing his guests into the largest of the houses, Juan presented them with some fine ripe fruit which he culled from the garden. Colonel Perez, who never lost occasion to give a sly stab to the mozo, asked, as he peeled a banana, if he was duly authorized to dispose so readily of the property of his uncle: the youth, without losing a particle of his magnificent adolescent courtesy, replied that as nephew and direct heir of the governor of Marcapata it was a right which he exercised in anticipation of inheritance; and that just as Pepe Garcia, the interpreter-in-chief, had regaled the party in his residence, he, Juan of Aragon, proposed to do in the family grange of Sausipata.

Meantime, the examinador, who had pushed forward with his men, returned with a couple more specimens of quinquina, which they had discovered close by in clambering amongst the forest. Neither had flowers, but the one was recognizable by its flat leaf as the species called by the Indians *ichu-cascarilla*, from the grain *ichu* amongst which it is usually found at the base of the Cordilleras; and the other, from its fruit-capsules two inches in length, as the *Cinchona acutifolia* of Ruiz and Pavon. To moderate the pleasures of this discovery, the examinador came up leaning upon the shoulder of his principal assistant, Eusebio, complaining of a frightful headache, and a weakness so extreme that he could not put one foot before the other.

The sudden illness of their botanist-in-chief cast a gloom upon the party, and utterly spoiled the festive intentions of young Aragon. Lorenzo was put to bed, from which retreat, at midnight, his fearful groans summoned the colonel to his side. The latter found him tossing and murmuring, but incapable of uttering a word. His faithful Eusebio, at the head of the bed, answered for him. The honest fellow feared lest his master might have caught again a touch of the old fever which had formerly attacked him in searching for cascarillas in the environs of Tipoani in Bolivia. These symptoms, recurring in the lower valleys of the Cconi, would make it impossible for the brave explorer safely to continue with the party. As the mestizo propounded this inconvenient theory, a new burst of groans from the examinador seemed to confirm it. The grave news brought all the party to the sick bed. Colonel Perez, whom the touching comparison of wives made in the hammocks of Morayaca had sensibly attached to Lorenzo, endeavored to feel his pulse; but the patient, drawing in his hand by a peevish movement, only rolled himself more tightly in his blanket, and increased his groans to roars. Presently, exhausted by so much agony, he fell into a slumber.

In the morning the examinador, in a dolorous voice, announced that he should be obliged to return to Cuzco. This resolution might have seemed the obstinate delirium of the fever but for the mournful and pathetic calmness of the victim. Eusebio, he said, should return with him as far as Chile-Chile, where a conveyance could be had; and he himself would give such explicit instructions to the cascarilleros that nothing would be lost by his absence to the purposes of the expedition. Yielding to pity and friendship, the colonel gave in his adhesion to the plan, and even proposed his own hammock as a sort of palanquin, and the loan of a pair of the peons for bearers. They could return with Eusebio to Sausipata, where the party would be obliged to wait for the three. After sketching out his plan, Colonel Perez looked for approval to Mr. Marcoy, and received an affirmative nod. The proposition seemed so agreeable to the sick man that already an alleviation of his misery appeared to be superinduced. He even smiled intelligently as he rolled into the hammock. In a very short time he made a sort of theatrical exit, borne in the hammock like an invalid princess, and fanned with a palm branch out of the garden by the faithful Eusebio.

"Poor devil!" said Perez as the mournful procession departed: "who knows if he will ever see his dear wife at Sorata, or if he will even live to reach Chile-Chile?"

"Do you really think him in any such danger?" asked the more suspicious Marcoy.

"Danger! Did you not see his miserable appearance as he left us?"

"I saw an appearance far from miserable, and therefore I am convinced that the man is no more sick than you or I."

On hearing such a heartless heresy the colonel stepped back from his comrade with a shocked expression, and asked what had given him such an idea.

"A number of things, of which I need only mention the principal. In the first place, the man's sickness falling on him like a thunder-clap; next, his haste in catching back his hand when you tried to feel his pulse; and then his smile, at once happy and mischievous, when you offered him the peons and he found his stratagem succeeding beyond his hopes."

"Why, now, to think of it!" said the colonel sadly; "but what could have been his motive?"

"This gentleman is too delicate to sustain our kind of life," suggested Marcoy. "He is tired of skinning his hands and legs in our service, and eating peccary, monkey and snails as we do. His Bolivians are perhaps quite as useful for our service, and while he is rioting at Cuzco we may be enriching ourselves with cinchonas."

In effect, on the return of the peons ten days after, the examinador was reported to have got quit of his fever shortly after leaving Sausipata, and to have borne the journey to Chile-Chile remarkably well. He charged his men to take back his compliments and the regrets he felt at not being able to keep with the company.

Nothing detained the band longer at Sausipata. The ten days of hunting, botanizing, butterfly-catching and sketching had been an agreeable relief, and young Aragon had assumed, with sufficient grace, the task of attentive host and first player on the charango. The returning porters had scarcely enjoyed two hours of repose when the caravan took up its march once more.

As usual, the interpreters assumed the head of the command: the Indians followed pellmell. Observing that some of them lingered behind, Mr. Marcoy had the curiosity to return on his steps. What was his surprise to find these honest fellows running furiously through the farm, and devastating with all their might those plantations which were the pride and the hope of the nephew of Aragon! They had already laid low several cocoa groves, torn up the sugar-canes, broken down the bananas, and sliced off the green pineapples.

Indignant at such vandalism, Marcoy caught the first offender by the plaited tails at the back of the neck. "What are you doing?" he cried.

"I am neither crazy nor drunk, Taytachay" (dear little father), calmly explained the peon with his placid smile. "But my fellows and I don't want to be sent any more to work at Sausipata." As the white man regarded him with stupefaction, "Thou art strange here," pursued the Indian, "and canst know nothing about us. Promise not to tell Aragon, and I will make thee wise."

"Why Aragon more than anybody else?" asked Marcoy.

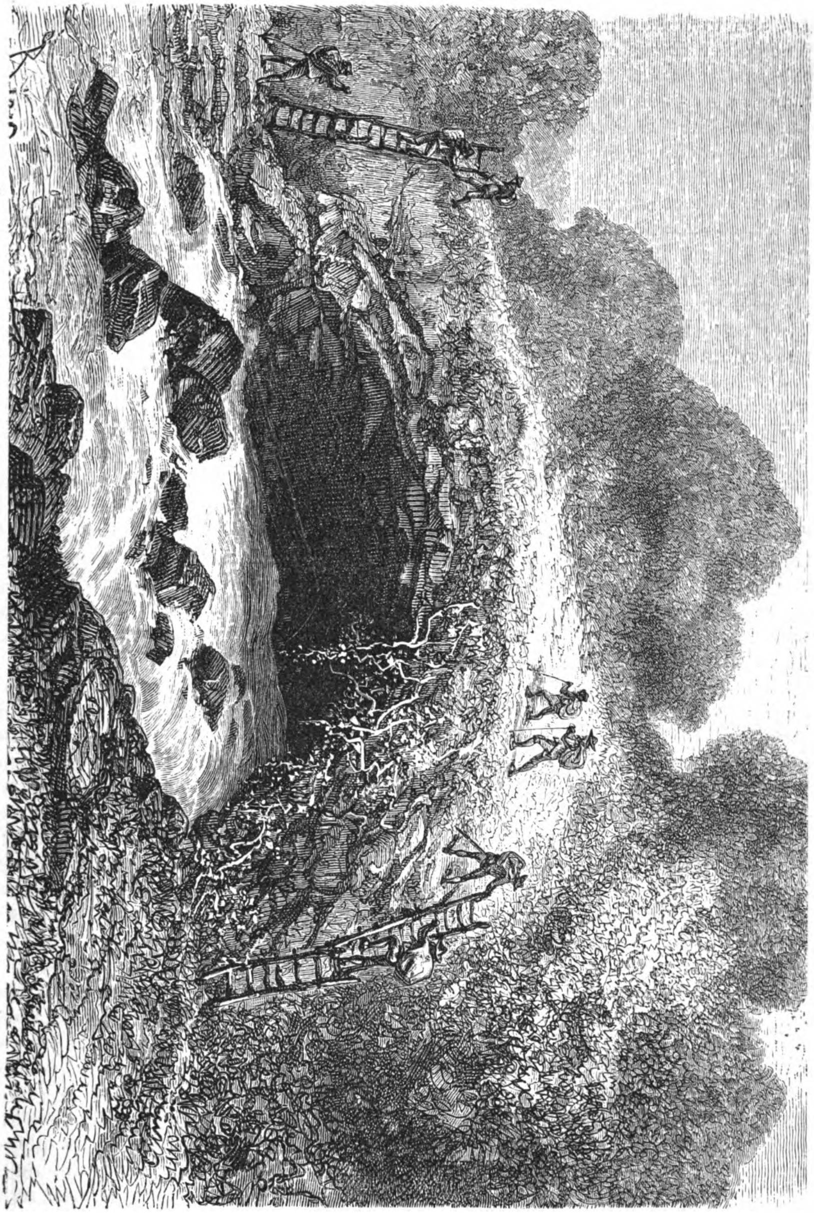
"Because Señor Aragon is nephew to Don Rebollido, the governor, and Sausipata belongs to Rebollido; and if he were to learn what we have done, we should be flogged and sent to prison to rot."

The explanation, drawn out with many threats when the Indians had been driven from their work of ruin and placed once more in line of march, was curious.

The able gobernador of Marcapata had had the sagacious idea of making the local penitentiary out of his farm of Sausipata! It was cultivated entirely by the labor of his culprits. When culprits were scarce, the chicha-drinkers, the corner-loungers, became criminals and disturbers of the peace, for whom a sojourn at Sausipata was the obvious cure. Aragon, the nephew, shared his uncle's ability, and visited the plantation month by month. But the life in this paradise was not relished by the convicts. The regimen was strict, the food everywhere abounding was not for them, and the vicinity of the wild Chunchos was not reassuring. Often a peon would appear in the market-place of Marcapata wrapped merely in a banana leaf, which, cracking in the sun, reduced all pretence of decent covering to an irony. This evidence of the spoliation of a Chuncho would be received in the worst possible part by the gobernador, who would beat the complainant back to his servitude, remarking with ingenuity that Providence was more responsible for the acts of the savages than he was.

This strange history, told with profound earnestness, was enough to make any one laugh, but Marcoy could not be blind to its side of oppression and tyranny. This was the way, then, that the humble and primitive gobernador, who had presented himself to the travelers barefoot, was enriching himself by the knaveries of office! Marcoy could not take heart to inform Juan of Aragon of the devastation behind him, but on the other hand he resolved to correct the abuse on his return by appeal, if necessary, to the prefect of Cuzco.

A frightful night in a deserted hut on a site called Jimiro—where Marcoy had for mattress the legs of one of the porters, and for pillow the back of a bark-hunter—followed the exodus from Sausipata. The Guarapascana, the Saniaca, the Chuntapunco, flowing into the Cconi on opposite sides, were successively left behind our adventurers, and they bowed for an instant before the tomb of a stranger, "a German from Germany," as Pepe Garcia said, "who pretended to know the language of the Chunchos, and who interpreted for himself, but who starved in the wilderness near the heap of stones you see." Leaving this resting-place of an interpreter who had interpreted so little, the party attained a stream of rather unusual importance. The reputed gold-bearing river of Ouitubamba rolled from its tunnel before them, exciting the most visionary schemes in the mind of Colonel Perez, to whom its auriferous reputation was familiar. Nothing would do but that the California process of "panning" must be carried out in these Peruvian waters, and the peons, *multum reluctantes*, were summoned to the task, with all the crowbars and shovels possessed by the expedition, supplemented by certain saucepans and dishes hypothecated from the culinary department. The issue of the stream from under a crown of indigenous growths was the site of this financial speculation. Pepe Garcia was placed at the head of the enterprise. A long ditch was dug, revealing milky quartz, ochres and clay. The deceptive hue of the yellow earth made the search a long and tantalizing one. At the moment when the colonel, attracted by something glistening in the large frying-pan which he was agitating at the edge of the stream, uttered an exclamation which drew all heads into the cavity of his receptacle, an answering sound from the heavens caused everybody suddenly to look up. An equatorial storm had gathered unnoticed over their heads. In a few min-



"THE REPUTED GOLD-BEARING RIVER OF OUITURAMBA ROLLED FROM ITS TUNNEL."—P. 42.

utes a solid sheet of warm rain, accompanied by a furious tornado sweeping through the valley, caused whites and Indians to scatter as if for their lives. The golden dream of Colonel Perez and the similar vision entertained by Pepe Garcia were dissipated promptly by this answer of the elements. On attaining the neighboring sheds of Maniri the gold-seekers abandoned their implements without remark to the services of the cooks, and betook themselves to wringing out their stockings as if they had never dreamed of walking in silver slippers through the streets of Cuzco. They made no further attempt to wring gold from the mouth of the Ouitubamba. As for Maniri, it was the last site or human resting-place of any, the very most trivial, kind before the opening of the utter wilderness which proceeded to accompany the course of the Cconi River.

The Bolivians imagined an exploration of a little stream on the left bank, the Chuntapunco, which they thought might issue from a quinine-bearing region. They built a little raft, and departed with provisions for three or four days. They returned, in fact, after a week's absence, with seven varieties of cinchona—the *hirsuta*, *lanceolata*, *purpurea* and *ovata* of Ruiz and Pavon, and three more of little value and unknown names.

During the absence of the cascarilleros a flat calm reigned in the ajoupa of Maniri. Garcia and the colonel, the day after their unproductive gold-hunt, betook themselves into the forest, ostensibly for game, but in reality to review their hopeful labors by the banks of the Ouitubamba. Aragon was detailed by Mr. Marcoy to accompany him in his botanical and entomological tours. On these excursions the acquaintance between the mozo and the señor was considerably developed. The youth had naturally a gay and confident disposition, and added not a little to the liveliness of the trips. Marcoy profited by their stricter connection to converse with him about the cultivation of the farm at Sausipata, making use of a venial deception to let him think that the plan of operations had been communicated by the governor himself. Aragon modestly replied that the plantation in question was only the first of a series of similar clearings contemplated by his uncle at various points in the valley. Arrangements made for this purpose with the governors of Ocongata and Asaroma, who were pledged with their support in return for heavy presents, would enable him soon to cultivate coffee and sugar and cocoa at once in a number of haciendas. The enterprise was a splendid one; and if God—Aragon pronounced the name without a particle of diffidence—deigned to bless it, the day was coming when the fortune of his uncle, solidly established, would make him the pride and the joy of the region.

It may as well be mentioned here that the subsequent career of the chestnut-colored interpreter is not entirely unknown. In 1860, Mr. Clement Markham, collecting quinine-plants for the British government, came upon a splendid hacienda thirty miles from the village of Ayapata, in a valley of the Andes near the scene of this exploration. Here, on the sugar-cane estate named San José de Bellavista, he discovered "an intelligent and enterprising Peruvian" named Aragon, who appears to have been none other than our interpreter escaped from the chrysalis. His establishment was very large, and protected from the savages by two rivers, Aragon had made a mule-road of thirty miles to the village. He found the manufacture of spirits for the sugar-cane more profitable than digging for gold in the Ouitubamba or hunting for cascarillas along the Cconi. In 1860 he sent an expedition into the forest after wild cocoa-plants. An india-rubber manufactory had only failed for want of government assistance. He contemplated the establishment of a line of steamers on the neighboring rivers to carry off the commerce of his plantations. "Any scheme for developing the resources of the country is sure to receive his advocacy," says Mr. Markham: "it would be well for Peru if she contained many such men."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# PROBATIONER LEONHARD;

## OR, THREE NIGHTS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

### CHAPTER I.

### OUR HERO.

YOUNG Mr. Leonhard Marten walked out on the promenade at the usual hour one afternoon, after a good deal of hesitation, for there was quite as little doubt in his mind as there is in mine that the thing to do was to remain within-doors and answer the letters—or rather the letter—lying on his table. The brief epistle which conveyed to him the regrets of the new female college building committee, that his plans were too elaborate and costly, and must therefore be declined, really demanded no reply, and would probably never have one. It was the hurried scrawl from his friend Wilberforce which claimed of his sense of honor an answer by the next mail. The letter from Wilberforce was dated Philadelphia, and ran thus:

"DEAR LENNY: Please deposit five thousand for me in some good bank of Pennsylvania or New York. I shall want it, maybe, within a week or so. I am talking hard about going abroad. Why can't you go along? Say we sail on the first of next month. Richards is going, and I shall make enough out of the trip to pay expenses for all hands. You'll never know anything about your business, Mart, till you have studied in one of those old towns. Answer. Thine,

"WIL."

When I say that Leonhard had, or *had* had, ten thousand dollars of Wilberforce's money, and that he was now about as unprepared to meet the demand recorded as he would have been if he had never seen a cent of the sum mentioned, the assertion, I think, is justified that his place was at his office-table, and not on the promenade. What if the town-clock had struck four? what if at this hour Miss Ayres usually rounded the corner of Granby street on her way home? But, poor fellow! he *had* tried to think his way through the difficulty. Every day for a week he had exercised himself in letter-writing: he had practiced every style, from the jocular to the gravely interrogative, and had succeeded pretty well as a stylist, but the point, the point, the bank deposit, remained still insurmountable and unapproachable.

Once or twice he had thought that probably the best thing to do was to go off on a long journey, and by and by, when things had righted themselves somehow, find out where Wilberforce was and acknowledge his letter with regrets and explanations. He was considering this course when he destroyed his last effort, and went out on the promenade to get rid of his thoughts and himself and to meet Miss Ayres. The present contained Miss Ayres; as to the future, it was dark as midnight; for the past, it was not in the least pleasant to think of it, and how it had come to pass that Wilberforce trusted him.

The days when he and Wilberforce were lads, poor, sad-hearted, all but homeless, returned upon him with their shadows. It was in those days that his friend formed so lofty an estimate of his exactness in figures and his skill in saving, and thus it had happened that when the engine constructed by Wilberforce began to pay him so past belief, he was really in the perplexity concerning places of deposit which he had expressed to Marten. Leonhard chanced to be with this young Crœsus—who had begun life by dipping water for invalids at the springs—when the ten thousand dollars alluded to were paid him by a dealer; and the instant transfer of the money to his hands was one of those off-hand performances which, apparently trivial, in the end search a man to the foundations.

What had become of the money? Seven thousand dollars were swallowed up in a gulf which never gives back its treasure. And oh on the verge of that same gulf how the siren had sung! A chance of clearing five thousand dollars by investing that amount presented itself to Leonhard: it was one of those investments which will double a man's money for him within three months, or six months at latest. The best men of A—— were in the enterprise, and by going into it Leonhard would reap every sort of advantage. He might give up teaching music, and confine himself to the studies which as an architect he ought to pursue; and to be known among the A——landers as a young gentleman who had money to invest would secure to him that social position which the music-lessons he gave did no doubt in some quarters embarrass.

It was while buoyed up by his "great expectations," and flattered by the attentions which strangely enough began to be extended toward him by some of the "best men"—who also were stockholders in the new sugar-refining process—that Leonhard took a room at the Granby House, and began to manifest a waning interest in his work as a music-master.

This display of himself, modest though it was, cost money. Before the letter quoted was written Leonhard had begun to feel a little troubled: he had been obliged to add two thousand dollars to his original investment, and the thought that possibly there might be a demand for a yet further sum—for some unforeseen difficulty had arisen in the matter of machinery—had fixed in his mind a misgiving to which at odd moments he returned with a flutter of spirits amounting almost to panic.

On the promenade he met Miss Ayres. She stood before the window of a music-dealer's shop, looking at the photograph of some celebrity—a tall and not too slightly-formed young lady, attired in a buff suit with brown trimmings, and a brown hat from which a pretty brown feather depended. On her round cheeks was a healthy glow, deepened perhaps by exercise on that warm afternoon, and a trifle in addition, it may be, by the sound of footsteps advancing. Yet as Leonhard approached, she, chancing to look around, did not seem surprised that he was so near. Not that she expected him! What reason had she for supposing that from his office-window he would see her the instant she turned the corner of Granby street and walked down the avenue fronting the parade-ground? No reason of course; but this had happened so many times that the meeting of the two somewhere in this vicinity was daily predicted by the wise prophets of the street.

A rumor was going about A—— in those days which occasioned the mother of our young lady a little uneasiness. When Leonhard came to A—— it was to live by his profession—music. He was an enthusiast in the science, and the best people patronized him. He might have all the pupils he pleased now, and at his own prices, thought Mrs. Washington Ayres, who had herself taught music: why doesn't he stick to his business? But then, she reminded herself, they say he has money; and he is so bewitched about architecture that he can't let it alone. Too many irons in the fire to please me! Perhaps, though, if he has money, it makes not so much difference. But I don't like to see a young man dabbling in too many things: it looks as if he would never do anything to speak of. It is the only thing I ever heard of against him; but if he can't make up his mind, I don't know as there could be anything much worse to tell of a man.

She was not far wrong in her thinking, and she had seen the great fault in the character of young Mr. Marten. It was his nature to take up and embrace cordially, as if for life, the objects that pleased him. Perhaps the tendency conduced to his popularity and reputation as a music-master, for his acquaintance with the works of composers was really vast; but the effect of it was not so hopeful when it set him to studying a difficult art almost without instruction, in the confidence that he should soon by his works take rank with Angelo, Wren and other great masters.

At the music-dealer's window Mr.

Leonhard stood for a moment beside Miss Marion, and then said with a queer smile, "How cool it looks over yonder among the trees! I wish somebody would like to walk there with an escort."

"Anybody might, I should think," answered the young lady. "I have waded through hot dust, red-hot dust, all the afternoon. Besides, I want to ask you, Mr. Marten, what it means. Everybody is coming to me for lessons. Are you refusing instruction, or are you growing so unpopular of late? I have vexed myself trying to answer the question."

"They all come to you, do they? Yes, I think I am growing unpopular. And I am rather glad of it, on the whole," answered Leonhard, not quite clear as to her meaning, but not at all disturbed by it.

"I know they must all have gone to you first," she said. "Of course they all went to you first, and you wouldn't have them."

Leonhard smiled on. Her odd talk was pleasant to him, and to look at her bright face was to forget every disagreeable thing in the world. "You know I have been thinking that I would give up instruction altogether," said he; "but I suppose that unless I actually go away to get rid of my pupils, I shall have a few devoted followers to the last. The more you take off my hands the better I shall like it."

"But how should everybody know that you *think* of giving up instruction?" Miss Marion inquired.

"Oh, I dare say I have told everybody," he answered carelessly.

"Ah!" said she; and two or three thoughts passed through the mind of the young lady quite worthy the brain of her mother. "I am half sorry," she continued. "But at least you cannot forget what you know. That is a comfort. And I am sure you love music too well to let me go on committing barbarisms with my hands or voice without telling me."

Leonhard hesitated. How far might he take this dear girl into his secrets? "My friend Wilberforce is always saying that I ought to study abroad in the old European towns before I launch out in earnest," said he finally.

"As architect or musician?" asked the "dear girl."

"As architect, of course," he answered, without manifesting surprise at the question. "He is going himself now, and he wants me to go with him."

"Why don't you go?" The quick look with which he followed this question made Miss Marion add: "It would be the best thing in the world for—for a student, I should think. You said once that your indecision was the bane of your life. I beg your pardon for remembering it. When you have heard the best music and seen the best architecture, you can put an end to this 'thirty years' war,' and come back and settle down."

"All very well," said he, "but please to tell me where I shall find you when I come home."

"Oh, I shall be jogging along somewhere, depend."

"With your mind made up concerning every event five years before it happens? If you had my choice to make, you think, I suppose, that you would decide in a minute which road to fame and fortune you would choose." Mr. Leonhard used his cane as vehemently while he spoke as if he were a conductor swinging his bâton through the most exciting movement.

"I don't understand your perplexity, that is the fact," said she with wonderful candor; "but then I have been trained to do one thing from the time I could wink."

"It was expected of me that I should rival the greatest performers," said Leonhard with a half-sad smile. "If I go abroad now, as you advise—"

"Advise? I advise!"

"Did you not?"

"Not the least creature moving. Never!"

"If you did you would say, 'Keep to music.'"

"I should say, 'Keep to architecture.' Then—don't you see?—I should have all your pupils."

"That would matter little: you have

long had all that I could give you worth the giving, Miss Ayres."

Were these words intent on having utterance, and seeking their opportunity?

In the midst of her lightness and seeming unconcern the young lady found herself challenged, as it were, by the stern voice of a sentinel on guard. But she answered on the instant: "The most delicious music I have ever heard, for which I owe you endless thanks. I have said architecture; but I never advise, you know."

"She has not understood me," thought Leonhard, but instead of taking advantage of that conclusion and retiring from the ground, he said, "Perhaps I must speak more clearly. I don't care what I do or where I go, Miss Marion, if you are indifferent. I love you."

What did he read in the face which his dark eyes scanned as they turned full upon it? Was it "I love you"? Was it "Alas!"? He could not tell.

"You are pledged to love 'the True and the Beautiful,'" said she quite gayly, "and so I am not surprised."

Leonhard looked mortified and angry. A man of twenty-two declaring love for the first time to a woman had a right to expect better treatment.

"I have offended you," she said instantly. "I only followed out your own train of thought. You may have half a dozen professions, and—"

"I am at least clear that I love only you," he said. "I hoped you would feel that. It is certain, I think, that I shall confine myself to the studies of an architect hereafter. I will give no more lessons. And shall you care to know whether I go or stay?"

Miss Ayres answered—almost as if in spite of herself and that good judgment for which she had been sufficiently praised during her eighteen years of existence—"Yes, I shall care a vast deal. That is the reason why I say, 'Go, if it seems best to you'—'Stay, if you think it more wise.' I have the confidence in you that sees you can conduct your own affairs."

"If I go," he cried in a happy voice, in strong contrast with his words, "it will be to leave everything behind me that can make life sweet."

"But if you go it will be to gain everything that can make life honorable. I did not understand that you thought of going for pleasure." Ah, how almost tender now her look and tone!

"Say but once to me what I have said to you," said Leonhard joyfully, confident now that he had won the great prize.

"Now? No: don't talk about it. Wait a while, and we will see if there is anything in it." What queer lover's mood was this? Miss Marion looked as if she had passed her fortieth birthday when she spoke in this wise.

"Oh for a soft sweet breeze from the north-east to temper such cruel blasts!" exclaimed Leonhard. "Was ever man so treated as I am by this strong-minded young woman?"

"Everybody on the grounds is looking, and wondering how she will get home with the intemperate young gentleman she is escorting. Did you say you were going to talk with your friend Mr. Wilberforce about going abroad with him for a year or two?"

"I said no such thing, but perhaps I may. I was going to write, but it may be as easy to run down to Philadelphia."

"Easier, I should say."

So they talked, and when they parted Leonhard said: "If you do not see me to-morrow evening, you will know that I have gone to Philadelphia. I shall not write to let you know. You might feel that an answer was expected of you."

"I have never been taught the arts of a correspondent, and it is quite too late to learn them," she answered.

Miss Marion will probably never again feel as old as she does this afternoon, when she has half snubbed, half flattered and half accepted the man she admires and loves, but whose one fault she clearly perceives and is seriously afraid of.

The next day Leonhard sat staring at Wilberforce's letter with a face as wrinkled as a young ape's in a cold morning fog. After one long serious effort he sprang from his seat, and I am afraid swore that he would go down to Philadelphia that very afternoon. Therefore (and because he clung to the determination all day) at six o'clock behold him passing with his satchel from the steps of the Granby House to the Grand Division Dépôt. He was always going to and fro, so his departure occasioned no remark. He supposed, for his own part, that he was going to talk with his friend Wilberforce, and his ticket ensured his passage to Philadelphia; and yet at eight o'clock he found himself standing on the steps of the Spenersberg Station, and saw the train move on. At the moment when his will seemed to him to be completely demoralized the engine-whistle sounded and the engine stopped. Utterly unnerved by his doubts, he slunk from the car like an escaping convict, and looked toward the narrow moonlit valley which was as a gate leading into this unknown Spenersberg. The path looked obscure and inviting, and so, without exchanging a word with any one, he walked forward, a more pitiable object than is pleasant to consider, for he was no coward and no fool.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

About the time that Leonhard Marten was paying for his ticket in the dépôt at A——, how many events were taking place elsewhere! Multitudes, multitudes going up and down the earth perplexed, tempted, discouraged. What were *you* doing at that hour? I wonder.

Even here, at this Spenersberg, was Frederick Loretz—with reason deemed one of the most fortunate of the men gathered in the happy valley — asking himself, as he walked homeward from the factory, "What is the use?"

When he spied his wife on the piazza he seemed to doubt for a second whether he should go backward or forward. Into that second of vacillation, however, the voice of the woman penetrated: "Husband, so early? Welcome home!"

The voice decided him, and so he opened his gate, passed along the graveled walk to the piazza steps, ascended, wiping the perspiration from his bald head, dropped his handkerchief into his hat and his hat upon the floor, and sat down in one of the great wide-armed wooden chairs which visitors always found awaiting them on the piazza.

His wife, having bestowed upon him one brief glance, quickly arose and went into the house: the next moment she came again, bringing with her a pitcher of iced water and a goblet, which she placed before him on a small rustic table. But a second glance showed her that he was suffering from something besides the heat and fatigue. There was a look on his broad honest face that told as distinctly as color and expression could tell of anguish, consternation, remorse. He drank from the goblet she had filled for him, and said, without looking at his wife, "I have brought you the worst news, Anna, that ever you heard." She must have guessed what it was instantly, but she made neither sign nor gesture. She could have enumerated there and then all the sorrows of her life; but for a moment it was not possible even for her to say that this impending affliction was, in view of all she had endured, a light one, easy to be borne.

"It has gone against us," said Mr. Loretz, picking up his red silk handkerchief and passing it from one hand to another, and finally hiding his face within its ample dimensions for a moment.

"Do you mean the lot?" Her voice wavered a little. Though she asked or refrained from asking, something had taken place which must be made known speedily. Wherefore, then, delay the evil knowledge?

He signified by a nod that it was so.

"And that is in store for our poor child!" said the mother.

Mr. Loretz was now quite broken down. He passed his handkerchief across his face again, and this time made no answer.

Then the mother, with lips firmly compressed, and eyes bent steadily upon the floor, and forehead crumpled somewhat, sat and held her peace.

At last the father said, in a low tone

that gave to his strong voice an awful pathos, "How can the child bear it, Anna? for she loves Spener well—and to love *him* well!"

"Oh, father," said the wife, who had by this time sounded the depth of this tribulation, and was already ascending, "how did we bear it when we had to give up Gabriel, and Jacob, and dear little Carl?"

"For me," said the man, rising and looking over the piazza rail into the gay little flower-garden beneath—"for me all that was nothing to this."

"O my boys!" the mother cried.

"We know that they went home to a heavenly Parent, and to more delight and honor than all the earth could give them," the father said.

"It rent the heart, Frederick, but into the gaping wound the balm of Gilead was poured."

"There is no man alive to be compared with Albert Spener."

"I know of one—but one."

"Not one," he said with an emphasis which sternly rebuked the ill-timed, and, as he deemed, untruthful flattery. "There is not his like, go where you will."

"Ah, how you have exalted him above all that is to be worshiped!" sighed the good woman, putting her hands together, and really as troubled and sympathetic, and cool and calculating, as she seemed to be.

"I tell you I have never seen his equal! Look at this place here—hasn't he called it up out of the dust?"

"Yes, yes, he did. He made it all," she said. "It must be conceded that Albert Spener is a great man—in Spenersberg."

"How, then, can I keep back from him the best I have when he asks for it—asks for it as if I were a king to refuse him what he wanted if I pleased? I would give him my life!"

"Ah, Frederick, you have! It isn't you that denies now—think of that! Remind him of it. *Who* spoke by the lot? Where are you going, husband?"

Mr. Loretz had turned away from the piazza rail and picked up his hat. His wife's question arrested him. "I—I thought I would speak with Brother Wenck," said he, somewhat confused by the question, and looking almost as if his sole purpose had been to go beyond the sound of his wife's remonstrating voice.

"Husband, about this?"

"Yes, Anna."

"Don't go. What will he think?"

"Nobody knows about it yet, except Wenck, unless he spoke to Brother Thom."

"Oh, Frederick, what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking"—he paused and looked fixedly at his wife—"I am thinking that I have been beside myself, Anna—crazy, out and out, and this thing can't stand."

"Husband, it was our wish to learn the will of God concerning this marriage, and we have learned it. The Lord—"

"I will go back to the factory," said Mr. Loretz, turning quickly away from his wife. "I must see if everything is right there before it gets darker." He had caught sight of the tall figure of a woman at the gate when he snatched up his hat so suddenly and interrupted his wife. Then he turned to her again: "Is Elise within?"

"No, husband: she went to the garden for twigs this afternoon."

"She had not heard?"

"No. It is Sister Benigna that is coming. Must you go back?" She poured another glass of water for her husband, and walked down the steps with him; and coming so, out from the shade into the sunlight, Sister Benigna was startled by their faces as though she had seen two ghosts.

Two hours later, Mr. Loretz again turned his steps homeward, and Mr. Wenck, the minister, walked with him as far as the gate. They had met accidentally upon the sidewalk, and Mr. Loretz must of necessity make some allusion to the letter he had received from the minister that day acquainting him with the allotment which had made of him so hopeless a mourner. The good man hesitated a moment before making response: then he took both the hands of Loretz in his, and said in a deep, tender voice, "Brother, the wound smarts."

"I cannot bear it!" cried Loretz. "It is all my doing, and I must have been crazy."

"When in devout faith you sought to know God's will concerning your dear child?"

"I cannot talk about it," was the impatient response. "And you cannot understand it," he continued, turning quickly upon his companion. "You have never had a daughter, and you don't understand Albert Spener."

"I think," said the minister patiently—"I think I know him well enough to see what the consequence will be if he should suspect that Brother Loretz is like 'a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.'"

Yet as the minister said this his head drooped, his voice softened, and he laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Loretz, as if he would fain speak on and in a different strain. It was evident that the distressed man did not understand him, and reproof or counsel was more than he could now bear. He walked on a little faster, and as he approached his gate voices from within were heard. They were singing a duet from *The Messiah.*

"Come in," said Loretz, his face suddenly lighting up with almost hope.

Mr. Wenck seemed disposed to accept the invitation: then, as he was about to pass through the gate, he was stayed by a recollection apparently, for he turned back, saying, "Not to-night, Brother Loretz. They will need all the time for practice. Let me tell you, I admire your daughter Elise beyond expression. I wish that Mr. Spener could hear that voice now: it is perfectly triumphant. You are happy, sir, in having such a daughter."

As Mr. Wenck turned from the gate, Leonhard—our Leonhard Marten—approached swiftly from the opposite side of the street. He had been sitting under the trees half an hour listening to the singing, and, full of enthusiasm, now presented himself before Mr. Loretz, exclaiming, "Do tell me, sir, what singers are these?"

Mr. Loretz knew every man in Spenersberg. He looked at the stranger, and answered dryly, "Very tolerable singers."

"I should think so! I never heard anything so glorious. I am a stranger here, sir. Can you direct me to a public-house?"

To answer was easy. There was but the one inn, called the Brethren's House, the sixth below the one before which they were standing. It was a long house, painted white, with a deep wide porch, where half a dozen young men probably sat smoking at this moment. Instead of giving this direction, however, Loretz said, after a brief consultation with himself, "I don't know as there's another house in Spenersberg that ought to be as open as mine. I live here, sir. How long have you been listening?"

"Not long enough," said Leonhard; and he passed through the gate, which had been opened for the minister, and now was opened as widely for him.

## CHAPTER III.

### HIGH ART.

THE room into which Mr. Loretz conducted Leonhard seemed to our young friend, as he glanced around it, fit for the court of Apollo. Its proportions had obviously been assigned by some music-loving soul. It occupied two-thirds of the lower floor of the house, and its high ceiling was a noticeable feature. The furniture had all been made at the factory; the floor-mats were woven there; and one gazing around him might well have wondered to what useful or ornamental purpose the green willows growing everywhere in Spenersberg Valley might not be applied. The very pictures hanging on the wall—engraved likenesses of the great masters Mozart and Beethoven—had their frames of well-woven willow twigs; and the rack which held the books and sheets of music was ornamented on each side with raised wreaths of flowers wrought by deft hands from the same pliant material.

At the piano, in the centre of the room, sat Sister Benigna — by her side, Elise Loretz.

It seemed, when Elise's father entered with the stranger, as if there might be a suspension of the performance, but Loretz said, "Two listeners don't signify: we promise to make no noise. Sit down, sir: give me your bag;" and taking Leonhard's satchel, he retired with it to a corner, where he sat down, and with his elbows on his knees, his head between his hands, prepared himself to listen.

Sister Benigna said to her companion, "It is time we practiced before an audience perhaps;" and they went on as if nothing had happened.

And sitting in that cool room on the eve of a scorching and distracted day, is it any wonder that Leonhard composed himself to accept any marvel that might present itself? Once across the threshold of the Every-day, and there is nothing indeed for which one should not be prepared.

If in mood somewhat less enthusiastic than that of our traveler we look in upon that little company, what shall we see?

In the first place, inevitably, Sister Benigna. But describe a picture, will you, or the mountains, or the sea? It must have been something for the Spenersberg folk to know that such a woman dwelt among them, yet probably two-thirds of her influence was unconsciously put forth and as unconsciously received. They knew that in musical matters she inspired them and exacted of them to the uttermost, but they did not and could not know how much her life was worth to all of them, and that they lived on a higher plane because of those half dozen wonderful notes of hers, and the unflagging enthusiasm which needed but the name of love-feast or festival to bring a light into her lovely eyes that seemed to spread up and around her white forehead and beautiful hair like a supernatural lustre. There was a fire that animated her which nobody who saw its glow or felt its warmth could question. Without that altar of music— But why speculate on what she might have been if she had not been what she was? That would be to consider not Benigna, but somebody else.

She was accompanying Elise through Handel's "Pastoral Symphony." Elise began: "He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen." At the first notes Leonhard looked hastily toward the window, and if it had been a door he would have passed out on to the piazza, that he might there have heard, unseeing, unseen. While he sat still and looked and listened it seemed to him as if he had been engaged in foolish games with children all his life. He sat as it were in the dust, scorning his own insignificance.

The young girl who now sat, now stood beside her, must have been the child of her training. For six years, indeed, they have lived together under one roof, sharing one apartment. Within the hour just passed, that has been said by them toward which all the talk and all the action of the six years has tended, and the heart of the girl lies in the hand of the woman, and what will the woman do with it?

Perhaps all that Benigna can do for Elise has to-day been accomplished. It may be that to grow beside her now will be to grow in the shade when shade is needed no longer, and when the effect will be to weaken life and to deepen the spirit of dependence. Possibly sunlight though scorching, winds though wild, would be better for Elise now than the protecting shadow of her friend.

Looking at Elise, Leonhard feels more assured, more at home. She has a kindly face, a lovely face, he decides, and what a deliciously rich, smooth voice! She is rather after the willowy order in her slender person, and when she begins to sing "Rejoice greatly," he looks at her astonished, doubting whether the sound can really have proceeded from her slender throat. He is again reminded of Marion, but by nothing he hears or sees: poor Marion has her not small reputation as a singer in A——, yet her voice, compared with this, is as wire—gold wire indeed—wire with a *color* of richness at least; while Elise's is as honey itself—honey with the flavor of the sweetes flowers in it, and, too, the suggestion of the bee's swift, strong wing.

Into the room comes at last Mrs. Loretz. It is just as Elise takes up the final air of the symphony that she appears. She would look upon her daughter while she sings, "Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him," etc. Chiefly to look upon her child she comes—to listen with her loving, confident eyes.

But on the threshold of the music-room she pauses half a second, perceiving the stranger by the window: then she nods pleasantly to him, which motion sets the short silvery hair on her forehead waving, as curls would have waved there had she only let them. She wears a cap trimmed with a blue ribbon tied beneath her chin, and such is the order of her comely gown and apron that it commands attention always, like a true work of art.

She sits down beside her husband, and presently, as by the flash of a single glance indeed, has taken the weight and measure of the gentleman opposite. She likes his appearance, admires his fine dark face and his fine dark eyes, wonders where he came from, what he wants, and—will he stay to tea?

Gazing at her daughter, she looks a little sad: then she smooths her dress, straightens herself, shakes her head, and is absorbed in the music, beating time with tiny foot and hand, and following every strain with an intentness which draws her brows together into a slight frown. Elise almost smiles as she glances toward her mother: she knows where to find enthusiasm at a white heat when it is wanted. With the final repetition, "Ye shall find rest to your souls," the dame rises quickly, and hastening to her daughter embraces her; then passing to the next room, she pauses, perhaps long enough to wipe her eyes; then the jingle of a bell is heard.

At the ringing of this bell, Sister Benigna rose instantly, saying, "Welcome sound!" Loretz also came forth from his corner. He was about to speak to Leonhard, when Benigna took up the trombone which was lying on the piano, and said, "I am curious to know how many rehearsals you have had, sir. It is time, Elise, that our trombonist reported."

Loretz, casting an eye toward his daughter, said, "Never mind Sister Benigna. Our quartette will be all right." Then he turned to Leonhard: it was not now that he felt for the first time the relief of the stranger's presence. "We are going to take food," said he: "will you give me your name and come with us?"

Leonhard gave his name, and moreover his opinion that he had trespassed too long already on the hospitality of the house.

To this remark Loretz paid no attention. "Wife," he called out, "isn't that name down in the birthday book—*Leonhard Marten?* I am sure of it. He was a Herrnhuter."

"Very likely, husband," was the answer from the other room. "Will you come, good people?" The good people who heard that voice understood just what its tone meant, and there was an instant response.

"Come in, sir," said Loretz; and the invitation admitted no argument, for he went forward at once with a show of alacrity sufficient to satisfy his wife. "This young man here was looking for a public-house. They are full at the Brethren's, I hear. I thought he could not do better than take luck with us," he said to her by way of explanation.

"He is welcome," said the wife in a prompt, business-like tone, which was evidently her way. "Daughter!" She looked at Elise, and Elise brought a plate, knife and fork for "this young man," and placed them where her mother indicated—that is, next herself. Between the mother and daughter Leonhard therefore took refuge, as it were, from the rather too majestic presence opposite known as Sister Benigna. He should have felt at ease in the little circle, for not one of them but felt the addition to their party to be a diversion and a relief. As to Dame Anna Loretz, thoughts were passing through her mind which might pass through the minds of others also in the course of time should Leonhard prove to be a good Moravian and decide to remain among them. They were thoughts which would have sent a dubious smile around the board, however, could they have been made known just now to Elise and her father and Sister Benigna; and what would our young friend—from the city evidently—have looked or said could they have been communicated to him? Already the mind and heart of the mother of Elise, disconcerted and distracted for the moment by that untoward casting of the lot, had risen to a calm survey of the situation of things; and now she was endeavoring to reconcile herself to the prospect which imagination presented to the eye of faith. *If* she had perceived in the unannounced appearing of the young gentleman who sat near her devouring with keen appetite the good fare before him, and apologizing for his hunger with a grace which ensured him constant renewal of vanishing dishes,—if she had perceived in it a manifestation of the will of Providence, she could not have smiled on Leonhard more kindly, or more successfully have exerted herself to make him feel at home.

And might not Mr. Leonhard have congratulated himself? If there was a "great house" in Spenersberg, this was that mansion; and if there were great people there, these certainly were they. And to think of finding in this vale cultivators of high art, intelligent, simple-hearted, earnest, beautiful!

CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# THE IRISH CAPITAL.

THE metropolis of Ireland about the middle of the last century was the fourth in Europe in point of size. Since then it has made little progress in comparison with many others. Yet it is a large place, covering a great area, and holding a population which numbers some three hundred thousand souls.

It may further be said that notwithstanding the withdrawal, consequent on the Union, of the aristocratic classes from Dublin, the city has improved more in the last fifty years than at any previous period. Dublin, at the Union, and for some time after, was a very dirty place indeed. To-day, although, from that antipathy to paint common to the whole Irish nation—which can apparently never realize the Dutch proverb, that "paint costs nothing," or the English one, that "a stitch in time saves nine"—much of the town looks dingy, it is, as a whole, cleaner than almost any capital in Europe, so far as drainage and the sanitary state of the dwellings are concerned. And here we speak from experience, having last year, in company with detective officers, visited all its lowest and poorest haunts.

The cause of this sanitary excellence is that matters of this kind are placed entirely in the hands of the police, who rigorously carry out the orders given to them on such points. It is devoutly to be hoped that a similar system will ere long be in vogue in the towns of our own country.

The noblesse have now quite deserted the Irish capital. Besides the lord-chancellor, there is probably not a single peer occupying a house there to-day. Houses are excellent and very cheap. An immense mansion in the best situation can be had for a thousand dollars a year. The markets are capitally supplied, and the prices are generally about one-third of those of New York. Not a single item of living is dear. But, notwithstanding these and many other advantages, the place has lost popularity, has a "deadly-lively" air about it, and, it must be admitted, is in many respects wondrously dull, especially to those who have been used to the brisk life of a great commercial or pleasure-loving capital.

"Cornelius O'Dowd" paid a visit to Dublin in 1871 after a long absence, and said some very pretty things about it. Never was the company or claret better. Well, the fact was, that while the great and lamented Cornelius was there he was fêted and made much of. Lord Spencer gave him a dinner, so did other magnates, and his séjour was one prolonged feasting; but nevertheless the every-day life of the Irish capital is awfully and wonderfully dull, as those who know it best, and have the cream of such society as it offers, would in strict confidence admit. From January to May there is an attempt at a "season," during the earlier part of which the viceroy gives a great many entertainments. These are remarkably well done, and the smaller parties are very agreeable. But politics intervene here, as in everything else in Ireland, to mar considerably the brilliancy of the vice-regal court. When the Whigs are "in" the Tory aristocracy hold off from "the Castle," and *vice versâ*. Dublin is generally much more brilliant under a Tory viceroy, inasmuch as nine-tenths of the Irish peerage and landed gentry support that side of politics. The vice-reign of the duke of Abercorn, the last lord-lieutenant, will long be remembered as a period of exceptional splendor in the annals of Dublin. He maintained the dignity of the office in a style which had not been known for half a century, and in this respect proved particularly acceptable to people of all classes. Besides, he is a man of magnificent presence, and has a fitting helpmate (sister of Earl Russell) and beautiful daughters; and it was universally admitted that the round people had got into the round holes, so far as the duke and duchess were concerned.

The lord-lieutenant's levees and drawing-rooms take place at night, and are therefore much more cheerful than similar ceremonials at Buckingham Palace. His Excellency kisses all the ladies presented to him. The vice-regal salary is one hundred thousand dollars, with allowances, but most viceroys spend a great deal more. There are in such a poor country, where people have no sort of qualms about asking, innumerable claims upon their purses.

The office of viceroy of Ireland is one which prime ministers find it no easy task to fill. Just that kind of person is wanted for the office who has no wish to hold it. A great peer with half a million of dollars' income doesn't care about accepting troublesome and occasionally anxious duties, from which he, at all events, has nothing to gain. For some time Lord Derby was in a quandary to get any one who would do to take it, and it may be doubted whether the marquis of Abercorn would have sacrificed himself if the glittering prospect of a coronet all strawberry leaves (for he was created a duke while in office) had not been held before his eyes. The vice-regal lodge is a plain, unpretending building. It is charmingly situated in the Phœnix Park (1760 acres), and commands delightful views over the Wicklow Mountains. Within, it is comfortable and commodious. The viceroy resides there eight months in the year. He goes to "the Castle" from December to April. The Castle is "no great thing." It is situated in the heart of Dublin. Around it are the various government offices. St. Patrick's Hall is a fine apartment, but certainly does not deserve the name of magnificent, and is a very poor affair compared with the reception-saloons of third-rate continental princes.

The Dublin season culminates, so far at least as the vice-regal entertainments go, in the ball given here on St. Patrick's Day (March 17). On such occasions it is *de rigueur* to wear a court-dress. Even those who venture to appear in the regulation trowsers admissible at a levee at St. James's are seriously cautioned "not to do it again."

Though Dublin is now deserted by the aristocracy, most of the *grand-seigneur* mansions are still standing. Leinster House, built about 1760, and said to have served as a model for the "White

House," was in 1815 sold by the duke to the Royal Dublin Society. Up to 1868 the duke of Leinster* was Ireland's only duke, and the house is certainly a stately and appropriate ducal residence.

It must, however, be confessed that there is something decidedly *triste* and severe about this big mansion. A celebrated whilom tenant of it, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, appeared to think so, for in 1791 he writes to his mother, after his return from the bright and sunny atmosphere of America: "I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is! You can't conceive how much it appeared so when first we came from Kildare. A country housemaid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she thought that she was in a prison." It was at Leinster House that "Lord Edward"—he is to this day always thus known by the people of Ireland, who never think it needful to add his surname—after having joined "the United Irishmen," had interviews with the informer Reynolds, who, it is believed, afterward betrayed him.

Lady Sarah Napier, mother of Sir William Napier, the well-known historian of the Peninsular War, and other eminent sons, was aunt to Lord Edward, being sister of his mother. These ladies were daughters of the duke of Richmond, and Lady Sarah was remarkable as being a lady to whom George III. was passionately attached, and whom, but for the vehement opposition of his mother and her *entourage*, he would have married. In a journal of this lady's I find the following interesting account of the search for her nephew: "The separate warrant went by a messenger, attended by the sheriff and a party of soldiers, into Leinster House. The servants ran to Lady Edward, who was ill, and told her. She said directly, 'There is no help: send them up.' They asked very civilly for her papers and for Edward's, and she gave them all. Her apparent distress moved Major O'Kelly to tears, and their whole conduct was proper."

Lady Edward Fitzgerald (whose husband had served under Lord Moira in America) was at Moira House on the evening of her husband's arrest. Writing from Castletown, county Kildare, two days after that event, Lady Louisa Connolly, Lord Edward's aunt, says: "As soon as Edward's wound was dressed he desired the private secretary at the Castle to write for him to Lady Edward and tell her what had happened. The secretary carried the note himself. Lady E. was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mountcashel's came soon after to forbid Lady Edward's servants saying anything to her that night." She continued, after Lord E.'s death, to reside at Moira House till obliged by an order of the privy council to retire to England, where she became the guest of her husband's uncle, the duke of Richmond.†

Lady Moira, who so kindly befriended Lady Edward, was unquestionably a very remarkable woman, and had considerable influence, politically and socially, in the Dublin of her day. Although an Englishwoman, she became in some respects *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*, and for a very long period prior to her death never quitted the soil of Ireland. Had the Irish aristocracy generally been of the complexion of those who assembled in the more intimate reunions at Moira House, the history of that country during the past century would have been a widely different one. The members of that brilliant circle were thorough anti-Unionists, and Lord Moira and his sons-in-law, the earls of Granard and Mountcashel, proved that they were not to be conciliated by bribes, either in money or honors, by entering their formal protest against that measure on the books of the Irish House of Lords.

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* The Fitzgeralds, of which family the duke of Leinster is chief, became Protestant in 1611, when George, sixteenth earl of Kildare, coming to the title and estates when eight years old, was given in ward, according to the custom of the time, to the duke of Lenox (then lord privy seal), who bred him a Protestant.

† In June, 1798, the corpse of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was conveyed from the jail of Newgate and entombed in St. Werburgh's church, Dublin, until the times would admit of their being removed to the family vault at Kildare. "A guard," says his brother, "was to have attended at Newgate the night of my poor brother's burial, in order to provide against all interruption from the different guards and patrols in the streets: it never arrived, which caused the funeral to be several times stopped on its way, so that the funeral did not take place until nearly two in the morning, and the people attending were obliged to stay in church until a pass could be procured to permit them to go out."

When the delegates on behalf of Catholic claims came to London in 1792, it was this enlightened Irish nobleman who received them, and who, in the event of the minister declining to admit them, intended as a peer to have claimed an audience of the king. Lord Moira both in the English and Irish Houses of Peers denounced the oppressive measures of the government, and his opposition gave so much offence that the English general Lake was reported to have declared that if a town in the North was to be burnt, they had best begin with Lord Moira's, causing him so much apprehension that he removed his collection, which was of extraordinary value, from his seat, Moira Hall, in the county Down, to England.

The celebrated John Wesley visited Lady Moira at Moira House in 1775, "and was surprised to observe, though not a more grand, a far more elegant room than he had ever seen in England. It was an octagon, about twenty feet square, and fifteen or sixteen high, having one window (the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl) reaching from the top of the room to the bottom: the ceiling, sides and furniture of the room were equally elegant." It was here that two of the greatest members of their respective legislatures—Charles Fox and Henry Grattan—first met in 1777, and Moira House continued to be the scene of splendid entertainments up to the death of the first Lord Moira, in 1793. Wesley concludes his letter about Moira House by asking, "Must this too pass away like a dream?" Whether like a dream or no, it certainly has been signally the fate of this whilom proud mansion to pass from the highest to the very humblest almost at a bound. For some years after Lady Moira's death (in 1808) the house was kept up by the family, but in 1826 it was let to an anti-mendicity society. The upper story was removed, the mansion was stripped throughout of its splendid decorations—some of the furniture is now at Castle Forbes, the seat of the earl of Granard, Lady Moira's great-grandson, a worthy descendant—and the saloons which were wont to be thronged with the most brilliant and splendid society of the Irish metropolis in its heyday are now the abode of perhaps the very poorest outcasts who are to be found in the whole wide world.

The district in which Moira House stands has long ceased to be fashionable. The mansion stands close to the Liffey, a few yards back from the road. An elderly man who has charge of the mendicity institution for whose purposes the house is at present used, told me that he remembered it when kept up by the family, although its members were not actually residing there. What is now a fearfully dreary courtyard, where the outcasts of Dublin disport themselves, was then, he said, a fine garden with splendid mulberry trees, which he, being a favorite with the gardener, was permitted to climb — a circumstance which had naturally impressed itself on his childish memory. I told him that I had heard that long after the difficulties of the first marquis—who lent one hundred thousand pounds to George the Magnificent when that glorious prince was at the last gasp for *£ s. d.*—had compelled him to part with his large estates in the county Down, he had retained possession of this mansion, and that it had even descended to the last marquis, whose wild career concluded when he was only six-and-twenty; but the old man thought it had passed from them long before. He remembered, he said, the last peer (with whom the title became extinct) coming to Dublin, because he had an interview with him about some furniture for his yacht, my informant being at that time in business, and he thought he should have heard if the property had been still retained. I asked if the marquis had exhibited any interest as to the old historical mansion of his family. "Not the slightest," he replied.

Hardy, in his well-known life of Lord Charlemont, says: "His (Lord Moira's) house will be long, very long, remembered: it was for many years the seat of refined hospitality, of good-nature and of good conversation. In doing the honors of it, Lord Moira had certainly one advantage above most men, for he had every assistance that true magnificence, the nobleness of manners peculiar to exalted birth, and talents for society the most cultivated, could give him in his illustrious countess."

Powerscourt House, a really noble mansion in St. Andrew street, is now used by a great wholesale firm, but is so little altered that it could be fitted for a private residence again in a very brief time. The staircase is grand in proportion, and the steps and balustrades are of polished mahogany, the last being richly carved.

Tyrone House is now the Education Office, and Mornington House, where Wellington's father resided, and where or at Dangan—for it is a doubtful point—the duke was born, is also used for government purposes.

The great squares of Dublin are St. Stephen's Green, Rutland, Mountjoy, Merrion and Fitzwilliam Squares. The first of these dates from the latter half of the seventeenth century, and is probably in a far more prosperous condition now than it ever was before. If we are to judge by Whitelaw's history, it presented in 1819 an aspect such as no public square out of Dublin—the enclosure of Leicester Square, London, excepted—could present. "Of that kind of architectural beauty," he says, "which arises from symmetry and regularity, here are no traces." Some houses were on a level with the streets, others were approached by a grand *perron*. The proprietors were of all degrees: here was the great house of a lord, there a miserable dramshop. The enclosure consisted of no less than thirteen acres, making Stephen's Green the largest public square in Europe. It was simply a great treeless field, with an equestrian statue of George II. stuck in the middle of it. The principal entrance to the ground is described as "decorated with four piers of black stone crowned with globes of mountain granite, once respectable, but exhibiting shameful symptoms of neglect and decay." There had been a gravel walk called the "Beaux' Walk," from its having been a fashionable resort, "but," says Whitelaw, "the ditch which bounds it is now usually filled with stagnant water, which seems to be the appropriate receptacle of animal bodies in a disgusting state of putrefaction." At night this charming recreation-ground was illumined by twenty-six lamps, at a distance of one hundred and seventy feet from each other, stuck on wooden poles. Such an account of the grand square of Dublin does not make one surprised to learn that the main approach to it from the heart of the city was of a very miserable description.

In reading Whitelaw's history of Dublin it is impossible not to be struck with the fact that it records a degree of neglect and indifference on the part of the people and the local authorities to beauty, decency and order such as could scarcely be found in another country. In the centre of Merrion Square was a fountain of very ambitious expense and design, erected to the honor of the duke and duchess of Rutland, a lord and lady lieutenant. The fountain was only finished in 1791, but "from a fault in the foundation, or some shameful negligence in the construction, is already cracked and bulged in several places; and though intended as a monument to perpetuate the memory of an illustrious nobleman and his heroic father (the famous Lord Granby), is, after an existence of only sixteen years, tottering to its fall." Mr. Whitelaw continues: "Unhappily, *a savage barbarism that seems hostile to every idea of order or decency, of beauty and elegance, prevails among but too many of the lower orders;* and hence the decorations of almost every public fountain have been destroyed or disfigured: the figure, shamefully mutilated, of the water-nymph in this fountain has been reduced to a disgusting trunk, and the *alto relievo* over it shows equal symptoms of decay, arising partly from violence, and partly, perhaps, from the perishable nature of the materials."

Truly a forcible picture of art and the appreciation thereof in Ireland!

During the last century some Italians came to Dublin, who left their mark upon the interior decorations of rich men's houses. Many of the old houses retain the beautiful mantelpieces designed and executed by these accomplished artists. A leading house-fitter of Dublin has, however, bought up a good many, and they are finding their way to London, where it is to be hoped they may produce a revolution in taste, for London mantelpieces are, as a rule, hideous. Some of these specimens of art have been bought by wealthy Irishmen and transferred to their country-houses. One nobleman, Lord Langford, whose ancestral home was wrecked in the rebellion of 1798, has lately been restoring it, and bought up many of the Dublin mantelpieces.

The ornamentation of Belvedere House, in Gardener Row, is particularly elaborate and in wonderfully good repair.

Irish family history contains few sadder stories than that of the first countess of Belvedere. Lord Belvedere was a man of fashion who much frequented St. James's, and indeed owed his elevation, first to a barony and then to an earldom, to the favor of that highly uninteresting monarch, George II. Leaving his wife sometimes for long periods at Gaulston, a vast and dreary residence (since pulled down) in Westmeath, he betook himself to London, and Lady Belvedere at such times lived much with her husband's brother, Mr. Arthur Rochfort, and his family. It is said that some woman with whom Lord Belvedere had long been connected was determined to make mischief between him and his wife. Eight years after their marriage, Lady Belvedere was accused of adultery with Mr. Rochfort: in an action of *crim. con.* damages to the extent of twenty thousand pounds were given, and the defendant was obliged to fly the country. For many years he lived abroad, but at length ventured to return, when his brother caused him to be arrested, and he died in confinement, protesting to the last, as did Lady Belvedere, his innocence. For Lady Belvedere a terrible punishment for her alleged misdeeds was in store. Her husband quitted Gaulston for a cheerful retreat in another part of the county, and henceforth that gloomy mansion became the prison-house of the unhappy countess.

When her imprisonment commenced Lady Belvedere was twenty-five. For eighteen years she remained a prisoner. Her husband often visited Gaulston, but uniformly avoided all personal communication with her. Once she succeeded in speaking to him, but her entreaties were in vain, and thenceforward, whenever he was about the grounds at Gaulston, the attendant accompanying Lady Belvedere in her walks was instructed to ring a bell to give warning of her approach. At length, after twelve years of captivity, Lady Belvedere contrived to escape, but Lord Belvedere, who had been apprised of the fact, reached her father's house in Dublin before her, and she found that his representations had weighed so strongly with Lord Molesworth—who had married a second time—that orders had been given that she was not to be admitted. She then took a very unfortunate step by repairing to the house of her friends, the wife and family of the brother-in-law with whom she had been accused of being guilty of misconduct, Mr. Rochfort himself being in exile. She was presently seized and reconveyed to Gaulston, where a much more rigorous treatment was henceforth pursued toward her. At length her husband's death set her free.

Lady Belvedere passed the rest of her days in peace and comfort at the house of her daughter and son-in-law, Lord and Lady Lanesborough. She did not long survive her husband, and on her deathbed, after partaking of the holy communion, affirmed with a most solemn oath her perfect innocence of the crime for which she had suffered so much.

But perhaps in many respects Charlemont House has the most interesting recollections connected with it of all the *grand-seigneur* mansions of the Irish metropolis. It was here that the first earl of Charlemont, the best specimen of a nobleman that Ireland has to boast of, passed the greater portion of his later life. Lord Charlemont's name is to be found in all the memoirs of eminent political and literary men of his time. He was the friend of Burke and Johnson, a popular member of *the* club, and a munificent patron of literature and art. But more than all this, he stuck bravely to his country, and to no man in Ireland did the Stopford motto, *Patriæ infelici fidelis*, more correctly apply. Had more of his order been like him, what a different country might Ireland have been!

I found Charlemont House full of painters and glaziers. The mansion, which was retained *in statu quo* by the late earl, although for fifty years no member of the family had slept there, has now been sold to the government, and is being prepared for the accommodation of the survey department. The mouldings of the beautiful ceilings are still extant in some of the rooms, although what once was gilt is now whitewash. The library is much as it was, minus the very valuable collection of books, which were sold some time since by the present earl, and fetched a large sum, albeit many of the most valuable were destroyed in a fire which broke out at the auctioneer's where they were deposited in London.*

With his friend Edmund Burke, Lord Charlemont maintained a close correspondence. One of Burke's published letters relates to an American gentleman, Mr. Shippen, whom he was introducing to the hospitalities of Charlemont House, and whom he describes as very agreeable, sensible and accomplished. "America and we," he concludes, "are not under the same crown, but if we are united by mutual good-will and reciprocal good offices, perhaps it may do almost as well. Mr. Shippen will give you no unfavorable specimen of the New World."

From the middle of the last century Henrietta street,† on the north bank of the Liffey, was the residence of many of the leading members of the aristocracy. The street is a *cul-de-sac*, with the King's Inn (the Temple and Lincoln's Inn of Dublin) at the farther end. The houses are extremely spacious and richly ornamented; in fact, far finer in point of proportion and design than ordinary London houses of the first class.

Through the politeness of a gentleman who possesses half the street, I went over some of the houses, which are extremely spacious, and contain beautifully-proportioned rooms richly ornamented with carving and moulding. In what was formerly Mountjoy House I found a dining-room whose cornices and ceilings were of the most elegant design and execution. This house had seen many curious scenes. It was formerly the town-house of the earl of Blessington—whose second title was Viscount Mountjoy—to whom the whole street belonged. The founder of this family, Luke Gardiner, rose from a humble origin by energy and intrigue, and his son married the heiress of the Mountjoys. It was occupied up to 1830 by the last earl of Blessington, husband of the celebrated literary star. Soon after their marriage Lady Blessington accompanied her husband to Ireland, and he invited some of his friends who were ignorant of the event to dine at his house in Henrietta street. These latter were somewhat startled when he entered the room with a beautiful woman leaning on his arm whom he introduced as his wife. Among the guests was a gentleman who had been in that room only four years before, when the walls were hung with black, and in the centre, on an elevated platform, was placed a coffin with a gorgeous velvet pall, with the remains in it of a woman once scarcely surpassed in loveliness by the lady then present in bridal costume. This was the first Lady Blessington.

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* Lord Charlemont had a seat called Marino, beautifully situated within a few miles of Dublin. There is within the grounds an exquisite building erected from designs of Sir William Chambers. It is a small villa, in its arrangements suggesting a *maison de joie*. The furniture is just as it was, and although sadly out of repair, the visitor can easily judge how exquisite the place must once have been. There is a superb mantelpiece, richly mounted in bronze and inlaid with lapis lazuli.

† The occupants of Henrietta street in 1784 included — the primate (Lord Rokeby); the earl of Shannon; Hon. Dr. Maxwell, bishop of Meath; the bishop of Kilmore; the bishop of Clogher; Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, M. P.; Viscount Kingsborough; Right Hon. D. Bowes-Daly, M. P.; Sir E. Crofton, Bart.

Twenty years later, Dublin was nearly deserted by the aristocracy on account of the Union. Up to that time nearly all the peers, except those really English, seem to have had residences in Dublin. In 1844, Lords Longford, De Vesci and Monck were the only peers who had houses there.

The last of the Irish noblesse in this street was Lady Harriet, widow of the Right Hon. Denis Bowes-Daly, on whom Grattan passed such warm eulogies, and who was the original of Lever's happiest creation, *The Knight of Gwynne.*

It has been a frequent subject of conjecture why the Phœnix Park was so called. The best explanation seems to be that on a site within its boundaries there formerly stood, close to a remarkable spring of water, an ancient manor-house. The manor was called Fionn-uisge, pronounced *finniské*, which signifies clear or fair water, and this term easily became corrupted into Phœnix. The land became Crown property in 1559, and was made into a park in 1662. It was immensely improved and put into its present shape by the earl of Chesterfield, author of the *Letters*—one of the best viceroys Ireland ever had—about 1743. The area is seventeen hundred and sixty acres. With the exception of Windsor and our own Fairmount, no public park in the world can compare with it. The ground undulates charmingly, the views are extensive and beautiful.

Grouped around the Phœnix Park are many beautiful seats: the finest is Woodlands. This belonged formerly to the Luttrells, a notorious family, the head of which was raised to the Irish peerage as earl of Carhampton. It was with a Lord Carhampton that his son declined to fight a duel, not at all because he was his father, but because he "did not consider him a gentleman." Early in the century, Woodlands, then known as Luttrellstown, became the property of Luke White, one of the most remarkable men that Ireland has produced. In 1778, Luke White was in the habit of buying cheap odds and ends of literature from a bookseller, named Warren, in Belfast to peddle about the country. In 1798 he loaned the Irish government, then in great difficulty, a million of pounds! Mr. Warren, who found him very punctual and exact, used to permit him to leave his pack behind his counter and call for it in the morning. No one would then have dreamed that the greasy bag was to lead to such results. By degrees, White scraped together some means. He used to take odd volumes to a binder in Belfast and employ him to get the "vol." at the beginning and end of an odd volume erased, so as to pass it off among the unwary as a perfect book, and generally furbish it up. Then he used to sell his literary wares by auction in the streets of Belfast. The knowledge he thus acquired of public sales procured him a clerkship with a Dublin auctioneer. He opened first a book-stall, and then a regular book-shop, in Dawson street, a leading thoroughfare of Dublin. There he became eminent. He sold lottery-tickets, speculated in the funds and contracted for government loans. In 1798, when the rebellion broke out, the Irish government was desperately in need of funds. They came into the Dublin market for a loan of a million, and the best terms they could get were from Luke White, who offered to take it at sixty-five pounds per one hundred pound share at five per cent. — not unremunerative terms.

At the time of his death, in 1824, he had long been M. P. for Leitrim, and his son was member for the county of Dublin. He left property worth a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year. Eventually almost the whole of it devolved on his fourth son, who some years ago was created a peer of the United Kingdom as Lord Annaly.

The family has probably spent more than a million and a half of dollars on elections. It has always been on the Liberal side. The present peer has property in about a dozen counties, and is lord-lieutenant of Langford, whilst his younger son holds the same high office in Clare.

The University of Dublin consists of

a single college—Trinity. This edifice forms a prominent feature in the Irish metropolis. It stands in College Green, almost opposite to the Bank of Ireland, the former legislative chambers. Since the Union, Trinity College has been but little resorted to by men of the upper ranks of Irish society, although it has certainly contributed some very eminent men to the public service—notably, the late unfortunate governor-general, Lord Mayo, and Lord Cairns, ex-lord-chancellor of England. Trinity is one of the largest owners of real estate in the country. The fellowships are far better than those of the English universities. The provost, who occupies a large and stately mansion, has a separate estate worth some fifteen thousand dollars a year, which he manages himself.

Trinity has a very fine library. It is one of the five which by an act of Parliament has a right to demand from the publisher a copy of every work published. The origin of the library is quite unique. It dates from a benefaction by the victorious English army after its defeat of the Spaniards at Kinsale in 1603, when they devoted one thousand eight hundred pounds—a sum equivalent to five times that money at present rates—to establish a library in the university, being, it may be presumed, instigated by some eminent personage, who suggested that such a course would be acceptable to the queen, who had founded the university.

Dr. Chaloner and Mr. (afterward Archbishop) Ussher were appointed trustees of this donation; "and," says Dr. Parr, "it is somewhat remarkable that at this time, when the said persons were in London about laying out this money in books, they there met Sir Thomas Bodley, then buying books for his newly-erected library in Oxford; so that there began a correspondence between them upon this occasion, helping each other to procure the choicest and best books on moral subjects that could be gotten; so that the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford and that of Dublin began together."

The private collection of Ussher himself, consisting of ten thousand volumes, was the first considerable donation which the library received, and for this also, curiously enough, it was again indebted to the English army. In 1640, Ussher left Ireland. The insurgents soon after destroyed all his effects with the exception of his books, which were secured and sent to London. In 1642—when the troubles between King and Parliament had broken out—Ussher was nominated one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but having offended the parliamentary authorities by refusing to attend, his library was confiscated as that of a delinquent by order of the House of Commons. However, his friend, the celebrated John Selden, got leave to buy the books, as though for himself, but really to restore them to Ussher. Narrow circumstances subsequently caused him to leave the library to his daughter, instead of to Trinity. Cardinal Mazarin and the king of Denmark made offers for it, but Cromwell interfered to prevent their acceptance. Soon after, the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army then in Ireland, wishing to emulate those of Elizabeth, purchased the whole library, together with all the archbishop's very valuable manuscripts and a choice collection of coins, for the purpose of presenting them to the college. But when these articles were brought over to Ireland, Cromwell refused to permit the intentions of the donors to be carried into effect, alleging that he intended to found a new college, in which the collection might more conveniently be preserved separate from all other books. The library was therefore deposited in Dublin Castle, and so neglected that a great number of valuable books and manuscripts were stolen or destroyed. At the Restoration, Charles II. ordered that what remained of the primate's library should be given to the university, as originally intended.

One of the most extraordinary persons who ever occupied the position of provost, or indeed any position, was John Hely Hutchinson. He was a man of great ability, and perfectly determined to succeed, without being troubled with any very tiresome qualms as to the means he employed in the process. Such an officeholder as this man the world probably never saw. He was at the same time reversionary principal secretary of state for Ireland, a privy councilor, M. P. for Cork, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, major of the fourth regiment of horse, and searcher of the port of Strangford. When he was appointed provost—a situation always filled since the foundation by a bachelor—there was great indignation amongst the fellows, and to appease them he ultimately procured a decree permitting them to marry—a privilege which they, unlike their brethren at Oxford and Cambridge, enjoy to this day. His position as provost did not prevent his fighting a duel with a Mr. Doyle, but neither was hurt. Mr. Hutchinson had a great dislike to a Mr. Shrewbridge, one of the junior fellows, who had shown opposition to him. Mr. Shrewbridge died, and the under-graduates attributed his death to the provost's having refused him permission to go away for change of air. A thoroughly Hibernian *émeute* was the consequence. The provost ordered that the great bell, which usually tolls for a fellow, should not toll, and that the body should be privately buried at six A. M. in the fellows' burial-ground. The students immediately posted up placards that the great bell *should* toll, and that the funeral should be by torchlight. They carried the point. Almost all the students attended the corpse to the grave in scarfs and hatbands at their own expense, and when the funeral oration was pronounced they flew in wild excitement to the provost's house, burst open his doors and smashed the furniture to pieces. The provost had a hint given him, and with his family had retreated to his house near Dublin. It was subsequently stated on good authority that Mr. Shrewbridge could not in any case have recovered.

Any one who takes an interest in the most original writer—not to say, man—of the eighteenth century will not fail to find his way to "the Liberties," as that queer district is called which surrounds St. Patrick's Cathedral. Some years ago the present writer made his way into the great deserted deanery—the then dean resided in another part of the city—got the old woman in charge of the house to open the shutters of the dining-room, and gazed at the original portrait of Jonathan Swift, which hangs there an heirloom to his successors. Of the precincts of his cathedral he writes to Pope: "I am lord-mayor of one hundred and twenty houses,* I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, and am at peace with the neighboring princes—*i. e.*, the lord-mayor of the city and the archbishop of Dublin—but the latter sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did in Lorraine."

Again, he writes to Dr. Sheridan: "No soul has broken his neck or is hanged or married; only Cancerina is dead.† I let her go to her grave without a coffin and without fees."

St. Patrick's, which was in a deplorable state during Swift's deanship, and indeed for a century after, is now restored to its original magnificence. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it is not in a condition superior to what it ever was. This superb work has been effected entirely by the princely munificence of the Guinness family, the great *stout* brewers of Dublin; and Mr. Roe, a wealthy distiller, is now engaged in the work of restoring Christ Church, the other Protestant cathedral.

I paid a visit to the Bank of Ireland, the edifice on which the hopes of so many patriotic Irishmen have been centred, insomuch as it is the old Parliament-house. The elderly official who conducted us over the building took us first through the bank-note manufacturing rooms, where we espied in a corner a queer wooden figure draped in a queerer uniform. Demanding its history, he said that the clothes had belonged to an old servant of the establishment, and were discovered after his decease a few years ago. Formerly the Bank of Ireland was guarded by a special corps of its own, and the ancient retainer, who had been a member of this very commercial regiment, was proud of it, and had kept his dress as a cherished memorial. When George IV. came to Ireland, on his celebrated popularity-hunt, in 1821—previous to which no English monarch had visited Ireland since William III.—he graciously condescended to give the bank a military guard, which has since been continued. On the day I went I found a number of soldiers of the Scots Fusileer Guards occupying the guard-room. The officer on duty receives an allowance of two dollars and a half for his dinner. At the Bank of England he gets instead a dinner for himself and a friend, and a couple of bottles of wine.

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* The precincts, including a portion of the Liberties, were then entirely under the jurisdiction of the dean of St. Patrick's.

† It was a part of the grim and ghastly humor of this extraordinary man,

> "Who left what little wealth he had
> To found a home for fools or mad,
> And prove by one satiric touch
> No nation wanted it so much,"

to give nicknames, of which Cancerina was one, to the poor old wretches he met in his walks, to whom he gave charity.

Amongst Cancerina's sisters in misery were Stompanympha, Pullagowna, Friterilla, Stumphantha.

The interior of the Parliament-house is almost the same as when Ireland had her own separate legislature. The House of Lords is in precisely the condition in which it was left in 1801. It is a large oak-paneled, oblong chamber of no particular beauty, and might very well pass for the dining-hall of a London guild. There is a handsome fireplace, and the walls are in great part covered with two fine pieces of tapestry representing the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Derry, King William, "of glorious, pious and immortal," etc., being of course the most conspicuous object in the foreground. The attendant stated that a special clause in the lease of the buildings to the Bank of Ireland Company stipulated that the House of Lords was to remain *in statu quo*. Perhaps it may return some of these days to its former use. The House of Commons, a large stone hall of stately dimensions, is now the cash-office of the bank. There seemed nothing about it architecturally to call for special notice. I mooted the probability of the Parliament being restored, but found, rather to my surprise, that the attendant was by no means disposed to regard such a step with unqualified approval. It would be a blessing if the country was fit to govern itself, he said, or words to that effect, but looking at the religious dissension and political bitterness existing in the country, he feared that it wouldn't do yet a while; and I suspect he's right. Ireland is a house divided against itself: fifty years hence it may resemble Scotland. Meanwhile, there is no doubt whatever that a measure giving both Ireland and Scotland something in the nature of State legislatures would find favor with many English M. P.s, who greatly grudge having the valuable time of the imperial legislature wasted over a gas-bill in Tipperary or a water-works scheme for Dundee. The bank seemed to me to be guarded with extraordinary care. I went all over the roof, on which a guard is mounted at night. At "coigns of vantage" there is a bullet-proof palisading, with peepholes through which a volley of musketry might be poured. I should fancy that extra precautions have probably been taken since the Fenian *émeutes* of the last ten years.

Dublin swarms with soldiers, constabulary and police. The metropolitan police is divided into six divisions, each two hundred strong. Its men are, I believe, beyond a doubt the very finest in the world in point of physique. Numbers of them are six feet two or three inches high, and they are broad and athletic in proportion. Indeed, the magnificence of some of them who are detached for duty at certain "great confluences of human existence" is such that you see strangers standing and gaping at the giants in sheer amazement. The metropolitan police is quite distinct from the constabulary, and under a different chief.

Outside the bank, in College Green, is the celebrated statue of William III. Its location has been more than once changed, and it is now placed where the officer on guard at the bank can keep an eye upon it. This fearful object, which would make a Pradier or Chantrey shudder, is painted and gilt annually.

It has long served as a bone of contention between Protestant and Papist, and has come off very badly several times at the hands of the latter—a circumstance which probably accounts for one of the horse's legs being about a foot longer than the rest—half of that limb having been renewed after it had been lost in one of the many free fights in which this remarkable quadruped has seen service.

The greatest proprietor of real estate in Dublin is the young earl of Pembroke, son of the late Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, so well known in connection with the Crimean war, who was created, shortly before his death, Lord Herbert of Lea. His estate, which is the most valuable in Ireland, comprises Merrion Square and all the most fashionable part of the Irish metropolis, and extends for several miles along the railway line running from Kingstown, the landing-place from England, to the capital. The property also includes Mount Merrion, a neglected seat about four miles from the city. This mansion, which might easily be made delightful, commands a charming view over the lovely bay, and is surrounded by a small but picturesque park containing deer. It was, with the rest of Lord Pembroke's estate, formerly the property of Viscount Fitzwilliam, who founded the Fitzwilliam Museum in the University of Cambridge.

Lord Fitzwilliam was a somewhat eccentric person. His nearest relation had displeased him by some very trivial offence, such as coming down late for dinner, so he determined to leave his estate to his distant cousin, Lord Pembroke. Falling ill, Lord Fitzwilliam desired that Lord Pembroke might be summoned from London. Word came back that it was unfortunately impossible for him to leave England immediately. Presently news arrived from Dublin that Lord Fitzwilliam was dead, and had bequeathed all—the property is now three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year—to Lord Pembroke, with remainder to his second son. By the death of the late Lord Pembroke the English and Irish properties have become united, and are to-day worth not less than six hundred thousand dollars a year! It is this young nobleman who has lately written *The Earl and The Doctor.*

REGINALD WYNFORD.

# THE MAESTRO'S CONFESSION.

(ANDREA DAL CASTAGNO—1460.)

## I.

THREESCORE and ten!
I wish it were all to live again.
Doesn't the Scripture somewhere say,
By reason of strength men oft-times may
Even reach fourscore? Alack! who knows?
Ten sweet, long years of life! I would paint
Our Lady and many and many a saint,
And thereby win my soul's repose.
Yet, Fra Bernardo, you shake your head:
Has the leech once said
I must die? But he
Is only a fallible man, you see:
Now, if it had been our father the pope,
I should *know* there was then no hope.

Were only I sure of a few kind years
More to be merry in, then my fears
I'd slip for a while, and turn and smile
At their hated reckonings: whence the need
Of squaring accounts for word and deed
Till the lease is up? . . . How? hear I right?
No, no! You could not have said, *To-night!*

## II.

Ah, well! ah, well!
"Confess"—you tell me—"and be forgiven."
Is there no easier path to heaven?
Santa Maria! how can I tell
What, now for a score of years and more,
I've buried away in my heart so deep
That, howso tired I've been, I've kept
Eyes waking when near me another slept,
Lest I might mutter it in my sleep?
And now at the last to blab it clear!
How the women will shrink from my pictures! And worse
Will the men do—spit on my name, and curse;
But then up in heaven I shall not hear.

I faint! I faint!
Quick, Fra Bernardo! The figure stands
There in the niche—my patron saint:
Put it within my trembling hands
Till they are steadier. So!
My brain
Whirled and grew dizzy with sudden pain,
Trying to span that gulf of years,
Fronting again those long-laid fears.
*Confess?* Why, yes, if I must, I must.
Now good Sant' Andrea be my trust!
But fill me first, from that crystal flask,
Strong wine to strengthen me for my task.
(That thing is a gem of craftsmanship:
Just mark how its curvings fit the lip.)

Ah, you, in your dreamy, tranquil life,
How can *you* fathom the rage and strife,
The blinding envy, the burning smart,
That, worm-like, gnaws the Maestro's heart
When he sees another snatch the prize
Out from under his very eyes,
For which he would barter his soul? You see
I taught him his art from first to last:
Whatever he was he owed to me.
And then to be browbeat, overpassed,
Stealthily jeered behind the hand!
Why that was more than a saint could stand;
And I was no saint. And if my soul,
With a pride like Lucifer's, mocked control,

And goaded me on to madness, till
I lost all measure of good or ill,
Whose gift was it, pray? Oh, many a day
I've cursed it, yet whose is the blame, I say?

*His name?* How strange that you question so,
When I'm sure I have told it o'er and o'er,
And why should you care to hear it more?

### III.

Well, as I was saying, Domenico
Was wont of my skill to make such light,
That, seeing him go on a certain night
Out with his lute, I followed. Hot
From a war of words, I heeded not
  Whither I went, till I heard him twang
A madrigal under the lattice where
  Only the night before *I* sang.
—A double robbery! and I swear
'Twas overmuch for the flesh to bear.

*Don't ask me.* I knew not what I did,
But I hastened home with my rapier hid
Under my cloak, and the blade was wet.
  Just open that cabinet there and see
The strange red rustiness on it yet.

A calm that was dead as dead could be
Numbed me: I seized my chalks to trace—
What think you?—*Judas Iscariot's face!*
I just had finished the scowl, no more,
When the shuffle of feet drew near my door
  (We lived together, you know I said):
Then wide they flung it, and on the floor
  Laid down Domenico—dead!

Back swam my senses: a sickening pain
Tingled like lightning through my brain,
And ere the spasm of fear was broke,
The men who had borne him homeward spoke
Soothingly: "Some assassin's knife
Had taken the innocent artist's life—
Wherefore, 'twere hard to say: all men
Were prone to have troubles now and then
The world knew naught of. Toward his friend
Florence stood waiting to extend
Tenderest dole." Then came my tears,
And I've been sorry these twenty years.

Now, Fra Bernardo, you have my sin:
Do you think Saint Peter will let me in?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

# MONSIEUR FOURNIER'S EXPERIMENT.

*"La transfusion parait avoir eu quelque succès dans ces derniers temps."*

A DEJECTED man, M. le docteur Maurice Fournier locked the door of his physiological laboratory in the Place de l'École de Médecine, and walked away toward his rooms in the rue Rossini. At two-and-thirty, rich, brilliant, an ambitious graduate of l'École de Médecine, an enthusiastic pupil of Claude Bernard's, a devoted lover of science, and above all of physiology, yesterday he was without a care save to make his name great among the great names of science—to win for himself a place in the foremost rank of the followers of that mistress whom only he loved and worshiped. To-day a word had swept away all his fondest hopes. Trousseau, the keenest observer in all Paris, formerly his father's friend, now no less his own, had kindly but firmly called his attention to himself, and to the malady that had so imperceptibly and insidiously fastened itself upon him that until the moment he never dreamed of its approach. He had been too full of his work to think of himself. In any other case he would scarcely have dared to dispute the opinion of the highest medical authority in Europe; nevertheless in his own he began to argue the matter: "But, my dear doctor, I am well."

"No, my friend, you are not. You are thin and pale, and I noticed the other night, when you came late to the meeting of the Institute, that your breathing was quick and labored, and that the reading of your excellent paper was frequently interrupted by a short cough."

"That was nothing. I was hurried and excited, and I have been keeping myself too closely to my work. A run to Dunkerque, a week of rest and sea-air, will make all right again."

But the great man shook his head gravely: "Not weeks, but years, of a different life are needed. You must give up the laboratory altogether if you want to live. Remember your mother's fate and your father's early death—think of the deadly blight that fell so soon upon the rare beauty of your sister. Some day you will realize your danger: realize it now, in time. Close your laboratory, lock up your library, say adieu to Paris, and lead the life of a traveler, an Arab, a Tartar. For the present cease to dream of the future: strength is better than a professorship in the College of France, and health more than the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Fournier was at first surprised and incredulous: he became convinced, then alarmed. After some thought he was horribly dejected. At such a time an Englishman becomes stolid, a German gives up utterly, an American begins to live fast, since he may not live long; but he, being a Frenchman and a Parisian, had alternations—first, the idea of suicide, which means sleep; second, reaction, which is hopefulness.

He chose to react, and did it promptly. A little time, and the rooms in the Place de l'École de Médecine, opposite the bookseller's, displayed a card stuck on the entrance-door with red wafers, "*à louer*," the hammer of the auctioneer knocked down the comfortable furniture of the apartments in the rue Rossini, while that of the carpenter nailed up the well-beloved books in stout boxes, and the places that had known M. le docteur knew him no more. None but those who have experienced the pleasures of a life devoted to scientific research can understand how hard all this was to him. The fulfillment of long-cherished desires, the completion of elaborate systematic investigations, the realization of pet theories, the establishment of new principles, —all, all abandoned after so much toil and care. To struggle painfully through a desert toward some beautiful height, which, at first dimly seen, has grown clearer and clearer and always more splendid as he advances, and now at its very foot to be turned back by a gloomy stream in whose depths lurks death itself; to reach out his hand to the golden truth, fruit of much winnowing of human knowledge, and as he grasps the precious grains to be borne back by a grim spectre whose very breath is horrible with the noisome odors of the tomb; to choose an arduous life, and learn to love it because it has high aims, and then to give it up at once and utterly!—alas, poor Fournier!

"Nevertheless," he said as he turned his back on Paris, "even idle wanderings are better than dying of consumption."

Behold the student of science a wanderer—sailing his yacht among the islands of the Mediterranean; making long journeys through the wild mountain-regions and lovely valleys of untraveled Spain; stemming the historic current of the Nile; among the nomad tribes, in Arab costume riding an Arabian mare, as wild an Arab as the wildest of them; killing tigers in India, tending stock in Australia, chasing buffaloes in Western America,—everywhere avoiding civilization and courting Nature and the company of men who either by birth or adoption were the children of Nature. By day the winds of heaven kissed his cheeks and the sun bronzed them: at night he often fell asleep wondering at the star-worlds that gemmed the only canopy over his welcome blanket-couch.

His treatment of consumption was certainly a rational one, and perhaps the only one that is ever wholly successful. But, alas! few can take so costly a prescription.

How often had his studies led him to dissect the bodies of animals that had died in their dens in the Jardin des Plantes! Often in the first generation of cage-life, almost always in the second, invariably in the third, they grow dull, listless, the fire goes out of their eyes, the litheness out of their limbs: they forget to eat, they cough, and soon they die. Of what? Consumption. Once our fathers were wild and lived in the open air: they scarcely ever died, as we do, of consumption. Crowded cities, bad drainage, overwork, want of healthful exercise, stimulating food, dissipation,—these are human cage-life. If a man is threatened with consumption, let him go back to the plains and forests before it is too late.

Certainly the treatment benefited Fournier. By and by it did more—it cured him. The cough was forgotten, the cheeks filled out, the muscles became hard as bundles of steel wire, his strength was prodigious: he ate his food with a relish unknown in Paris, and slept like a child.

Nevertheless, his mind, trained to habits of thought and observation, was not idle. When a city was his home he had been a physiologist and had studied *man*: he made the world his dwelling-place, and wandering among the nations he became an ethnologist and began to study *men*.

A distinguished professor, writing of the influence of climate upon man, for the sake of illustration supposes the case of a human being whose life should be prolonged through many ages, and who should pass that life in journeying slowly from the arctic regions southward through the varying climates of the earth to the eternal winter of the antarctic zòne. Always preserving his personal identity, this traveler would undergo remarkable changes in form, feature and complexion, in habits and modes of life, and in mental and moral attributes. Though he might have been perfectly white at first, his skin would pass through every degree of darkness until he reached the equator, when it would be black. Proceeding onward, he would gradually become fairer, and on reaching the end of his journey he would again be pale. His intellectual powers would vary also, and with them the shape of his skull. His forehead, low and retreating, would by degrees assume a nobler form as he advanced to more genial climes, the facial angle reaching its maximum in the temperate zone, only to gradually diminish as he journeyed toward the torrid, and to again exhibit under the equator its original base development.

As he continued his journey toward the south pole he would undergo a second time this series of progressing and retrograding changes, until at length, as he laid his weary bones to rest in some icy cave in the drear antarctics,

> Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,

he would be in every respect, save in age and a ripe experience, the same as at the outset of his wanderings.

Extravagant as this illustration may appear, the professor goes on to say, philosophically, on the doctrine of the unity of the human race, it is not so; for what else than such an imaginary prolonged individual life is the life of the race? And what greater changes have occurred to our imaginary traveler than have actually befallen the human family?

The facts are patent. Under the equator is found the negro, in the temperate zones the Indo-European, and toward the pole the Lapp and Esquimaux. They are as different as the climates in which they dwell; nevertheless, history, philology, the common traditions of the race, revelation, point to their brotherhood.

How is it that climate can bring about such modifications in man? Is it possible that the sun, shining upon his face and his children's faces for ages, can make their skin dark, and their hair crisp and curly, and their foreheads low? Or that sunshine and shadow, springtime and autumn, summer's showers beating upon him and winter's snows falling about his path, can make him fair and free? Or that the dreary night and cheerless day of many changeless arctic years can make him short and fat and stolid as a seal? Surely not. These avail much; but other influences, indirect and obscure in their workings, but not the less essentially climatic, are required. Food, raiment, shelter, occupation, amusement, influences that tell upon the very citadel and stronghold of life — and all in their very nature climatic, since they are controlled and modified by climate—are the means by which such changes are effected. The savage living in the open air, not trammeled with much clothing, anointing his skin with oil, eating uncooked food, delighting in the chase and in battle, and living thus because his surroundings indicate it, becomes swart and athletic, fierce, cunning and cruel—takes ethnologically the lowest place. Of literature, science, art, he knows nothing: for him will is justice, fear law, some miserable fetich God. Still, in his nature lie dormant all the capabilities of the noblest manhood, awaiting only favorable surroundings to call them into glorious being. It might shock the salt of the earth to reflect that some centuries of life among them and their fair descendants would make him like them.

The arctic savage clad in furs and eating blubber does not differ essentially from his brother of the tropics. So much of his food is necessarily converted into heat that he cannot afford to lead so active a life; but he also, like him of the tropics, partakes with his surroundings in color. The one, living amid snow-clad scenery, where the sparse vegetation is gray and grayish-green, and the birds and animals almost as white as the snow over which they wander, is pale, etiolated. The other, under a vertical sun, surrounded by a lush and lusty growth, whose flowers for variety and intensity of color are beyond description, and in which birds of brightest plumage and black and tawny beasts make their home, has the most marked supply of pigment—is dark-hued, black, in short a negro. Between these two extremes is the typical man, fair of face, with expanded brow and wavy hair, well fed, well clad, well housed, wresting from Nature her hidden things and making her mightiest forces the workers of his will; heaping together knowledge, cherishing art, reverencing justice, worshiping God. How startling the contrast between brothers!

Such changes do not take place in a few generations. For their completion hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years must elapse. The descendants of the blacks who were carried from Africa to America as slaves two centuries and a half ago, save where their color has been modified by a mixed parentage, are still black. Already the influence of new climatic surroundings and of association has wrought great changes upon them: they are no longer savages. But their complexion is as dark as that of their kidnapped forefathers. Their original physical condition remains almost unaltered, and with it many mental characteristics: their love of display and of bright colors, their fondness for tune and the power of music to move them, their weird and fantastic belief in ghosts and spirits, in signs, omens and charms, and many other traits, still bear witness to their savage origin. But even these are fading away, and these men are slowly but not the less surely becoming civilized and *white*.

The point of departure for every structural change in a living organism lies in the apparatus by which nutrition is maintained; and this in the higher classes is the blood. Most complex and wonderful of fluids, it contains in unexplained and inscrutable combination salts of iron, lime, soda and potassa, with water, oil, albumen, paraglobulin and fibrinogen, which united form fibrine—in fact, at times, some part of everything we eat and all that goes to form our bodies, which it everywhere permeates, vitalizes and sustains. Borne in countless numbers in its ever-ebbing and returning streams are little disks, flattened, bi-concave, not larger in man than one-three-thousandth of an inch in diameter, called red corpuscles, whose part it is to carry from the lungs to the tissues pure oxygen, without which the fire called life cannot be sustained, and back from the tissues to the lungs carbonic acid, one of the products of that fire; and larger, yet marvelously small, bodies called leucocytes or white corpuscles, whose precise origin and use to this day, in spite of all the labor that has been spent upon their study, remain unknown. But that which makes the blood wonderful above all other fluids is its vitality. Our common expression, "life's blood," is no idle phrase. The blood is indeed the very throne of life. If its springs are pure and bountiful, if its currents flow strong and free, muscle, bone and brain grow in symmetry and power, and there is cunning to devise and the strong right arm to execute. But if it be thin and poor, and its circulation feeble and uncertain, the will flags, the mind is weak and vacillating, the muscles grow puny, and the man becomes an unresisting prey to disease and circumstance. If it escape through a wound, strength ebbs with it, until at length life itself flows out with the unchecked crimson stream. Thus, then, by acting upon the blood, climate has wrought and is working such changes upon man. But why are constantly-acting causes so slow in producing their effects? How is it that countless generations must pass away before purely climatic causes, potent as they are, begin to manifest themselves in physical changes in the races of men exposed to them?

Fournier, physiologist, as I have said, by the education of the schools, but by the broader education of his travels sociologist and ethnologist, devoted himself again to science, and framed this hypothesis: *Climatic influences, acting upon man, bring about physical changes exceedingly slowly, because they are resisted by an inveterate habit of assimilation. This habit pertains either to the blood or the tissues, possibly to both, probably to the blood alone.*

To establish an hypothesis experiment is necessary. Physiology is a science of experiment. Hence the frequent uncertainty of its results, since no two observers conduct an experiment in exactly the same manner—certainly no two ever institute it under precisely the same conditions. Nevertheless, let us not decry science. Out of much searching after truth comes the finding of truth—after long groping in darkness one comes upon a ray of light.

An experiment was necessary. To the ingenious mind of Fournier an elaborate one occurred. If he could perform it, not only would his hypothesis be established and confirmed beyond all cavil, but a field of scientific research also be opened such as was yet undreamed of. However, for this experiment subjects were needed. Brutes, beasts of the field? Not so: that were easy to achieve. Human beings, two living, healthy men, one white, one black, were the requirements. Impossible! The experiment could never be performed: its requirements were unattainable. O tempora! O mores! Alas, for the degeneracy of the age! In the days of the Roman emperors men were fed, literally fed, to wild beasts in the arena—Gauls, Scythians, Nubians, even Roman freedmen when barbarians were scarce. This to amuse the populace alone. Frightful waste of life! In India, a thousand lives thrown away in a day under the wheels of Juggernaut; in Europe, tens of thousands to gratify the imperious wills of grasping monarchs; in America, hundreds to sate the greed of railroad corporations. And now not two men to be had for an experiment of untold value to science, that would scarcely endanger life in one of them, and in the other would necessitate only the merest scratch! To what are we coming? No one complains that tattooed heads are going out of fashion—that the king of the Cannibal Isles no longer flatters a ship's master by inquiring which head of all his subjects is ornamented most to his fancy, and the next day sending him that head as a souvenir of his visit to the anthropophagic shores. It is well that the custom is dead. But is there not danger of drifting too far even toward the shore of compassion? May it not be that there is something wrong with the bowels of mercy when criminals are executed barbarously, while science needs their lives, or at least an insight into the method of their dying; when precise examination of the manner of nerve and blood supply to the organs of a superannuated horse is heavily finable; when charitable but perchance too enthusiastic societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals push their earnestness even to interference with scientific researches, because, forsooth! they jeopardize the lives of rabbits, guinea-pigs and dogs? The legend *Cave canem* bears a deeper meaning now than it did in the inlaid pavements of Pompeian vestibules. We dare not trample it under foot.

Five years passed, and with restored health back came the old desires in redoubled force. Fournier longed to return to civilization and to work. The life that had been so delightful while it did him good became utterly unbearable when he had reaped its full benefit. I am tempted to quote a line about Europe and Cathay, but refrain: it will recur to the reader. He burned to renew the labors he had abandoned, to take up again the work he had laid down to do battle with disease, now that disease was vanquished. Thus the year 1863 found him in the city of Charleston, homeward bound in his journey around the world.

While still in the wilds west of the Mississippi he could have shaped his course northward and readily proceeded directly by steamer from New York to Europe. But a determined purpose led him to choose a different course, though he was well aware that it would involve indefinite delay in reaching Paris, and great personal risk. The life he had been leading made him think lightly of danger, and years would be well spent if he could accomplish the plans that induced him to go into the disorganized country of the South.

He straightway connected himself with the army as surgeon, and solicited a place at the front. He wanted active service. In this he was disappointed. Charleston, blockaded and beseiged, was in a state of military inaction. Save the occasional exchange of shot and shell at long range between the works on shore and those which the Unionists had erected and held upon the neighboring islands and marshes, nothing was done, and for nearly a year Fournier experienced the irksomeness of routine duty in a wretchedly arranged and appointed military hospital. Nevertheless, the time was not wholly wasted. From a planter fleeing from the anarchy of civil war he procured a native African slave, one of the shipload brought over a few years before in the Wanderer, the last slave-ship that put into an American harbor.

This man he made his body-servant and kept always near him, partly to study him, but chiefly to secure his complete mental and moral thraldom. An almost unqualified savage, Fournier avoided systematically everything that would tend to civilize him. He taught him many things that were convenient in his higher mode of life, and taught him well, but of the great principles of civilization he strove to keep him in ignorance; and more, he so confused and distorted the few gleams of light that had reached that darkened soul that they made its gloom only the more hideous and profound. He wanted a man altogether savage, mentally, morally and physically. Instead of teaching him English or French, he learned from him many words of his own rude native tongue, and communicated with him as much as possible in that alone, aided by gesture, in which, like all Frenchmen, he possessed marvelous facility of expression. In the unexplored back-country of Africa the negro had been a prince, and Fournier bade him look forward to the time when he would return and rule. He always addressed him by his African name and title in his own tongue. He took him into the wards of his hospital, and taught him to be useful at surgical operations and to care for the instruments, that he might become familiar with them and with the sight of blood, which at first maddened him. Once he gave him a drug that made his head throb, and then bled him, with almost instant relief. He affected an interest in the amulets which hung at his neck, and besought him to give him one to wear. He committed to his care, with expressions of the greatest solicitude, a strong box, brass bound and carefully locked, which he told him contained his god, a most potent and cruel deity, who would, however, when it pleased him, give back the life of a dead man for *blood*. This box contained a silver cup, with a thermometer fixed in its side; a glass syringe holding about a third of a pint; a large curved needle perforated in its length like a tube, sharp at one end, at the other expanded to fit accurately the nozzle of the syringe; a little strainer also fitting the syringe; and last, a small bundle of wires with a handle like an egg-beater.

For the rest, this savage was crooked, ill-shapen and hideous. His skin was as black as night; his head small, the face immensely disproportionate to the cranium; his jaws massive and armed with glittering white teeth filed to points; his cheeks full, his nose flat, his eyes little, deep-set, restless, wicked. The usage he received from his new master was so different from his former experience with white men, and so in accord with his own undisciplined nature, that it called forth all the sympathies of his character. He soon loved the Frenchman with an intensity of affection almost incomprehensible. It is no exaggeration to say that he would have willingly laid down his life to gratify his master's slightest wish. The latter's knowledge was to him so comprehensive, his power so boundless and his will so imperious and inflexible, that he feared and worshiped him as a god.

Fournier looked upon his monster with satisfaction, and longed for a battle. His wish was at last gratified. On the Fourth of July, 1864, an engagement took place three miles north-west of Legaréville, near the North Edisto River. A force of Union soldiery had been assembled from the Sea Islands and from Florida, massed on Seabrook Island, and pushed thence up into South Carolina. The object of this expedition was unknown; indeed, as nothing whatever was accomplished, the strategy of it remains to this day unexplained. However, forewarned is forearmed. Every movement was watched and reported by the rebel scouts; all the troops that could be spared from Charleston were sent out to oppose the invaders; roads were obstructed; bridges were destroyed, batteries erected in strong positions, everything prepared to impede their progress. Our story needs not that we should dwell upon the sufferings of the Union soldiers on that futile expedition, from the narrow, dusty roads, the frequent scarcity of water, the intense heat. With infinite fatigue and peril they advanced only five or six miles in a day's march. Many died of sunstroke, and many fell by the way utterly exhausted. There was occasional skirmishing; but one actual battle. To that the troops gave the name of "the battle of Bloody Bridge." Picture a slightly undulating country covered with thick low forest; a narrow road that by an open plank bridge crosses a wide, sluggish stream with marshy banks, and curves beyond abruptly to the right to avoid a low, steep hill facing the bridge; crowning this hill an earthwork, rude to be sure, but steep, sodded, almost impregnable to men without artillery to play upon it; within, two cannon, for which there is plenty of ammunition, and six hundred Confederate soldiers, fresh, eager, determined; on the road in front of the battery, but just out of range of its guns, the Union forces halting under arms, the leaders anxious and discouraged, the men exhausted, careworn, wondering what is to be done next, heartily sick of it all, yet willing to do their best; in the thicket on both sides the road, not sheltered, only covered, within pistol-shot of the enemy, six hundred United States soldiers, a Massachusetts colored regiment, one of the first recruited, without cannon, overmarched, overheated, a forlorn hope, *sent forward to take the battery!* These men, stealthily assembling there among the trees and bushes, are ready. Not one of them carries a pound of superfluous weight. Their rifles with fixed bayonets, a handful of cartridges, a canteen of water, are enough. They wear flannel shirts and blue trowsers; numbers are bareheaded, some have cut off the sleeves of their shirts: they know there is work before them. Many kneel in prayer; comrades exchange messages to loved ones at home, and give each other little keepsakes—the rings they wore or brier pipes carved over with the names of coast battles; others —perhaps they have no loved ones— look to the locks of their pieces and await impatiently the signal to advance. The officers — white men, most of them Boston society fellows, old Harvard boys who once thought a six-mile pull or a long innings at cricket on a hot day hard work, and knew no more of military tactics than the Lancers — move about among them, speaking to this one and to that one, calling each by name, jesting quietly with one, encouraging another, praising a third, endeavoring to inspire in all a hope which they dare not feel themselves.

But hark! The signal to move. Quickly they form in the road, and with a shout advance at a run, their dusky faces glistening in that summer sun and their manly hearts beating bravely in the very jaws of death. Now the bridge trembles beneath their steady tread: the foremost are at the hill, yet no sign of life in the battery. Only the smooth green bank, the wretched flag in the distance, and those guns charged with death looking grimly down upon them and waiting. On they come, nearer and nearer, and now some are on the hill and begin to climb the steep that forms the defence, slowly and with difficulty, using at times their rifles as aids like alpenstocks. Not a word is spoken. It is hard to understand how so many men can move with so little noise. The silence is that which precedes all dreadful noises. It is ominous, terrible. Scarcely twenty feet more, and the foremost will reach the rampart. Haste! haste! The day is won!

Suddenly a figure in gray leaps upon the breastwork: he waves his sword, utters a short quick word of command, and disappears. It is enough. The sleeping battery awakes. The silence becomes hideous uproar. The smooth green line of the sod against the sky is lined with marksmen, and in an instant fringed with fire. Then the cannon bellow and the breezeless air is dense with smoke. The attacking column hesitates, trembles, makes a useless effort to advance, and then falls back beyond the bridge. The officers endeavor to rally their men and renew the attack at once, but in vain: flesh and blood cannot stand in such a storm. Nevertheless, the brave fellows—God bless their memory!—halt at length, and form and charge once more. And so again and again and again; every time in vain and with new losses, until at last they cannot rally, but retreat, broken and bleeding, to the main body of the expedition, carrying with them such of the wounded and dead as they can snatch from under the fire of the rebel riflemen. Such was the battle of Bloody Bridge, and well was it named. Five times that gallant regiment charged the battery, and when the smoke of battle cleared away the sun shone down upon a piteous sight—blood dyeing the green of that sodded escarp — blood in great clots upon the rocks and stumps of the rugged hill below—blood poured plenteously upon the dusty road, making it horrible with purple mire — blood staining the bridge and gathering in little pools upon the planks, and dripping slowly down through the cracks between them into the sluggish stream, where it floated with the water in great red clouds, toward which creatures dwelling in slimy depths below came up lazily, but when they tasted it became furious and fought among themselves like demons—blood drying in hideous networks and arabesques upon the railing of the bridge—blood upon the fences, blood upon the trembling leaves of the bushes by the wayside—blood everywhere! And everywhere the upturned faces and torn bodies of men who had dared to do their duty and to die: side by side the white who led and the black who followed—all set and motionless, but all wearing the same expression of brave but hopeless determination. That was a brave charge at Balaklava, but, trust me, there have been Balaklavas that are yet unsung.

So the expedition went back, and its brigades were redistributed to the Sea Islands and to Florida; but why it was ever sent out, and why that regiment was sent forward to take the battery without artillery and without reinforcements, God, who knoweth all things, only knows. And God alone knows why there must be wars and rumors of wars, and why men made in his image must tear each other like maddened beasts.

In this battle, heavy as the losses were, the Confederates took but one prisoner. At the third charge a tall, broad-shouldered captain, who seemed, like another son of Thetis, almost invulnerable, darted impetuously ahead of his men and reached the summit of the defence. Useless bravery! In an instant a volley point blank swept away the charging men behind him, and a gunner's sabre-thrust bore him to the ground within the works, where he lay stunned and bleeding beside the gun he had striven so hard to take. The man who had captured him, wild with excitement and maddened with the powder that blackened him and the hot blood which jetted upon him, sprang down, spat upon him, spurned him with his foot, and would have dashed out his brains with the heavy hilt of his clubbed sword had not a strong hand grasped his uplifted wrist.

It was Fournier, who had watched the battle with an interest as intense as that of the most ardent Southerner in the battery, though widely different in character. His interest was that of the naturalist who stands by eager and curious to see a rustic entrap some *rara avis* that he desires to study, to use for his experiment. Better for the bird: it can suffer and die. Afterward what matter whether it stand neatly stuffed and mounted, a voiceless worshiper, in some glass mausoleum, or slowly moulder in a fence corner until its feathers are wafted far and wide, and only a little tuft of greener grass remains to its memory? As our naturalist's game was nobler and destined for more important study, so it was capable of lifelong suffering more subtle and intense. Perhaps Fournier had not fully considered, in his eagerness to prove his hypothesis, the dangers to the subjects of his experiment. Perhaps his mind was so intent upon the physical aspect of the questions that he had overlooked some of the intellectual and moral elements involved in the problem, and did not realize the enormities that would result should he succeed. On the other hand, perhaps he saw them, realized them fully, and was the more deeply fascinated with the research because of its leading into such gloomy and mysterious regions of speculation. Let us do him justice. Science was his god, and this idolater was willing to endure any labor and privation and to assume any responsibility in her service. Would that more who worship a greater God were as devoted!

He was a physiologist, and was simply engaged in an experimental investigation, yet in its progress he had already uncivilized a man whose eyes were beginning dimly to see the truth, had poisoned his mind with lies, and had hurled him into depths of Plutonian ignorance inconceivably more profound than his original estate; and now he was about to debase another fellow-creature of his own race, to tamper with his manhood, to confuse his identity, to render him among his own kindred and people perhaps tabooed, ostracised, despised—perhaps an object of pity. If he should succeed? Surely he had not come thus near success to suffer his splendid Yankee captain to be brained there before his eyes. Like a hawk he had watched every incident of the fight, and was on the alert to act the part of surgeon toward any who might be either wounded in the battery or taken prisoner. He had even resolved, in case of the capture of the place, to represent his peculiar position to the United States officer in command, and to beg of him permission to make his experiment upon a wounded rebel.

The gunner turned fiercely upon him, but dropped his arm and sheathed his sabre at his question, and then walked back to his gun abashed, for he was, after all, a brave and chivalrous man.

Fournier simply asked: "Do Confederate soldiers *murder* prisoners of war?" And added, "He is a wounded man—leave him to me."

Then he knelt down beside him and examined his wound, and though he strove to be calm he trembled with excitement as he tore open the blue blouse and felt the warm blood welling over his fingers. It was a simple wound through the fleshy part of the shoulder: a strand of saddler's silk and a few strips of sticking-plaster would have sufficed to dress it, but the Frenchman smiled when he wiped away the clots and saw the blood spurting from two or three small divided arteries.

Then he called his African, and they carried the wounded man back to a tent, and laid him on a bed of moss and cypress boughs, and left him there to bleed, while he went out into the air, and walked about, and tossed his hat and shouted with excitement like a madman. But the battle raged, and the gunners charged their guns and fired, and charged and fired again, and the men along the breastwork grew furious with the slaughter and the fiery draughts they took from their canteens through lips blackened with powder and defiled with grease and shreds of cartridge-paper; and no one noticed the doctor's mad conduct nor the savage standing guard before the tent; nor did any other save those two in the whole battery—no, not even the gunner who had captured him—give a thought to the prisoner who lay bleeding there, until the battle was over.

And this prisoner, what of him? Any one, looking upon him as he lay upon the cypress boughs, would have known him to be thoroughbred. Everything about him proclaimed it. His face, manly but gentle, his figure, great in stature and strength, yet graceful in outline like a Grecian god, the very dress and accoutrements he wore, which were neat, strong, expensive, but without ornament, showed him to be a gentleman. And Robert Shirley was a gentleman. Probably no man in all the States could have been found who would have presented a greater contrast to the man standing guard outside the tent than this man who lay within it; and for that reason none who would have been so welcome to Fournier. As the one was a pure savage, the other was the realization of the most illustrious enlightenment; the one fierce, cunning, undisciplined, the other gentle, frank, considerate; as the one was hideous, ill-formed and black as night, so the other was radiant with manly beauty and fair as the morning. Each among his own people sprang from noble stock; the one a prince, the other the descendant of the purest Puritan race, which knew among its own divines and judges brave captains, and farther back a governor of the colony. But the guard and his people were at the foot of the scale, the guarded at the top. The blood flowing out upon the cypress bed was the best blood of America. It was blue blood and brave blood. Generation after generation it had flowed in the veins of fair women and noble men, and had never known dishonor. Yet Fournier let it flow. More, he was delighted that it continued to flow.

Presently, however, he sobered down, and began to prepare for his work. He placed a large caldron of water over a fire; he brought basins, towels and his case of surgical instruments, and placed them in the tent, and with them the case which he had taught the African to believe contained his god. While thus busied he did not neglect the subject of his experiment. His watchful eye noted everything — the mass of clots growing like a great crimson fungus under the wounded shoulder, the deadly pallor, the dark circles forming around the sunken eyes, the blanched lips, the transparent nostrils, the slow, deep respiration. From time to time he felt the wounded man's pulse and counted it carefully. *Ninety* — he went out again into the open air; *one hundred*—"The loss of blood tells," he muttered, and began to rearrange his appliances and busy himself uneasily with them; *one hundred and thirty beats to the minute* —"He is failing too fast: I must stop this bleeding" said the experimenter. Then he cleansed the wound, and tied the arteries, and bound it up. But the loss of blood had been so great that the heart fluttered wildly and feebly in its efforts to contract upon its diminished contents, and Fournier, anxious, and pale himself almost as his victim, trembled when his finger felt in vain for the bleeding artery and caught only a faint tremulous thrill, so feeble that he scarcely knew whether the heart was beating at all or not. In terror he threw open the ends of the little tent and fanned him, and moistened his lips, and gave him brandy, and hastened to begin the experiment for which he had waited so long and for which both subjects were at last ready.

He told his savage that the Yankee was dying, but that he had communed with his god, who would let him live if blood was given in return. Then he reminded him of the time when he lost blood, and that it had done him no harm. The African, trained for this duty with so much care, did not fail him, but bared his arm and gave the blood. The god was brought forth and caught it, and the sacrifice began. As the silver bowl floated in a basin of water so warm that the thermometer in its side marked ninety-eight degrees of Fahrenheit, Fournier stirred the blood flowing into it quickly with the bundle of wires to collect the fibrine and prevent the formation of clots; he then drew it into the syringe through the strainer, and forced it through the perforated needle, which he had previously thrust into a large vein in Shirley's arm, carefully avoiding the introduction of the slightest bubble of air. Time after time he filled his syringe and emptied it into the veins of the wounded man, until at length he saw signs of reaction. The color came, the breathing became more natural, the pulse became slower, fuller, regular. By and by he moved, sighed, opened his eyes and spoke.

He asked a question: "What has happened?"

While he had been lying there much had happened. Life and death had battled over him, and life had triumphed. When he recovered from the effects of his fall and found himself bleeding, he tried to rise and stanch the flow, but, already exhausted, he fell back almost fainting from the effort. He called repeatedly for help, but his only reply was the hideous face of his guard, silently leering at him for a moment, then disappearing without a word. At last it occurred to him that he had been left there to die, and he roused all his energies to his aid. How we strive for our lives! But Shirley accomplished nothing: he could not even raise his hand to the bleeding shoulder: with every effort the blood flowed more copiously. His mind was rapidly becoming benumbed like his body, which shivered as though it were mid-winter. Darkness came over his eyes, and as he listened to the din of the battle he fell into a dreamy state that soon passed into seeming unconsciousness again. Nevertheless, while the doctor came and went and did his work, and the savage scowled at him, yet gave his life's blood to save him, though he lay like a dead man and saw them not, nor heard them, nor even felt the needle in his flesh, his mind was not idle. Strange doubts and fears, wild longings and regrets, sweet thoughts of long-forgotten happiness, and fair visions of the future, busied his brain. Memory unrolled her scroll and breathed upon the letters of his story that lapse of time and press of circumstance had made dim, till they grew clear, and with himself he lived his life again, and nothing was lost out of it or forgotten. There was his mother's face again, with the old, old loving smile upon her lips and the tender mother-love in the depths of her beautiful blue eyes — lips that had so often kissed away his childish tears, and had taught him to say at evening, "Our Father" and "Now I lay me down to sleep;" eyes that had never looked upon him without something of the heavenly light of which they were now so full. There before him, bright and dear as ever, were the scenes of his boyhood—the school-forms defaced with many a rude cutting of names and dates, the master knitting his shaggy brows and tapping meaningly with his ruler upon the awful desk while some white-haired urchin floundered through an ill-learned task and his classmates tittered at his blunders. Dear old classmates! how their faces shone and gladdened as they chased the bounding football! how merrily they flushed and glowed when the clear frosty air of the Northern winter quivered with the ring of their skates upon the hard ice! how soberly side by side they solved problems and looked up *sesquipedalia verba* in big lexicons! and how happily the late evening hours wore away as they read *Ivanhoe* and the *Leather Stocking Tales* by the fireside with shellbarks and pippins!

Then the college days flew by with all their romance and delight. Again there were bells ringing to morning prayers, recitations and lectures, examinations and prizes, speeches and medals, and the glorious friendships, pure, earnest, almost holy. Would there were more such friendships in the outer, wider world! Commencement with its "pomp and circumstance;" its tedious ceremony and scholarly display; its friends from home—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, all bright eyes and fond hearts; its music and flowers; its caps, gowns, dress-coats and "spreads;" and, last and worst of all, its sorrowful "good-byes," some of them, alas! for ever! Once more he trembled as he rose to make his commencement speech; but slowly, as he went on, his voice grew steady and his manner calmer, for, lad as he was, and tyro at "orations," he was in earnest: "May my right hand forget its cunning, O my brother! may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, O ye oppressed! if ever there comes to me an opportunity to help you win your way to freedom and I fail you!" He, the aristocrat of his class, had chosen to speak "Against Caste," and though he spoke with the enthusiasm of an untried man, it was with devoted honesty of purpose, of which his earnestness was witness, and of which his future was to give ample proof. Again in vision he stood before that assembly and spoke for the lowly and oppressed: "Let every man have place and honor as he proves himself worthy. Make the way clear for all."

Through the bewilderment of applause that greeted him as he finished he saw only the glad, smiling face of Alice Wentworth nodding approval: of the rest, hundreds though they were, he saw nothing. Her congratulation was enough.

Then came tenderer scenes, and Alice Wentworth was to be his wife. Another change, and he is in the midst of ruder scenes. There is war, civil war, and he is a soldier: once more he seems to be in Virginia, and there are marches and counter-marches, camps and barracks, battles and retreats, and all the great and little miseries of long campaigns. The silver leaflets of a major are exchanged for the golden eagles of a colonel, and all the time, amid sterner duties, he finds time to write to Alice Wentworth, and never a mail comes into camp but he is sure of letters dated "Home" and full of words that make him hopeful and brave. "'Home!' Yes, hers and mine too, if home's where the heart is!'" he thinks, and he loves her more dearly every day.

Negro troops are raised, and, true to his principles and to himself, he resigns his commission to take a lower rank in a colored regiment. Now the scenes grow dim; confused sounds far off disturb him; low music, familiar yet strange, now distant, now at his very ear, attracts him; a weird, shadowy mist encloses him, concealing even the things which were visible to the mind's eye, and memory and thought have almost ceased. Yet, while all else fades away, clear and beautiful before him are two faces that cannot be forgotten—his mother's face, and that other, which he loves, if that can be, even more. Thus, with the "Our Father" not on his lips, but fixed in his mind, he feels himself drifting away—drifting away like a boat that has broken its moorings and drifts out with the ebbing tide—whither?

But the rich, warm, lusty blood of the African quickly does its work. The heart, which had almost ceased to beat, because there was not blood enough for it to contract upon, reacted to the stimulus, and as it revived and sent the new life pulsating through all the body the whole man revived, and again

> The fever called *living* burned in his brain.

Fournier, under one pretext or another, but really by the force of his relentless will, kept his victim by him for years after their escape from the South. He noted from time to time certain curious changes that took place in his physical nature, and recorded his observations with scientific precision in a book kept for the purpose, for the renewal of life had entailed results of an extraordinary character, as the reader may have already anticipated. At length he wrote: "My hypothesis is verified: it has become a theory. My theory is proved: it is a physiological law. *Climatic influences, acting upon man, bring about physical changes exceedingly slowly, because they are resisted by an inveterate habit of assimilation which pertains to the blood.*"

That day Shirley was free. His rescuer had finished his experiment.

Alice Wentworth had never believed that her lover was dead. She had heard all with a troubled heart, but while his distant kinsmen, who were heirs-at-law, put on the deepest mourning and grew impatient of the law's delay, she simply said, "I will wait until there is some proof before I give him up. Proof! proof! Shall I be quicker than the law to give up every hope?" And in her heart she said, "He is not dead." Even when years had passed and the war was over, and her agent had searched everywhere and found no trace of him, she did not cease to hope that he would yet appear. So, when at length a letter came, it was welcome and expected. Not surprise but joy made her start and tremble as the old familiar superscription met her eyes.

Such a letter!—filled with the spirit of his love, breathing in every word the tender, passionate devotion of an earlier day, and yet so sad. Tears dropped down through her smiles of joy and blurred the lines she read at first, but smiles and tears alike ceased as she read on. He had written many, many times, but he knew she had not got his letters. He had been a prisoner — not only prisoner of war, but afterward prisoner to a man whose will was iron. It could hardly be explained. This man had not only saved his life, but he had also rescued him from the horrors of a Southern prison—would God he had let him die!—and they had been living together in a ranch in a far-off Mexican valley.

Then the letter went on:

"In my heart I am unchanged; my love for you is ever the same; yet I am no longer the Robert Shirley whom you knew. That has come upon me which will separate me from you for ever: I cannot ask you now to be my wife. You are free. It is through no fault of mine. It is my burden, the price of life, and I must bear it. God bless you and give you all happiness!

"ROBERT SHIRLEY."

When she had read it all she bowed her head and wept again, and the face that had grown more and more beautiful with the years of waiting was radiant. Who can fathom the depths of a woman's love? Who can follow the subtle workings of a woman's thought? Who can comprehend a woman's boundless faith? Her course was clear. If misfortune had befallen him, if he were maimed, disfigured, crazed, even if he were loathsome to her eyes, she loved him, and she must see him: she would see him and speak to him, and love him still, even if she could not be his wife. What would she have done if she could have guessed the truth? As it was, she wrote upon her card, "If you love me, come to me," and sent it to him. And in answer to the summons he stood before her—not disfigured, not maimed, not crazed, not loathsome in any way, yet irrevocably separated from her, for Dr. Fournier's experiment had succeeded, and Robert Shirley was a mulatto!

CORNELIUS DEWEES.

## A VISIT TO THE KING OF AURORA.

### (FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE KIRSCHOFF.)

ON the Oregon and California Railroad, twenty-eight miles south of the city of Portland in Oregon, lies the German colony of Aurora, a communist settlement under the direction of Doctor William Keil. In September, 1871, I made a second journey from San Francisco to Oregon, on which occasion I found both time and opportunity to carry out a long-cherished desire to visit this colony, already famous throughout all Oregon, and to make the acquaintance of the still more famous doctor, the so-called "king of Aurora." During the years in which I had formerly resided in Oregon, and especially on this last journey thither, I had frequently heard this settlement and its autocrat spoken of, and had been told the strangest stories as to the government of its self-made potentate. All reports agreed in stating that "Dutchtown," the generic appellation of German colonies among Americans, was an example to all settlements, and was distinguished above any other place in Oregon for order and prosperity. The hotel of "Dutchtown," which stands on the old Overland stage-route, and is now a station on the Oregon and California Railroad, has attained an enviable reputation, and is regarded by all travelers as the best in the State; and as to the colony itself, I heard nothing but praise. On the other hand, with regard to Doctor Keil the strangest reports were in circulation. He had been described to me in Portland as a most inaccessible person, showing himself extremely reserved toward strangers, and declining to give them the slightest satisfaction as to the interior management of the prosperous community over which he reigned a sovereign prince. The initiated maintained that this important personage had formerly been a tailor in Germany. He was at once the spiritual and secular head of the community: he solemnized marriages (much against his will, for, according to the rules of the society, he was obliged to provide a house for every newly-married couple); he was physician and preacher, judge, lawgiver, secretary of state, administrator, and unlimited and irresponsible minister of finance to the colony; and held all the very valuable landed property of the settlement, with the consent of the colonists, in his own name; and while he certainly provided for his voluntarily obedient subjects an excellent maintenance for life, he reserved to himself the entire profits of the labor of all and the value of the joint property, notwithstanding that the colony was established on the broadest principles as a communist association.

I had a great desire to see this original man—a kindred spirit of the renowned Mormon leader, Brigham Young—with my own eyes, and, so to speak, to visit the lion in his den. From Portland, where I was staying, the colony was easily accessible by rail, and before leaving I made the acquaintance of a German life-insurance agent of a Chicago company—Körner by name—who, like myself, wished to visit Aurora, and in whom I found a very agreeable traveling companion. He had procured in Portland letters of introduction to Doctor Keil, and had conceived the bold plan of doing a stroke of business in life insurance with him; indeed, his main object in going to Aurora was to induce the doctor to insure the lives of the entire colony—that is to say, of all his voluntary subjects—in the Chicago company, pay, as irresponsible treasurer of the association, the legal premiums, and upon the occurrence of a death pocket the amount of the policy.

My fellow-traveler had great hopes of making the doctor see this project in the light of an advantageous speculation, and accordingly provided himself amply with the necessary tables of mortality and other statistics. It had been carefully impressed upon us in Portland always to address the *ci-devant* tailor, now "king of Aurora," as "Doctor," of which title he was extremely vain, and to treat him with all the reverence which as sovereign republicans we could muster; otherwise he would probably turn his back on us without ceremony.

On a pleasant September morning the steam ferry-boat conveyed us from Portland across the Willamette River to the dépôt of the Oregon and California Railroad, and soon afterward we were rushing southward in the train along the right shore of that stream—here as broad as the Rhine—the rival of the mighty Columbia. After a pleasant and interesting journey through giant forests and over fertile prairies, some large, some small, embellished here and there with farms, villages and orchards, we reached Oregon City, which lies in a romantic region close to the Willamette: then leaving the river, we thundered on some miles farther through the majestic primitive, forest, and soon entered upon a broad, wood-skirted prairie, over which here and there pretty farm-houses and groves are scattered; and presently beheld, peeping out from swelling hills and standing in the middle of a prosperous settlement embowered in verdure, the slender white church-tower of Aurora, and were at the end of our journey.

Our first course after we left the cars was to the tavern, standing close to the railroad on a little hill, whither the passengers hurried for lunch. This so-called "hotel," the best known and most famous, as has already been said, in all Oregon, I might compare to an old-fashioned inn. The long table with its spotless table-cloth was lavishly spread with genuine German dishes, excellently cooked, and we were waited on by comely and neatly-dressed German girls; and though the dinner would not perhaps compare with the same meal at the club-house of the "San Francisco," I must confess that it was incomparably the best I ever tasted in Oregon, in which region neither the cooks nor the bills of fare are usually of the highest order.

Dinner being over, we made inquiry for Doctor Keil, to whom we were now ready to pay our respects. Our host pointed out to us the doctor's dwelling-house, which looked, in the distance, like the premises of a well-to-do Low-Dutch farmer; and after passing over a long stretch of plank-road, we turned in the direction of the royal residence. On the way we met several laborers just coming from the field, who looked as if life went well with them—girls in short frocks with rake in hand, and boys comfortably smoking their clay pipes—and received from all an honest German greeting. Everything here had a German aspect—the houses pleasantly shaded by foliage, the barns, stables and well-cultivated fields, the flower and kitchen-gardens, the white church-steeple rising from a green hill: nothing but the fences which enclose the fields reminded us that we were in America.

The doctor's residence was surrounded by a high white picket-fence: stately, widespreading live-oaks shaded it, and the spacious courtyard had a neat and carefully-kept aspect. Crowing cocks, and hens each with her brood, were scratching and picking about, the geese cackled, and several well-trained dogs gave us a noisy welcome. Upon our asking for the doctor, a friendly German matron directed us to the orchard, whither we immediately turned our steps. A really magnificent sight met our eyes—thousands of trees, whose branches, covered with the finest fruit, were so loaded that it had been necessary to place props under many of them, lest they should break beneath the weight of their luscious burden.

Here we soon discovered the renowned doctor, in a toilette the very opposite of regal, zealously engaged in gathering his apples. He was standing on a high ladder, in his shirt sleeves, a cotton apron, a straw hat, picking the rosy-cheeked fruit in a hand-basket. Several laborers were busy under the trees assorting the gathered apples, and carefully packing in boxes the choicest of them—really splendid specimens of this fruit, which attains its utmost perfection in Oregon. As soon as the doctor perceived us he came down from the ladder, and asked somewhat sharply what our business there might be. My companion handed him the letters of introduction he had brought with him, which the doctor read attentively through: he then introduced my humble self as a literary man and assistant editor of a well-known magazine, who had come to Oregon for the special purpose of visiting Dr. Keil, and of inspecting his colony, of which such favorable reports had reached us. Without waiting for the doctor's reply, I asked him whether he were not a relative of K——, the principal editor of the magazine to which I was attached. I could scarcely, as it appeared, have hit upon a more opportune question, for the doctor was evidently flattered, and became at once extremely affable toward us. The relationship to which I had alluded he was obliged unwillingly to disclaim. I learned from him that his name was William Keil, and that he was born at Bleicherode in Prussian Saxony. He now left the apple-gathering to his men, and offered to show us whatever was interesting about the colony: as to the life-insurance project, he said he would take some more convenient opportunity to speak with Mr. Körner about it.

The doctor, who after this showed himself somewhat loquacious, was a man of agreeable appearance, perhaps of about sixty years of age, with white hair, a broad high forehead and an intelligent countenance. Sound as a nut, powerfully built, of vigorous constitution and with an air of authority, he gave the idea of a man born to rule. He seemed to wish to make a good impression on us, and I remarked several times in him a searching side-glance, as though he were trying to read our thoughts. He sustained the entire conversation himself, and it was somewhat difficult to follow his meaning: he spoke in an unctuous, oratorical tone, with extreme suavity, in very general terms, and evaded all direct questions. When I had listened to him for ten minutes I was not one whit wiser than before. His language was not remarkably choice, and he used liberally a mixture of words half English, half German, as uneducated German-Americans are apt to do.

While we wandered through the orchard, the beauty and practical utility of which astonished me, the doctor gave us a lecture on colonization, agriculture, gardening, horticulture, etc., which he flavored here and there with pious reflections. He pointed out with pride that all this was his own work, and described how he had transformed the wilderness into a garden. In the year 1856 he came with forty followers to Oregon, as a delegate from the parent association of Bethel in Missouri, in order to found in the far West, then so little known, a branch colony. At present the doctor is president both of Aurora and of the original settlement at Bethel: the latter consists of about four hundred members, the former of four hundred and ten.

When he first came into this region he found the whole district now owned by his flourishing colony covered with marsh and forest. Instead, however, of establishing himself on the prairies lying farther south, in the midst of foreign settlers, he preferred a home shared only with his German brethren in the primitive woods; and here, having at that time very small means, he obtained from the government, gratis, land enough to provide homes for his colonists, and found in the timber a source of capital, which he at once made productive. He next proceeded to build a block-house as a defence against the Indians, who at that time were hostile in Oregon: then he erected a saw-mill and cleared off the timber, part of which he used to build houses for his colonists, and with part opened an advantageous trade with his American neighbors, who, living on the prairie, were soon entirely dependent on him for all their timber. The land, once cleared, was soon cultivated and planted with orchards: the finer varieties of fruit he shipped for sale to Portland and San Francisco, and from the sour apples he either made vinegar or sold them to the older settlers, who very soon made themselves sick on them. He then attended them in the character of physician, and cured them of their ailments at a good round charge. This joke the good doctor related with especial satisfaction.

By degrees, the doctor continued to say, the number of colonists increased; and his means and strength being thus enlarged, he established a tannery, a factory, looms, flouring-mills, built more houses for his colonists, cleared more land and drained the marshes, increased his orchards, laid out new farms, gave some attention to adornment, erected a church and school-houses, and purchased from the American settlers in the neighborhood their best lands for a song. He did everything systematically. He always assigned his colonists the sort of labor that they appeared to him best fitted for, and each one found the place best suited to his capabilities. If any one objected to doing his will and obeying his orders, he was driven out of the colony, for he would endure no opposition. He made the best leather, the best hams and gathered the best crops in all Oregon. The possessions of the colony, which he added to as he was able, extended already over twenty sections (a section contains six hundred and forty acres, or an English square mile), and the most perfect order and industry existed everywhere.

Thus the doctor; and amid this and the like conversation we walked over an orchard covering forty acres. The eight thousand trees it contained yielded annually five thousand bushels of choice apples and eight thousand of the finest pears, and the crop increased yearly. The doctor pointed out repeatedly the excellence of his culture in contrast with the American mode, which leaves the weeds to grow undisturbed among the trees, and disregards entirely all regularity and beauty. He, on the contrary, insisted no less on embellishment than on neatness and order; and this was no vain boast. Carefully-kept walks led through the grounds; verdant turf, flower-beds and charming shady arbors met us at every turn; there were long beds planted with flourishing currant, raspberry and blackberry bushes, and large tracts set with rows of bearing vines, on which luscious grapes hung invitingly. Order also reigned among the fruit trees: here were several acres of nothing but apples, again a plantation of pears or apricots, beneath which not a weed was to be seen: the hoe and the rake had done their work thoroughly. Everything was in the most perfect order: the court-gardener of a German prince might have been proud of it.

We seated ourselves in a shady arbor, where the doctor entertained us further with an account of his religious belief. He had, he said, no fixed creed and no established religion: there were in the colony Protestants, Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, indeed Christians of every name, and even Jews. Every one was at liberty to hold what faith he pleased: he preached only natural religion, and whoever shaped his life according to that would be happy. After this he enlarged on the prosperity of the colony, which was founded on the principles of natural religion, and prosed about humility, love to our neighbor, kindness and carrying religion into everything; and then back he came to Nature and himself, until my head was perfectly bewildered. I had given up long before this, in despair, any questions as to the interior organization of the colony, for the doctor either gave me evasive answers or none at all. His colonists, he asserted, loved him as a father, and he cared for them accordingly: both these assertions were undoubtedly true. The deep respect with which those whom we occasionally met lifted their hats to "the doctor"—a form of greeting by no means universal in America—bore witness to their unbounded esteem for him. Toward us also they demeaned themselves with great respect, as to noble strangers whom the doctor deigned to honor with his society. As to his care for them, no one who witnessed it could deny the exceedingly flourishing condition of the settlement. Whether, however, in all this the doctor had not a keen eye to his own interest was an afterthought which involuntarily presented itself.

As we left the orchard, the doctor pointed out to us several wheat-fields in the neighborhood, cultivated with true German love for neatness, which formed, with the pleasant dwellings adjoining, separate farms. The average yield per acre, he observed, was from twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat, and from forty to fifty of oats. He then took us into a neighboring grove, to a place where the pic-nics and holiday feasts of the colony are held: here we paused near a grassy knoll shaded by a sort of awning and surrounded by a moat. This, which bears the name of "The Temple Hill," forms the centre of a number of straight roads, which branch out from it into the woods in the shape of a fan. Not far from it I noticed a dancing ground covered by a circular open roof, and a pavilion for the music.

"At our public feasts," said the doctor, "I have all these branching roads lighted with colored lanterns, and illuminate the temple, which, with its brilliant lamps, makes quite an imposing spectacle. When we celebrate our May-day festival it looks, after dark, like a scene out of the *Arabian Nights;* and when, added to this, we have beautiful music and fine singing, and the young folks are enjoying the dance, it is really very pleasant. But none are permitted to set foot on the Temple Hill, nor can they do it very easily if they would. Do you know the reason, gentlemen?" Körner opined that it might be on account of the ditch, which would be difficult to pass, in which view I agreed. "Exactly so," remarked the doctor. "This Temple Hill has an especial significance: it represents the sovereign ruler of the people, on whose head no one may tread: on that account the ditch is there."

After a walk of several hours we returned to the doctor's house, where he invited us to take a glass of homemade wine. As we had been informed that the sale and use of wine and spirits were strictly forbidden in the colony, this invitation was certainly an unprecedented exception. The wine, of which two kinds were placed before us—one made of wild grapes, and the other of currants—was very good, and was partaken of in the doctor's office. Here Mr. Körner again brought forward his life-insurance project: the doctor gave him hopes that he would go into it, but he wished to give the matter due consideration, and to subject the advantages and disadvantages of the speculation to a strict investigation, before giving a definite answer; and with this ended our visit to the "king of Aurora."

Before leaving the colony we obtained considerable information from the members as to their interior organization and government, the results of which, as well as what I further learned respecting Doctor Keil, I will state briefly.

Should any one wish to become a member of the colony, he must, in the first place, put all his ready money into the hands of Doctor Keil: he will then be taken on trial. If the candidate satisfies the doctor, he can remain and become one of the community: should this, however, not be the case, he receives again the capital he paid in, but without interest. How long he must remain "on probation" in the colony, and work there, depends entirely on the doctor's pleasure. If a member leaves the community voluntarily—a thing almost unheard of—he receives back his capital without interest, together with a *pro rata* share of the earnings of the community during his membership, as appraised by the doctor.

All the ordinary necessaries of life are supplied gratuitously to the members of the community. The doctor holds the common purse, out of which all purchases are paid for, and into which go the profits from the agricultural and industrial products of the colony. If any member needs a coat or other article of clothing, flour, sugar or tobacco, he can get whatever he wants, without paying for it, at the "store:" in the same way he procures meat from the butcher and bread from the baker: spirits are forbidden except in case of sickness. The doctor also appoints the occupation of each member, so as to contribute to the best welfare of the colony—whether he shall be a farmer, a mechanic, a common laborer, or whatever he can be most usefully employed in; and the time and talents of each are regarded as belonging to the whole community, subject only to the doctor's judgment. If a member marries, a separate dwelling-house and a certain amount of land are assigned him, so that the families of the settlement are scattered about on farms. The elders of the colony support the doctor in the duties of his office by counsel and assistance.

The lands of the colony are collectively recorded in Doctor Keil's name, in order, as he says, to avoid intricate and complicated law-papers. It would, however, be for the interest of the colonists to make a speedy change in this respect, so that the members of the community, in case of the doctor's death, might obtain each his share of the lands without litigation. Should the doctor's decease occur soon, before this alteration is made, his natural heirs could claim the whole property of the colony, and the members would be left in the lurch. He does not appear, however, to be in great haste to effect this change, though it ought to have been done long ago. It is always said among the colonists, naturally enough, that all the ground is the common property of the community. Whether the doctor fully subscribes to this opinion in his secret heart might be a question.

Doctor Keil is at the same time the religious head and the unlimited secular ruler of the colony of Aurora, and can ordain, with the consent of the elders (who very naturally uphold his authority), what he pleases. A life free from care and responsibility, such as the members of the community (who, for the most part, belong to the lower and uncultivated class) lead—a life in regard to which no one but the doctor has the trouble of thinking—is the main ground of the undisturbed continuance of the colony. The pre-eminent talent for organization, combined with the unlimited powers of command, which the doctor—justly named "king of Aurora"—possesses, together with the inborn industry peculiar to Germans, is the cause of the prosperity of the settlement, which calls itself communistic, but is certainly nothing more than a vast farm belonging to its talented founder. It has its schools, its churches, newspapers and books—the selection and tendency of which the doctor sees to—and no lack of social pleasures, music and singing. Taken together with an easily-procured livelihood, all this satisfies the desires of the colonists entirely, and the good doctor takes care of everything else.

ELIZABETH SILL.

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# GRAY EYES.

I HAVE always counted it among the larger blessings of Providence that a woman can bear up year after year under a weight of dullness which would drive a man of the same mental calibre to desperation in a month.

I had no idea what a heavy burden mine had been until one day my brother asked me to go to sea with him on his next voyage. He and his wife were at the farm on their wedding-tour, and only the happiness of a bridegroom could have led him to hold out to me this way of escape. Christian's heart when he dropped his pack was not lighter than mine. Butter and cheese are good things in their way—the world would miss them if all the farmers' daughters went suddenly down to the sea in ships—but it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and such had been my feeling for some years.

So suddenly and completely did my threadbare endurance give way that if Frank had revoked his words the next minute, I must have gone away at once to some crowded place and drawn a few deep breaths of excitement before I could have joined again the broken ends of my patience.

No bride-elect poor in this world's goods ever went about the preparations for her wedding with more delicious awe than I felt in turning one old gown upside down, and another inside out, for seafaring use. There was excitement enough in the departure, the inevitable sea-changes, and finally the memory of it all, to keep my mind busy for a few weeks, but when we settled into the grooves of a tropical voyage, wafted along as easily by the trade-winds as if some gigantic hand, unseen and steady, had us in its grasp, my life was wholly changed, and yet it bore an odd family resemblance to the days at the farm. It was a pleasant dullness, because, in the nature of things, it must soon have an end.

I went on deck to look at a passing ship about as often as I used to run to the window at the sound of carriage-wheels. One can't take a very intimate interest in whales and the other sea-monsters unless one is scientific. Time died with me a slow but by no means a painful death. I used to fold my hands and look at them by the hour, internally rollicking over the idea that there was no milk to skim or dishes to wash, or any earthly wheel in motion that required my shoulder to turn it. I spent much time in a half-awake state in the long warm days, out of sheer delight in wasting time after saving it all my life.

So it came about that I slept lightly o' nights. Every morning the steward came into the cabin with the first dawn of day to scour his floors before the captain should appear. He had a habit of talking to himself over this early labor, and one morning, more awake than usual, I found that he was praying. "O Lord, be good to me! I wasn't to blame. I would have helped her if I could. O Lord, be good to me!" and other homely entreaties were repeated again and again.

He was a meek, bowed old negro, with snowy hair, and so many wrinkles that all expression was shrunk out of his face. He was an excellent cook, but he waited on table with a manner so utterly despairing that it took away one's appetite to look at him.

For many mornings after this I listened to his prayers, which grew more and more earnest and importunate. I could not think he had done any harm with his own will. He must have been more sinned against than sinning.

He brought me a shawl one cool evening as if it were my death-warrant, and I said, in the sepulchral tone that wins confidence, "Pedro, do you always say your prayers when you are alone?"

"Yes, miss, 'board *this* ship."

"What's the matter with this ship?"

"I s'pose you don't have no faith in ghosts?"

"Not much."

"White folks mostly don't," said Pedro with aggravating meekness, and turned into his pantry.

I followed him to the door, and stood in it so that he had no escape: "What has that to do with your prayers?"

"This cabin has got a ghost in it."

I looked over my shoulder into the dusk, and shivered a little, which was not lost on Pedro. He grew more solemn if possible than before: "I see her 'most every morning, and if my back is to the door, I see her all the same. She don't never touch me, but I keep at the prayers for fear she will."

"Do you never see her except in the morning?"

"Once or twice she has just put her head out of the door of the middle stateroom when I was waitin' on table."

"In broad daylight?"

"Sartin. Them as sees ghosts sees 'em any time. Every morning, just at peep o' day, she comes out of that door and makes a dive for the stairs. She just gives me one look, and holds up her hand, and I don't see no more of her till next time."

"How does she look?" I almost hoped he would not tell, but he did.

"She's got hair as black as a coal, kind o' pushed back, as if she'd been runnin' her hands through it; she has big shiny eyes, swelled up as she'd been cryin' a great while; and she's always got on a gray dress, silvery-like, with a tear in one sleeve. There ain't nothin' more, only a handkerchief tied round her wrist, as if it had been hurt."

"Is she handsome?"

"Mebbe white folks 'd think so."

"Why does she show herself to you and no one else, do you suppose?"

"Didn't I tell you the reason before?"

"Of course you didn't."

"Well, you see, she looked just so the last time I seen her alive. I must go and put in the biscuit now, miss."

I submitted, knowing that white folks may be hurried, but black ones never; and I could not but admire the natural talent which Pedro shared with the authors of continued stories, of always dropping the thread at the most thrilling moment.

"Who was she?" said I, lying in wait for him on his return.

"She was cap'n's wife, miss—a young woman, and the cap'n was old, with a blazing kind of temper. He was dreffle sweet on her for about a month, and mebbe she was happy, mebbe she wa'n't: how should I know about white folks' feelin's? All of a suddent he said she was sick and couldn't go out of the middle stateroom. The old man took in plenty of stuff to eat, but he never let me go near her. We was on just such a v'y'ge as this, only hotter. The cap'n would come out of that room lookin' black as thunder, and everybody scudded out of his sight when he put his head out of the gangway.

"He was always bad enough, but he got wuss and wuss, and nothin' couldn't please him. Sometimes I'd hear the poor thing a-moaning to herself like a baby that's beat out with loud cryin' and hain't got no noise left. She was always cryin' in them days. Once the supercargo (he was a cool hand, any way) give me a bit of paper very private to give to her, and I slipped it under the door, but the old man had nailed somethin' down inside, an' he found it afore she did. Then there was a regular knock-down fight, and the supercargo was put in irons. The old man was in the middle room a long time that day, talkin' in a hissin' kind of a way, and the missus got a blow. Just after that a sort of a white squall struck the ship, and the old man give just the wrong orders. You see, he was clean out of his head. He got so worked up at last that he fell down in a fit, and they bundled him into his state-room and left him, 'cause nobody cared whether he was dead or alive. The mate took the irons off the supercargo first thing, and broke open the middle room. The supercargo went in there and stayed a long time, whispering to the missus, and she cried more'n ever, only it sounded different.

"Toward night the old man come to, and begun to ask questions—as ugly as ever, only as weak as a baby. 'Bout midnight I was comin' out of his room, and I seen the missus in a gray dress, with her eyes shinin' like coals of fire, dive out of her room and up the stairs, and nobody never seen her afterward. The next morning the supercargo was gone too, and I think they just drownded themselves, 'cause they couldn't bear to live any more without each other. Mebbe the mate knew somethin' about it, but he never let on, and I dunno no more about it; only the old man had another fit when he heard it, and died without no mourners."

"It might be she was saved, after all," I said, with true Yankee skepticism.

"Then why should I see her ghost, if she ain't dead-drownded?"

"Did you never find anything in the state-room that would explain?"

"Well, I did find some bits of paper, but I couldn't read writin'."

"Oh, what did you do with them?" I insisted, quivering with excitement.

"You won't tell the cap'n?"

"No, never."

"You'll give 'em back to me?"

"Yes, yes—of course."

"Here they be," he said, opening his shirt, and showing a little bag hung round his neck like an amulet. He took out a little wad of brown paper, and gave it jealously into my hand.

"I will give it back to you to-night," I said with the solemnity of an oath, and carried it to my room.

It proved to be a short and fragmentary account of the sufferings which the "missus" had endured in the middle room, written in pencil on coarse wrapping-paper, and bearing marks of trembling hands and frequent tears. I thought I might copy the papers without breaking faith with Pedro. The outside paper bore these words:

"Whoever finds this is besought for pity's sake, by its most unhappy writer, to send it as soon as possible to Mrs. Jane Atwood of Davidsville, Connecticut, United States of America."

Then followed a letter to her mother:

DEAREST MOTHER: If I never see your blessed face again, I know you will not believe me guilty of what my husband accuses me of. I married Captain Eliot for your sake, believing, since Herbert had proved faithless, that no comfort was left to me except in pleasing others. I meant to be a good wife to Captain Eliot, and I believe I should have kept my vow all my days if the most unfortunate thing had not wakened his jealousy. Since then he has been almost or quite crazed.

I knew we had a supercargo of whom Captain Eliot spoke highly. He kept his room for a month from sea-sickness, and when he came out it was Herbert. Of course I knew him, every line of his face had been so long written on my heart. I strove to treat him as if I had never seen him before, but the old familiar looks and tones were very hard to bear. If Herbert could only have submitted patiently to our fate! But it was not in him to be patient under anything, and one evening, when I was sitting alone on deck, he must needs pour out his soul in one great burst, trying to prove that he had never deserted me, but only circumstances had been cruel. I longed to believe him, but I could only keep repeating that it was too late.

When I went down, Captain Eliot dragged me into the middle state-room, and gave vent to his jealous feelings. He must have listened to all that Herbert had said. His last words were that I should never leave that room alive. I had a wretched night, and the first time

I fell into an uneasy sleep I started suddenly up to find my husband flashing the light of a lantern across my eyes. "Handsome and wicked," he muttered—"they always go together."

I begged him to listen to the story of my engagement to Herbert, and he did listen, but it did not soften his heart. If he ever loved me, his jealousy has swallowed it up.

I have been in this room just a week. My husband does not starve or beat me, but his taunts and threats are fearful, and his eyes when he looks at me grow wild, as if he had the longing of a beast to tear me in pieces.

* * * *

*May* 10. I placed a copy of the paper that is pinned to this letter in a little bottle that had escaped my husband's search, and threw it out of my window.

I am Waitstill Atwood Eliot, wife of Captain Eliot of the ship Sapphire. I have been kept in solitary confinement and threatened with death for four weeks, for no just cause. I believe him to be insane, as he constantly threatens to burn or sink the ship. I pray that this paper may be picked up by some one who will board this ship and bring me help.

Of course it is a most forlorn hope, but it keeps me from utter despair.

20. Herbert tried to communicate with me by slipping a paper under the door, but I did not get it, and he has been put in irons. Captain Eliot boasts of it. I wish he would bind us together and let us drown in one another's arms, as they did in the Huguenot persecution.

28. A little paper tied to a string hung in front of my bull's-eye window to-day: I took it in. The first officer had lowered it down: "Captain Eliot says you are ill, but I don't believe it. If he tries violence, scream, and I will break open the door. I am always on the watch. Keep your heart up."

This is a drop of comfort in my black cup, but my little window was screwed down within an hour after I had read the paper.

*June* 10. My spirit is worn out: I can endure no more. I have begged my husband to kill me and end my misery. I don't know why he hesitated. He means to do it some time, but perhaps he cannot think of torture exquisite enough for his purpose.

11. My husband came in about four in the afternoon, looking so vindictive that my heart stood still. He gradually worked himself into a frenzy, and aimed a blow at my head: instinct, rather than the love of life, made me parry it, and I got the stroke on my wrist.

I screamed, and at the same moment there was a tumult on deck, and the ship quivered as if she too had been violently struck. Captain Eliot rushed on deck, and began to give hurried orders. I could hear the first officer contradict them, and then there was a heavy fall, and two or three men stumbled down the cabin stairs, carrying some weight between them.

*Later.* My husband is helpless, and Herbert has been with me, urging me passionately to trust myself to him in a little boat at midnight. He says there are several ships in sight, and one of them will be almost sure to pick us up. He swears that he will leave me, and never see me again (if I say so), so soon as he has placed me in safety, but he will save me, by force if need be, from the brute into whose hands I fell so innocently. If the ship does not see us, it is but dying, after all.

Good-bye, mother! I pray that this paper will reach you before Captain Eliot can send you his own account, but if it does not, you will believe me innocent all the same.

This was the last, and I folded up the papers as they had come to me. That night I read them all to Pedro.

"They was drownded—I knew it," said Pedro; and nothing could remove that opinion. A ghost is more convincing than logic.

Our voyage wore on, with one day just like another: my brother looked at the sun every day, and put down a few cabalistic figures on a slate, but his steady business was reading novels to his wife and drinking weak claret and water.

The sea was always the same, smiling and smooth, and the "man at the wheel" seemed to be always holding us back by main strength from the place where we wanted to go. I had a growing belief that we should sail for ever on this rippling mirror and never touch the frame of it. It struck me with a sense of intense surprise when a dark line loomed far ahead, and they told me quietly that that line meant Bombay.

It seemed a matter of course to my brother that the desired port should heave in sight just when he expected it, but to me the efforts that he had made to accomplish this tremendous result were ridiculously small.

"I have done more work in a week, and had nothing to show for it at last," said I, "than you have seemed to do in all this voyage."

"Poor sister! don't you wish you were a man?"

"Certainly, all women do who have any sense. I hold with that ancient Father of the Church who maintained that all women are changed into men on the judgment-day. The council said it was heresy, but that don't alter my faith."

"I shouldn't like you half as well if you had been born a boy," said Frank.

"But I should like myself vastly better," said I, clinging to the last word.

Bombay is a city by itself: there is none like it on earth, whatever there may be in the heaven above or in the waters under it. From Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's hospital for sick animals to the Olympian conceit of the English residents, there are infinite variations of people and things that I am persuaded can be matched nowhere else. I felt myself living in a series of pictures, a sort of supernumerary in a theatre, where they changed the play every night.

One of the first who boarded our ship was Mr. Rayne, an old friend of Frank's. He insisted on our going to his house for a few days in a warm-hearted way that was irresistible.

"Are you quite sure you want *me?*" I said dubiously. "Young married people make a kind of heaven for themselves, and do not want old maids looking over the wall."

"But you *must* go with us," said Frank, man-like, never seeing anything but the uppermost surface of a question.

"Not at all. I'm quite strong-minded enough to stay on board ship; or, if that would not do in this heathen place, the missionaries are always ready to entertain strangers. A week in the mission-house would make me for ever a shining light in the sewing circle at home."

"A woman of so many resources would be welcome anywhere. For my part, an old maid is a perfect Godsend. The genus is unknown here, and the loss to society immense," said Mr. Rayne.

"But what shall I do when Mrs. Rayne and my sister-in-law are comparing notes about the perfections of their husbands?"

"Walk on the verandah with me and convert me to woman suffrage."

Mr. Rayne had his barouche waiting on shore, and drove us first to the band-stand, where, in the coolness of sunset, all the Bombay world meet to see and to be seen. When the band paused, people drove slowly round the circle, seeking acquaintance. Among them one equipage was perfect—a small basket-phaeton, and two black ponies groomed within an inch of their lives. My eyes fell on the ponies first, but I saw them no more when the lady who drove them turned her face toward me.

She wore a close-fitting black velvet habit and a little round hat with long black feather. Her hair might have been black velvet, too, as it fell low on her forehead, and was fastened somehow behind in a heavy coil. Black brows and lashes shaded clear gray eyes—the softest gray, without the least tint of green in them—such eyes as Quaker maidens ought to have under their gray bonnets. Little rose colored flushes kept coming and going in her cheeks as she talked.

All at once I thought of Queen Guinevere,

> As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
> With jingling bridle-reins.

"Mr. Rayne, do you see that lady in black, with the ponies?"

"Plainly."

"If I were a man, that woman would be my fate."

"I thought women never admired each other's beauty."

"You are mistaken. Heretofore I have met beautiful women only in poetry. Do you remember four lines about Queen Guinevere?—no, six lines, I mean:

> She looked so lovely as she swayed
> The rein with dainty finger-tips,
> A man had given all other bliss,
> And all his worldly worth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips.

I always thought them overstrained till now."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Mr. Rayne: "I knew we were congenial spirits." Then he said a word or two in a diabolical language to his groom, who ran to the carriage which I had been watching and repeated it to the lady: she bowed and smiled to Mr. Rayne, and soon drew up her ponies beside us.

"My wife," said Mr. Rayne with laughter in his eyes.

Mrs. Rayne talked much like other people, and her beauty ceased to dazzle me after a few minutes; not that it grew less on near view, but, being a woman, I could not fall in love with her in the nature of things.

When the music stopped we drove to Mr. Rayne's house, his wife keeping easily beside us. When she was occupied with the others Mr. Rayne whispered, "Her praises were so sweet in my ears that I would not own myself Sir Lancelot at once."

"If you are Sir Lancelot," I said, "where is King Arthur?"

"Forty fathoms deep, I hope," said Mr. Rayne with a sudden change in his voice and a darkening face. I had raised a ghost for him without knowing it, and he spoke no more till we reached the house.

It was a long, low, spreading structure with a thatched roof, and a verandah round it. A wilderness of tropical plants hemmed it in. But all appearance of simplicity vanished on our entrance. In the matted hall stood a tree to receive the light coverings we had worn; not a "hat tree," as we say at home by poetic license, but the counterfeit presentment of a real tree, carved in branches and delicate foliage out of black wood. The drawing-room was eight-sided, and would have held, with some margin, the gambrel-roofed house, chimneys and all, in which I had spent my life. Two sides were open into other rooms, with Corinthian pillars reaching to the roof. Carved screens a little higher than our heads filled the space between the pillars, and separated the drawing-room from Mrs. Rayne's boudoir on one side and the dining-room on the other.

The furniture of these rooms was like so many verses of a poem. Every chair and table had been designed by Mrs. Rayne, and then realized in black wood by the patient hands of natives.

Another side opened by three glass doors on a verandah, and only a few rods below the house the sea dashed against a beach.

After dinner I sat on the verandah drinking coffee and the sea-breeze by turns. The gentlemen walked up and down smoking the pipe of peace, while Mrs. Rayne sat within, talking with Rhoda in the candlelight. Opposite me, as I looked in at the open door, hung two Madonnas, the Sistine and the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception. In front of each stood a tall flower-stand carved to imitate the leaves and blossoms of the calla lily. These black flowers held great bunches of the Annunciation lily, sacred to the Virgin through all the ages. Mrs. Rayne had taken off the close-buttoned jacket, and her dress was now open at the throat, with some rich old lace clinging about it and fastened with a pearl daisy.

"Have you forgiven me the minute's deception I put upon you?" said Mr. Rayne, pausing beside me. "If I had not read admiration in your face, I would have told you the truth at once."

"How could one help admiring her?"

"I don't know, I'm sure: I never could."

"She has the serenest face, like still,

shaded water. I wonder how she would look in trouble?"

"It is not becoming to her."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Your way of life here seems so perfect! No hurry nor worry—nothing to make wrinkles."

"You like this smooth Indian living, then?"

"*Like it!* I hope you won't think me wholly given over to love of things that perish in the using, but if I could live this sort of life with the one I liked best, heaven would be a superfluity."

"It is heaven indeed when I think of the purgatory from which we came into it," said Mr. Rayne, throwing away his cigar and carrying off my coffee-cup.

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Rayne's history before her marriage?" I said to Frank as I joined him in his walk.

"Nothing to speak of—only she was a widow."

"Oh!" said I, feeling that a spot or two had suddenly appeared on the face of the sun.

"That's nothing against her, is it?"

"No, but I have no patience with second marriages."

"Nor first ones, either," said Frank wickedly,

"But seriously, Frank—would you like to have a wife so beautiful as Mrs. Rayne?"

"Yes, if she had Rhoda's soul inside of her," said Frank stoutly.

"I shouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because all sorts of eyes gloat on her beauty and drink it in, and in one way appropriate it to themselves. Mr. Rayne is as proud of the admiration given to his wife as if it were a personal tribute to his own taste in selecting her. A beautiful woman never really and truly belongs to her husband unless he can keep a veil over her face, as the Turks do."

"I knew you had 'views,'" said Mr. Rayne behind me, "but I had no idea they were so heathenish. What is New England coming to under the new rule? Are the plain women going to shut up all the handsome ones?"

"I was only supposing a case."

"Suppositions are dangerous. You first endure, then dally with them, and finally embrace them as established facts."

"I was only saying that if I am a man when I come into the world next time (as the Hindoos say), I shall marry a plain woman with a charming disposition, and so, as it were, have my diamond all to myself by reason of its dull cover."

"Jealousy, thy name is woman!" said Mr. Rayne. "When the Woman's Republic is set up, how I shall pity the handsome ones!"

"They will all be banished to some desert island," said Frank.

"And draw all men after them, as the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' did the rats," said Mr. Rayne.

"What are you talking about?" said Mrs. Rayne, joining us at this point.

"The pity of it," said her husband, "that beauty is only skin deep."

"That is deep enough," said Mrs. Rayne.

"Yes, if age and sickness and trouble did not make one shed it so soon," said I ungratefully.

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Rayne—"'tis bad enough when it comes. Do you remember that Greek woman in *Lothair*, whose father was so fearfully rich that she seemed to be all crusted with precious stones?"

"Perfectly."

"To dance and sing was all she lived for, and Lothair must needs bring in the skeleton, as you did, by reminding her of the dolorous time when she would neither dance nor sing. You think she is crushed, to be sure, only Disraeli's characters never are crushed, any more than himself. 'Oh then,' she says, 'we will be part of the audience, and other people will dance and sing for us.' So beauty is always with us, though one person loses it."

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders, which made her pearls and velvet shimmer in the moonlight. She looked so white and cool and perfect, so apart from common clay, that all at once

Queen Guinevere ceased to be my type of her, and I thought of "Lilith, first wife of Adam," as we see her in Rossetti's fanciful poem:

> Not a drop of her blood was human,
> But she was made like a soft, sweet woman.

We all went to our rooms after this, and in each of ours hung a full-length swinging mirror. I had never seen one before, except in a picture-shop or in a hotel.

"Truly this is 'richness'!" I said, walking up and down and sideways from one to the other.

"I had no idea you had so much vanity," said Frank, laughing at me, as he has done ever since he was born.

"Vanity! not a spark. I am only seeing myself as others see me, for the first time."

"I always had a glass like that in my room at home," said my sister-in-law, with the least morsel of disdain in her tone.

"Had you? Then you have lost a great deal by growing up to such things. A first sensation at my age is delightful."

Next day Rhoda and I were sitting with Mrs. Rayne in her dressing-room, with a great fan swinging overhead. We all had books in our hands, but I found more charming reading in my hostess, whose fascinations hourly grew upon me.

She wore a long loose wrapper, clear blue in color, with little silver stars on it. I don't know how much of my admiration sprang from her perfect taste in dress. Raiment has an extraordinary effect on the whole machinery of life. Most people think too lightly of it. Somebody says if Cleopatra's nose had been a quarter of an inch shorter, the history of the world would have been utterly changed; but Antony might equally have been proof against a robe with high neck and tight sleeves. Mrs. Rayne's face always seemed to crown her costume like a rose out of green leaves, yet I cannot but think that if I had seen her first in a calico gown and sitting on a three-legged stool milking a cow, I should still have thought her a queen among women.

While I sat like a lotos-eater, forgetful of home and butter-making, a servant brought in a parcel and a note. Mrs. Rayne tossed the note to me while she unfolded a roll of gray silk.

DEAR GUINEVERE: I send with this a bit of silk that old Fut'ali insisted on giving to me this morning. It is that horrid gray color which we both detest. I know you will never wear it, and you had better give it to Miss Blake to make a toga for her first appearance in the women's Senate. LANCELOT.

"With all my heart!" said Mrs. Rayne as I gave back the note. "You will please us both far more than you can please yourself by wearing the dress with a thought of us. I wonder why Mr. Rayne calls me 'Guinevere'? But he has a new name for me every day, because he does not like my own."

"What is it?"

"Waitstill. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never but once," I said with a sudden tightness in my throat. I could scarcely speak my thanks for the dress.

"I should never wear it," said Mrs. Rayne: "the color is associated with a very painful part of my life."

"Do you suppose water would spot it?" asked Rhoda, who is of a practical turn of mind.

"Take a bit and try it."

"Water spots some grays" said Mrs. Rayne with a strange sort of smile as Rhoda went out, "especially salt water. I spent one night at sea in an open boat, with a gray dress clinging wet and salt to my limbs. When I tore it off in rags I seemed to shed all the misery I had ever known. All my life since then has been bright as you see it now. It would be a bad omen to put on a gray gown again."

"Then you have made a sea-voyage, Mrs. Rayne?"

"Yes, such a long voyage!—worse than the 'Ancient Mariner's.' No words can tell how I hate the sea." She sighed deeply, with a sudden darkening of her gray eyes till they were almost black, and grasped one wrist hard with the other hand.

A sudden trembling seized me. I was almost as much agitated as Mrs. Rayne. I felt that I must clinch the matter somehow, but I took refuge in a platitude to gain time: "There is such a difference in ships, almost as much as in houses, and the comfort of the voyage depends greatly on that."

"It may be so," she said wearily.

"My brother's ship is old, but it has been refitted lately to something like comfort. It's old name was the Sapphire."

This was my shot, and it hit hard.

"The Sapphire! the Sapphire!" she whispered with dilated eyes. "Did you ever hear—did you ever find— But what nonsense! You must think me the absurdest of women."

The color came back to her face, and she laughed quite naturally.

"The fact is, Miss Blake, I was very ill and miserable when I was on shipboard, and to this day any sudden reminder of it gives me a shock.—Did water spot it?" she said to Rhoda, who came in at this point.

I thought over all the threads of the circumstance that had come into my hand, and like Mr. Browning's lover I found "a thing to do."

The next morning I made an excuse to go down to the ship with my brother, and there, by dint of pressure, I got those stained and dingy papers into my possession again. I had only that day before me, for we were going to a hotel the same evening, and the Raynes were to set out next day for their summer place among the hills, a long way back of Bombay. Our stay had already delayed their departure.

This was my plot: Mrs. Rayne had been reading a book that I had bought for the home-voyage, and was to finish it before evening. I selected the duplicate of the paper which "Waitstill Atwood Eliot" had put in a bottle and cast adrift when her case had been desperate, and laid it in the book a page or two beyond Mrs. Rayne's mark. It seemed impossible that she could miss it: I watched her as a chemist watches his first experiment.

Twice she took up the book, and was interrupted before she could open it: the third time she sat down so close to me that the folds of her dress touched mine. One page, two pages: in another instant she would have turned the leaf, and I held my breath, when a servant brought in a note. Her most intimate friend had been thrown from her carriage, and had sent for her. It was a matter of life and death, and brooked no delay. In ten minutes she had bidden us a cordial good-bye, and dropped out of my life for all time.

She never finished *my* book, nor I *hers*. I had had it in my heart, in return for her warm hospitality, to cast a great stone out of her past life into the still waters of her present, and her good angel had turned it aside just before it reached her. I might have asked Mr. Rayne in so many words if his wife's name had been Waitstill Atwood Eliot when he married her, but that would have savored of treachery to her, and I refrained.

Often in the long calm days of the home-voyage, and oftener still in the night-watches, I pondered in my heart the items of Mrs. Rayne's history, and pieced them together like bits of mosaic —the gray eyes and the gray dress, the identity of name, the indefinite terrors of her sea-voyage, the little touch concerning Lancelot and Guinevere, her emotion when I mentioned the Sapphire. If circumstantial evidence can be trusted, I feel certain that Pedro's ghost appeared to me in the flesh.

ELLA WILLIAMS THOMPSON.

# REMINISCENCES OF FLORENCE.

I HAD six months more to stay on the Continent, and I began for the first time to be discontented in Paris. There was no soul in that great city whom I had ever seen before, but this alone would not have been sufficient to make me long for a change, except for an accident which unluckily surrounded me with my own countrymen. These I did not go abroad to see; and having lived almost entirely in the society of the French for over two years, it was with dismay that I saw my sanctum invaded daily by twos and threes of the aimless American nonentities who presume that their presence must be agreeable to any of their countrymen, and especially to any countrywoman, after a chance introduction on the boulevard or an hour spent together in a café.

"Seeing these things," I determined to leave Paris, and the third day after found me traveling through picturesque Savoy toward Mont Cenis. All the afternoon the rugged hills had been growing higher and whiter with snow, and now, just before sunset, we reached the railway terminus, St. Michel, and were under the shadow of the Alps themselves.

The previous night in the cars I had found myself the only woman among some half dozen French military officers, who paid me the most polite attention. They were charmed that I made no objection to their cigarettes, talked with me on various topics, criticised McClellan as a general, and were enthusiastic on the subject of our country generally. About midnight they prepared a grand repast from their traveling-bags, to which they gave me a cordial invitation. I begged to contribute my *mesquin* supply of grapes and brioches, and the supper was a considerable event. Their canteens were filled with red wines, and one cup served the whole company. They drank my health and that of the President of the United States. Afterward we had vocal music, two of the officers being good singers. They sang Beranger's songs and the charming serenade from *Lalla Rookh*. I finally expressed a desire to hear the Marseillaise. This seemed to take them by surprise, but one of the singers, declaring that he had "*rien à refuser à madame*," boldly struck up,

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé:

but his companions checked him before he had finished the first stanza. The law forbade, they said, the production of the Marseillaise in society. We were a society: the guard would hear us and might report it.

"Vous voyez, madame," said the singer, "n'il n'est pas défendu d'être voleur, mais c'est défendu d'être attrapé." (It is not against the law to be a thief, but to be caught.)

My traveling-companions reached their destination early in the morning, and, very gallantly expressing regrets that they were not going over the Alps, so as to bear me company, bade me farewell.

From the rear of the St. Michel hotel, called the Lion d'Or, I watched the preparations for crossing Mont Cenis. Three diligences were being crazily loaded with our baggage. The men who loaded them seemed imitating the Alpine structure. They piled trunk on trunk to the height of thirty feet, I verily believe; and if some one should nudge my elbow and say "fifty," I should write it down so without manifesting the least surprise.

When the preparations were finished the setting sun was shining clearly on the white summits above, and we commenced slowly winding up the noble zigzag road. Rude mountain children kept up with our diligences, asked for sous and wished us *bon voyage* in the name of the Virgin.

The grandeur, but especially the extent and number, of the Alpine peaks impressed me with a vague, undefinable sense, which was not, I think, the anticipated sensation; and indeed if I had been in a poetic mood, it would have been quickly dissipated by the mock raptures of a young Englishman with a poodly moustache and an eye-glass. He called our attention to every chasm, gorge and waterfall, as if we had been wholly incapable of seeing or appreciating anything without his aid. As for me, I did not feel like disputing his susceptibility. I was suffering an uneasy apprehension of an avalanche—not of snow, but of trunks and boxes from the topheavy diligences ahead of us. However, we reached the top of Mont Cenis safely by means of thirteen mules to each coach, attached tandem, and we stopped at the queer relay-house there some thirty minutes. Here some women in the garb of nuns served me some soup with grated cheese, a compound which suggested a dishcloth in flavor, yet it was very good. I will not attempt to reconcile the two statements. After the soup I went out to see the Alps. The ecstatic Briton was still eating and drinking, and I could enjoy the scene unmolested. I crossed a little bridge near the inn. The night was cold and bright. Hundreds of snowy peaks above, below and in every direction, some of their hoary heads lost in the clouds, were glistening in the light of a clear September moon, and the stillness was only broken by a wild stream tumbling down the precipices which I looked up to as I crossed the bridge. It was indeed an impressive scene—cold, desolate, awful. I walked so near the freezing cataract that the icicles touched my face, and thinking that Dante, when he wrote his description of hell, might have been inspired by this very scene, I wrapped my cloak closer about me and went back to the inn.

The diligences were ready, and we commenced a descent which I cannot even now think of without a shudder. To each of those heavily-laden stages were attached two horses only, and we bounded down the mountain-side like a huge loosened boulder. Imagine the sensation as you looked out of the windows and saw yourself whirling over yawning chasms and along the brinks of dizzy precipices, fully convinced that the driver was drunk and the horses goaded to madness by Alpine demons! I have been on the ocean in a storm sufficiently severe to make Jew and Christian pray amicably together; I have been set on fire by a fluid lamp, and have been dragged under the water by a drowning friend, but I think I never had such an alarming sense of coming destruction as in that diligence. I think of those surefooted horses even now with gratitude.

We arrived at Susa a long time before daylight. At first, I decided to stay and see this town, which was founded by a Roman colony in the time of Augustus. The arch built in his honor about eight years before Christ seemed a thing worth going to see; but a remark from my companion with the eye-glass made me determine to go on. He said he was going to "do" the arch, and I knew I should not be equal to witnessing any more of his ecstasies.

My first astonishment in Italy was that hardly any of the railroad officials spoke French. I had always been told that with that language at your command you could travel all over the Continent. This is a grave error: even in Florence, although "Ici on parle français" is conspicuous in many shop-windows, I found I had to speak Italian or go unserved. I had a mortal dread of murdering the beautiful Italian language; so I wanted to speak it well before I commenced, like the Irishman who never could get his boots on until he had worn them a week.

I stopped at Turin, then the capital of Italy, only a short time, and hurried on to Florence, for that was to be my home for the winter. It was delightful to come down from the Alpine snows and find myself face to face with roses and orange trees bearing fruit and blossom. Here I wandered through the olive-gardens alone, and gave way to the rapturous sense of simply being in the land of art and romance, the land of love and song; for there was no ecstatic person with me armed with *Murray* and prepared to admire anything recommended therein. Besides, I could enjoy Italy for days and months, and therefore was not obliged to "do" (detestable tourist slang!) anything in a given time. I was free as a bird. I knew no Americans in Florence, and determined to studiously avoid making acquaintances except among Italians, for I wished to learn the language as I had learned French, by constantly speaking it and no other.

The day following my arrival in Florence I went out to look for lodgings, which I had the good fortune to find immediately. I secured the first I looked at. They were in the Borgo SS. Apostoli, in close proximity to the Piazza del Granduca, now Della Signoria. I was passing this square, thinking of my good luck in finding my niche for the winter, when, much to my surprise, some one accosted me in English. Think of my dismay at seeing one of the irrepressible Paris bores I had fled from! He was in Florence before me, having come by a different route; and neither of us had known anything about the other's intention to quit Paris. He asked me at once where I was stopping, and I told him at the Hotel a la Fontana, not deeming it necessary to add that I was then on my way there to pack up my traveling-bag and pay my bill. As he was "doing" Florence in about three days, he never found me out. The next I heard of him he was "doing" Rome. This American prided himself on his knowledge of Italian; and one day in a restaurant, wishing for cauliflower (*cavolo fiore*), he astonished the waiter by calling for *horse*. "*Cavallo!*" he roared—"*Portez me cavallo!*" "*Cavallo!*" repeated the waiter, with the characteristic Italian shrug. "*Non si mangia in Italia, signore*" (It is not eaten in Italy, signore). Then followed more execrable Italian, and the waiter brought him something which elicited "*Non volo! non volo!*" (I don't fly! I don't fly!) from the American, and "*Lo credo, signore,*" from the baffled waiter, much to the amusement of people at the adjacent tables.

I liked my new quarters very much. They consisted of two goodly-sized rooms, carpeted with thick braided rag carpets, and decently furnished, olive oil provided for the quaint old classic-shaped lamp, and the rooms kept in order, for the astounding price of thirty francs a month. Wood I had to pay extra for when I needed a fire, and that indeed was expensive; for a bundle only sufficient to make a fire cost a franc. There were few days, however, even in that exceptional winter, which rendered a fire necessary. The *scaldino* for the feet was generally sufficient, and this, replenished three times a day, was included in the rent.

One of my windows looked out on olive-gardens and on the old church San Miniato, on the hill of the same name. Mr. Hart, the sculptor, told me that those rooms were very familiar to him. Buchanan Read, I think he said, had occupied them, and the walls in many places bore traces of artist vagaries. There were several nice caricatures penciled among the cheap frescoes of the walls. All the walls are frescoed in Florence. Think of having your ceiling and walls painted in a manner that constantly suggests Michael Angelo!

After some weeks spent in looking at the art-wonders in Florence, I visited many of the studios of our artists. That of Mr. Hart, on the Piazza Independenza, was one of the most interesting. He had two very admirable busts of Henry Clay, and all his visitors, encouraged by his frank manner, criticised his works freely. Most people boldly pass judgment on any work of art, and "understand" Mrs. Browning when she says the Venus de' Medici "thunders white silence." I do not. I am sure I never can understand what a thundering silence means, whatever may be its color. These appreciators talked of the "word-painting" of Mrs. Browning.

> They sit on their thrones in a purple sublimity,
> And grind down men's bones to a pale unanimity.

I suppose this is "word-painting." *I* can see the picture also—some kings, and possibly queens, seated on gorgeous thrones, engaged in the festive occupation of grinding bones! Oh, I degrade the subject, do I? Nonsense! The term is a stilted affectation, perhaps never better applied than to Mrs. Browning's descriptive spasms. Still, she was undoubtedly a poet. She wrote many beautiful subjective poems, but she wrote much that was not poetry, and which suggests only a deranged nervous system. I have a friend who maintains from her writings that she never loved, that she did not know what passion meant. However this may be, the author of the sonnet commencing—

> Go from me! Yet I feel that I shall stand
> Henceforward in thy shadow,

deserves immortality.

But to return to Mr. Hart's studio. One of the most remarkable things I saw in Florence was this artist's invention to reduce certain details of sculpture to a mechanical process. This machine at first sight struck me as a queer kind of ancient armor. In brief, the subject is placed in position, when the front part of this armor, set on some kind of hinge, swings round before him, and the sculptor makes measurements by means of numberless long metal needles, which are so arranged as to run in and touch the subject. A stationary mark is placed where the needle touches, and then I think it is pulled back. So the artist goes on, until some hundreds of measurements are made, if necessary, when the process is finished and the subject is released. How these measurements are made to serve the artist in modeling the statue I cannot very well describe, but I understood that by their aid Mr. Hart had modeled a bust from life in the incredible space of two days! I further understood that Mr. Hart's portrait-busts are remarkable for their correct likeness, which of course they must be if they are mathematically correct in their proportions. Many of the artists in Florence have the bad taste to make sport of this machine; but if Mr. Hart's portrait-busts are what they have the reputation of being, this sport is only a mask for jealousy. Mr. Hart is extremely sensitive to the light manner Mr. Powers and others have of speaking of this invention. One day he was much annoyed when a visitor, after examining the machine very attentively for some time, exclaimed, "Mr. Hart, what if you should have a man shut in there among those points, and he should happen to sneeze?"

The Pitti Palace was one of my favorite haunts, and I often spent whole hours there in a single salon. There I almost always saw Mr. G——, a German-American, copying from the masters; and he could copy too! What an indefatigable worker he was! Slight and delicate of frame, he seemed absolutely incapable of growing weary. He often toiled there all day long, his hands red and swollen with the cold, for the winter, as I have before remarked, was unusually severe. For many days I saw him working on a Descent from the Cross by Tintoretto—a bold attempt, for Tintoretto's colors are as baffling as those of the great Venetian master himself. This copy had received very general praise, and one day I took a Lucca friend, a dilettante, to see it. Mr. G—— brought the canvas out in the hall, that we might see it outside of the ocean of color which surrounded it in the gallery. When we reached the hall, Mr. G—— turned the picture full to the light. The effect was astounding. It was so brilliant that you could hardly look at it. It seemed a mass of molten gold reflecting the sun. "Good God!" exclaimed G——, "did I do that?" and an expression of bitter disappointment passed over his face. I ventured to suggest that as everybody had found it good while it was in the gallery, this brilliant effect must be from the cold gray marble of the hall. G—— could not pardon the picture, and nothing that the Italian or I could say had the least effect. He would hear no excuse for it, and, evidently quite mortified at the début of his Tintoretto, he hurried the canvas back to the easel. The sister of the czar of Russia was greatly pleased with this copy, and proposed to buy it, but whether she did or not I forgot to ascertain.

Alone as I was in Florence, cultivating only the acquaintance of Italians, yet was I never troubled with *ennui*. I read much at Vieussieux's, and when I grew tired of that and of music, I made long rambles on the Lung' Arno to the Cascine, through the charming Boboli gardens, or out to Fiesole. Fiesole is some two miles from Florence, and once on my way there I stopped at the Protestant burying-ground and pilfered a little wildflower from Theodore Parker's grave to send home to one of his romantic admirers. Fiesole must be a very ancient town, for there is a ruined amphitheatre there, and the remains of walls so old that they are called Pelasgic in their origin; which is, I take it, sufficiently vague. The high hill is composed of the most solid marble; so the guidebooks say, at least. This is five hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea, and on its summit stands the cathedral, very old indeed, and built in the form of a basilica, like that of San Miniato. From this hill you look down upon the plain beneath, with the Arno winding through it, and upon Florence and the Apennine chain, above which rise the high mountains of Carrara. Here, on the highest available point of the rock, I used to sit reading, and looking upon the panorama beneath, until the sinking sun warned me that I had only time to reach the city before its setting. I used to love to look also at works of art in this way, for by so doing I fixed them in my mind for future reference. I never passed the Piazza della Signoria without standing some minutes before the Loggia dei Lanzi and the old ducal palace with its marvelous tower. Before this palace, exposed to the weather for three hundred and fifty years, stands Michael Angelo's David; to the left, the fountain on the spot where Savonarola was burnt alive by the order of Alexander VI.; and immediately facing this is the post-office. I never could pass the post-office without thinking of the poet Shelley, who was there brutally felled to the earth by an Englishman, who accused him of being an infidel, struck his blow and escaped.

I made many visits to the Nuova Sacristia to see the tombs of the two Medici by Michael Angelo. The one at the right on entering is that of Giuliano, duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X. The two allegorical figures reclining beneath are called Morning and Night. The tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici, duke of Urbino, stands on the other side of the chapel, facing that of the duke de Nemours. The statue of Lorenzo, for grace of attitude and beauty of expression, has, in my opinion, never been equaled. The allegorical figures at the feet of this Medici are more beautiful and more easily understood than most of Michael Angelo's allegorical figures. Nevertheless, I used sometimes, when looking at these four figures, to think that they had been created merely as architectural auxiliaries, and that their expression was an accident or a freak of the artist's fancy, rather than the expression of some particular thought: at other times I saw as much in them as most enthusiasts do—enough, I have no doubt, to astonish their great author himself. I believe that very few people really experience rapturous sensations when they look at works of art. People are generally much more moved by the sight of the two canes preserved in Casa Buonarotti, upon which the great master in his latter days supported his tottering frame, than they are by the noblest achievements of his genius.

The Carnival in Florence was a meagre affair compared with the same fête in Rome. During the afternoon, however, there was a goodly procession of masks in carriages on the Lung' Arno, and in the evening there was a feeble *moccoletti* display. The grand masked ball at the Casino about this time presents an irresistible attraction to the floating population in Florence. I was foolish enough to go. All were obliged to be dressed in character or in full ball-costume: no dominoes allowed. The Casino, I was told, is the largest club-house in the world; and salon after salon of that immense building was so crowded that locomotion was nearly impossible. The floral decorations were magnificent, the music was excellent, and some of the ten thousand people present tried to dance, but the sets formed were soon squeezed into a ball. Then they gave up in despair, while the men swore under their breath, and the women repaired to the dressing-rooms to sew on flounces or other skirt-trimmings. Masks wriggled about, and spoke to each other in the ridiculously squeaky voice generally adopted on such occasions. Most of their conversation was English, and of this very exciting order: "You don't know me?" "Yes I do." "No you don't." "I know what you did yesterday," etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. How fine masked balls are in sensational novels! how absolutely flat and unsatisfactory in fact! There was on this occasion a vast display of dress and jewelry, and among the babel of languages spoken the most prominent was the beautiful London dialect sometimes irreverently called Cockney. I lost my cavalier at one time, and while I waited for him to find me I retired to a corner and challenged a mask to a game of chess. He proved to be a Russian who spoke neither French nor Italian. We got along famously, however. He said something very polite in Russian, I responded irrelevantly in French, and then we looked at each other and grinned. He subsequently, thinking he had made an impression, ventured to press my hand; I drew it away and told him he was an idiot, at which he was greatly flattered; and then we grinned at each other again. It was very exciting indeed. I won the game easily, because he knew nothing of chess, and then he said something in his mother-tongue, placing his hand upon his heart. I could have sworn that it meant, "Of course I would not be so rude as to win when playing with a lady." I thought so, principally because he was a man, for I never knew a man under such circumstances who did not immediately betray his self-conceit by making that gallant declaration. Feeling sure that the Russian had done so, when we placed the pieces on the board again I offered him my queen. He seemed astounded and hurt; and then for the first time I thought that if this Russian were an exception to his sex, and I had *not* understood his remark, then it was a rudeness to offer him my queen. I was fortunately relieved from my perplexing situation by the approach of my cavalier, and as he led me away I gave my other hand to my antagonist in the most impressive manner, by way of atonement in case there *had* been anything wrong in my conduct toward him.

One day during the latter part of my stay in Florence I went the second time to the splendid studio of Mr. Powers. He talked very eloquently upon art. He said that some of the classic statues had become famous, and deservedly so, although they were sometimes false in proportion and disposed in attitudes quite impossible in nature. He illustrated this by a fine plaster cast of the Venus of Milo, before which we were standing. He showed that the spinal cord in the neck could never, from the position of the head, have joined that of the body, that there was a radical fault in the termination of the spinal column, and that the navel was located falsely with respect to height. As he proceeded he convinced me that he was correct; and in defence of this, my most cherished idol after the Apollo Belvedere, I only asked the iconoclast whether these defects might not have been intentional, in order to make the statue appear more natural when looked at in its elevated position from below. I subsequently repeated Mr. Powers's criticism of the Venus of Milo in the studio of another of our distinguished sculptors, and he treated it with great levity, especially when I told him my authority. There is a spirit of rivalry among sculptors which does not always manifest itself in that courteous and well-bred manner which distinguishes the medical faculty, for instance, in their dealings with each other. This courtesy is well illustrated by an anecdote I have recently heard. A gentleman fell down in a fit, and a physician entering saw a man kneeling over the patient and grasping him firmly by the throat; whereupon the physician exclaimed, "Why, sir, you are stopping the circulation in the jugular vein!" "Sir," replied the other, "I am a doctor of medicine." To which the first M. D. remarked, "Ah! I beg your pardon," and stood by very composedly until the patient was comfortably dead.

While Mr. Powers was conversing with me about the Venus of Milo, there entered two Englishwomen dressed very richly in brocades and velvets. They seemed very anxious to see everything in the studio, talked in loud tones of the various objects of art, passed us, and occupied themselves for some time before the statue called California. I heard one of them say, "I wonder if there's anybody 'ere that talks Hinglish?" and in the same breath she called out to Mr. Powers, "Come 'ere!" He was at work that day, and wore his studio costume. I was somewhat surprised to see him immediately obey the rude command, and the following conversation occurred:

"Do you speak Hinglish?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is this statue?"

"It is called California, madam."

"What has she got in 'er 'and?"

"Thorns, madam, in the hand held behind the back; in the other she presents the quartz containing the tempting metal."

"Oh!"

We next entered a room where there was another work of the sculptor in process of formation. Mr. Powers and myself were engaged in an animated and, to me, very agreeable conversation, which was constantly interrupted by these ill-bred women, who kept all the time mistaking the plaster for the marble, and asked the artist the most pestering questions on the *modus operandi* of sculpturing. I was astonished at the marvelous temper of Mr. Powers, who politely and patiently answered all their queries. By some lucky chance these women got out of the way during our slow progress back to the outer rooms, and I enjoyed Mr. Powers's conversation uninterruptedly. He showed me the beautiful baby hand in marble, a copy of his daughter's hand when an infant, and had just returned it to its shrine when the two women reappeared, and we all proceeded together. In the outer room there were several admirable busts, upon which these women passed comment freely. One of these busts was that of a lady, and they attacked it spitefully. "What an ugly face!" "What a mean expression about the mouth!" "Isn't it 'orrible?"

"Who is it?" asked one of them, addressing Mr. Powers.

"That is a portrait of my wife," said the artist modestly.

"Your wife!" repeated one of the women, and then, nothing abashed, added, "Who are you?"

"My name is Powers, madam," he answered very politely. This discovery evidently disconcerted the impudence even of these visitors, and they immediately left the studio.

As the day approached for my departure I visited all my old haunts, and dwelt fondly upon scenes which I might never see again. My dear old music-master cried when I bade him farewell. Povero maestro! He used to think me so good that I was always ashamed of not being a veritable angel. I left Florence when

> All the land in flowery squares,
> Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
> Smelt of the coming summer.

My last visit was with the maestro to the Cascine, where he gathered me a bunch of wild violets—cherished souvenir of a city I love, and of a friend whose like I "ne'er may look upon again." MARIE HOWLAND.

# THE SOUTHERN PLANTER.

WHILE Philadelphia hibernates in the ice and snow of February, the spring season opens in the Southern woods and pastures. The fragrant yellow jessamine clusters in golden bugles over shrubs and trees, and the sward is enameled with the white, yellow and blue violet. The crocus and cowslip, low anemone and colts-foot begin to show, and the land brightens with waxy flowers of the huckleberry, set in delicate gamboge edging. Yards, greeneries, conservatories breathe a June-like fragrance, and aviaries are vocal with songsters, mocked outside by the American mocking-bird, who chants all night under the full moon, as if day was too short for his medley.

New Orleans burgeons with the season. The broad fair avenues, the wide boulevards, famed Canal street, are luxuriant with spring life and drapery. Dashing equipages glance down the Shell Road with merry driving- and picnic-parties. There is boating on the lake, and delicious French collations at pleasant resorts, spread by neat-handed mulatto waiters speaking a patois of French, English and negro. There spring meats and sauces and light French wines allure to enjoyments less sensual than the coarser Northern climate affords.

The unrivaled French opera is in season, the forcing-house of that bright garden of exotics. Other and Northern cities boast of such entertainments, but I apprehend they resemble the Simon-Pure much as an Englishman's French resembles the native tongue. In New Orleans it is the natural, full-flavored article, lively with French taste and talent, and for a people instinct with a truer Gallic spirit, perhaps, than that of Paris itself. It is antique and colonial, but age and the sea-voyage have preserved more distinctly the native *bouquet* of the wine after all grosser flavors have wasted away. The spectacle within the theatre on a fine night is brilliant, recherché and French. From side-scene to dome, and from gallery after gallery to the gay parquette, glitters the bright, shining audience. There are loungers, American and French, blasé and roué, who in the intervals drink brandy and whisky, or anisette, maraschino, curaçoa or some other fiery French cordial. The French loungers are gesticulatory, and shoulders, arms, fingers, eyes and eyebrows help out the tongue's rapid utterance; but they are never rude or boisterous. There are belles, pretty French belles, with just a tint of deceitless rouge for fashion's sake, and tinkling, crisp, low French voices modulated to chime with the music and not disharmonize it; nay, rather add to the sweetness of its concord.

And there is the Creole dandy, the small master of the revels. There is nothing perfumed in the latest box of bonbons from Paris so exquisite, sparkling, racy, French and happy in its own sweet conceit as he is. He has hands and feet a Kentucky girl might envy for their shapely delicacy and dainty size, cased in the neatest kid and prunella. His hair is negligent in the elegantest grace of the perruquier's art, his dress fashioned to the very line of fastidious elegance and simplicity, yet a simplicity his Creole taste makes unique and attractive. He has the true French persiflage, founded on happy content, not the blank indifference of the Englishman's disregard. It becomes graceful self-forgetfulness, and yet his vanity is French and victorious. In the atmosphere of breathing music and faint perfume he looks around the glancing boxes, and knows he has but to throw his sultanic handkerchief to have the handsomest Circassian in the glowing circle of female beauty. But he does not throw it, for all that. His manner plainly says: "Beautiful dames, it would do me much of pleasure if I could elope with you all on the road of iron, but the *bête noir*, the Moral, will not permit. Behold for which, as an opened box of Louvin's perfumeries, I dispense my fragrant affection to you all: breathe it and be happy!" Such homage he receives with graceful acquiescence, believing his recognition of it a sweet fruition to the fair adorers. He accepts it as he does the ices, wines and delicate French dishes familiar to his palate. Life is a fountain of eau sucrée, where everything is sweet to him, and he tries to make it so to you, for he is a kindly-natured, true-hearted, valiant little French gentleman. His loves, his innocent dissipations, his grand passions, his rapier duels, would fill the volumes of a Le Sage or a Cervantes. In the gay circles of New Orleans he floats with lambent wings and irresistible fine eyes, its serenest butterfly, admired and spoiled alike by the French and American element.

At this early spring season a new atom of the latter enters the charmed circle, breaking its merry round into other sparkles of foam. A well-formed, stately, rather florid gentleman alights at the St. Charles, and is ushered into the hospitalities of that elegant caravansary. There is something impressive about him, or there would be farther North. He is American, from the strong, careless Anglo-Saxon face, through all the stalwart bones and full figure, to the strong, firm, light step. He will crush through the lepidoptera of this half-French society like a silver knife through *Tourtereaux soufflés à la crême*. He brings letters to this and that citizen, or he is well known already, and "coloneled" familiarly by stamp-expectant waiters and the courteous master of ceremonies at the clerk's desk. He calls on his bankers, and is received with gracious familiarity in the pleasant bank-parlor. Correspondence has made them acquainted with Colonel Beverage in the way of business: they are glad to see him in person, and will be happy to wait on him. He makes them happy in that way, for they do wait upon him satisfactorily. There is a little pleasant interchange of news and city gossip, and of something else. There is a crinkling of a certain crispy, green foliage, and the colonel withdraws in the midst of civilities.

He next appears on Canal street, by and beyond the Clay Monument, with occasional pauses at clothiers', and buys his shirts at Moody's, as he has probably often sworn not to do, because of its annoyingly frequent posters everywhere. He enters jewelers' shops and examines trinkets—serpents with ruby eyes curled in gold on beds of golden leaves with emerald dews upon them; pearls, pear-shaped and tearlike, brought up by swart, glittering divers, seven fathom deep, at Tuticorin or in the Persian Gulf; rubies and sapphires mined in Burmese Ava, and diamonds from Borneo and Brazil. Is he choosing a bridal present? It looks so; but no, he selects a splendid, brilliant solitaire, for which he pays eight hundred dollars out of a plethoric purse, and also a finger-ring, diamond too, for two hundred and fifty dollars. The jewelers are polite, as the bankers were. He must be a large cotton-planter, one of a class with whom a fondness for jewels serves as a means of dozing away life in a kind of crystallization. He otherwise adorns his stately person, till he has a Sublime Porte indeed, the very vizier of a fairy tale glittering in barbaric gems and gold. His taste, to speak it mildly, is expressed rather than subdued—not to be compared with the quiet elegance of your husband or lover, madam or miss, but not unsuited to his showy style, for all that. As the crimson-purple, plume-like prince's feather has its own royal charm in Southern gardens beside the pale and placid lily, so these luxuriant adornments do not misbecome his full and not too fleshy person. There is a certain harmony in the Oriental sumptuousness of his attire, like radiant sunsets, appropriate to certain styles of man and woman. Let us humble creatures be content to have our portraits done in crayon, but the colonel calls for the color-box.

So adorned and radiant, this variety of the American aloe floats into the charmed circle of New Orleans society—that lively, sparkling epitome and relic of the old régime. He has good letters and a fair name, and mingles in the Mystick Krewe, that curious club, possible nowhere else, that has raised mummery into the sphere of æsthetics. Perhaps he has worn the gray, perhaps the blue. It is only in the very arcana of exclusive passion it makes much difference. But gray or blue, or North or South in birth, he is in every essential a Southerner, as many, like S. S. Prentiss, curiously independent of nativity, are. He is well received and courteously entreated. He has his little suppers at Moreau's, and knows the ways of the place and names of the waiters. He has his promenades, his drives, his club visits, is seen everywhere — a brilliant convolvulus now, twining the espaliers of that Saracenic fabric of society; to speak architecturally, its very summer-house. He visits the opera and gives it his frank approval, but confesses a preference for the old plantation-melodies. He crushes through the meshes of the Creole dandies, not offensively, but as the law of his volume and momentum dictates, and they yield the *pas* to his superior weight and metal. They are civil, and he is civil, but they do not like one another, for all that. That Zodiac passed, they continue their own summery orbit of charm and conquest. He tends toward the aureal spheres and the green and pleasant banks of issue. The colonel is not here for pleasure, though he takes a little pleasure, as is his way, seasonably; but he means business, and that several thirsty, eager cotton-houses of repute know.

Of course they know. It came in his letters and distills in the aroma of his talk. It may even have slipped into the personals of the *Pic* and *Times* that Colonel Beverage has taken Millefleur and Rottenbottom plantations on Red River, and is going extensively into the cultivation of the staple. The colonel is modest over this: "not extensively, no, but to the extent of his limited means." In the mean while he looks out for some sound, well-recommended cotton-house.

This means business. In the North the farmer raises his crop on his own capital, and turns it over unencumbered to the merchant for the public. The credit system prevails in the agriculture of the South, and brings another precarious element into the already hazardous occupation of cotton-growing. A new party appears in the cotton-merchant. He is not merely the broker, yielding the proceeds, less a commission, to the planter. Either, by hypothecation on advances made during the year, he secures a legal pre-emption in the crop, or, by initiatory contract, he becomes an actual partner of limited liability in the crop itself. He agrees to furnish so much cash capital at periods for the cultivation and securing of the crop, which is husbanded by the planter. The money for these advances he obtains from the banks; and hence it is that in every cotton-crop raised South there are three or more principals actually interested—the banker, the merchant and the planter. This condition of planting is almost invariable. Even the small farmer, whose crop is a few bags, is ground into it. In his case the country-side grocer and dealer is banker and merchant, and his advances the bare necessaries. In this blending of interests the curious partnership rises, thrives, labors and sometimes falls—the planter, as a rule, undermost in that accident.

The Millefleur and Rottenbottom plantations are famous, and a hand well over the crops raised under such shrewd, experienced management as that of Colonel Beverage is a stroke of policy. Therefore, as the bankers and jewelers have been polite, so now the cotton-merchants are civil; but the colonel is shy—an old bird and a game bird.

Shy, but not suspicious. He chooses his own time, and at an early day walks into the business-house of Negocier & Duthem. They are pleased to see the colonel in the way of business, as they have been in society, and the pleasure is mutual. As he expounds his plans they are more and more convinced that he is a plumy bird of much waste feather.

He has taken Rottenbottom and Millefleur, and is going pretty well into cotton. He thinks he understands it: he ought to. Then he has his own capital—an advantage, certainly. Some of his friends, So-and-so — running over commercial and bankable names easily—have suggested the usual co-operation with some reputable house, and an extension, but he believes he will stay within limits. He has five thousand dollars in cash he wishes to deposit with some good firm for the year's supplies. He believes that will be sufficient, and he has called to hear their terms. All this comes not at once, but here and there in the business-conversation.

The reader will perceive one strong bait carelessly thrown out by the auriferous or folliferous colonel—the five thousand dollars cash in hand. The immediate use of that is a strong incentive to the house. They covet the colonel's business: they think well of the proposed extension. Cotton is sure to be up, and under practical, experienced cultivation must yield a handsome fortune. The result is foreseen. The cotton-house and the colonel enter into the usual agreement of such transactions. The colonel leaves his five thousand dollars, and draws on that, and for as much more as may be necessary in securing the crop.

The commercial reader North who has had no dealings South will smile at the credulous merchant who entrusts his credit to such a full-blown, thirsty tropical pitcher-plant as the colonel, who carries childish extravagances in his very dress; but he will judge hastily. We have seen this gaudy efflorescence pass over the curiously-wrought enameled gold-work, opals, pearls and rubies, and adorn himself with solid diamonds. The careful economist North puts his superfluous thousands in government bonds, or gambles them away in Erie stocks, because he likes the increase of Jacob's speckled sheep. The Southerner invests his in diamonds because he likes show, and diamonds have a pretty steady market value. There is method, too, in the colonel's associations, and all his acquaintance is gilt-edged and bankable.

His business is now done, and he does not tarry, but wings his way to Millefleur and Rottenbottom, where he moults all his fine feathers. He goes into fertilizers, beginning with crushed cottonseed and barnyard manure, if possible, before February is over. He follows the shovel-plough with a slick-jack, and plants, and then the labor begins to fail him. He talks about importing Chinese, and writes about it in the local paper. He is sure it will do, as he is positive in all his opinions. He is true pluck, and tries to make new machinery make up for deficient labor. He buys "bull-tongues," "cotton-shovels," "fifteen-inch sweeps," "twenty-inch sweeps," "team-ploughs with seven-inch twisters," and a "finishing sweep of twenty-six inches." He hears of other inventions, and orders them. The South is flooded with a thousand quack contrivances now, about as applicable to cotton-raising as a pair of nut-crackers; but the colonel buys them. He is going to dispense with the hoe. That is the plan; and by that plan of furnishing a large plantation with new tools before Lent is over the five thousand dollars are gone. But he writes cheerfully. It is his nature to be sanguine, and to hope loudly, vaingloriously; and he writes it honestly enough to his merchant—and draws. The labor gets worse and worse. In the indolent summer days the negro, careless, thriftless, ignorant, works only at intervals. Perhaps the June rise catches him, and there is a heavy expense in ditching and damming to save the Rottenbottom crop. Maybe the merchant hears of the army-worm and is alarmed, but the colonel writes back assuring letters that it is only the grasshopper, and the grasshopper has helped more than hurt—and draws. Then possibly the army-worm comes sure enough, and cripples him. But he keeps up his courage—and draws. The five thousand dollars appear to have been employed in digging or building a sluice through which a constant current of currency flows from the city to Rottenbottom and Millefleur. The merchant has gone into bank, and the tide flows on. At last the planter writes: "The most magnificent crop ever raised on Red River, just waiting for the necessary hands to gather it in!" Of course the necessary sums are supplied, and at last the crop gets to market. It finds the market low, and declining steadily week by week. The banks begin to press: money is tight, as it is now while I write. The crop is sacrificed, for the merchant cannot wait, and some fine morning the house of Negocier & Duthem is closed, and Colonel Beverage is bankrupt.

And both are ruined? No. We will suppose the business-house is old and reputable: the banks are obliging and creditors prudently liberal, and by and by the firm resumes its old career. As for the colonel, the reader sees that to ruin him would be an absolute contradiction of nature. His friends or relations give him assistance, or he sells his diamonds, and soon you meet him at the St. Charles, as blooming, sanguine and splendiferous as ever. No, he cannot be ruined, but his is not an infrequent episode in the life of a Southern Planter.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

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# BABES IN THE WOOD.

I HAD two little babes, a boy and girl—
Two little babes that are not with me now:
On one bright brow full golden fell the curl—
The curl fell chestnut-brown on one bright brow.

I like to dream of them that some soft day,
Whilst wandering from home, their fitful feet
Went heedlessly through some still woodland way
Where light and shade harmoniously meet;

And that they wandered deeper and more deep
Into the forest's fragrant heart and fair,
Till just at evenfall they dropped asleep,
And ever since they have been resting there.

After their willful wandering that day
Each is so tired it does not wake at all,
Whilst over them the boughs that sigh and sway
Conspire to make perpetual evenfall.

And I, that must not join them, still am blest,
Passionately, though this poor heart grieves;
For memories, like birds, at my behest,
Have covered them with tender thoughts, like leaves.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

# MY CHARGE ON THE LIFE-GUARDS.

NOW that our little international troubles about consequential damages and the like are happily settled, and there is no danger that my revelations will augment them in any degree, I think I may venture to give the particulars of an affair of honor which I once had with a gigantic member of Her Britannic Majesty's household troops.

My guardian had a special veneration for England in general and for Oxford in particular, and I was brought up and sent to Yale with the full understanding that St. Bridget's, Oxon., was the place where I was to be "finished." I left Yale at the end of Junior year and crossed the ocean in the crack steamer of the then famous Collins line. I do not believe any young American ever had a more favorable introduction to England than I had, and the wonder is that, considering the philo-Anglican atmosphere in which I was educated, I did not become a thorough-paced renegade. I was, however, blessed with a tolerably independent spirit, and kept my nationality intact throughout my university course.

Like Tom Brown, I felt myself drawn to the sporting set, and, as I was always an adept at athletics, soon won repute as an oarsman, and was well satisfied to be looked upon as the Yankee champion in sundry amateur rowing- and boxing-matches, as well as in the lecture-room. Of course, I was the mark for no end of good-natured chaff about my nationality, but was nearly always able, I believe, to sustain the honor of the American name, and so at length graduated in the "firsts" as to scholarship, and enjoyed the distinguished honor of pulling number four in the "'Varsity eight" in our annual match with Cambridge on the Thames. Moreover, I stood six feet in my stockings, had the muscle of a gladiator, and was physically the equal of any man at Oxford.

After the race was over my special cronies hung about London for a few days, usually making that classical "cave" of Evans's a rendezvous in the evening. Two or three young officers of the Guards were often with us, and one night, when the talk had turned, as it often did, on personal prowess, the superb average physique of their regiment was duly lauded by our soldier companions. At length one of them remarked, in that aggravatingly superior tone which some Englishmen assume, that any man in his troop could handle any two of the then present company. This provoked a general laugh of incredulity, and two or three of our college set turned to me with—"What do you say to that, Jonathan?"

"Nonsense!" said I. "I'll put on the gloves with the biggest fellow among them, any day."

This somewhat democratic readiness to spar with a private soldier led to remarks which I chose to consider insular, if not insolent, and I replied, supporting the principle of Yankee equality, until, losing my temper at something which one of the ensigns said, I delivered myself in some such fashion as this: "Well, gentlemen, I'm only one Yankee among many Englishmen, but I will bet a hundred guineas, and put up the money, that I will tumble one of those mighty warriors out of his saddle in front of the Horse Guards, and ride off on his horse before the guard can turn out and stop me."

Of course my bet was instantly taken by the officers, but my friends were so astounded at my rashness that I found no backers. However, my blood was up, and, possibly because Evans's bitter beer was buzzing slightly in my head, I booked several more bets at large odds in my own favor. As the hour was late, we separated with an agreement to meet and arrange details on the following day, keeping the whole affair strictly secret meanwhile.

I confess that my feelings were not of

the pleasantest as I sat at my late London breakfast somewhere about noon the next day, and I was fain to admit to my special friend that I had put myself in an awkward, if not an unenviable, position. However, I was in for it, and being naturally of an elastic temperament, began to cast about for a cheerful view of my undertaking. In the course of the day preliminaries were arranged and reduced to writing with all the care which Englishmen practice in such affairs of "honor." I only stipulated that I should be allowed to use a stout walking-stick in my encounter; that I should be kept informed as to the detail for guard; that I should be freely allowed to see the regiment at drill and in quarters; and that I should select my time of attack within a fortnight, giving a few hours' notice to all parties concerned, so as to ensure their presence as witnesses.

Every one who has ever visited London has seen and admired the gigantic horsemen who sit on mighty black steeds, one on either side of the archway facing Whitehall, and who are presumed at once to guard the commander-in-chief's head-quarters and to serve as "specimen bricks" of the finest cavalry corps in the world. Splendid fellows they are! None of them are under six feet high, and many of them are considerably above that mark. They wear polished steel corselets and helmets, white buckskin trowsers, high jack-boots, and at the time of which I write their arms consisted of a brace of heavy, single-barreled pistols in holsters, a carbine and a sabre. The firearms were, under ordinary circumstances, not loaded, and the sabre was held at a "carry" in the right hand. This last was the weapon against which I must guard, and I accordingly placed a traveling cap and a coat in the hands of a discreet tailor, who sewed steel bands into the crown of one and into the shoulders of the other, in such a way as afforded very efficient protection against a possible downward cut.

Besides attending to these defensive preparations, I at once looked about for a competent horseman with military experience who could give me some practical hints as to encounters between infantry and cavalry, and, singularly enough, was thrown in with that gallant young officer who rode into immortality in front of the Light Brigade at Balaklava a few years afterward. I learned that he was a superb horseman, was down upon the English system of cavalry training, and was using pen and tongue to bring about a change. A sudden inspiration led me to take him into my confidence, as the terms of our agreement permitted me to do. He caught the idea with enthusiasm. What an argument it would be in favor of his new system if a mere civilian unhorsed a Guardsman trained after the old fashion! For a week he drilled me more or less every day in getting him off his horse in various ways, and I speedily became a proficient in the art, he meanwhile gaining some new ideas on the subject, which were duly printed in his well-known book.

Well, to make my story short, I gave notice to interested parties on the tenth day, put on my steel-ribbed cap and my armor-plated coat, and with stick in hand walked over to a hairdresser's with whom I had previously communicated, had my complexion darkened to a Spanish olive, put on a false beard, and was ready for service. I had arranged with this tonsorial artist, whose shop was in the Strand near Northumberland House, that he should be prepared to remove these traces of disguise as speedily as he had put them on, and that I should leave a stylish coat and hat in his charge, to be donned in haste should occasion require. I next engaged two boys to stand opposite Northumberland House, and be ready to hold a horse. These boys I partially paid beforehand, and promised more liberal largess if they did their duty. Preliminaries having been thus arranged, I strolled down Whitehall, feeling very much as I did years afterward when I found myself going into action for the first time in Dixie.

It was early afternoon on a lovely spring day. The Strand was a roaring stream of omnibuses and drays, carriages were beginning to roll along the drives leading to Rotten Row, and all London was in the streets. I was assured that at this hour I should find a big but rather clumsy giant on post; and there he was, sure enough, sitting like a colossal statue on his coal-black charger, the crest of his helmet almost touching the keystone of the arch under which he sat, his accoutrements shining like jewels, and he looking every inch a British cavalryman. I walked past on the opposite side of Whitehall, meeting, without being recognized, all my aiders and abettors in this most heinous attack on Her Majesty's Guards. I then crossed the street and took a good look at my man. He and his companion-sentry under the other arch were aware of officers in "mufti" on the opposite sidewalk, and kept their eyes immovably to the front. Evidently nothing much short of an earthquake could cause either to relax a muscle. The little circle of admiring beholders which is always on hand inspecting these splendid horsemen was present, of course, with varying elements, and I had to wait a few minutes until a small number of innocuous spectators coincided with the aphelion of the periodical policeman.

It was not a pleasant thing to contemplate that tower of polished leather, brass and steel, with a man inside of it some forty pounds heavier than I, and think that in a minute or so we two should be engaged in a close grapple, whose termination involved considerable risk for me physically as well as pecuniarily. However, there was, in addition to the feeling of apprehension, a touch of elation at the thought that I, a lone Yankee, was about to beard the British lion in his most formidable shape, almost under the walls of Buckingham Palace.

I looked my antagonist carefully over, deciding several minor points in my mind, and then at a favorable moment stepped quietly within striking distance, and delivered a sharp blow with my stick on his left instep, as far forward as I could without hitting the stirrup. The man seemed to be in a sort of military trance, for he never winced. Quick as thought, I repeated the blow, and this time the fellow fairly yelled with rage, astonishment and pain. I have since made up my mind that his nerve-fibre must have been of that inert sort which transmits waves of sensation but slowly, so that the perception of the first blow reached the interior of his helmet just about as the second descended. At all events, he jerked back his foot, and somehow, between the involuntary contraction of his flexor muscles from pain and the glancing of my stick, his foot slipped from the stirrup. This, as I had learned from my instructor, was a great point gained, and in an instant I had him by the ankle and by the top of his jack-boot, doubling his leg, at the same time heaving mightily upward.

As I gave my whole strength to the effort I was dimly aware of screams and panic among the nursery-maids and children who were but a moment before my fellow-spectators. At the same time I caught the flash of the Guardsman's sabre as he cut down at me after the fashion prescribed in the broadsword exercise. Fortune, however, did not desert me. My antagonist had not enough elbow-room, and his sword-point was shivered against the stone arch overhead, the blade descending flatways and harmlessly upon my well-protected shoulder just as, with a final effort, I tumbled him out his saddle.

The recollection of the ludicrous figure which that Guardsman cut haunts me still. His pipeclayed gloves clutched wildly at holster and cantle as he went over. Down came the gleaming helmet crashing upon the pavement, and with a calamitous rattle and bang the whole complicated structure of corselet, scabbard, carbine, cross-belts, spurs and boots went into the inside corner of the archway, a helpless heap.

That started the horse. The noble animal had stood my assault as steadily as if he had been cast in bronze, but precisely such an emergency as this had never been contemplated in his training, as it had not in that of his master, and he now started forward rather wildly. I had my hand on the bridle before he had moved a foot, and swung myself half over his back as he dashed across the sidewalk and up Whitehall. The Guards' saddles are very easy when once you are in them, and I had reason, temporarily at least, to approve the English style of riding with short stirrups, for I readily found my seat, and ascertained that I could touch bottom with my toes. As I left the scene of my victory behind me I heard the guards turning out, and caught a glimpse as of all London running in my direction, but by the time that I had secured the control of my horse I had distanced the crowd, and as we entered the Strand we attracted comparatively little notice. In driving, the English turn out to the left instead of to the right, as is the custom here, and I was obliged to cross the westward-bound line of vehicles before I could fall in with that which would bring me to my boys. I decided to make a "carom" of it, and nearly took the heads off a pair of horses, and the pole off the omnibus to which they were attached, as I dashed through. Turning to the right, I soon lost the torrent of invective hurled after me by the driver and conductor of the discomfited 'bus, and in less than two minutes—which seemed to me an age, for the pursuit was drawing near—I reached my boys, dropped them a half sov. apiece, which I had ready in my hand, and bolted for my hairdresser's, the boys leading the horse in the opposite direction, as previously ordered.

It was none too soon, for as I ran up stairs I saw three or four policemen running toward the horse, and there was a gleam of dancing plumes and shining helmets toward Whitehall. My false beard and complexion were changed with marvelous rapidity, and, assuming my promenade costume, I sauntered down stairs and out upon the sidewalk in time to see the whole street jammed with a crowd of excited Britons, while the recaptured horse was turned over to the Guardsmen, and the two boys were marched off to Bow street for examination before a magistrate.

A private room and an elaborate dinner at the United Service Club closed the day; and I must admit that my military friends swallowed their evident chagrin with a very good grace. Of course I was told that I could not do it again, which I readily admitted; and that there was not another man in the troop whom I could have unhorsed—an assertion which I as persistently combated. The affair was officially hushed up, and probably not more than a few thousand people ever heard of it outside military circles.

How I escaped arrest and punishment to the extent of the law I did not know for many years, for the duke of Wellington, who was then commander-in-chief, had only to order the officers concerned under arrest, and I should have been in honor bound to come forward with a voluntary confession.

My giant was sent for to the old duke's private room the day after his overthrow, and questioned sharply by the adjutant, who, with pardonable incredulity, suspected that bribery alone could have brought about so direful a catastrophe. The duke was from the first convinced of the soldier's honesty and bravery, and presently broke in upon the adjutant's examination with—"Well, well! speak to me now. What have you to say for yourself?"

"May it please yer ludship," said the undismayed soldier, "I've never fought a civilian sence I 'listed, an' yer ludship will bear me witness that there's nothing in the cavalry drill about resisting a charge of foot when a mon's on post at the Horse Guards."

This speech was delivered with the most perfect sincerity and sobriety, and although it reflected upon the efficiency of the army under the hero of Waterloo, the Iron Duke was so much impressed by the affair that he sent word to Lieutenant-Colonel Varian, commanding the regiment, not to order the man any punishment whatever, but to see that his command was thereafter trained in view of possible attacks, even when posted in front of army head-quarters.

CHARLES L. NORTON.

# PAINTING AND A PAINTER.

CHARLES V. once said, "Titian should be served by Cæsar;" and Michael Angelo, we read, was treated by Lorenzo de' Medici "as a son;" Raphael, his contemporary, was great enough to revere him, and thank God he had lived at the same time. In England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain at this day, the poet and the painter stand hedged about by the divinity of their gifts, and the people are proud to recognize their kingship.

Has "Reverence, that angel of the world," as Shakespeare beautifully says, forgot to visit America? Or must we consider ourselves less capable yet of delicate appreciation, such as older nations possess? Or are we over-occupied in gaining possession of material comforts and luxuries, and so forget to revere our poets and painters till it is too late, and the curtain has fallen upon their unobtrusive and often struggling earthly career? What a millennium will have arrived when we learn to be as *faithful* to our love as we are sincere!

Questions like these have been asked also in times preceding ours. Alfred de Musset wrote upon this subject in 1833, in Paris: "There are people who tell you our age is preoccupied, that men no longer read anything or care for anything. Napoleon was occupied, I think, at Beresina: he, however, had his *Ossian* with him. When did Thought lose the power of being able to leap into the saddle behind Action? When did man forget to rush like Tyrtæus to the combat, a sword in one hand, the lyre in the other? Since the world still has a body, it has a soul."

Monsieur Charles Blanc writes: "In order to have an idea of the importance of the arts, it is enough to fancy what the great nations of the world would be if the monuments they have erected to their faiths, and the works whereon they have left the mark of their genius, were suppressed from history. It is with people as with men—after death only the emanations of their mind remain; that is to say, literature and art, written poems, and poems inscribed on stone, in marble or in color."

The same writer, in his admirable book, *Grammaire des arts du dessin*, from which we are tempted to quote again and again, says: "The artist who limits himself simply to the imitation of Nature reaches only *individuality:* he is a slave. He who interprets Nature sees in her happy qualities; he evolves *character* from her; he is master. The artist who idealizes her discovers in her or imprints upon her the image of *beauty:* this last is a great master. . . . Placed between Nature and the ideal, between what is and what must be, the artist has a vast career before him in order to pass from the reality he sees to the beauty he divines. If we follow him in this career, we see his model transform itself successively before his eyes. . . . But the artist must give to these creations of his soul the imprint of life, and he can only find this imprint in the individuals Nature has created. The two are inseparable—the type, which is a product of thought, and the individual, which is a child of life."

With this excellent analysis before us, we will recall one by one some of the best-known and most interesting works of W. M. Hunt, a painter who now holds a prominent place among the artists of America. We will try to discover by careful observation if the high gifts of Verity and Imagination, the sign and seal of the true artist, really belong to him: if so, where these qualities are expressed, and what value we should set upon them.

First, perhaps, for those readers remote from New England who may never have seen any pictures by this artist, a few words should be said by way of describing some characteristics of his work and the limitations of it; which limitations are rather loudly dwelt upon by connoisseurs and lovers of the popular modern French school. Artists discern these limitations of course more keenly even than others, but their tribute to verity and ideal beauty as represented by this painter is too sincere to allow caviling to find expression. This limitation to which we refer causes Mr. Hunt to allow *ideal suggestions*, rather than pictures, to pass from his studio, and makes him cowardly before his own work. It recalls in a contrary sense that saying of the sculptor Puget: "The marble trembles before me." Mr. Hunt trembles before his new-born idea. His swift nature has allowed him in the first hour of work to put into his picture the tenderness or rapture, the unconscious grace or tempestuous force, which he despaired at first of ever being able to express. In the flush of success he stops: he has it, the idea; the chief interest of the subject is portrayed before him; the delicate presence (and what can be more delicate than the thoughts he has delineated?) is there, and may vanish if touched in a less fortunate moment. But is this lack of fulfillment in the artist entirely without precedent or parallel? Had not Sir Joshua Reynolds a studio full of young artists who "finished off" his pictures? Were not the very faces themselves painted with such rapidity and want of proper method as to drop off, on occasion, entirely from the canvas, as in case of the boy's head, in being carried through the street? Hunt is of our own age, and would scorn the suggestion of having a hand or a foot painted for him, as if it were a matter of small importance what individual expression a hand or a foot should wear; but who can tell for what future age he has painted the wise, abrupt, kind, persistent, simple, strong old Judge in his Yankee coat; or the genial, resolute, hopeful, self-sacrificing governor of Massachusetts; and the Master of the boys, with his keen, loving, uncompromising face? These are pictures that, when children say, "Tell us about the Governor who helped Massachusetts bring her men first into the field during our war," we may lead them up before and reply, "He was this man!" So also with the portraits of the Judge, of the Master of the boys, of the old man with clear eyes and firm mouth, and that sweet American girl standing, unconscious of observation, plucking at the daisy in her hat and guessing at her fate.

Hurry, impatience and a worship of crude thought are characteristics of our present American life. Hunt is one of us. If these faults mark and mar his work, they show him also to be a child of the time. His quick sympathies are caught by the wayside and somewhat frayed out among his fellows; but nevertheless one essential of a great painter, that of *Verity*, will be accorded to him after an examination of the pictures we have mentioned.

But truth, character, skill, the many gifts and great labor which must unite to lead an artist to the foot of his shadowy, sun-crowned mountain, can then carry him no step farther unless ideal Beauty join him, and he comprehend her nature and follow to her height. Again we quote from Charles Blanc—for why should we rewrite what he says so ably?—"All the germs of beauty are in Nature, but it belongs to the spirit of man alone to disengage them. When Nature is beautiful, the painter *knows* that she is beautiful, but Nature knows nothing of it. Thus beauty exists only on the condition of being understood—that is to say, of receiving a second life in the human thought. . . . Art has something else to do than to copy Nature exactly: it must penetrate into the spirit of things, it must evoke the soul of its hero. It can then not only rival Nature, but surpass her. What is indeed the superiority of Nature? It is the life which animates all her forms. But man possesses a treasure which Nature does not possess—thought. Now thought is more than life, for it is life at its highest power, life in its glory. Man can then contest with Nature by manifesting thought in the forms of art, as Nature manifests life in her forms. In this sense the philosopher Hegel was able to say that the creations of art were truer than the phenomena of the physical world and the realities of history."

Now, thought in the soul of the true artist for ever labors to evolve the beautiful. This is what the thought of a picture means to him—how to express beauty, which he finds underlying even the imperfect individual of Nature's decaying birth. To the high insight this is always discernible. None are so fallen that some ray of God's light may not touch them, and this possibility, the faith in light for ever, radiates from the spirit of the artist, and renders him a messenger of joy. No immortal works have bloomed in despondency: they may have taken root in the slime of the earth, but they have blossomed into lilies.

We call this divine power to discern beauty in every manifestation of the Deity, imagination. As it expresses itself in painting, it is so closely allied with what is highest and holiest in our natures that painting has come to be esteemed a Christian art, as contrasted in its development subsequent to the Christian era with the less human works of sculpture. "Christianity came, and instead of physical beauty substituted moral beauty, infinitely preferring the expression of the soul to the perfection of the body. Every man was great in its eyes, not by his perishable members, but by his immortal soul. With this religion begins the reign of painting, which is a more subtle art, more immaterial, than the others—more expressive, and also more individual. We will give some proofs of it. Instead of acting, like architecture and sculpture, upon the three dimensions of heavy matter, painting acts only upon one surface, and produces its effects with an imponderable thing, which is color—that is to say, light. Hegel has said with admirable wisdom: 'In sculpture and architecture forms are rendered visible by exterior light. In painting, on the contrary, matter, obscure in itself, has within itself its internal element, its ideal—light: it draws from itself both clearness and obscurity. Now, unity, the combination of light and dark, is color.' The painter, then, proposes to himself to represent, not bodies with their real thickness, but simply their appearance, their image; but by this means it is the mind which he addresses. Visible but impalpable, and in some sense immaterial, his work does not meet the touch, which is the sight of the body: it only meets the eye, which is the touch of the soul. Painting is then, from this point of view, the essential art of Christianity. . . . If the painter, like Phidias or Lysippus, had only to portray the types of humanity, the majesty of Jupiter, the strength of Hercules, he might do without the riches of color, and paint in one tone, modified only by light and shade; but the most heroic man among Christians is not a demigod: he is a being profoundly individual, tormented, combating, suffering, and who throughout his real life shares with environing Nature, and receives from every side the reflection of her colors. Sculpture, generalizing, raises itself to the dignity of allegory—painting, individualizing, descends to the familiarity of portraiture."

Let us now return to consider William Hunt's pictures from this second point of view. The gift of Verity having been already assumed, can we also discern that higher power of Imagination whose crown and seal is the Beautiful. To decide this question we have, unhappily, to consider his work as lyrical, rather than dramatic, and for this reason we must study his power under disadvantage. That he possesses dramatic power will hardly be denied by those who know his "Hamlet," "The Drummer-Boy," and "The Boy and the Butterfly;" but the exigencies of life appear to prevent him from occupying himself with compositions such as filled years in the existence of the old painters.

Portraiture being the highest and most difficult labor to which an artist can aspire, to this branch of art Hunt has chiefly confined himself, and from this point of view he must be studied. We do not forget, in saying this, his angel with the flaming torch, strong and beautiful and of unearthly presence, nor the shadowy, half-portrayed figures which dart and flit across his easel; but as we may *understand* the power of Titian from his portraits, yet never revel in it fully until we look upon "The Presentation" or "The Assumption"—never comprehend the painter's joy or his divine rest in endeavor until the achievement lies before us—we must speak of Hunt only from the work to which he has devoted himself, and not do him the injustice to predict dramas he has never yet composed.

First, pre-eminently appears that worship for moral beauty which suffers him to fear no ugliness. This power allies him with keen sympathy to every living thing. He sees kinship and the immortal spark in each breathing being. The soul of love goes out and paints the dark or the suffering or the repellant faithfully, bringing it in to the light where God's sunshine may fall upon it, and men and women, seeing for the first time, may help to wipe away the stain. This tendency he shares with the great French painter Millet, whom he loves to call Master, and with Doré, whose terrible picture of "The Mountebanks" should call men and women from their homes to penetrate the fastnesses of vice and strive to heal the sorrows of their kind.

This love of moral beauty, which forces painters to paint such pictures, was never in any age more evident. Hunt in his beggar-man, in his forlorn children, and other pictures of the same class, unfolds a beauty that men should be thankful for.

On the other hand, his love of beauty and his power of expressing it should be studied in its *direct* influence. The beauty of flesh and blood, even the loveliness of children, seems to have slight hold upon him, compared with the significance of character and the lustre with which his imagination endows everything. This lustre is a distinguishing power with him. The depth to which he sees and feels causes him to give higher lights and deeper shadows than other men. White flowers are not only white to him—they shine like stars. His pictures give a sense of splendor.

In his sketch of the poor mother cuddling her child, it is the feeling of rest, the mother's sleeping joy, the relaxed limbs, the folding embrace, which he has given us to enjoy. These are the beauty of the picture—not rounded flesh, nor graceful curves, nor fair complexion; and so with the singing-girls: they are not beautiful girls, but they are simple—they love to sing, they are full of tenderness and music. We might go over all his pictures to weariness in this way. The young girl plucking at the daisy as she stands in an open field must, however, not be omitted. The natural elegance of this portrait renders it peculiarly, we should say, such a one as any woman would be proud to see of herself. Doubtless this young girl, like others, may have worn ear-rings and chains and pins and rings, but the artist knew her better than she knew herself, and has portrayed that exquisite crown of simplicity with which, it should seem, Nature only endows beggars and her royal favorites.

In all the ages since Hamlet was created there appears never to have been an era in which his character has excited such strong and universal interest as in America at this time. William Hunt has thrown upon the canvas a figure of Hamlet beautiful and living. There is no suggestion of any actor in it. Hamlet walks new-born from the painter's brain. His "cursed spite" bends the youthful shoulders, and the figure marches past unmindful of terrestrial presences.

One other picture will illustrate more clearly, perhaps, than everything which has gone before, this gift of imagination. In "The Boy and the Butterfly," now on the walls of the Century Club-house, the loveliness of the child, the power of action, the subtle management of color and light, are all subordinated to the ideas of defeat and endeavor. Energy, the irrepressible strength of the spirit upheld by a divine light of indestructible youth, shines out from the canvas. The boy who cannot catch the butterfly is transmuted as we stand into the Soul of Beauty reaching out in vain for satisfaction, and ready to follow its aspiration to another sphere.

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## WILHELMINE VON HILLERN.

GERMAN literature, despite its extraordinary productiveness and its possession of a few great masterpieces, is far from being rich in the department of belles-lettres, especially in works of fiction. It has no list of novelists like those which include such names as Fielding, Scott and Thackeray, Balzac, Hugo and Sand. In fact, there is scarcely an instance of a male writer in Germany who has devoted himself exclusively to this branch of literature, and has won high distinction in it. It has been cultivated with success chiefly by a few writers of the other sex, whose delineations have gained a popularity in America only less than that which they enjoy at home—in part because the life which they depict has closer internal analogies to our own than to that of England or of France, still more perhaps because the pictures themselves, whatever their intrinsic fidelity, are suffused with a romantic glow which has long since faded from those of the thoroughly realistic art now dominant in the two latter countries.

In none of them is this characteristic more apparent than in the works of Wilhelmine von Hillern, which bear also in a marked degree the stamp of a mind at once vigorous and sympathetic, and are thus calculated to awaken the interest of readers in regard to the author's personal history.

Her father, Doctor Christian Birch, a Dane by birth and originally a diplomatist by profession, held for many years the post of secretary of legation at London and Paris. He withdrew from this career on the occasion of his marriage with a German lady connected with the stage in the triple capacity of author, manager and actress. Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, as she is commonly called, was one of the celebrities of her time, and her dramatic productions still keep possession of the stage. Soon after the birth of her daughter, which took place at Munich, she was invited to assume the direction of the theatre of Zurich. Here Wilhelmine passed several years of her childhood, separated from her father, whose engagements as a political writer retained him in Germany, and scarcely less divided from her mother, whose duties at this period did not permit her to give much attention to domestic cares. Without companions of her own age, and left almost wholly to the charge of an invalid aunt, she led a monotonous existence, which left an impression on her mind all the more deep from its contrast with the life which opened upon her in her eighth year, when Madame Birch-Pfeiffer was summoned to Berlin to hold an appointment at the court theatre.

In the Prussian capital the family was again united, and became the centre of a social circle embracing many persons connected with dramatic art and literature. Devrient, Dawison and Jenny Lind were among the visitors whose conversation was greedily listened to by the little girl while supposed to be immersed in her lessons or her plays. Under such influences it would have been strange if even a less active brain had not been fired with aspirations, which took the form of an irresistible impulse when, at thirteen, Wilhelmine was allowed for the first time to visit the theatre and witness the acting of Dawison in Hamlet and other parts. Henceforth all opposition had to give way, and in her seventeenth year she made her *début* as Juliet at the ducal theatre of Coburg. Two qualities, we are told, distinguished her acting: a strong conception worked out in the minutest details, and an intensity of passion which knew no restraint, and at its culminating point overpowered even hostile criticism. Subsequently careful training under Edward Devrient and Madame Glossbrenner enabled her to bring her emotions under better control, re-pressing all tendency to extravagance; and, greeted with the assurance that she was destined to become the German Rachel, she entered upon her career with a round of performances at the principal theatres of Germany, including those of Frankfort, Hamburg and Berlin.

These triumphs were followed by the acceptance of a permanent engagement at Mannheim, which, however, had hardly been concluded when it gave place to one of a different kind, followed by her marriage and sudden relinquishment of the vocation embraced with such ardor and pursued for a short period with such brilliant promise. Dawison is said to have remarked that by her retirement the German stage had lost its last genuine tragic actress.

Since her marriage Madame von Hillern has resided at Freiburg, in the grand duchy of Baden, where her husband holds a legal position analogous to that of the judge of a superior court. Her social life is one of great activity, though much of her time is given to superintending the education of her two daughters. But the abounding energy of her nature made it inevitable that her artistic instincts, repressed in one direction, should seek their full development in another. Literature was naturally her choice. Her first work, *Doppelleben*, appeared in 1865, and though defective in construction, owing to a change of plan in the process of composition, served to give assurance of her powers and to inspire her with the requisite confidence. Three years later *Ein Arzt der Seele*, of which a translation under the title of *Only a Girl* has been widely circulated in America, established her claim to a high place among the writers of her class. Her third work, *Aus eigener Kraft* (*By his own Might*), met with equal success, securing for its author a large circle of readers on both sides of the Atlantic ready to welcome the future productions of her pen. The qualities which distinguish her writings are vigor of conception, sharpness of characterization, a moral earnestness pervading the judgments and reflections, and an ardor, sometimes too exuberant, which gives intensity to the delineation even while exciting doubts of its fidelity.

Similar qualities had characterized her acting, and they spring from a nature which a close observer has described as clear in perception yet swayed by fantasy; strong of will yet impulsive as quicksilver; finding enjoyment now in animated discussion, now in impetuous riding, now in absolute repose; full of maternal tenderness, yet fond of splendor and the excitements of society; a nature, in short, abounding in contrasts, but substantially that of a true, noble and lovable woman.

### HIS NAME?

(*An incident of the Boston fire.*)

I.

—OH the billows of fire!
With maëlstrom-like swirl,
Their surges they hurl
Over roof—over spire,
Mad—masterless—higher,—
Till with rumble—crack—crash,
Down boom with a flash,
Whole columns of granite and marble;—see! see!
Sucked in as a weed on the ocean might be,
Or engulfed as a sail
In the hurricane riot and wreak of the gale!

II.

Ha! yonder they rush where the death-dealing stream,
Over-pent, waits their gleam,
To shiver the city with earthquake!—Who, *who*
Will adventure, mid-flame, and unfasten the screw,—
Set the fiend loose, and save us so?—Fireman, you,
*You* willing?—Would God you might hazard it!—Nay,
The red tongues are licking the faucets now: Stay!
—Too late,—'tis too late!
If ruin comes, wait
Its coming: To go, is to perish:—Hold! Hold!
You are young,—I am old,—
You've a wife, too—and children?—O God! he is gone
Straight into destruction! The pipes, men! On, on,
Play the water-stream on him,—full—faster—the whole!
And now—Christ save his soul!

III.

—I stifle—I choke;
And *he*,—Heaven grant that he smother in smoke
Ere the fearful explosion comes. Hark! What's the shout?
*—Is he saved?—Is he out?*
—Did he compass his purpose,—the Hero?—(*One* name
To-night we shall write on the records of fame,—
The perilous deed was so noble!) Why here
On my cheek is a tear,
Which not a whole city in ashes could claim!
—His name, now: *Can nobody tell me his name?*

M. J. P.

### UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM LORD NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON.

[IT has been a matter of congratulation that the destruction by the Boston fire was confined to buildings and other property representing simply the wealth of the city, and did not extend to its monuments or its artistic and literary treasures. The exceptions are, in fact, comparatively small in amount, yet they are such as must excite a general regret. The contents of the studios in Summer street, and the collection of armor, unique in this country, bequeathed by the late Colonel Bigelow Lawrence to the Boston Athenæum, and temporarily deposited at 82 Milk street, could not perish without awaking other feelings besides that of sympathy with their past or prospective possessors. A similar loss was that of many of the books and manuscripts amassed by the historian Prescott, and comprising the collections pertaining to the Histories of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru and of Philip II. The manuscripts were comprised in some thirty or forty folio volumes, and consisted of copies or abstracts of documents in the public archives and libraries of Europe, in the family archives of several Spanish noblemen, and in private collections like that at Middle Hill. The printed books, of which there were perhaps a thousand, included many of great value and not a few of extreme rarity. A large mass of private correspondence was also consumed. We are not yet informed whether the same fate has befallen a small but very choice collection of autographs, embracing letters written or signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., Pope Clement VII., Prospero Colonna, the Great Captain, and other sovereigns and eminent personages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Very few modern autographs were included in this collection, the only examples, we believe, being notes written by Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the duke of Wellington, and a longer letter addressed by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. This last, which we are permitted to print from a copy made some time ago, is not exactly a model of composition, but it is very characteristic, and shows the strength of that enthrallment which led him, despite his natural kindness of heart, to risk the lives of his men in order to communicate with the object of his passion.]

SUNDAY NIGHT, Feb. 15, 9 o'clock [1801].

MY DEAR AMIABLE FRIEND: Could you have seen the boat leave the ship, I am sure your heart would have sunk within you. *I would not have given sixpence for the lives of the men:* a tremendous wave broke and missed upsetting the boat by a miracle. O God, how my heart thumped to see them safe! Then they got safe on shore, and I had given a two-pound note to cheer up the poor fellows when they landed; *but I was so anxious to send a letter for you.* I knew it was impossible for any boat to come off to us since Friday noon, when the boat carried your letters enclosed for Napean, and she still remains on shore. Only rest assured I always write, and never doubt your old and dear friend, who never yet deserved it. The gale abates very little, if anything, and it is truly fortunate that our fleet is not in port, or some accident would most probably happen; but both St. George and this ship have new cables, which is all we have to trust to; but if my friend is true I have no fear. I can take all the care which human foresight can, and then we must trust to Providence, who keeps a lookout for poor Jack. I cannot, my dear friend, afford to buy the three pictures of the "Battle of the Nile," or I should like very much to have them, and Mr. Boyden cannot afford to trust me one year. If he could, perhaps I could manage it. I have desired my brother to examine the four numbers of the tickets I bought with Gibbs. I hope he has told you. I dare say in the office here is the numbers of the tickets my agents have bought for the ensuing lottery. I hope we shall be successful. I hope you always kiss my godchild for me: pray do, and *I will repay you ten times when we meet,* which I hope will be very soon. Monday morning. It is a little more moderate, and we are going to send a boat, but at present none can get to us, and, therefore, I send this letter No. (1) to say we are in being. I hope in the afternoon to be able to get letters, and, if possible, to answer them. Kiss my godchild for me, bless it, and

Believe me ever yours,
NELSON AND BRONTE.

### "WHITE-HAT" DAY.

ON one of the last days in September we were the astonished recipients of a singular and mysterious invitation from a member of the New York Board of Brokers. The note contained words like these: "Come to the Exchange on Monday, September 30th: white hats are declared confiscated on that day."

It would have puzzled Œdipus or a Philadelphia lawyer to trace the connection between white hats and stocks, to tell what Hecuba was to them or they to Hecuba, and why they should be more interfered with by the New York Stock Exchange on the 30th of September than upon any other day. It is true that during the last summer some slight political bias was supposed to be hidden beneath that popular headpiece irreverently styled "a Greeley plug," but then stocks are not politics, nor would any but a punster trace an intimate connection between hats and polls. A story has gone through the papers, to be sure, about an unfortunate deacon who found it impossible to collect the coppers of the congregation in a Greeley hat, but then slight excuses have been made available on charitable occasions before the present election, and we decline to accept the sentiment of that congregation as unmixed devotion to the Republican candidates. They did not wish to Grant their money, that was all.

And then, again, unlike the miller of the old conundrum, men generally wear *white* hats to keep their heads cool; with which laudable endeavor why should the Stock Exchange wish to interfere? One never hears of a "corner" in hats. And then, too, was it the bulls or the bears who objected to them? Bulls, we all know, have an aversion to scarlet drapery, but Darwin, in his studies of the feeling for color among animals, has omitted any references to a horror of white hats even among the most accomplished of the anthropoid apes.

Pondering all these problems, and many more, our puzzled trio went to the Stock Exchange on the last day of September. We were conducted into the safe seclusion of the Visitors' Gallery, from which coign of vantage we could look down unharmed upon the frantic multitude below. The room is large and very lofty, its prevailing tint a warm brown, relieved by bright decorations of the Byzantine order. Across one end runs a small gallery for visitors, without seats, and some twenty feet above the floor, and opposite the gallery is a raised platform, with a long table and majestic arm-chairs for the president and other officers of the Board. High on the wall above these elevated dignitaries glitters in large gold letters the mystic legend, "New York Stock Exchange." On the left of the platform stands a large blackboard, whereon the fluctuations in stocks are recorded, and around the sides of the room are displayed various signs bearing the names of different stocks (like the banners of the knights in royal chapels), beneath which eager groups collect. At the lower end of the room, under the Visitors' Gallery, are seats whereon weary brokers may repose after the brunt of battle. In the centre of the upper end of the vast apartment is a long oval cock-pit—if it may be so called—of two or three degrees, with a table in the lowest circle. It is so arranged as to give the brokers, standing upon the graded steps, full opportunity to see and to be seen. On the table, in singular contrast with the spirit of the place, was a large and beautiful basket of flowers. Anything more painfully incongruous it would be difficult to imagine. The poor flowers seemed to wear an air of patient suffering as they wasted their sweetness on that (literally) howling wilderness.

It was just after ten, and the doors had been open but a few moments when we entered the gallery, already quite full of ladies and gentlemen—generally very young gentlemen, anxious to learn from the glorious example of their elders. The floor below us was fast being strewn with torn bits of paper, which have to be swept up several times a day. Eager groups were gathered under the various signs upon the walls and pillars, apparently playing the Italian game of *morra*, to judge by the quick gestures of their restless fingers. Some were scribbling cabalistic signs on little bits of paper, and almost all were howling like maniacs or wild beasts half starved. The only place I was ever in at all to be compared with it in volume and variety of noise is the parrot-room in the London Zoological Gardens. Bedlam and Pandemonium I have not visited—as yet—and consequently cannot speak from personal experience. But the parrots in that awful house in Regent's Park are capable of making more hideous noises in a given moment than any other wild beasts in the world, except brokers. Here the human animal comes out triumphantly supreme.

To add to the refreshing variety of the din, long, lanky youths in gray sauntered about like the keepers of the carnivora, and bawled incessantly till they were red in the face. These, we were told, were the pages, who reported the state of the market and delivered orders and commissions. To the uninitiated they were a fraud and a delusion, but so was the whole thing. A crowd of men, walking about or standing in groups, note-book in hand, talking eagerly or yelling unintelligible nonsense at the top of their voices, and gesticulating with the fury of madmen, while in and around the crowd strolled those extraordinary pages, calmly shouting full in the brokers' faces,—this, we were told, was "business!" This is the mysterious occupation to which our friends, countrymen and lovers devote so large a portion of their time and thoughts. At this strange diversion millions of dollars change hands in a few hours, and bulls and bears in this little nest agree to make things generally uncomfortable and uncertain for the outside world.

But where were the white hats, and what of their daring wearers? As the crowd thickened, they began to shine out upon the general blackness in obvious distinction. At first, the howling multitude, eager for filthy lucre, took no particular notice of them beyond an occasional hurried poke or pat, but this delusive mildness did not long continue. After the first fifteen or twenty minutes, during which the favorite stocks had been danced up and down a few times, like so many crying babies, the appetite of the hundred-headed hydra abated a little, and the general attention to business relaxed. Suddenly—no one knew whence or wherefore—up rose a white hat in the air, high above the heads of the people, and a bareheaded individual was seen struggling wildly in the arms of the mob, who set up ironical cheers at his unavailing efforts to regain his flying headpiece. It rose and fell faster and farther than any fancy stock of them all, now soaring to the vaulted roof, now being kicked along the dusty floor.

Press where ye see my white hat shine amidst the
ranks of war,

seemed to be the sentiment of the occasion, as the unruly mob swayed and struggled about the dilapidated victim of their sport. In one corner stood a quiet, dignified gentleman, talking sedately to a little knot of friends. He wore a tall white "stove-pipe" of the most obnoxious kind. In a twinkling it was seized and sent flying toward the roof with its softer predecessor. Its owner gave one glance over his shoulder, and "smiled a sickly smile," while it was very evident that

The subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The fun grew fast and furious, the air was literally darkened with flying hats of every shape and size, but all white. The stout tall beavers were converted into footballs till their crowns were kicked out and their brims torn off, when they were seized upon as instruments for further torture. Some innocent member of the large fraternity, now, to use a nautical phrase, scudding under bare *polls*, was pounced upon, and over his unfortunate head the crownless hat was drawn till the ragged remnant of its brim rested upon his shoulders. One poor creature was thus bonneted with at least three tiers of hats, and was last seen on the edge of the cockpit struggling with imminent suffocation.

At the height of the howling, scuffling, kicking and fighting a short diversion was effected. A tall and portly broker appeared upon the scene in an entire suit of new broadcloth. It was unmistakably new, its brilliancy quite undimmed. Instantly a rush was made for him by the fickle crowd. They swept him, as by some mighty wave, into the centre of the room: they turned him round and round like a pivoted statue, and examined him and patted him approvingly on every side. Then they made a large ring round him and gave him three cheers. Not content with this, with one sudden impulse they rushed at him again, and tried to lift him upon the table, that they might see him better. But this the portly broker resisted: he fought like a good fellow, and the crowd, tired of struggling with a man of so much weight, gave one final cheer and went back to the chase of the white hats.

We stayed about half an hour to watch these elegant and refined diversions: at the end of that time our patience and the white hats were giving out together. The din was deafening and the dust was rapidly rising. The floor was strewn with scraps of papers and the mangled remains of felt and beaver. Brimless hats and hatless brims, linings, bands, rent and tattered crowns, and ragged fragments of the fray, were all over the place. A writhing victim in gray, masked by a crownless hat, was struggling upon the table to the evident danger of those unhappy flowers; the president was calling across the tumult in stentorian tones; but the tumult refused to fall, and the imperturbable pages were bawling upon the skirts of the crowd with stolid pertinacity. The noise was terrific, the confusion indescribable.

We are often told that women are unfitted for business pursuits. If this was business, I should say decidedly they were. My acquaintance with women has been large and varied, but I have yet to see the woman whom I consider qualified to be a member of the New York Board of Brokers. I have been present at many gatherings composed entirely of women, from the "Woman's Parliament" to country sewing-societies, but never, even in that much-abused body, the New York Sorosis, have I seen a crowd of women, however excited, however frolicsome, however full of fun, capable of playing football with each other's bonnets even upon April Fools' Day. I am convinced that not even Miss Anthony or Mrs. Stanton would have hesitated to admit, had she been present on the auspicious occasion above recorded, that there are limits even to woman's sphere. Let her preach and practice, and sail ships, and make horseshoes, and command armies, if she will, let her vote for all sorts of disreputable characters to be set over her, if she choose, but let her recognize the fact that between her and the gentle amenities of the New York Stock Exchange there is a great gulf fixed, which only the superior being man, with his lordly intellect, his keen morality and his exquisite and unvarying courtesy, can bridge over.

K. H.

### MR. SOTHERN AS GARRICK.

ONE hundred and thirty-five years ago two young men came up to London to try their fortune: half riding, half walking, the young fellows made their journey. One was thick-set, heavy and uncouth, and years afterward became known to men and fame as Samuel Johnson: the other was bright, slender, active, and was called David Garrick. Some ten years later, just before the battle of Culloden, a Dutch vessel, having crossed the Channel, landed at Harwich. There was on board an apparent page, in reality a young Viennese girl disguised in male attire, who journeyed up to London too, where she soon made her appearance as a dancer at the Haymarket Theatre: there she achieved great success, and became talked about as "La Violette." She was under the patronage of the earl and countess of

Burlington, and finally became Mrs. Garrick. It is said that she was the daughter of a respectable citizen of Vienna—that she had been engaged to dance at the palace with the children of the empress Maria Teresa, but that, her charms proving too attractive to the emperor, the empress had packed her off to London with letters of recommendation to persons of quality there. It seems more probable, however, that she was an actress at Vienna, and simply crossed the sea to try her fortune in England. Becoming fascinated with Garrick's acting, she married him after refusing several more brilliant offers, and in spite of the opposition of her kind patroness, Lady Burlington, who wished her to marry so as to secure higher social position. This match gave rise to much romantic gossip. It was said that a wealthy young lady had fallen in love with the great actor one night in *Romeo*—that he had been induced by her father to come to the house and break the charm by feigning intoxication: some versions had it that he came disguised as a physician. A popular German comedy was written upon it, and still later Mr. Robertson dramatized it for the English stage, and produced a play in which we have lately had an opportunity of witnessing the fine acting of Mr. Sothern. Garrick was certainly fortunate among actors: he not only achieved high professional fame, but he accumulated a large private fortune and lived a happy domestic life in a splendid home filled with choice works of art. The traveler abroad who is favored with an invitation to the Garrick Club, may there see the picture of the great actor "in his habit as he lived," looking down nightly on a collection of the most renowned wits and authors of the metropolis; and to crown all, when Mr. Sothern acts—were it not for his moustache—we might suppose we saw the man himself alive before us.

Concerning Mr. Sothern's acting, it affords a fine example of that quality—so very difficult of attainment; it would seem—perfect *repose*; and by repose we do not mean torpidity or sluggishness or inattention, as opposed to clamorous ranting, but we mean the complete subordination of subordinate parts; so that, if we may use the illustration, the gaudiness of the frame is not allowed to overpower and destroy the effect of the picture. Everything is clear, distinct and well marked: the forcible passages come with double effect in contrast with preceding serenity. The actor's manner is not confined behind the footlights: it diffuses itself, as it were, among his audience until it seems as if they too were acting with him. This arises from the perfection of the picture he presents, and that perfection is the result of careful avoidance of everything that is unnatural. There is no *unnecessary* exertion put forth, no palpable straining after effect: he strives to hold the mirror up to Nature, not Art, and in Nature there is much repose between the tempests. Old players say that the most difficult thing to teach a tyro is to stand still, and some actors never learn it.

Careful attention to costume is another trait exhibited by Mr. Sothern. He might easily make his first appearance as David Garrick in the wealthy merchant's house in ordinary walking-dress, which could be readily retained when he returns to the dinner-party to which he causes himself to be invited. Instead of that, he appears in the full riding-dress of the period—boots, spurs, whip, overcoat and all. This is rapidly changed in time for the dinner-scene for a full-dress suit, complete in every point—powdered hair, white silk stockings, and a little *brette*, or walking rapier, peeping out from under the coat skirt, not slung in a belt as heavier swords, but supported by light steel chains fastened to a *châtelaine*, which slips behind the waistband and can be taken off in a moment. In the last scene, where he goes out to fight the duel, his dress is changed again, and dark silk stockings are donned as more appropriate.

The last point we shall mention here about Mr. Sothern is his scrupulous attention to the minor business of the stage: when he is not speaking himself, his looks act. It is said of Macready that he began to be Cardinal Richelieu at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that it was dangerous to speak to him after that time. When Mr. Sothern plays Lord Dundreary, if he is addressed on any subject during the progress of the play, he answers in his Dundreary drawl, so as not to lose his personality for a minute. The letter from his brother "Tham" he has written out and reads; not that he does not know every word by heart, for he must have read it a hundred times, but because he wants to *turn over* at the proper place. We all know what he has made of that part. A play in which there is absolutely nothing of a plot, which would fall dead from the hands of an inferior actor, becomes with Mr. Sothern as popular as *Rip van Winkle* is with Jefferson to play the sleepy hero. It is to be observed that the three essentials for good acting just mentioned—repose of manner, strict attention to dress, and strict attention to minor details of stage-business—may be acquired by any actor of average intellect who will devote proper time and study to the task: they are not, like a fine figure, a handsome face or a sonorous voice, adventitious gifts of Fortune which may be bestowed on one mortal and denied to another. Mr. Sothern owes his success, evidently, to long and careful preparation of his parts. In David Garrick he leaves but two points at which criticism can carp: his pathos somehow lacks sufficient tenderness, his love-making seems too devoid of passion. When young Garrick won the heart of La Violette, he put more fire into his speech and manner than Mr. Sothern exhibits at the close of the last act. He is represented as always loving Ida Ingot, but at first conceals and suppresses his love: when the avowal comes at last, it should be like the bursting forth of a volcano, hot, fiery and irresistible. M. M.

## NOTES.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE evidently aims to make himself, in a small way, the Peabody of Paris. A cynic might maintain that his gifts were a trifle sensational, and shaped with a view to procure the greatest amount of notoriety at the price; but that they are frequent, and that they show a hearty love for Paris on the Englishman's part, none can deny. It was Sir Richard who not long ago gave about five thousand dollars to the use of the Paris poor; it was he who, in the late hunting-season, is said to have proposed to supply the city hospitals with fresh game—whether of his own shooting or of that of his compatriots does not appear; it is he, in fine, who has furnished to Paris eighty street-fountains, costing in the factory six hundred and seventy-five francs each, or a total of fifty-four thousand francs (say ten thousand eight hundred dollars), the expense of setting them up being undertaken by the city. These drinking-jets are in the main like those so familiar in American cities, and are provided, of course, with tin cups attached by iron chains—"*à la mode Anglaise,*" add the French papers in an explanatory way. Now, the extraordinary fact concerning these fountains is, that no sooner had the first installment of nine been put up than all the tin cups, or "goblets," as the Parisians call them, were stolen. They were renewed, and again disappeared in a trice. In short, within fifteen days no less than forty-seven of these goblets were made way with, despite their strong fastenings—that is, an average of over five cups to each fountain. What the sum-total of plunder has been since the first fortnight, or whether the fountains are still as useless as spiked cannon or tongueless bells, we have yet to learn.

Now comes a contrast. The countrymen of Sir Richard claim that in London from time immemorial not a single cup was ever stolen from the public fountains. So tempting a theme for generalization could not be resisted by the Paris newspaper philosophers, who have deduced from this theft of the cups a broad distinction between the British loafer and the French loafer, declaring that the former "respects any collective property which he partly shares," while the latter does not even draw this distinction, but grabs whatever he can lay his hands on. "The luck of the Wallace fountains," cries one moralizer, "shows how hard it is to reform the Paris *gamin* so long as the law contents itself with its present measures. If the state does not speedily educate children found straying in the street, it is all up with the present generation." Thereupon follows a disquisition on the part which Paris children played in the Commune. "Now, the child," adds our newspaper Wordsworth, "is the man viewed through the big end of the opera-glass;" and he points his moral, therefore, with the need of compulsory education. "One of the first duties incumbent on the Chamber at the next session will be the solution of this question. Let it take as a perpetual goad the fate of the Wallace goblets. You begin by stealing a cup of tin—you end by firing the Tuileries or plundering the Hôtel Thiers." There is a droll mingling of Isaac Watts and Victor Hugo in this *dénoûment*, and despite its practical good sense one is amused at the evolution of a grave discourse from so trivial a text as the Wallace drinking-cups.

To people of a statistical rather than a sentimental turn, the mathematics of marriage in different countries may prove an attractive theme of meditation. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves, but if they delay marriage until they are twenty to twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and thenceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bridegroom's part it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love-matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty the respective ages are equal: after thirty-five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at fifty-five it averages nine years.

The greatest number of marriages for men take place between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in England, between twenty-five and thirty in France, and between twenty-five and thirty-five in Italy and Belgium. Finally, in Hungary the number of individuals who marry is seventy-two in a thousand each year; in England it is 64; in Denmark, 59; in France, 57, the city of Paris showing 53; in the Netherlands, 52; in Belgium, 43; in Norway, 36. Widowers indulge in second marriages three or four times as often as widows. For example, in England (land of Mrs. Bardell) there are 66 marriages of widowers against 21 of widows; in Belgium there are 48 to 16; in France, 40 to 12. Old Mr. Weller's paternal advice, to "beware of the widows," ought surely to be supplemented by a maxim to beware of widowers.

SHAKESPEARE, in one of his most famous madrigals, draws a vivid contrast between youth and age, which, he declares, "cannot live together:"

Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave
Age like winter bare:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold.

Science, which ruthlessly destroys so much poetry by its mattock and spade, its scales, foot-rules and gauges, must now, we should judge, take grave exception to the preceding bit of poesy and to the thousand repetitions of its sentiment by the bards of all ages. By means of a thermometer lately constructed to register with exactitude the degree of heat in the human body, it is found, after numerous experiments under varying circumstances, that the instrument marks 37.08° of heat on an average for persons between twenty-one and thirty years of age, while it marks 37.46° for people aged eighty. In face of this fact what becomes of the "fervors of youth" and the "chills of age"? The highest average temperatures in the human body, as indicated by this gauge, are those which exist from birth to puberty—that is to say, 37.55° and 37.63°. From the latter epoch the heat gradually lowers, to rise again with the first approach of old age. Thus childhood shows the highest temperature, old age the next, and middle life the lowest. We may add that the greatest variations in the temperature of the body between health and sickness are only a few tenths of a degree, according to this measurement; for, the normal condition being 37.2° or 37.3°, an increase to 38° would mark a burning fever, and a decrease to 36° would note the icy approach of death. Hereafter, though we may graciously excuse to poetic license the assertion that

> Crabbed Age and Youth
> Cannot live together,

we must yet sternly protest that the reason assigned—namely, that "youth is hot and age is cold"—is contradicted by the facts of science.

# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Vol. II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Beginning with Dickens's return from America in 1842, this volume covers a period of less than ten years, the most productive, and apparently the happiest, of his life. It brings out in even stronger relief than the preceding volume his strong individuality, a trait which, whether it attracts or repels—and on most persons we think it produces alternately each of these effects—is full of interest, worthy of study and fruitful of suggestions. Its superabundant energy seemed to create demands in order that it might expend itself in satisfying them. Its persistence was toughened by failure as much as by success. Its vivacity, verging upon boisterousness, was incapable of being chilled. Its strenuousness knew no lassitude, and needed no repose. In play as in work, in physical exercise as in mental labor, in all his projects, purposes and performances, Dickens seems to have been in a perpetual state of tension that allowed of no reaction. His was a mind not morbidly self-conscious, but ever aglow with the consciousness of power and the ardor of its achievement, insensible of waste and undisturbed by critical introspection.

The excitement into which he was thrown by the composition of his books exceeds anything of the kind recorded in literary history, and stands in strong contrast with the self-contained tranquillity with which Scott performed an equal or greater amount of labor. Yet it does not, like similar ebullitions in other men, suggest any notion of weakness or of a talent strained beyond its capacity. It was coupled with an enormous facility of execution and the ability to pass with undiminished freshness from one field of action to another. It sprang from the intensity with which every idea was conceived, and which belonged equally to his smallest with his greatest undertakings. "The book," he writes of the *Chimes*, "has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank, and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part twice. I wouldn't write it twice for something. . . . Since I conceived, at the beginning of the second part, what must happen in the third, I have undergone as much sorrow and agitation as if the thing were real, and have wakened up with it at night. I was obliged to lock myself in when I finished it yesterday, for my face was swollen for the time to twice its proper size, and was hugely ridiculous." The little book was written at Genoa; and having finished it, he must make a winter journey to London, "because," as he writes to Forster, "of that unspeakable restless something which would render it almost as impossible for me to remain here, and not see the thing complete, as it would be for a full balloon, left to itself, not to go up." A further reason was to try the effect of the story upon a circle of listeners to be assembled for the purpose: "Carlyle, indispensable, and I should like his wife of all things; *her* judgment would be invaluable. You will ask Mac, and why not his sister? Stanny and Jerrold I should particularly wish. Edwin Landseer, Blanchard, perhaps Harness; and what say you to Fonblanque and Fox?" After this it is amusing to read that the book "was not one of his greatest successes, and it raised him up some objectors;" but the reading was the germ of those which afterward brought him into such close relations with his public.

Of another Christmas story he writes, "I dreamed *all last week* that the *Battle of Life* was a series of chambers, impossible to be got to rights or got out of, through which I wandered drearily all night. On Saturday night I don't think I slept an hour. I was perpetually roaming through the story, and endeavoring to dovetail the revolution here into the plot. The mental distress quite horrible." Here we have, perhaps, a clear case of the effects of overwork. But in general the details of his plots, the names of the characters, above all, the titles of the stories, were evolved with an amount of thought and discussion that might have sufficed for the plan and the preparations for a battle. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is not a name suggestive of long and serious deliberation: one might rather suppose that it had turned up accidentally and been accepted simply as being as good as another. Yet it was not adopted till after many others had been discussed and rejected. "Martin was the prefix to all, but the surname varied from its first form of Sweezleden, Sweezleback and Sweezlewag, to those of Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, Chubblewig and Chuzzlewig." *David Copperfield* was preceded by a still longer list of abortions, and *Household Words*, as a mere title, was the result of a parturition far exceeding in length and severity any throes of travail known to natural history.

All this was unaccompanied by any of the doubts and misgivings, the fits of depression and intervals of lassitude, which are the ordinary tortures of authorship. Nor had it any connection with the weaknesses of the craft, its small vanities and jealousies. "It was," as Mr. Forster well remarks, "part of the intense individuality by which he effected so much to set the high value which in general he did upon what he was striving to accomplish." Hence, too, no half-formed and then abandoned projects were among the stepping-stones of his career. A plan or an idea, once conceived, was certain to be shaped, developed and matured; and whatever the result, it left no disheartening effect, no feeling of distrust, to cripple a subsequent undertaking.

Nor was Dickens so absorbed in his work as to leave it reluctantly, or to find no fullness of satisfaction in occupations or enjoyments of a different kind. On the contrary, no man ever threw himself so heartily and entirely into the business of the hour, or more eagerly sought diversion and change. Dinners, private and public, excursions in chosen companionship, amateur theatricals, schemes of charity or benevolence, occupied a large portion of his time, and were entered into with an ardor which never flagged or needed to be stimulated. His correspondence—an unfailing barometer to indicate the state of the mental atmosphere—is always full of life, overflowing, for the most part, with animal spirits, often vivid in description both of places and people, turning discomforts and embarrassments into subjects of lively narrative or indignant protest. The letters from Genoa and Lausanne are especially copious and entertaining, and form, we think, the most interesting portion of the book. The later chapters, giving the final year of his residence in Devonshire Terrace, are less satisfactory. We would fain have had a picture of that circle of which Dickens was one of the most prominent figures; but though his own personality is revealed in the fullest light, the group in the background is left indistinct, most of its members being barely visible, and none of them adequately portrayed.

Émaux et Camées. Par Théophile Gautier. Nombre définitif. Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern.

Gautier was polishing and adding to his literary jewelry almost to the day of his death, and the final edition which he published among the last of his works about doubles the number of poems first issued. These verses are like nothing we have in English. Their imagery is strongly sophisticated, tortured, brought from vast distances, and then chilled into form. Yet they are the most sincere utterances of a soul fed perpetually among cabinets and picture-galleries, to whom their compact method of utterance is, so to speak, secondarily natural. That they are precious and beauteous no one can deny. How sparkling are the successive descriptions of women—blonde, brune, Spanish, contralto-voiced, coquettish, etc.—whom the poet, like some capricious artist, invites into his atelier, drapes hastily with old Moorish or Venetian or diaphanous costumes, and then reflects in a diminishing mirror, changing the model into a fine statuette of ivory and enamel! More virile and thoughtful images are intermixed: such are the figures of the old Invalides seen at the Column Vendôme in a December fog, and for whom he pleads: "Mock not those men whom the street urchin follows, laughing: they were the Day of which we are the twilight —maybe the night!" Not less fresh are the two "Homesick Obelisks"—that in the Place de la Concorde, wearying its stony heart out for Egypt, and that at Luxor, equally tired, and longing to be planted at Paris, among a living crowd. But Gautier is a colorist, an artist with words, and he is at his best when he works without much outline, celebrating draperies, bouquets and laces, to all of which he can give a meaning quite other than the milliner's, as where he asserts that the plaits of a rose-colored dress are "the lips of my unappeased desires," or describes March as a barber, powdering the wigs of the blossoming almond trees, and a valet, lacing up the rosebuds in their corsets of green velvet. Whatever he touches he leaves artificial, "enameled," yet charming. The verses added in the present edition are more pensive, even sombre. A life given to art wholly, without patriotism or religion or philosophy, does not prepare the greenest old age. There is a long and beautiful poem, "Le Château du Souvenir," which he fills, not exactly with Charles Lamb's "old familiar faces," but with portraits of his mistresses and of his old self. There is the "Last Vow"—to a woman he has pursued "for eighteen years," and whom he still accosts, though "the white graveyard lilacs have blossomed about my temples, and I shall soon have them tufting and shading all my forehead." There is also the accent of his irresponsible courtiership, the facile and unashamed flattery he paid to such a woman as Princess Mathilde. This personage was, or is, an artist; and we may not be mistaken in believing that we have seen, cast aside in the vast storerooms of Haseltine's galleries in this city—an example and gnomon of disenchanted glory—her water-color sketch called the "Fellah Woman," and the very one of which Gautier sang: "Caprice of a fantastic brush and of an imperial leisure! . . . Those eyes, a whole poem of languor and pleasure, resolve the riddle and say, 'Be thou Love—I am Beauty.'"

The late poems, however, as well as the old, are filled with felicities. They contain many a lesson of the word-master, who, though he did not attain the Academy, left the French language gold, which he found marble. The ornaments, exquisite licenses, foreign graces and wide researches which Gautier conferred upon his mother-tongue have enriched it for future time, and they are best seen in this volume.

Concord Days. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In these loose leaves we have the St. Martin's summer of a life. Mr. Alcott, from his quiet home in Concord, and from the edifice of his seventy-three years, picks out those mental growths and moral treasures which have kept their color through all the changes of the seasons. They bear the mark of selection, of choice, from out a vast abundance of material: to us readers the scissors have probably been a kinder implement than the pen. Be that as it may, the selections given are all worth saving, and the fragmentary resurrection is just about as much as our age has time to attend to of the growths that were formed when New England thought was young. That was the day when Mrs. Hominy fastened the cameo to her frontal bone and went to the sermon of Dr. Channing, when young Hawthorne chopped straw for the odious oxen at Brook Farm, and when a budding Booddha, called by his neighbors Thoreau, left mankind and proceeded to introvert himself by the borders of Walden Pond. Mr. Alcott's little diary gives us some of the best skimmings of that time of yeast. There is Emerson-worship, Channing-worship, Margaret Fuller-worship and the pale cast of *The Dial*. There is, besides, in another stratum that runs through the collection, a vein of very welcome investigation amongst old authors—Plutarch's charming letter of consolation to his wife on the death of their child; Crashaw's "Verses on a Prayer-Book;" Evelyn's letter on the origin of his book *Sylva;* and many a jewel five-words-long filched from the authors whom modern taste votes slow and insupportable. We mention these to give some idea of the spirit in which this work of marquetry is executed—a work too fragmentary and incoherent to be easily describable except by its specimens. And while culling fragments, we cannot forbear mentioning the curious records of Mr. Alcott's "Conversations," held now with Frederika Bremer, now with a band of large-browed Concord children, held forty years ago, and turning perpetually upon the deeper questions of metaphysics and religion; we will even indulge ourselves with a short extract from one of the "Conversations with Children," reported verbatim by an apparently concealed auditress, and eliciting many a cunning bit of infantine wisdom, besides the following finer rhapsody, which Mr. Alcott succeeded in charming out of the lips of a boy six years of age:

"Mr. Alcott! you know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns, everything is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray—men can pray *more;* we feel; we have more, more than Nature; we can know, and do right: *Conscience prays;* all our powers pray; action prays. Once we said, here, that there was a Christ in the bottom of our spirits, when we try to be good. Then we pray in Christ; and that is the whole!"

To think that the lips of this ingenuous and golden-mouthed lad may be now pouring out patriotism in Congress is rather sad; but the author's own career tells us that there are some of the Chrysostoms of 1830 who have had the courage to keep quiet, and sweeten their own lives for family use. Mr. Alcott betrays in every line the kindest, sanest and humanest spirit; and we wish he could feel how grateful some of us are for his example of a thinker who can keep quiet, and a writer who can show the power of reticence.

Thirty Years in the Harem; or, The Autobiography of Melek-Hanum, wife of H. H. Kibrizli-Mehemet-Pasha. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have had many revelations from the interior, but nothing quite like this. Most histories are valuable in proportion to the truthfulness of the narrator, but Mrs. Melek's story owes a large show of its interest to her obvious tension of the long-bow. It is, in fact, a self-revelation—the vain and audacious betrayal by an Oriental woman of the narrowness, the shallowness, the dishonesty which ages of false education have fastened upon her race. The lady in question is—and evidently knows herself to be—an exception among her countrywomen for ability and acumen: an extreme self-satisfaction and vanity are revealed in the recital of her most disreputable tricks. She passes for a white blackbird, a woman of intellect caught in the harem; and it needs but little ingenuity to guess the torment she must have been to her protectors—first to the excellent Dr. Millingen, with whom she formed a love-match, and whom she abuses—and then to her second husband, Kibrizli, ambassador in 1848 to the court of England, upon whom she attempted to palm off an heir by the ruse practiced by our own revered Mrs. Cunningham. Whatever the clever Melek does, or whatever treatment she receives, it is always she who is in the right, and her eternal "enemies" who are unjust, barbarous and stingy. The ferocious blackmailing of natives in the Holy Land which she practiced when her husband represented the sultan there, is represented as cleverness; but her divorce after the infamous false accouchement is a piece of persecution. The marriage and adventures of her daughter form a tangled romance through which we hear of a great deal more oppression and cruelty; and the escape into Europe, where the old enchantress appears to be now prowling in poverty and degradation, concludes the curious story. The narrative bears marks of having passed through a French translation and then a British version. To disentangle the thread of actuality that probably runs through it would be too troublesome and futile; but the truths that the wily Melek cannot help telling—the facts of the harem and of Eastern life that involuntarily sprinkle it all like a flavoring of strange spices—these are what give it the odd dash of interest which keeps it in our hands long after we had meant to toss it aside. Here is a "screaming sister" of the East—an odalisque who was not going to be oppressed and degraded like the other women, but who meant to be capable and cultivated and smart, just like the Christian ladies; and this bundle of lies and crimes and hates is what she arrives at.

Hints on Dress; or, What to Wear, When to Wear it, and How to Buy it. By Ethel C. Gale. (Putnam's Handy-Book Series.) New York: G. P. Putnan & Sons.

This little book will certainly elicit commendation from all who consider the subject of dress within the pale of æsthetic treatment; and, what is still more fortunate, it will probably serve to elevate, in some degree, the standard of taste among that large class of persons for whom handy volumes are chiefly compiled. Its statements and deductions are accurate, sensible, comprehensive and practical, and the style in which they are presented is simple and attractive. The color, form and suitability of dress, as well as the best methods of economy in its purchase and manufacture, are intelligently treated. We have only to regret the want of a chapter devoted to the hygiene of dress, which is a subject deserving the earnest attention of every friend of physical development. Ten or a dozen pages given to this topic might have done a service to hundreds who are willing enough to gather knowledge in passing, but who are repelled from the separate consideration of any subject which seems to call for the exercise of serious thought.

A Sketch Map of the Nile Sources and Lake Region of Central Africa, showing Dr. Livingstone's Discoveries and Mr. Stanley's Route. Folio, folded. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell.

A clear, well-executed polychrome map, evidently copied from the one recently published in England, if not actually printed there. It exhibits not only the route of Dr. Livingstone during the period included between the years 1866 and 1872, and that taken by Mr. Stanley in his recent search, but also the course which the former proposes to follow in the prosecution of his discoveries. The boundaries of lakes and the courses of rivers, where definitely known, are indicated by unbroken lines—where still suppositious, by dotted ones. The map, which is printed on heavy paper, is thirteen inches wide by eighteen inches long, and being folded within a stiff duodecimo cover, can be easily preserved and readily consulted.

## *Books Received.*

Papers relating to the Transit of Venus in 1874. Prepared under the Direction of the Commissioners authorized by Congress. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing-office.

Reports on Observations of Encke's Comet during its Return in 1871. By Asaph Hall and Wm. Harkness. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing-Office.

Harry Delaware; or, An American in Germany. By Mathilde Estvan. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

California for Health, Pleasure and Residence. By Charles Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Lives of General U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Romance of American History. By M. Schele de Vere. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Book of Ballads, Tales and Stories. By Benjamin G. Herre. Lancaster, Pa.: Wylie & Griest.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The Lawrence Speaker. By Philip Lawrence. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Memoir of a Huguenot Family. By Ann Maury. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Within the Maze. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Sermons. By Rev. C. D. N. Campbell, D.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Outlines of History. By Ed. A. Freeman, D.C.L. New York: Holt & Williams.

The End of the World. By Edward Eggleston. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

Sermons. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. New York: Holt & Williams.

Kaloolah. By W. S. Mayo, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Nast's Illustrated Almanac for 1873. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Summer Romance. By Mary Healy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Song Life. By Philip Phillips. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Gavroche. By M. C. Pyle. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY, 1873.

# SEARCHING FOR THE QUININE-PLANT IN PERU.

## CONCLUDING PAPER.

EARLY on a brilliant morning, with baggage repacked, and the lessening amount of provisions more firmly strapped on the shoulders of the Indians, the explorers left their pleasant site on the banks of the Maniri. The repose allowed to the bulk of the party during the absence of their Bolivian companions had been wholesome and refreshing. The success of the bark-hunters in their search for cinchonas had cheered all hearts, and the luxurious supper of dried mutton and chuño arranged for them on their return gave a reminiscence of splendor to the thatched hut on the banks of the stream. This edifice, the last of civilized construction they expected to see, had the effect of a home in the wilderness. The bivouac there had been enjoyed with a sentiment of tranquil carelessness. Little did the travelers think that savage eyes had been peeping through the forest upon their fancied security, and that the wild people of the valleys who were to work them all kinds of mischief were upon their track from this station forth.

The enormous fire kindled for breakfast mingled with the stain of sunrise to cast a glow upon their departure. Across the vale of the Cconi, as though a pair of sturdy porters had arisen to celebrate their leavetaking, the cones of Patabamba caught the first rays of the sun and held them aloft like hospitable torches. These huge forms, soldered together at the waist like Chang and Eng, and clothed with shaggy woods up to the top, had been the guardian watchers over their days in the ajoupa at Maniri. The sun just rising empurpled their double cones, while the base and the surrounding landscape were washed with the neutral tints of twilight.

After passing the narrow affluent after which the camping-ground of Maniri was named, the party pursued the course of the Cconi through a more level tract of country. The stones and precipices became more rare, but in revenge the sandy banks soon began to reflect a heat that was hardly bearable. As the implacable sun neared its zenith the party walked with bent heads, and blinded eyes, now dashing through great plains of bamboos, now following the hatchets of the peons through thickets of heated shrubbery.

Whenever the country became more wooded in its character, the bark-hunters, whose quest obliged them to stray in short flights around the wings of the

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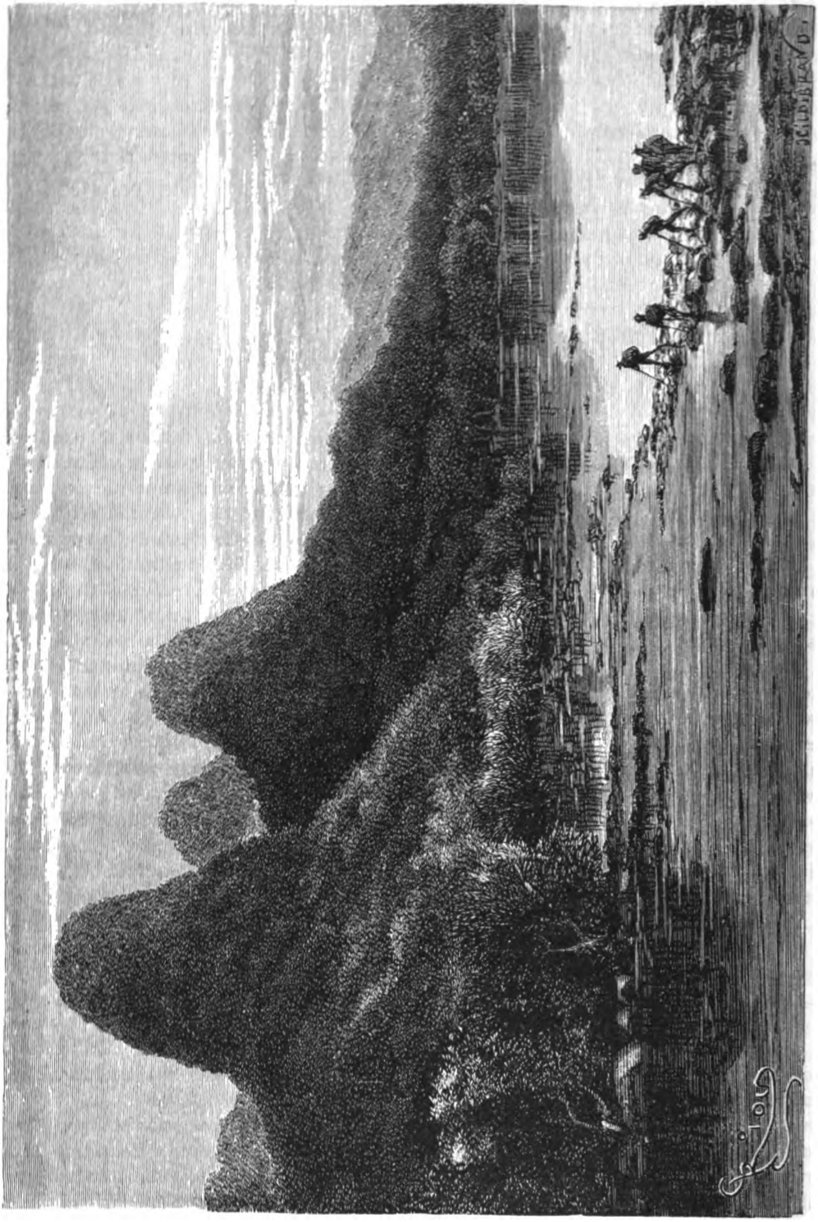
column, redoubled their mazes. The careless air of these Bolivian retrievers, their voluntary doublings through the most difficult jungles, and their easy way of walking over everything with their noses in the air, proved well their indifference to the obstacles which were almost insurmountable to the rest.



THE CONES OF PATABAMBA.—P. 129.

Nothing could be more singular and interesting than to see them consulting one by one the indications scattered around them, and deciding on their probabilities or promises. Where the height and thickness of the foliage prevented them from seeing the sky, or even the shade of the surrounding green, they walked bent toward the ground, stirring up the rubbish, and choosing among the dead foliage certain leaves, of which they carefully examined the two sides and the stem. When by accident they found themselves near enough to speak to each other—a rare chance, for each peon undertook a separate line of search—they asked their friends, showing the leaves they had found, whether their discoveries appertained to the neighboring trees or whether the wind had brought the pieces from a distance. This kind of investigation, pursued by men who had prowled through forests all their lives, might seem slightly puerile if the reader does not understand that it is often difficult, or even impossible, to recognize the growing tree by its bark, covered as it is from base to branches with parasitic vegetation of every sort. In those forests whatever has a stout stem is used without scruple by the bignonias and air-plants, which race over the trunk, plant their root-claws in the cracks, leap over the whole tree at a single jet, or strangle it with multiplied knots, all the while adorning it with a superb mantle of leaves and blossoms. This is a difficulty which the most experienced *cascarilleros* are not able to overcome. As an instance, the history is cited of a *practico* or speculator who led an exploration for these trees in the valley of Apolobamba. After having caused to be felled, barked, measured, dried and trimmed all the cinchonas of one of those natural thickets called *manchas*—an operation which had occupied four months—he was about to abandon the spot and pursue the exploration elsewhere, when accident led him to discover, in the enormous trunk buried in creepers against which he had built his cabin, a *Cinchona nitida*, the forefather of all the trees he had stripped.

In this kind of search the caravan pursued the borders of the river, sometimes on this side and sometimes on that, now passing the two-headed mountain Camanti, now sighting the tufted peak of Basiri, now crossing the torrent called the Garote. In the latter, where the dam and hydraulic works of an old Spanish gold-hunter were still visible in a state of ruin, the sacred golden thirst of Colonel Perez once more attacked him. Two or three pins' heads of the insane metal were actually unearthed by the colonel and displayed in a pie-dish; but the business of the party was one which made even the finding of gold insignificant, and they pursued their way.

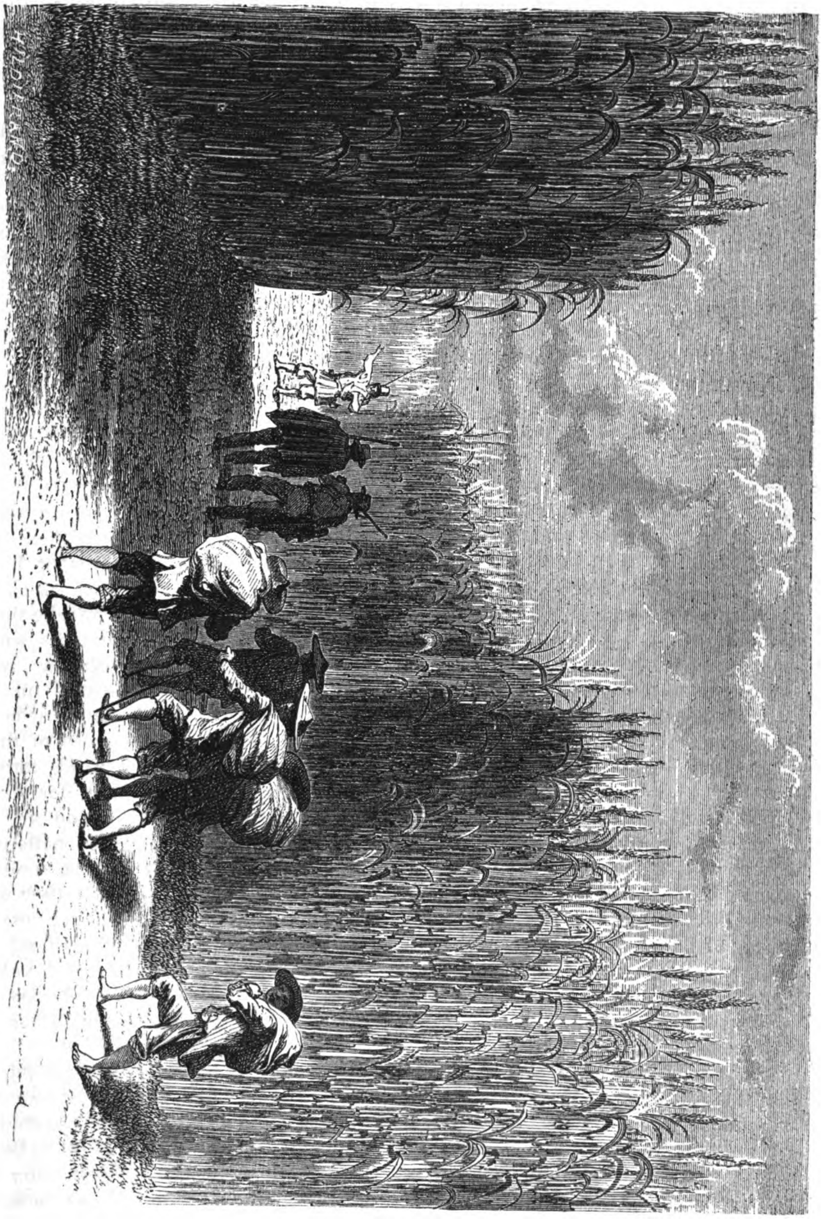
The flanks of these mountains, however, were really of importance to the botanical motive of the expedition. Along the side of the Camanti, where the yellow Garote leaked downward in a rocky ravine, the Bolivians were again successful. They brought to Marcoy specimens of half a dozen cinchonas, for him to sketch, analyze and decorate with Latin names. The colors of two or three of these barks promised well, but the pearl of the collection was a specimen of the genuine *Calisaya*, with its silver-gray envelope and leaf ribbed with carmine. This proud discovery was a boon for science and for commerce. It threw a new light upon the geographical locality of the most precious species of cinchona. It was incontestably the plant, and the Bolivians appeared amazed rather than pleased to have discovered outside of their own country a kind of bark proper only to Bolivia, and hardly known to overpass the northern extremity of the valley of Apolobamba. This discovery would rehabilitate, in the European market, the quinine-plants of Lower Peru, heretofore considered as inferior to those of Upper Peru and Bolivia. The latter country has for some time secured the most favorable reputation for its barks —a reputation ably sustained by the efforts of the company De la Paz, to whom the government has long granted a monopoly. This reputation is based on the abundance in that country of two species, the *Cinchona calisaya* and *Boliviana*, the best known and most valued in the market. But for two valuable cinchonas possessed by Bolivia, Peru can show twenty, many of them excellent in quality, and awaiting only the enterprise of the government and the natural exhaustion of the forests to the south.

This magnificent bit of luck, the finding of the calisaya, awakened in the susceptible bosom of Mr. Marcoy an ardent desire to explore for himself the site of its discovery. But Eusebio, the chief of the cascarilleros, assuming a mysterious and warning expression, informed the traveler that the place was quite inaccessible for a white man, and that he had risked his own neck a score of times in descending the ravine which separated the route from the hillside where the fortunate plants were growing. He promised, however, to point out the locality from afar, and to show, by a certain changeable gloss proper to the leaf, the precise stratum of the calisaya amongst the belts of the forest. This promise he forgot to execute more particularly, but it appeared that the locality would never be excessively hard to find, marked as it was by Nature with the gigantic fingerpost of Mount Camanti. Placing, then, in security these precious specimens among their baggage, the explorers continued their advance along the valley.

The footing was level and easy. Rocks and precipices were left behind, and were displaced by a soft, slippery sort of sand, where from space to space were planted, like so many oases in a desert, clumps of giant reeds. By a strange but natural caprice these beds of rustling verdure were cut in an infinity of well-defined geometric forms. Seen from an eminence and at a distance, this arrangement gave a singular effect. In the midst of these native garden-beds were cut distinct and narrow alleys, where the drifting sands were packed like artificial paths. It is unnecessary to add that the soft footways, notwithstanding their advertisement of verdure and shade, proved to be of African temperature.

The last hours of daylight surprised the travelers among the labyrinths of these strange gardens. A suitable spot was chosen for the halt. As the porters were preparing to throw down their packs, Pepe Garcia, who marched ahead, announced the print of a South American tiger. The first care of the Indians, on hearing this news, was to send forth a horrible cry and to throng around the marks. The footprints disappeared at the thickest part of the jungle. After an examination of the traces, which resembled a large trefoil, they precipitated themselves on the interpreter-in-chief, representing how impossible it was to camp out in the neighborhood of the dreaded animal. But Pepe Garcia, accustomed as he was by profession to try his strength with the ferocious bear and the wily boar, was not the man to be afraid of a tiger, even of a genuine tiger from Bengal. To prove to the porters how slight was the estimation he placed on the supposed enemy, and also to drill them in the case of similar rencounters, he pushed the whole troop pellmell into the thickest part of the reeds, with the surly order to cut down the canes for sheds. Drawing his own knife, he slashed right and left among the stems, which the Indians, trembling with fear, were obliged to make into sheaves on the spot and transport to the beach selected for the bivouac. Double rows of these *arundos*, driven into the sand, formed the partitions of the cabins, for which their interwoven leaves made an appropriate thatch. The green halls with matted vaults were picturesque enough: each peon, seeing how easily they were constructed, chose to have a house for himself; and the Tiger's Beach quickly presented the appearance of a camp disposed in a long straight line, of which the timorous Indians occupied the extremity nearest the river.

No "tiger" appeared to justify the apprehensions of the porters; but what was lacking to their fears from beasts with four feet was made up to them by beasts with wings. The night closed in dry and serene. Since leaving Maniri, whether because of the broadening of the valley, the rarity of the water-courses or the decreasing altitude of the hills, the adventurers had been little troubled with fogs at night. The fauna of the region, too, had offered nothing of an alarming complexion, except the footprints of the tiger in question: an occasional tapir or peccary from the woods, and otters and fish from the streams, had attracted the shots of the party, but merely as welcome additions to their game-bags, not as food for their fears. To-night, however, the veritable bugbear of the trop-



"PEPE GARCIA, WHO MARCHED AHEAD, ANNOUNCED THE PRINT OF A SOUTH AMERICAN TIGER."—P. 132.

ical forest paid them a visit, and left a real souvenir of his presence. As the Indian servants stretched themselves out in slumber under the bright stars and in the partial shelter of their ajoupas, a bat of the vampire species, attracted by the emanations of their bodies, came sailing over them, and emboldened by the silence reigning everywhere, selected a victim for attack. Hovering over the fellow's exposed foot, he bit the great toe, and fanning his prey in the traditional yet inevitable manner by the natural movement of his wings, he gorged himself with blood without disturbing the mozo. The latter, on awakening in the morning, observed a slight swelling in the perforated part, and on examination discovered a round hole large enough to admit a pea. Without rising, the man summoned his companions, who formed a group around him for the purpose of furnishing a certain natural remedy in the shape of a secretion which each one drew out of his ears. With this the patient made himself a plaster for his wound, and appeared to think but little of it. Questioned as to his sensations by the white travelers, who found themselves a good deal more disturbed with the idea of the vampire than they had been by any indications of tigers or wild-boars, the fellow explained that he had felt no sensation, unless it might have been an agreeable coolness to his sand-baked feet. The incident seemed so disagreeable and so likely of recurrence that Colonel Perez ever afterward slept with his feet rolled up in a variety of fantastic draperies, while Mr. Marcoy for several nights retained his boots.

The path along the river-sands would have been voluntarily followed by all the more irresponsible portion of the party, notwithstanding the blinding heats, on account of its smoother footing. The cascarilleros, however, objected that its tufts of canes and passifloras offered no promise for their researches. A compromise was effected. The porters, under the command of Juan of Aragon, were allowed to follow the shore, and were armed with a supply of fish-hooks to induce them to add from time to time to the alarmingly diminished supply of provisions. The grandees of the party followed the Bolivians, whose specialty entitled them to control practically the direction of the route, and plunged into the woods to botanize, to explore and to search for game. A system of conversation by means of shouts and pistol-shots was established between the two divisions. The next night proved the wisdom of this bifurcation. The united booty of earth, air and water, under the form of a squirrel, a pair of toucans and a variety of fish, afforded a meal which the porters described as *comida opipara*, or a sumptuous festival. Lulled and comforted by the sensation which a contented stomach wafts toward the brain, the explorers, after washing their hands and rinsing their mouths at the riverside, betook themselves to a cheerful repose *sub jove*, the locality offering no reeds of the articulated species with which to construct a shelter.

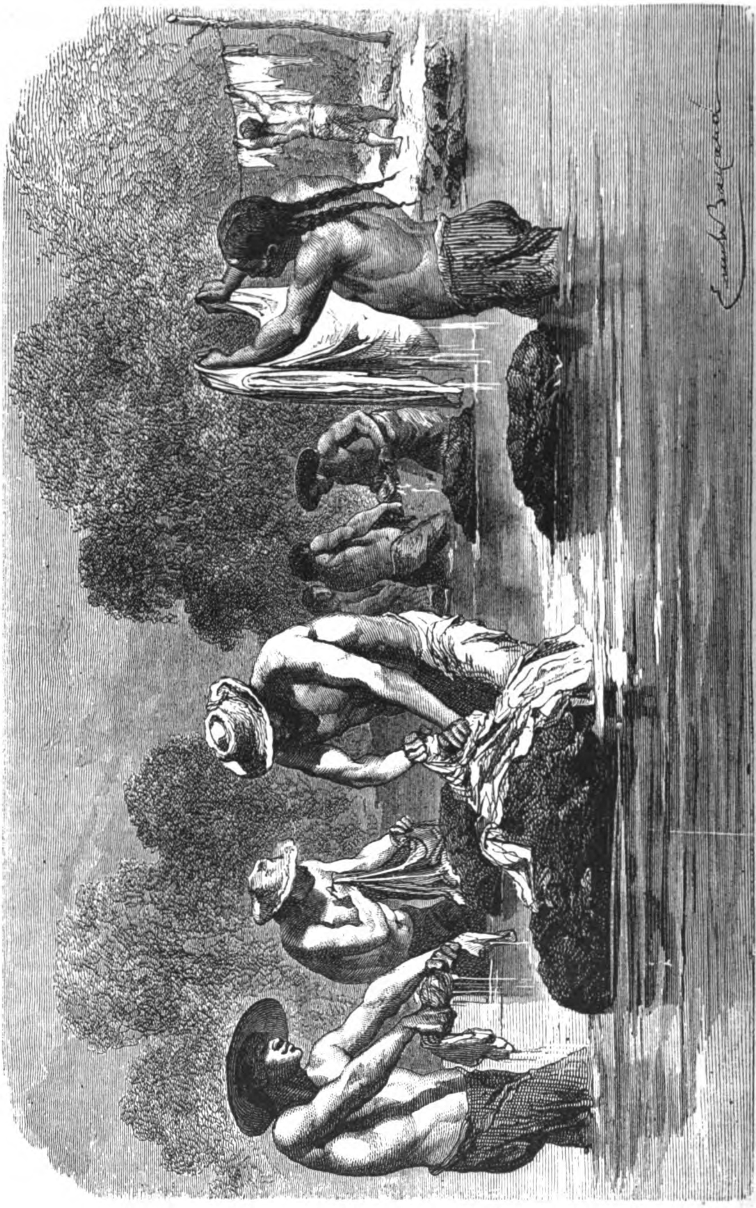
The party, then, betook themselves to slumber with unusual contentment, repeating the splendid supper in their dreams, with the addition of every famous wine that Oporto and Rheims could dispense, when they were awakened by a sudden and terrible storm. A waterspout stooped over the forest and sucked up a mass of crackling branches. The camp-fire hissed and went out in a fume of smoke. A continuity of thunder, far off at first, but approaching nearer and nearer, kept up a constant and increasing fusillade, to whose reports was soon added the voice of the Cconi, lashed in its bed and bellowing like the sea. The surprising tumult went on in a *crescendo*. The hardly-interrupted charges of the lightning gave to the eye a strange vision of flying woods and soaring branches. Startled, trembling and sitting bolt upright, the adventurers asked if their last hour were come. The rain undertook to answer in spinning down upon their heads drops that were like bullets, and which for some time were taken for hail. Fearing to be maimed or blinded as they sat, the party crowded together, placing themselves back to back; and, unable to lay their heads under their wings like the birds, sheltered them upon their knees under the protection of their crossed arms. The fearful deluge of heated shot lasted until morning. Then, as if in laughter, the sun came radiantly out, the landscape readjusted its disheveled beauties, and the ground, covered with boughs distributed by the whirlwind, greedily drank in the waters from heaven. Soon there remained nothing of the memorable tempest but the diamonds falling in measured cadence from the refreshed and stiffened leaves.

Up to sunrise the unfortunates rested stoically silent, their knees in their mouths, and receiving the visitation like a group of statuary. The rain ceasing with the same promptitude with which it had risen, they raised their heads and looked each other in the face, like the enemies over the fire in Byron's *Dream*. Each countenance was blue, and decorated with long flat locks of adhesive hair. The teeth of the whole party were chattering like a concert of castanets. The sun, like a practical joker, laughed ironically at the general picture.

The first hours of morning were consecrated to a general examination of the stores, especially the precious specimens of cinchona. Bundles were restrapped, the damp provisions laid out in the sun, and the clothing of the party, even to the most intimate garment, was taken down to the river to be refreshed and furbished up. A common disaster had created a common cause amongst the whole troop, and with one accord everybody—peons, mozos, interpreters, bark-strippers and gentlemen—set in motion a grand cleaning-up day. Napoleon-like, they washed their dirty linen in the family. Whoever had seen the strangers coming and going from the beach to the woods, clothed in most abbreviated fashion, and seeming as familiar to the uniform as if they had always worn it under the charitable mantle of the woods, would have taken them for a savage tribe in the midst of its encampment. It is probable they were so seen.

Thanks to the intense heat of the sunshine, the garments and baggage of the expedition were quickly dried. The first were donned, the last was loaded on the porters, and the line of march was taken up. Up to noon the road lay along the blazing sands under a sun of fire. All the members of the party felt fresh and hardy after the involuntary bath, except one of the Indians, who was affected with a kind of ophthalmia. This attack, which Mr. Marcoy attributed partly to the glare, partly to the wet, and partly to a singular hobby peculiar to the individual of sleeping with his eyes wide open, was of no long duration. The pain which he complained of disappeared with a few hours of exercise and with the determination he showed in staring straight at the god of day, who, as if in memory of the worship formerly extended toward him in the country, deigned to serve as oculist for the sufferer. A little before sunset halt was made for the night-camp in the centre of a beach protected by clumps of reeds in three quarters of the wind. The Indian porters, despatched for fish and firewood, returned suddenly with a frightened mien to say that they had fallen into the midst of a camp of savages. The white men quickly rejoined them at the spot indicated, where they found a single hut in ruins, made of reeds which appeared to have been cut for the construction some fortnight before, and strewn with firebrands, banana skins and the tail of a large fish. Pepe Garcia, consulted on these indications, explained that it was in reality the camping-place of some of the savage Sirinirìs, but that the narrowness of the hut seemed to indicate that not more than two of the Indians, probably a man and woman, had resided there during a short fishing-excursion.

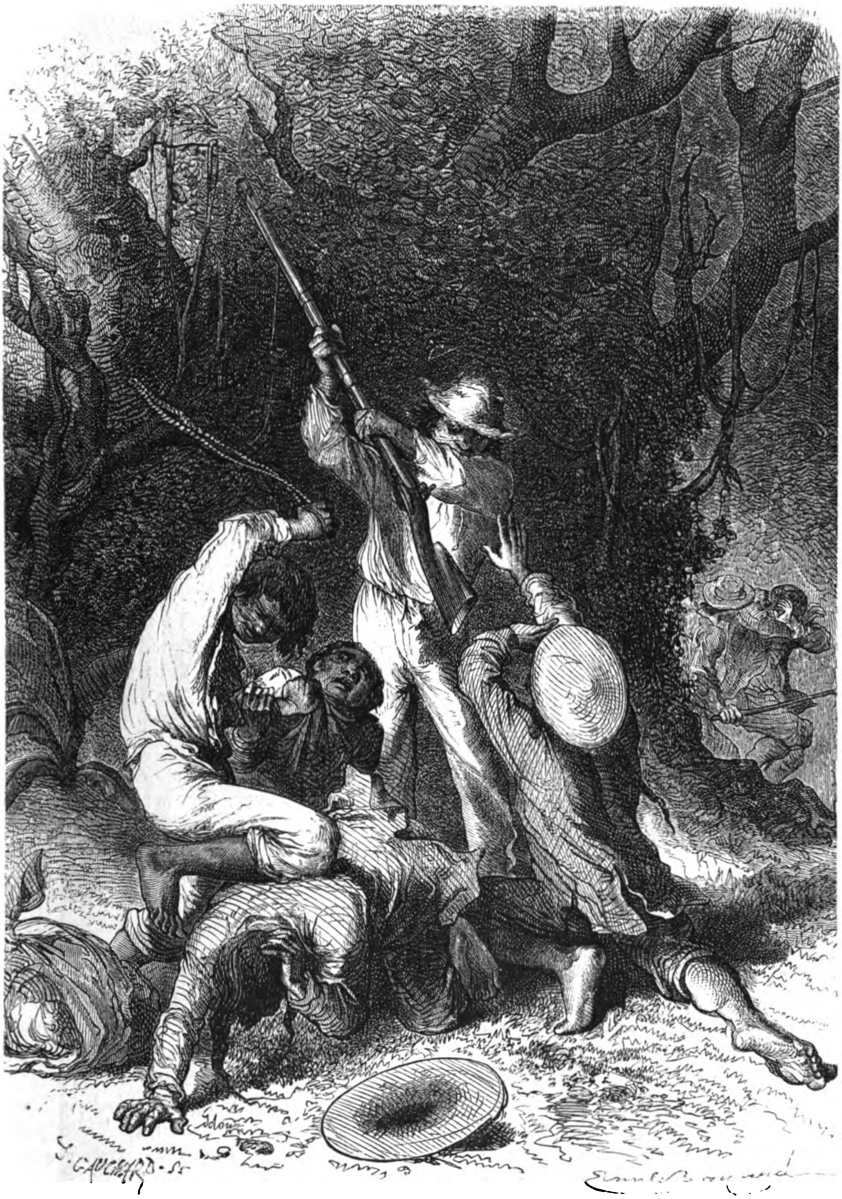
This discovery cast a shade over the countenances of the porters. After having collected the provisions necessary for a slender supper, they drew apart, and, while cooking was going on, began to converse with each other in a low voice. No notice was taken of their behavior, however, though it would have required little imagination to guess the subject of their parliament. The tired eyes of the explorers were already closed, while their ears, more alert, could hear the confused murmur proceeding from



" NAPOLEON-LIKE, THEY WASHED THEIR DIRTY LINEN IN THE FAMILY."—P. 135.

the Indians' quarter, where the disposition seemed to be to prolong the watch indefinitely.

The dark hours filed past, and jocund day, according to Shakespeare and Romeo, stood tiptoe on the mountain-tops of Camanti and Basiri, when the travelers were awakened by a fierce and terrible cry. Lifting their heads in astonishment, they perceived the faithful Pepe Garcia, his face disfigured with rage, and his fist shaking vigorously in the direction of the Indians, who sat lowering and sullen in their places. Aragon and the cascarilleros, collected around the chief interpreter, far from trying to



"ARAGON AND HIS MEN FELL UPON THE DESERTERS WITHOUT MERCY."—P. 138.

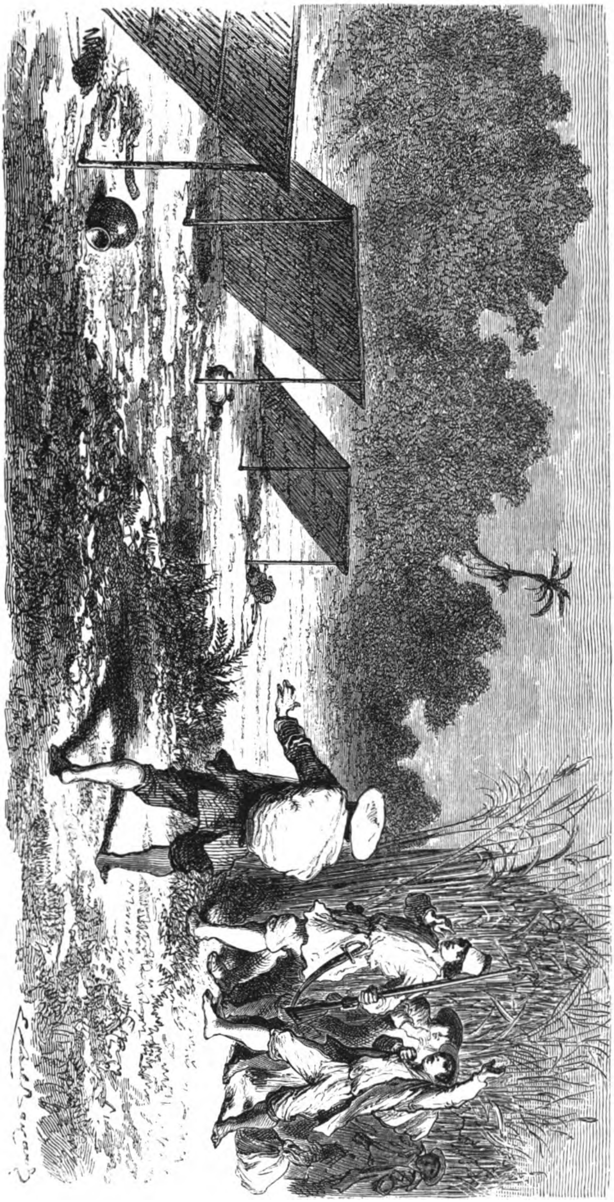
calm his anger, appeared to feed it by their suggestions. An explanation of the scene was demanded. Eight of the bearers, it appeared, had deserted, leaving to their comrades the pleasure of watching over the packages of cinchona, but assuming for their part the charge of a good fraction of the provisions, which they had disappeared with for the relief of their fellow-porters. This copious bleeding of the larder drew from Colonel Perez a terrible oath, and occasioned a more vivid sentiment in the entrails of Marcoy than the defection of the men. If the evil was grand, the remedy was correspondingly difficult. Indolent or mercurial at pleasure, the Indians had doubtless threaded the woods with winged feet, and were now far away. Mr. Marcoy proposed therefore to continue the march without them, but to set down a heavy account of bastinadoes to their credit when they should turn up again at Marcapata. This proposition, as it erred on the side of mercy, was unanimously rejected, and a scouting-party was ordered in pursuit, consisting of the bark-hunters and Juan of Aragon, to whom for the occasion Pepe Garcia confided his remarkable fowling-piece.

In the afternoon the extemporized police reappeared. The fugitives had been found tranquilly sitting on the banks of the river, distending their abdomens with the stolen preserves and chocolate. Aragon and his men fell upon the deserters without mercy. The former, battering away at them with the stock of his gun, and the latter, exercising upon their shoulders whatever they possessed in the way of lassoes, axe-handles and sabre-blades, maintained the argument effectually for some time in this way, and did not descend to questions until muscular fatigue caused them to desist. The catechism subsequently put to the porters elicited the reply, from the spokesman of the recusants, that they were tired of being afraid of the wild Indians; that they objected to marching into the dens of tigers; that, perceiving their rations diminished from day to day, they had imagined the time not far distant when the same would be withdrawn altogether. It was curious, as it seemed to Marcoy when the argument was rehearsed to him presently, that the fellows made no complaint of being footsore, overcharged with burdens or conducted into paths too difficult for them. A lurking admiration for the vigor with which, after all, they played their crushing part of beasts of burden, procured them immunity from further punishment after their return. Their bivouacs were simply watched on the succeeding nights by Bolivian sentinels.

After a few minutes allowed the strayed sheep to rub their bruises, the march was continued. The afternoon afforded a succession of the same sandy river-banks, dressed with reeds, false maize, calceolarias and purple passion-flowers, and yielding for sole booty a brace of wild black ducks, and an opossum holding in her pouch five saucy and scolding little ones. The natural civet employed as a cosmetic by this animal forbade the notion of using it for food, and it was thrown with its family into the river, after being deprived of its glossy skin.

As evening approached, and as all eyes were exploring the banks for a suitable camping-ground, a spacious and even beach was fixed upon as offering all the requisite conveniences. It was agreed to halt there. Attaining the locality, however, they were amazed to find all the traces of a previous occupation. Several sheds, formed of bamboo hurdles set up against the ground with sticks, like traps, were grouped together. Under each was a hearth, a simple excavation, two feet across and a few inches deep, and filled with ashes. A few arrows, feathers and rude pieces of pottery were scattered around. They greeted these Indian relics as Crusoe did the footprints of the savages. Nor was it more reassuring to observe, among other callers like themselves who had left their visiting-cards at the doors since the departure of the proprietors, the sign-manual of jaguars and tapirs, whose footprints were plainly visible on the gravel.

A close examination was made of every detail pertaining to the huts and their accessories, and the interpreters



"THEY GREETED THESE INDIAN RELICS AS CRUSOE DID THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE SAVAGES."—P. 138.

were asked if it would be prudent to encamp in a spot thus leased in advance. there, assuring their employers that there would be no danger in sleeping among the teraphim of the savages, provided Pepe Garcia and Aragon were of opinion that it would be better to pass the night that nothing was touched or displaced. Their motion was promptly adopted, to the great discomfiture of the porters, who were poised on one foot ready for flight. A salute of five shots was fired, with a vague intention of giving any listeners the highest possible opinion of the white explorers as a military power. An enormous fire was kindled, sentinels were posted, and the party turned in, taking care, however, during the whole night to close but one eye at a time.

Day commenced to blush, when all ears were assaulted by a concerted howl, proceeding from behind a bed of canes on the other side of the river. "*Alerta! los Chunchos!*" cried the sentinel. The three words produced a startling effect: the porters sprang up like frightened deer; Mr. Marcoy grasped a sheaf of pencils and a box of water-colors with a warlike air, and the colonel's lips were crisped into a singular smile, indicative of lively emotions. Hardly were the travelers clothed and armed when the reeds parted with a rattling noise, and three nude Indians, sepia-colored and crowned with tufts of hair like horses' tails, leaped out like jacks-in-the-box. At sight of the party standing to receive them they redoubled their clamor, then, flourishing their arms and legs and turning continually round, they gradually revolved into the presence of the explorers. They selected as chiefs and sachems of the party such as bore weapons, being the colonel, Marcoy and the two interpreters. These they clasped in a warm, fulsome embrace: they were smeared from head to foot with rocoa (crude arnotta), and their passage through the river having dissolved this pigment, they printed themselves off, in this act of amity, upon the persons and clothing of their hosts. While the white men, with a very bad grace, were cleaning off these tokens of natural affection, the new-comers went on to present their civilities all around. Two of the porters they recognized at once, with their eagle eyesight, from having relieved them of their shirts while the latter were working out some penalty at the governor's farm of Sausipata, and proceeded to claim a warm acquaintance on that basis; but the bearers, with equally lively memories of the affront, responded simply with a frown and the epithet of *Sua-sua*—double thief.

Pepe Garcia undertook a colloquy, and Aragon, not to be behindhand, flashed a few words across the conversation, right and left as it were, his expressions appearing to be in a different tongue from those used by the chief interpreter, and both utterly without perceptible resemblance to the rolling consonants and gutturals of the savages. Marcoy imbibed a strong impression that the only terms understood in common were the words of Spanish with which the palaver was thickly interlarded. This was the first time the interpreters were put on their mettle in a strictly professional sense, and the test was not altogether triumphant. However, by a careful raising of the voice in all difficult passages, and a wild, expressive pantomime, an understanding was arrived at.

The visitors belonged to the tribe of Siriniris, inhabiting the space comprised between the valleys of Ocongate and Ollachea, and extending eastwardly as far as the twelfth degree. They lived at peace with their neighbors, the Huatchipayris and the Pukiris. For several days the reports of the Christian guns (*tasa-tasa*) had advertised them of the presence of white men in the valley, and, curious to judge of their numbers, they had approached. They had formed a cunning escort to the party, always faithful but never seen, since the encampment at Maniri: every camping-ground since that particular bivouac they faithfully described. They were, of course, in particular and direful need of *sirutas* and *bambas* (knives and hatchets), but their fears of the *tasa-tasa*, or guns, was still stronger than their desires, and their courage had not, until they saw the strangers domiciled as guests in their own habitations, attained the firmness and consistency necessary for a personal approach. The three dancing ambassadors were ministers plenipotentiary on the part of their tribe, located in a bamboo metropolis five miles off.

The white men could not well avoid laying down their *tasa-tasa* and disbursing *sirutas* and *bambas*. The savages, after this triumph of diplomacy, suddenly turned, and, thrusting their fingers in their mouths, emitted a shrill note, which had the effect of enchanting the forest of rushes across the river, and causing it to give birth to a whole ballet of naked coryphei. Nine men, seven women and three dogs composed the spectacle, of which the masculine part, the human and the canine, proceeded to swim the stream and fraternize with the strangers. The women rested on the bank like river-nymphs: their costume was somewhat less prudish than that of the men, the coat of rocoa being confined to their faces, which were further decorated with joints of reed thrust through the nose and ears. A glance of curiosity darted across the water by the colonel was surprised in its flight by the ambassadors, who addressed a hasty word or two to their ladies: the latter, with one quick and cat-like gesture, whipped off each a branch of the nearest foliage, and were dressed in a single instant.

To reward all these vociferous mendicants with the invaluable cutlery was hardly prudent. Seeing the hesitation of their visitors, the savages adopted other tactics. Hurling themselves across the river, they quickly reappeared, armed with all the temptations they could think of to induce the strangers to barter. The scene of these savages coming to market was a picturesque one. Entering the water, provided with their objects of exchange, which they held high above their heads, and swimming with the right arm only, they began to cut the river diagonally. The lifting of the waves and the dash of spray almost concealed the file of dusky heads. Nothing could be plainly seen but the left arms, standing out of the water as stiff and inflexible as so many bars of bronze, relieved against the silvery brightness of the water. These advancing arms were adorned with the material of traffic—bird-skins of variegated colors, bows and arrows, and live tamed parrots standing upon perches of bamboo. The white spectators could not but admire the native vigor, elegance and promptitude of their motions as they rose from the water like Tritons, and, throwing their treasures down in a heap, bounded forward to give their visitors the conventional signals of friendship. A rapid bargain was concluded, in which the sylvan booty of the wild men (not forgetting the prudent exaction of their weapons) was entirely made over to the custody of the explorers in exchange for a few Birmingham knives worth fourpence each.

However curious and amicable might be their new relations with the savages, the party were desirous to put an end to them as soon as possible. Pepe Garcia announced that the pale chiefs, wishing to resume their march, were about to separate from them. This decision appeared to be unpleasant or distressful in their estimation, and they tried to reverse it by all sorts of arguments. No answer being volunteered, they shouted to their women to await them, and betook themselves to walking with the party. One of the three ambassadors, a graceful rogue of twenty-five, marked all over with rocoa and lote, so as to earn for himself the nickname of "the Panther," gamboled and caracoled in front of the procession as if to give it an entertainment. His two comrades had garroted with their arms the neck of the chief interpreter: another held Juan of Aragon by the skirt of his blouse, and regulated his steps by those of the youth. This accord of barbarism and civilization had in it something decidedly graceful, and rather pathetic: if ever the language natural to man was found, the medium in circulation before our sickly machinery of speech came to be invented, it was in this concert of persuasive action and tender cooing notes. The main body of the Siriniris marched pellmell along with the porters, whom this vicinage made exceedingly uncomfortable, and who were perspiring in great drops.

At the commencement of a wood the whites embraced the occasion to take formal leave of their new acquaintances. As they endeavored to turn their backs upon them they were at once surrounded by the whole band, crying and gesticulating, and opposing their departure with a sort of determined playfulness.

At the same time a word often repeated, the word *Huatinmio*, began to enter largely into their conversation, and piqued the curiosity of the historiographer. Marcoy begged the interpreter to procure him the explanation of this perpetual shibboleth. Half by signs, half in the polyglot jargon which he had been employing with the Siriniris, Garcia managed to understand that the word in question was the name of their village, situated at a small distance and in a direction which they indicated. In this retreat, they said, no inhabitants remained but women, children and old men, the rest of the braves being absent on a chase. They proposed a visit to their capital, where the strangers, they said, honored and cherished by the tribe, might pass many enviable days.

The proposed excursion, which would cause a loss of considerable time and a deflection from the intended route, was declined in courteous terms by Marcoy through the interpretation of Pepe Garcia. Among civilized folk this urbane refusal would have sufficed, but the savages, taking such a reply as a challenge to verbal warfare, returned to the charge with increased tenacity. It were hard to say what natural logic they put in practice or what sylvan persuasions they wrought by, but their peculiar mode of stroking the white men's backs with their hands, and the softer and still softer inflections which they introduced into their voices, would have melted hearts of marble. In brief, the civilized portion adopted the more weakly part and allowed themselves to be led by the savage portion.

The colonel and Pepe Garcia were still more easily persuaded than Mr. Marcoy, and only awaited his adhesion. When it was finally announced the Siriniris renewed their gambols and uttered shouts of delight. They then took the head of the excursion. A singularity in their guides, which quickly attracted the notice of the explorers, was the perfect indifference with which they took either the clearings or the thickets in their path. Where the strangers were afraid of tearing their garments, these unprotected savages had no care whatever for their skins. It is true that their ingenuity in gliding through the labyrinth resembled magic. However the forest might bristle with undergrowth, they never thought of breaking down obstacles or of cutting them, as the equally practiced Bolivians did, with a knife. They contented themselves with putting aside with one hand the tufts of foliage as if they had been curtains or draperies, and that with an easy decision of gesture and an elegance of attitude which are hardly found outside of certain natural tribes.

The city of Huatinmio proved to be a group of seven large sheds perched among plaintains and bananas, divided into stalls, and affording shelter for a hundred individuals. The most sordid destitution—if ignorance of comfort can be called destitution — reigned everywhere around. The women were especially hideous, and on receipt of presents of small bells and large needles became additionally disagreeable in their antics of gratitude. The bells were quickly inserted in their ears, and soon the whole village was in tintinnabulation.

A night was passed in the hospitality of these barbarians, who vacated their largest cabin for their guests. A repast was served, consisting of stewed monkey: no salt was used in the cookery, but on the other hand a dose of pimento was thrown in, which brought tears to the eyes of the strangers and made them run to the water-jar as if to save their lives. The evening was spent in a general conversation with the Siriniris, who were completely mystified by the form and properties of a candle which Mr. Marcoy drew from his baggage and ignited. The wild men passed it from hand to hand, examining it, and singeing themselves in turn. Still another marvel was the sheet of paper on which the artist essayed a portrait of one of his hosts. The finished sketch did not appear to attract them at all, or to raise in their minds the faintest association with the human form, but the texture and whiteness of the sheet excited their lively admiration, and they passed it from one to another with many exclamations of wonder. Meantime, a number of questions were suggested and proposed through the interpreter.

The formality of marriage among the Sirinirīs was found to be quite unknown; the most rudimentary idea of divine worship could not be discovered; the treatment of the aged was shown to be contemptuous and neglectful in the extreme; and the lines of demarcation with the beasts seemed to be but feebly traced. Finally, Mr. Marcoy begged the interpreter to propound the delicate inquiry whether, among the viands with which they nourished or had formerly nourished themselves, human flesh had found a place. Garcia hesitated, and at first declined to push the interrogation, but after some persuasion consented. The Sirinirīs were not in the least shocked at the question, and answered that the flesh of man, especially in infancy, was a delicious food, far better than the monkey, the tapir or the peccary; that their nation, in the days of its power, frequently used it at the great feasts; but that the difficulty of procuring such a rarity had increased until they were now forced to strike it from their bill of fare.

The night passed without disturbance, and the next day's parting was accompanied by reiterated requests for a repetition of the visit. The Panther, who since their arrival had oppressed the travelers with a multitude of officious attentions, escorted them into the woods, and there took leave of them with a gesture of his hand, relieving their eyes of his slippery, snake-like robe of spots. A knife from their stores, slung round his neck like a locket, smote his breast at each step as he danced backward, and a couple of large fish-hooks glanced in his ears.

With a feeling of relief and satisfied curiosity the exploring party left behind them the traces of these children of Nature, and returned toward the river. The cascarilleros, all for their business, had regretted the waste of time, and now betook themselves to an examination of the woods with all their energy. After several hours of march their efforts were crowned with success. Eusebio presently rejoined his employers, showing leaves and berries of the *Cinchona scrobiculata* and *pubescens:* the peons, on their side, had discovered isolated specimens of the *Calisaya*, which, joined with those found on Mount Camanti, indicated an extended belt of that precious species. This was not the best. A veritable treasure which they had unearthed, worth all the others put together, was a line of those violet cinchonas which the native exporters call *Cascarilla morada*, and the botanists *Cinchona Boliviana*. The trees of this kind were grouped in threes and fours, and extended for half a mile. This repeated proof that the most valuable of all the cinchonas, together with nearly every one of the others, were to be discovered in a small radius along the valley of the Cconi, filled the explorers with triumph, and demonstrated beyond a doubt the sagacity of Don Santo Domingo in organizing the expedition.

The purpose and intention of the journey was now abundantly fulfilled. Had the travelers rested satisfied with the liberal indications they had found, and consented to place themselves between the haunts of the savages and the abodes of civilization, with a tendency and determination toward the latter, they might have returned with safety as with glory. The estimate made by Eusebio, however, of the trend or direction of the calisaya groves, induced him to forsake the bed of the Cconi, and strike southeastwardly, so as to cross the Ollachea and the Ayapata.

"But the mountains are disappearing," hazarded Mr. Marcoy. "Will not the cinchonas disappear with them?"

"Oh," answered the majordomo, like a pedagogue to a confident school-boy, "the señor knows better how to put ink or color on a sheet of paper than how to judge of these things. The plain, the *campo llano*, is far enough to the east. Before we should see the disappearance of the mountains, we should have to cross as many hills and ravines as we have left behind us."

"What do you think of doing, then?" naturally demanded Marcoy, who had long since begun to feel that the expedition had but one chief, and that was the sepia-colored cascarillero from Bolivia.

"Everything and nothing," answered Eusebio.

These enigmas always carry the day. The apparatus of march was once more set in motion toward the adjacent watersheds. After a considerable journey—rewarded, it must be said, with a succession of cinchona discoveries—they halted near a clearing in the forest, where large heaps of stones and pebbles, arranged in semicircles, attracted their attention. The cascarilleros explained this appearance as due to former arrangements for gold-washing in an old river-bed, the San Gavan or the Ayapata, that had now changed its locality.

While examining the unusual appearance an abominable clamor burst from the woods around, and a band of Siriniris appeared, led by a lusty ruffian crowned with oriole feathers, whom the travelers recognized as having been among their previous acquaintances.

The encounter was very disagreeable, but the strangers determined to make the best of it. The manner of this band of Indians was somewhat different from that of the others. They brought nothing for barter, and had an indescribably coarse and hardy style of behavior.

The travelers determined to buy a little information, if nothing better, with their knives and fish-hooks. Garcia was accordingly instructed to demand the meaning of the heaps and causeways of stones. The savages laughed at first, but finally informed the visitors that the constructions which puzzled them so had been made by people of their own race many years ago, for the purpose of gathering gold from the river which used to run along there, but which now flowed seven miles off.

This information was dear to the historic instinct of Marcoy. He spoke, by his usual proxy, to the Indian of the oriole, commanding him not to begin every explanation by laughing, as he had been doing, but to answer intelligently, promising a reward of several knives. The savage exchanged a rapid glance with his fellows, and then he and they stood up as stiff and mute as the trees. Marcoy then asked him if he had never heard his father or his grandfather speak of the great city of San Gavan, built hereabouts formerly by the Spanish chevaliers, and which the Caranga and Suchimani Indians from the Inambari River had destroyed by fire.

The evident recognition of this legend by the savages, and their rapid exchange among themselves of the words *sacapa huayris Ipaños*, induced Marcoy to ask if they could guide them to the site of the former city. They answered that a day's march would be sufficient, and pointed with their arms in the direction of north-north-west.

The temptation to see the place whose golden renown, after having made the tour of the American continent, had reached Spain and the world at large, was too strong to be resisted. Colonel Perez, besides the magic attraction which the mention of gold had for him, felt his national pride touched by the idea of a place where his compatriots had added such magnificence to the Spanish name, and gained so many ingots of gold by paddling in the streams. The cascarilleros were delighted to extend their journey, in hopes of yet larger discoveries. As for the porters, since the manifestations of the savages they clung to the party with as much anxiety as they had ever shown to escape from it.

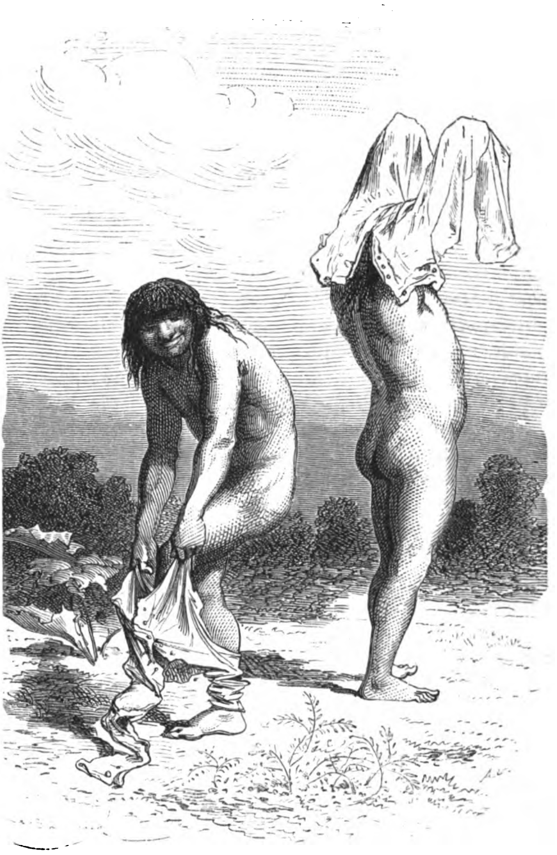
In 1767 the city of San Gavan, remaining intact amid the ruin of all its neighbors, was the sole disburser of the riches of the Caravaya Valley. The gold-dust, collected throughout the whole territory on a government monopoly, was brought thither upon the backs of Indians, melted into ingots, and distributed to Lima and the world at large. On the night of the 15th and 16th of December in that year the wealthy city was fired by the Carangas and the Suchimanis, and all the inhabitants slain with arrows or clubs. The first lords of the soil had resumed their rights.

When the news of the event was brought to Lima, the viceroy of the period, Antonio Amat, swore on a piece of the true cross to exterminate every Indian in Peru. It is to the persuasions of his favorite, Mariquita Gallegas, that the preservation of the native tribes from a bloody extirpation is due. This woman, *La Perichola*, whose caricatured likeness we see in the most agreeable of Offenbach's operas, and whose deeds of mercy and edifying end in a convent entitle her to some charitable consideration, persuaded her royal lover to operate on the natives with missionaries and teachers rather than with fire and sword. Antonio Amat yielded, and the Indians have survived.

Let no traveler go to South America and cross the Andes with the idea of unearthing a Nineveh or a Babylon on the site of San Gavan. The emissaries of Don Santo Domingo were quickly standing, among the grinning and amused Indians, on the locality of the Golden Dépôt of San Gavan. But Nature had thoroughly reclaimed her own, and the place, indicated again and again by the savages with absolute unanimity, showed nothing but mounds of fern and moss under canopies of forest trees.

A day's rest and a sketch or two were consecrated by Marcoy to this historic spot, the grave of a civilization. It had been well if he had restrained his feelings of romance, and betaken himself with his companions to the homeward track.

As the explorers were breakfasting in the morning on a squirrel and a couple of birds shot among the vanished streets of San Gavan, a disagreeable incident supervened. The wild Indians had disappeared over-night. But now, seemingly born instantaneously from the trees, a throng of Siriniris burst upon the scene, rushing up to the travelers, straining them repeatedly in a rude embrace, then leaving them, then assaulting them again, and accompanying every contact with the eternal cry, *Siruta inta menea*—"Give me a knife." Each member of the troop had now six savages at his heels, and they were not those of the day before, but a new and rougher band. The chiefs of the party rushed together and brandished their muskets. This forced the savages to retire, but gave to the rencounter that hostile air which, in consideration of the disparity of numbers, ought at all hazards to have been avoided. The wild men quickly formed a circle around the



"ANOTHER SAVAGE HAD FOUND A PAIR OF LINEN PANTALOONS."—P. 146.

artillery. The latter, fearing for their porters and the precious baggage, leaped through this circle and joined their servants, making believe to cock their fire-arms. Upon this the Indians, half afraid of the guns, vanished into the woods, first picking up whatever clothing and utensils they could lay their hands on. In an instant they were showing these trophies to their rightful owners from a safe distance, laughing as if they would split their sides. One of the naked rascals had seized a flannel undershirt of the colonel's, which was drying on a branch. His efforts to introduce his great feet into the sleeves were excruciating. Another savage had found a pair of linen pantaloons, which he was endeavoring to put on like a coat, appearing much embarrassed with the posterior portion, which completely masked his face. Aragon had seen a young reprobate of his own age make off with a pair of socks of his property. Detecting the rogue half hidden by a tree, the mozo made a sortie, seized the Indian, and by a violent shake brought the property out of his mouth, where it had been concealed as in a natural pocket.

The travelers immediately threw themselves into marching order and took up their line of route. The savages followed. At the first obstacle, a mass of matted trees, they easily rejoined the party of whites.

Then, for the first time, the idea of their power seemed to strike them, and they precipitated themselves upon the porters, who took to flight, rolling from under their packs like animals of burden. In a moment every article of baggage, every knife and weapon, was seized, and the red-skins, singing and howling, were making off through the woods. Among them was now seen the Siriniri with orioles' feathers, who must have guided them to their prey.

The expedition was pillaged, and pillaged as a joke. The thieves were heard laughing as they scampered off like deer through the woods.

It was hard to realize at once the gravity of the misfortune. No one was hurt, no one was insulted. But provisions, clothing, articles of exchange and weapons were all gone, except such arms and ammunition as the travelers carried on their persons. A collection of cinchonas was in possession of one of the Bolivians, though it represented but a fraction of the species discovered. The besiegers, however, had disappeared, and a westerly march was taken up. Good time was made that day, and a heavy night's sleep was the consequence. With the morning light came the well-remembered and hateful cry, and the little army found itself surrounded by a throng of merry naked demons, among whom were some who had not profited by the distribution of the spoils. At the magic word *siruta* all these new-comers rushed in a mass upon the white men. Marcoy managed to slip his fine ivory-handled machete within his trowser leg, but every other cutting tool disappeared as if by magic from the possession of the explorers. The shooting-utensils the savages, believing them haunted, would not touch. Then, half irritated at the exhaustion of the booty, the amiable children of Nature burst out into open derision. The artists of the tribe, filling their palms with rocoa, and moistening the same with saliva, went up to their late patrons and began to decorate their faces. The latter, judging patience their best policy, sat in silence while the delicate fancy of the savages expended itself in arabesques and flourishes. Perez and Aragon had their eyes surrounded with red spectacles. The face of Marcoy, covered with a heavy beard, only allowed room for a "W" on the forehead, and Pepe Garcia was quit for a set of interlacings like a checkerboard. Having thus signed their marks upon their visitors, the aborigines retired, catching up here and there a stray ball of cord or a strip of beef, saluting with the hand, and vanishing into the woods with the repeated compliment, *Eminiki*—"I am off."

The victims rested motionless for fifteen minutes: then pellmell, through the thickest of the brush and down the steepest of the hill, blotted out under gigantic ferns and covered by umbrageous vines, stealing along water-courses and skirting the sides of the mountains, they rushed precipitately westward.

Two months after the priest of Marcapata had dismissed with his benediction the party of confident and enthusiastic explorers, he received again his strayed flock, but this time in rags, armed with ammunitionless guns and one poor knife, wasted by hunger, baked by the sun, and tattooed like Polynesians by the briers and insects. The good man could not repress a tear. "Ah, my son," said he as he clasped Marcoy's hand, "see what it costs to go hunting the cascarilla in the land of the infidels!"

The explorations started by Don Juan Sanz de Santo Domingo came to profitable result, but not to his advantage. Three weeks after the pioneers arrived, again in Cuzco, Don Juan started another expedition, on a much larger scale, to accomplish the working of the cinchona valleys, under charge of the same Bolivians, who could make like a bee for every tree they had discovered. A detachment of soldiers was to protect the party, and the working force was more than double. Finally, the night before the intended start, the Bolivian cascarilleros, with their examinador, disappeared together. It is probable that Don Juan's scheme, nursed, according to custom, with too much publicity, had attracted the attention of the merchants of Cuzco, who had found it profitable to buy off the bark-searchers for their own interest.

The crash of this immense enterprise was too much for Don Juan. Threatened with creditors, Jews, *escribanos* and the police, he retired to a silver-mine he was opening in the province of Abancay. This mine, in successful operation, he depended on for satisfying his creditors. He found it choked up, destroyed with a blast of powder by some enemy. Unable to bear the disappointment, Don Juan blew out his brains in the office belonging to his mine. A month afterward, Don Eugenio Mendoza y Jara, the bishop of Cuzco, sent a couple of Indians for the body, with instructions to throw it into a ditch: the men attached a rope to the feet and dragged it to a ravine, where dogs and vultures disposed of the unhallowed remains.

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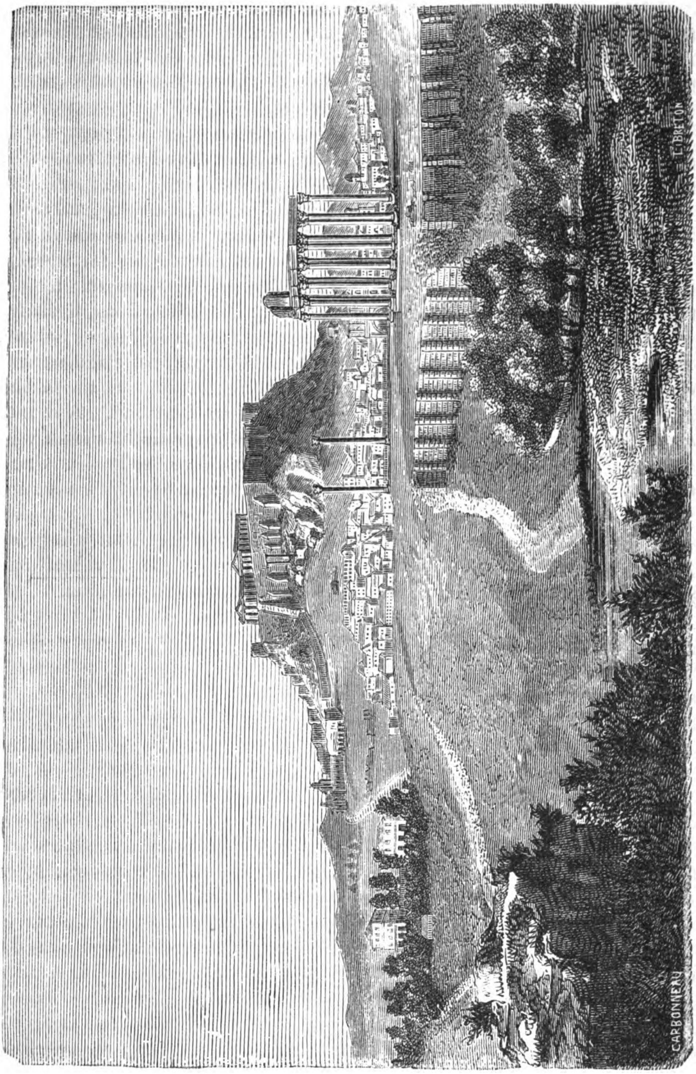
# A GLANCE AT THE SITE AND ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

THE day is a happy one to the student-traveler from the Western World in which he first looks upon the lovely plain of Athens. Rounding the point where Hymettus thrusts his huge length into the sea, the long, featureless mountain-wall of Southern Attica suddenly breaks down, and gives place to a broad expanse of fertile and well-cultivated soil, sloping gently back with ever-narrowing bounds until it reaches the foot-hills of lofty Pentelicus. The wooded heights of Parnes enclose it on the north, while bald Hymettus rears an impassable barrier along the south. In front of the gently recurved shore stretch the smooth waters of the Gulf of Salamis, while beyond rises range upon range of lofty mountain-peaks with strikingly varied outline, terminating on the one hand in the towering cone of Egina, and on the other in the pyramidal, fir-clad summit of Cithæron. Upon the plain, at the distance of three or four miles from the sea, are several small rocky hills of picturesque appearance, isolated and seemingly independent, but really parts of a low range parallel to Hymettus. Upon one of the most considerable of these, whose precipitous sides make it a natural fortress, stood the Acropolis, and upon the group of lesser heights around and in the valleys between clustered the dwellings of ancient Athens.

It was a fitting site for the capital of a people keenly sensitive to beauty, and destined to become the leaders of the world in matters of taste, especially in the important department of the Fine Arts. Nowhere are there more charming contrasts of mountain, sea and plain—nowhere a more perfect harmony of picturesque effect. The sea is not a dreary waste of waters without bounds, but a smiling gulf mirroring its mountain-walls and winding about embosomed isles, yet ever broadening as it recedes, and suggesting the mighty flood beyond from which it springs. The plain is not an illimitable expanse over which the weary eye ranges in vain in quest of some resting-place, but is so small as to be embraced in its whole contour in a single view, while its separate features—



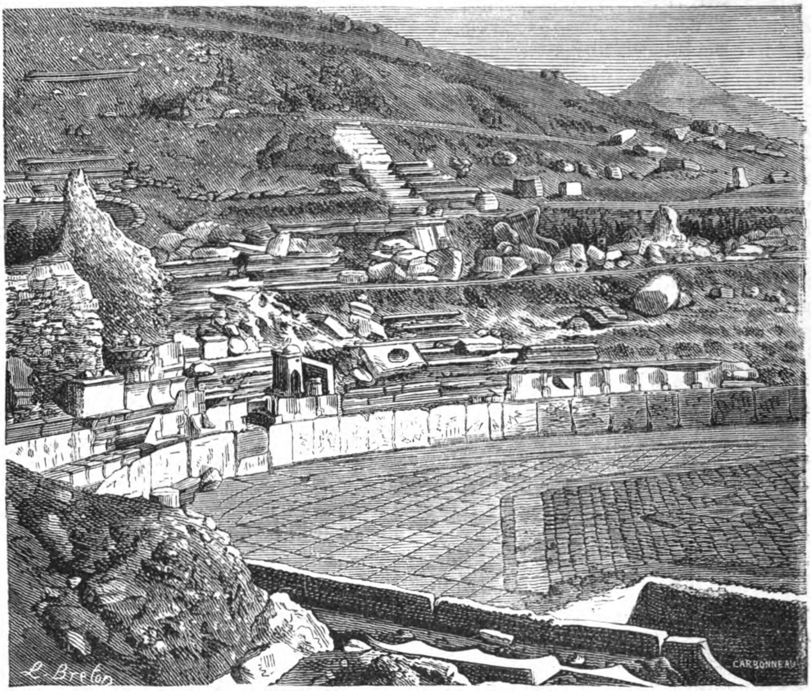
VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AND THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

the broad, dense belt of olives which marks the bed of its principal stream, the ancient Cephissus, the vineyards, the grain-fields and the sunny hillside pastures—are made to produce their full impression. The mountains are not near enough to be obtrusive, much less oppressive; neither are they so distant as to be indistinct or to seem insignificant. Seen through the clear air, their naked summits are so sharply defined and so individual in appearance as to seem almost like sculptured forms chiseled out of the hard rock.

The city which rose upon this favored spot was worthy of its surroundings. The home of a free and enterprising race endowed with rare gifts of intellect and sensibility, and ever on the alert for improvement, it became the nurse of letters and of arts, while the luxury begotten of prosperity awakened a taste for adornment, and the wealth acquired by an extended commerce furnished the means of gratifying it. The age of Pericles was the period of the highest national development. At that time were reared the celebrated structures in honor of the virgin-goddess who was the patron of Athens—the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the Erechtheum—which crowned the Acropolis, and were the glory of the city as they were the masterpieces of Grecian architecture. During the preceding half century many works of utility and of splendor had been constructed, and the city now became renowned not only in Greece, but throughout the ancient world, for the magnificence of its public buildings. Thucydides, writing about this time, says that should Athens be destroyed, posterity would infer from its ruins that the city had been twice as populous as it actually was. Demosthenes speaks of the strangers who came to visit its attractions. But the changes of twenty-three centuries have passed upon this splendor—a sad story of violence and neglect—and the queenly city has long been in the condition of ruin imagined by Thucydides. Still, the spell of her influence is not broken, and the charm which once drew so many visitors to her shrines still acts powerfully on the hearts of scholars in all lands, who, having looked up to her poets, orators and philosophers as teachers and loved them as friends, long to visit their haunts, to stand where they stood, to behold the scenes which they were wont to view, and to gaze upon what may remain of the great works of art upon which their admiration was bestowed.

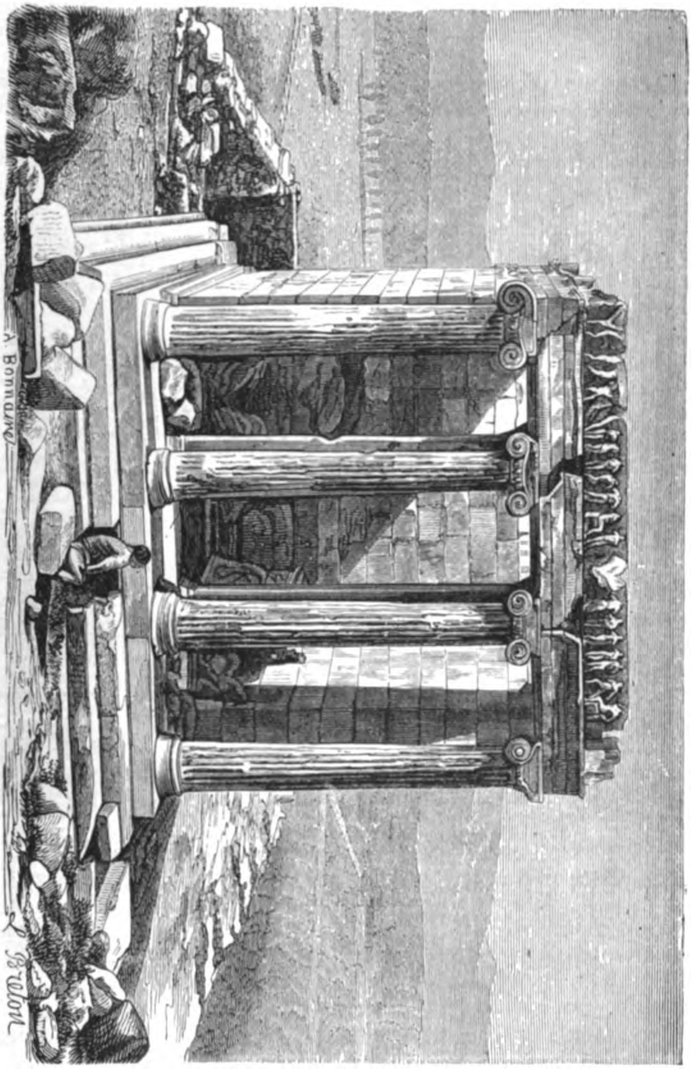
So the student-pilgrim from the Western World with native ardor strains his sight to catch the first glimpse of the Athenian plain and city. He is fresh from his studies, and familiar with what books teach of the geography of Greece and the topography of Athens. He needs not to be informed which mountain-range is Parnes, and which Pentelicus—which island is Salamis, and which Egina. Yet much of what he sees is a revelation to him. The mountains are higher, more varied and more beautiful than he had supposed, Lycabettus and the Acropolis more imposing, Pentelicus farther away, and the plain larger, the gulf narrower, and Egina nearer and more mountainous, than he had fancied. He is astonished at the smallness of the harbor at Peiræus, having insensibly formed his conception of its size from the notices of the mighty fleets which sailed from it in the palmy days when Athens was mistress of the seas. He is not prepared to see the southern shore of Salamis so near to the Peiræus, though it explains the close connection between that island and Athens, and throws some light upon the great naval defeat of the Persians. In short, while every object is recognized as it presents itself, yet a more correct conception is formed of its relative position and aspect from a single glance of the eye than had been acquired from books during years of study.

Arrived at the city, his experience is the same. He needs no guide to conduct him to its antiquities, nor cicerone to explain in bad French or worse English their names and history. Still, unexpected appearances present themselves not unfrequently. Hastening toward the Acropolis, he will first inspect the remains of the great theatre of Dionysus, so familiar to him as the place where, in the presence of all the people and many strangers, were acted the plays of his favorite poets, Eschylus and Sophocles, and where they won many prizes. Hurrying over the eastern brow of the hill, he comes suddenly upon the spot, enters at the summit, as many an Athenian did in the olden time, and is smitten with amazement at the first glance, and led to question whether this be indeed the site of the ancient theatre. He finds, it is true, the topmost seats cut in the solid rock, row above row, stripped now of their marble lining and weather-worn, but yet the genuine ancient seats of the upper tier. These he expected to find. But whence are those fresh seats which fill the lower part of the hollow, arranged as neatly as if intended for immediate use? and whence the massive stage beyond? He bethinks himself that he has heard of recent excavations under the patronage of the government, and closer inspection shows that these are actually the lower seats of the theatre in the time of the emperor Hadrian, whose favorite residence was Athens, and who did so much to embellish the city. The front seats consist of massive stone chairs, each inscribed with the name of its occupant, generally the priestess of some one of the numerous gods worshiped by that people so given to idolatry. In the centre of the second row is an elevated throne inscribed with the name of Hadrian. The stage is seen to be the ancient Greek stage enlarged to the Roman size to suit the demands of a later style of theatrical representation.



THEATRE OF DIONYSUS (BACCHUS).

After looking in vain for the seat occupied by the priestess of the Unknown God, our traveler passes on and enters with a beating heart the charmed precincts of the Acropolis itself. The Propylæa, which he has been accustomed to regard too exclusively as a mere entrance-gate to the glories beyond, impresses him with its size and grandeur, and the little temple of Victory by its side with its elegance.* But the steepness of the ascent perplexes him. It seems impracticable for horses, yet he knows by unexceptionable testimony that the Athenian youth prided themselves upon driving their matched steeds in the great Panathenaic procession which once every four years wound up the hill, bearing the sacred peplus to the temple of the goddess. A closer examination reveals the transverse creases of the pavement designed to give a footing to the beasts, as well as the marks of the chariot-wheels. Nevertheless, the ascent (and much more the descent) must have been a perilous undertaking, unless the teams



TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

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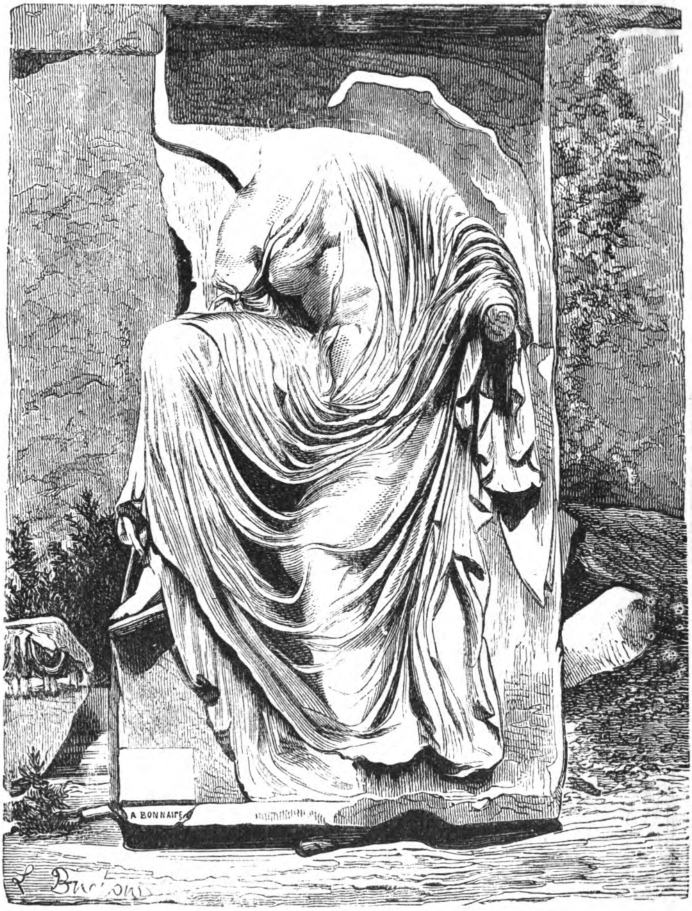
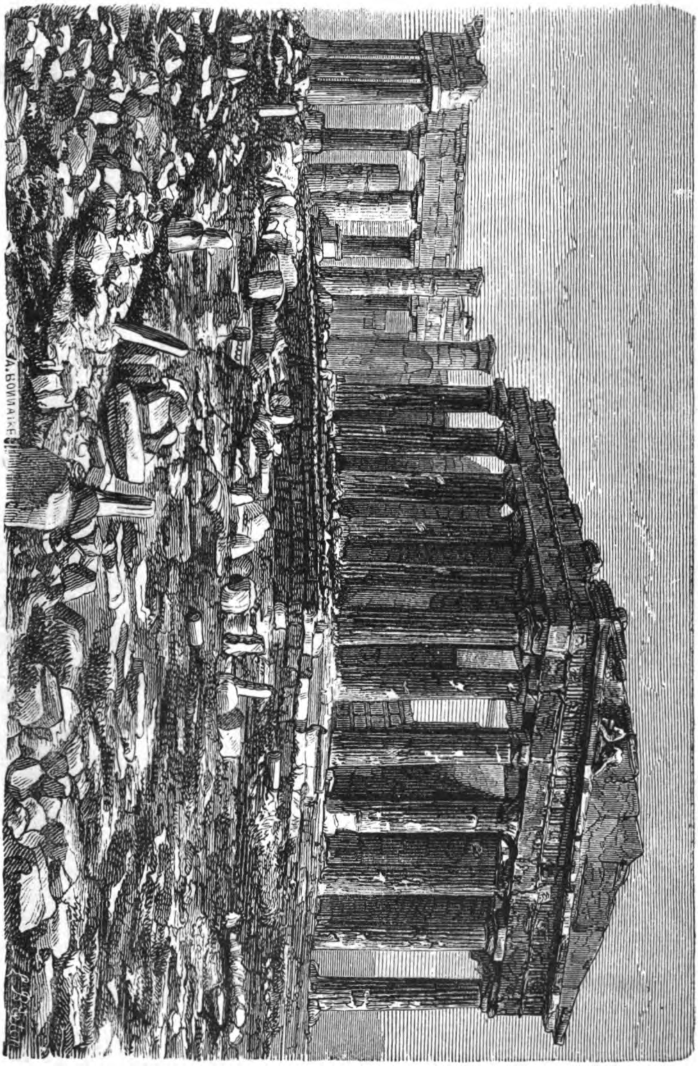
* The latter contains, among other relics of a balustrade which protected and adorned the platform of the temple, the exquisitely graceful torso of Victory untying her sandals, of which casts are to be seen in most of the museums of Europe

were better broken than the various accounts of chariot-races furnished by the poets would indicate. Entering beneath the great gate, a little distance forward to the left may readily be found the site of the colossal bronze statue of the warrior-goddess in complete armor, formed by Phidias out of the spoils taken at Marathon. The square base, partly sunk in the uneven rock, is as perfect as if just put in readiness to receive the pedestal of that famous work. A road bending to the right and slightly hollowed out of the rock leads to the Parthenon. The outer platform which sustains this celebrated temple is partly cut from the rock of the hill and partly built up of common limestone. The inner one of three courses, as well as the whole superstructure, is formed of Pentelic marble of a compact crystalline structure and of dazzling whiteness. Long exposure has not availed to destroy its lustre, but only to soften its tone. The visitor, planting himself at the western front, is in a position to gain some adequate idea of the perfection of the noble building. The interior and central parts suffered the principal injury from the explosion of the Turkish powder maga-



VICTORY UNTYING HER SANDALS.

zine in 1687. The western front remains nearly entire. It has been despoiled, indeed, of its movable ornaments. The statues which filled the pediment are gone, with the exception of a fragment or two. The sculptured slabs have been removed from the spaces between the triglyphs, and the gilded shields which hung beneath have been taken down. Of the magnificent frieze, representing the procession of the great quadrennial festival, only the portion surrounding the western vestibule is still in place.* Still, as these were strictly decorations, and wholly subordinate to the organic parts of the structure, their presence, while it would doubtless greatly enhance the effect of the whole, is not felt to be essential to its completeness. The whole



THE PARTHENON.

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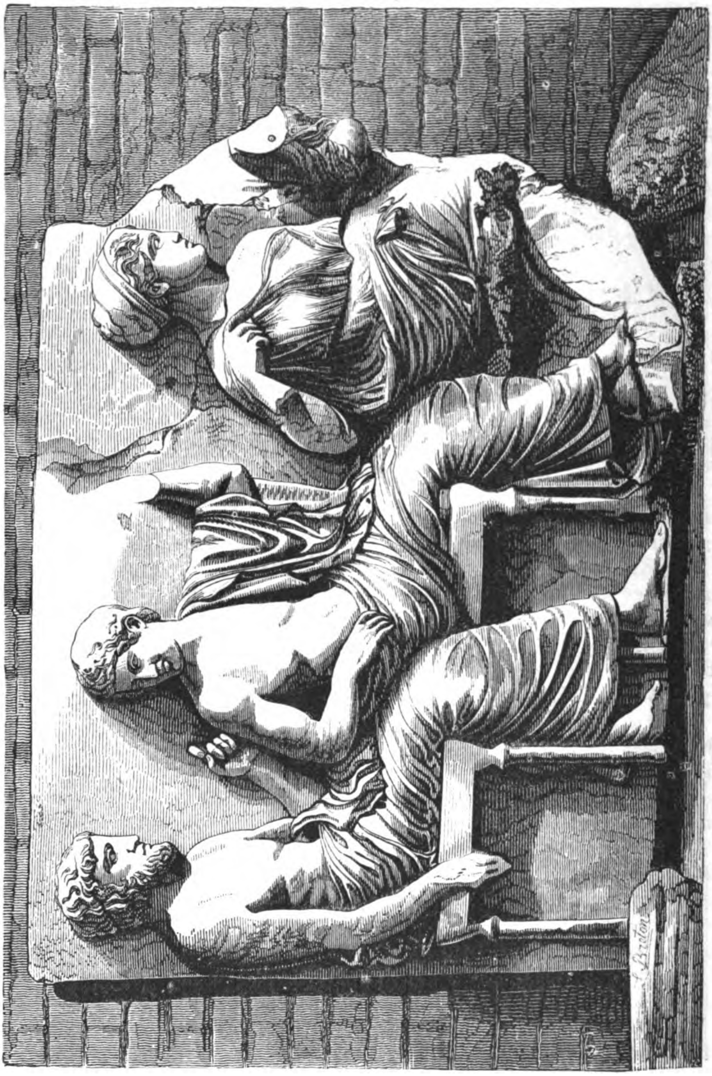
* Among the figures of this bas-relief, twelve are recognized by their lofty stature and sitting posture as those of divinities. One group is represented in the engraving.

Doric columns still bear the massive entablature sheltered by the covering roof. The simple greatness of the conception, the just proportion of the several parts, together with the elaborate finishing of the whole work, invest it with a charm such as the works of man seldom possess — the pure and lasting pleasure which flows from apparent perfection. Entering the principal apartment of the building, traces are seen of the stucco and pictures with which the walls were covered when it was fitted up as a Christian church in the Byzantine period. Near the centre of the marble pavement is a rectangular space laid with dark stone from the Peiræus or from Eleusis. It marks the probable site of the colossal precious statue of the goddess in gold and ivory—one of the most celebrated works of Phidias. The smaller apartment beyond, accessible only from the



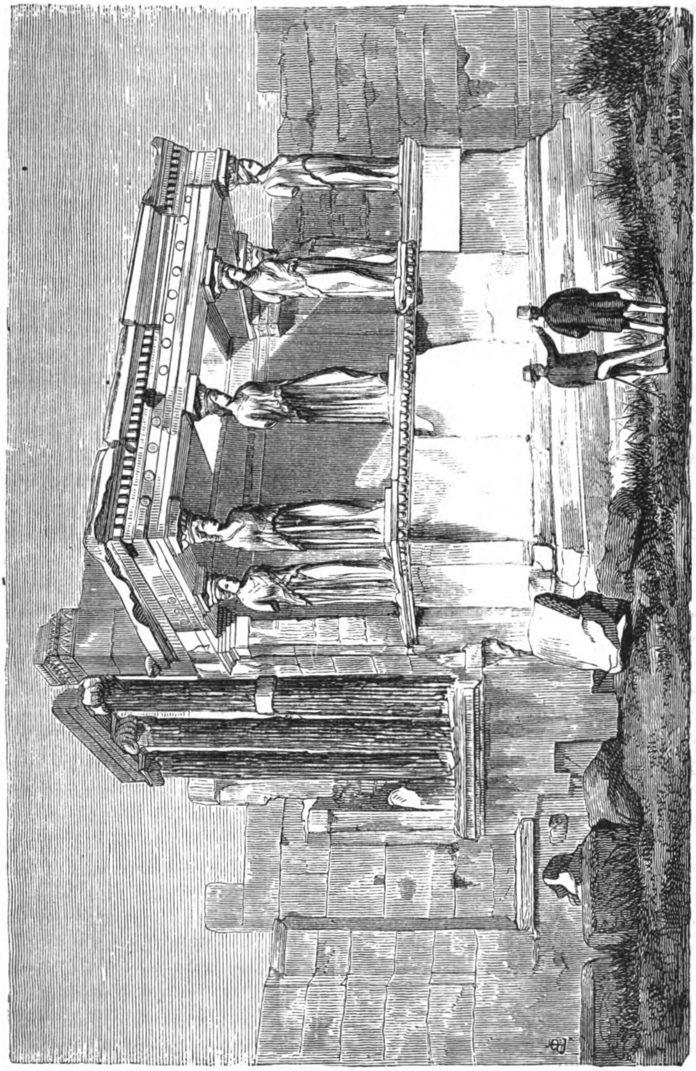
BAS-RELIEF OF THE GODS (FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON).

opposite front of the temple, was used by the state as a place of deposit and safekeeping for bullion and other valuables in the care of the state treasurer.

Having examined the great temple, and tested the curvature of its seemingly horizontal lines by sighting along the unencumbered platform, and having stopped at several points of the grand portico to admire the fine views of the city and surrounding country, the traveler picks his way northward, across a thick layer of fragments of columns, statues and blocks of marble, toward the low-placed, irregular but elegant Erechtheum, the temple of the most ancient worship and statue of the patron-goddess of the city. This building sits close by the northern as the Parthenon does by the southern wall of the enclosure. It has suffered equally with the other from the ravages of time, and its ruins, though less grand, are more beautiful. Most of the graceful Ionic columns are still standing, but large portions of the roof and entablature have fallen. Fragments of decorated cornice strew the ground, some of them of considerable length, and afford a near view of that delicate ornamentation and exquisite finish so rare outside the limits of Greece. The elevated porch of the Caryatides, lately restored by the substitution of a new figure in place of the missing statue now in the British Museum, attracts attention as a unique specimen of Greek art, and also as showing how far a skillful treatment will overcome the inherent difficulties of a subject. The row of fair maidens looking out toward the Parthenon do not seem much oppressed by the burden which rests upon them, while their graceful forms lend a pleasing variety to the scene. Passing out by the northern wing of the Propylæa, a survey is had of the numerous fragments of sculpture discovered among the ruins upon the hill, and temporarily placed in the ancient Pinacotheca. The eye rests upon sweet infant faces and upon rugged manly ones. Sometimes a single feature only remains, which, touched by the finger of genius, awakens admiration. A naked arm severed from the trunk, of feminine cast, but with muscles tightly strained and hand clenched as in agony, will arrest attention and dwell in the memory.

North-west of the Acropolis, across a narrow chasm, lies the low, rocky height of the Areopagus, accessible at the south-east angle by a narrow flight of sixteen rudely-cut steps, which lead to a small rectangular excavation on the summit, which faces the Acropolis, and is surrounded upon three sides by a double tier of benches hewn out of the rock. Here undoubtedly the most venerable court of justice at Athens had its seat and tried its cases in the open air. Here too, without doubt, stood the great apostle when, with bold spirit and weighty words, he declared unto the men of Athens that God of whom they confessed their ignorance; who was not to be represented by gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device; who dwelt not in temples made with hands, and needed not to be worshiped with men's hands. In no other place can one feel so sure that he comes upon the very footsteps of the apostle, and on no other spot can one better appreciate his high gifts as an orator or the noble devotion of his whole soul to the work of the Master. How poor in comparison with his life-work appear the performances of the greatest of the Athenian thinkers or doers!

A little more than a quarter of a mile west of the Acropolis is another rocky hill—the Pnyx—celebrated as the place where the assembly of all the citizens met to transact the business of the state. A large semicircular area was formed, partly by excavation, partly by building up from beneath, the bounds of which can be distinctly traced. Considerable remains of the terrace-wall at the foot of the slope exist—huge stones twelve or fourteen feet in length by eight or ten in breadth. The chord of the semicircle is near the top of the hill, formed by the perpendicular face of the excavated rock, and is about four hundred feet in length by twenty in depth. Projecting from it at the centre, and hewn out of the same rock, is the bema or stone platform from



PORCH OF THE CARYATIDES.

which the great orators from the time of Themistocles and Aristides, and perhaps of Solon, down to the age of Demosthenes and the Attic Ten, addressed the mass of their fellow-citizens. It is a massive cubic block, with a linear edge of eleven feet, standing upon a graduated base of nearly equal height, and is mounted on either side by a flight of nine stone steps. From its connection with the most celebrated efforts of some of the greatest orators our race has yet seen, it is one of the most interesting relics in the world, and its solid structure will cause it to endure as long as the world itself shall stand, unless, as there is some reason to apprehend will be the case, it is knocked to pieces and carried off in the carpet-bags of travelers. No traces of the Agora, which occupied the shallow valley between the Pnyx and the Acropolis, remain. It was the heart of the city, and was adorned with numerous public buildings, porticoes, temples and statues. It was often thronged with citizens gathered for purposes of trade, discussion, or to hear and tell some new thing.

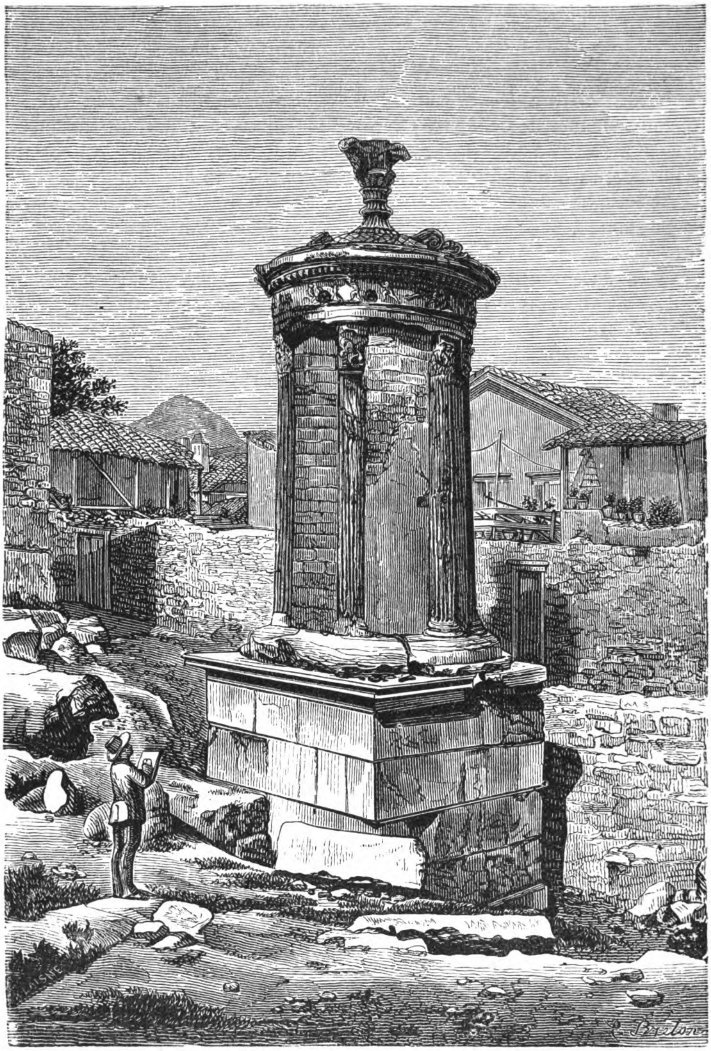
Half a mile or more to the south-east, on the banks of the Ilissus, stood a magnificent structure dedicated to Olympian Zeus—one of the four largest temples of Greece, ranking with that of Demeter at Eleusis and that of Diana at Ephesus. Its foundations remain, and sixteen of the huge Corinthian columns belonging to its majestic triple colonnade. One of these is fallen. Breaking up into the numerous disks of which it was composed—six and a half feet in diameter by two or more in thickness—and stretching out to a length of over sixty feet, it gives an impressive conception of the size of these columns, said to be the largest standing in Europe. The level area of the temple is now used as a training-ground for soldiers. Close by, and almost in the bed of the stream, which is dry the larger part of the year, issues from beneath a ledge of rock the copious fountain of sweet waters known to the ancients as Calirrhoe. It furnished the only good drinking-water of the city, and was used in all the sacrifices to the gods. A little way above, on the opposite bank of the Ilissus, is the site of the Panathenaic stadium, whose shape is perfectly preserved in the smooth grass-grown hollow with semicircular extremity which here lies at right angles to the stream, between parallel ridges partly artificial.

Northward from the Acropolis, on a slight elevation, is the best-preserved and one of the most ancient structures of Athens—the temple of Theseus, built under the administration of Cimon by the generation preceding Pericles and the Parthenon. It is of the Doric order, and shaped like the Parthenon, but considerably inferior to it in size as well as in execution. It has been roofed with wood in modern times, and was long used as a church, but is now a place of deposit for the numerous statues and sculptured stones of various kinds—mostly sepulchral monuments—which have been recently discovered in and about the city. They are for the most part unimportant as works of art, though many are interesting from their antiquity or historic associations. Among these is the stone which once crowned the burial-mound on the plain of Marathon. It bears a single figure, said to represent the messenger who brought the tidings of victory to his countrymen.

Near the Theseium was the double gate (Dipylum) in the ancient wall of the city whence issued the Sacred Way leading to Eleusis, and bordered, like the Appian Way at Rome, with tombs, many of them cenotaphs of persons who died in the public service and were deemed worthy of a monument in the public burying-ground. Within a few years an excavation has been made through an artificial mound of ashes, pottery and other refuse emptied out of the city, and a section of a few rods of this celebrated road has been laid bare. The sepulchral monuments are ranged on one side rather thickly, and crowd somewhat closely upon the narrow pavement. They are, for the most part, simple, thick slabs of white marble, with a triangular or pediment-shaped top, beneath which is sculptured in low relief the closing scene of the person commemorated, followed by a short inscription. The work is done in an artistic style worthy of the publicity its location gave it. On one of these slabs you recognize the familiar full-length figure of Demosthenes, standing with two companions and clasping in a parting grasp the hand of a woman, who is reclining upon her deathbed. The inscription is, *Collyrion, wife of Agathon*. On another stone of larger size is a more imposing piece of sculpture. A horseman fully armed is thrusting his spear into the body of his fallen foe—a hoplite. The inscription relates that the unhappy foot-soldier fell at Corinth *by reason of those five words of his!*—a record intelligible enough, doubtless, to his contemporaries, but sufficiently obscure and provocative of curiosity to later generations.

There are other noted structures at

Athens, such as the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates—the highest type of the Corinthian order of architecture, as the Erechtheum is of the Ionic and the Parthenon of the Doric—but want of space forbids any further description of them. Let the American traveler visit Athens with the expectation of finding a city occupying the most charming of sites, and containing by far the most interesting and important monuments of antiquity, in their original position, to be found in the whole world.



MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES.

J. L. T. PHILLIPS.

# COMMONPLACE.

MY little girl is commonplace, you say?
Well, well, I grant it, as you use the phrase—
Concede the whole; although there was a day
When I too questioned words, and from a maze
Of hairsplit meanings, cut with close-drawn line,
Sought to draw out a language superfine,
Above the common, scarify with words and scintillate with pen;
But that time's over—now I am content to stand with other men.

It's the best place, fair youth. I see your smile—
The scornful smile of that ambitious age
That thinks it all things knows, and all the while
It nothing knows. And yet those smiles presage
Some future fame, because your aim is high;
As when one tries to shoot into the sky,
If his rash arrow at the moon he aims, a bolder flight we see,
Though vain, than if with level poise it safely reached the nearest tree.

A common proverb that! Does it disjoint
Your graceful terms? One more you'll understand:
Cut down a pencil to too fine a point,
Lo, it breaks off, all useless, in your hand!
The child is fitted for her present sphere:
Let her live out her life, without the fear
That comes when souls, daring the heights of dread infinity, are tost,
Now up, now down, by the great winds, their little home for ever lost.

My little girl seems to you commonplace
Because she loves the daisies, common flowers;
Because she finds in common pictures grace,
And nothing knows of classic music's powers:
She reads her romance, but the mystic's creed
Is something far beyond her simple need.
She goes to church, but the mixed doubts and theories that thinkers find
In all religious truth can never enter her undoubting mind.

A daisy's earth's own blossom—better far
Than city gardener's costly hybrid prize:
When you're found worthy of a higher star,
'Twill then be time earth's daisies to despise;
But not till then. And if the child can sing
Sweet songs like "Robin Gray," why should I fling
A cloud over her music's joy, and set for her the heavy task
Of learning what Bach knew, or finding sense under mad Chopin's mask?

Then as to pictures: if her taste prefers
That common picture of the "Huguenots,"
Where the girl's heart—a tender heart like hers—
Strives to defeat earth's greatest powers' great plots

With her poor little kerchief, shall I change
The print for Turner's riddles wild and strange?
Or take her stories—simple tales which her few leisure hours beguile—
And give her Browning's *Sordello*, a Herbert Spencer, a Carlyle?

Her creed, too, in your eyes is commonplace,
  Because she does not doubt the Bible's truth
Because she does not doubt the saving grace
  Of fervent prayer, but from her rosy youth,
So full of life, to gray old age's time,
Prays on with faith half ignorant, half sublime.
Yes, commonplace! But if I spoil this common faith, when all is done
Can deist, pantheist or atheist invent a better one?

Climb to the highest mountain's highest verge,
  Step off: you've lost the petty height you had;
Up to the highest point poor reason urge,
  Step off: the sense is gone, the mind is mad.
"Thus far, and yet no farther, shalt thou go,"
Was said of old, and I have found it so:
This planet's ours, 'tis all we have; here we belong, and those are wise
Who make the best of it, nor vainly try above its plane to rise.

Nay, nay: I know already your reply;
  I have been through the whole long years ago;
I have soared up as far as soul can fly,
  I have dug down as far as mind can go;
But always found, at certain depth or height,
The bar that separates the infinite
From finite powers, against whose strength immutable we beat in vain,
Or circle round only to find ourselves at starting-point again.

If you must for yourself find out this truth,
  I bid you go, proud heart, with blessings free:
'Tis the old fruitless quest of ardent youth,
  And soon or late you will come back to me.
You'll learn there's naught so common as the breath
Of life, unless it be the calm of death:
You'll learn that with the Lord Omnipotent there's nothing commonplace,
And with such souls as that poor child's, humbled, abashed, you'll hide your face.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

# PROBATIONER LEONHARD;

## OR, THREE NIGHTS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE TEST—WITH MENTAL RESERVATIONS.

ELISE went out to gather willow-twigs, as her mother had said when her father asked for her.

A little later in the afternoon, Mr. Albert Spener walked swiftly down the street toward the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Wenck. While he was yet at a distance Elise saw him approaching, and possibly she thought, "He has seen me and comes to meet me;" and many a pleasant stroll on many an afternoon would have justified the thought.

But it was not until he had, as it were, stumbled upon Elise that he noticed her. He carried in his hand a letter, and when suddenly he stopped upon the sidewalk and looked at her, the changeful aspects of his face were marvelous to behold.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I was going home," she answered, not a little surprised by the abrupt and authoritative manner of his address.

"I want to talk with you," said he. "Is it to-day that I am to begin to leave off loving you, Elise?"

"That you are— What do you say, Albert?" she asked.

"Have you not seen Brother Wenck's letter to your father, Elise?"

She shook her head.

"The lot—the lot—" he repeated, but his voice refused to help him tell the tale.

"Albert, may I see the letter?" Father and Mother Loretz might have rejoiced in their daughter could they have seen and heard her in those trying moments. Her gentleness and her serene dignity said for her that she would not be overthrown by the storm which had burst upon her in a moment, unlooked for as tempest and whirlwind out of a clear sky.

Spener thrust into her hands the letter addressed to him that morning by the minister. It contained an announcement of the decision rendered by the lot, couched in terms more brief, perhaps, than those which conveyed the same intelligence to the father of Elise.

She gave it back to him without a word.

"If Brother Wenck is going to stand by it," said he, "there'll be no room for him in this place. I was just going to his house to tell him so. Will you go with me? I should like to have a witness. I'll make short work of it."

"No," said Elise, shrinking back amazed from her companion. "I will not go with you to insult that good man."

"You will go with me—*not* to his house, then! Come, Elise, we must talk about this. You must help me untie this knot. I cannot imagine how I ever permitted things to take their chance. I have never heard of a sillier superstition than I seem to have encouraged. Talk about faith! Let a man act up to light and take the consequences. I can see clear enough now. *You* never looked for this to happen, Elise?"

She shook her head. Indeed, she never had—no, not for a moment.

"To think I should have permitted it to go on!"

"But you did let it go on—and I—consented. Do not let me forget that," she exclaimed. "I will go home, Albert."

"Ha, Elise! I wish I could feel more confidence in your teachers when you get there."

"I need no one to tell me what my duty is just here," she answered.

"Have you ever loved me, child? *Child!* I am talking to a rock. You do not yield to this?" He waved the letter aloft, and as if he would dash it from him. Elise looked at him, and did not speak. "Sister Benigna will of course feel called upon to bless the Lord," said he. "But Wenck shall find a way out of this difficulty. Then we will have done with them both, my own."

"Am I to have no voice in this matter?" she asked. "What if I say—"

Spener grasped her hand so suddenly that, as if in her surprise she had forgotten what she was about to say, Elise added, "Sister Benigna is my best friend. She knows nothing about the lot."

"Does not?"

"I told you, Albert, that it was to be so. And—you do not mean to threaten Mr. Wenck?"

"I mean to have him find a way out of this difficulty. He ought to have said to your father that this lot business belongs to a period gone by. He did hint at it. I supposed, of course, that he would see the thing came out right, since he let it go on."

"Did you then believe it was only a play or a trick?" exclaimed Elise indignantly.

"Not quite, but I did not suppose that we were a company who would stand by an adverse decision. You know, if you are the Elise I have loved so long, that I must love you always—that I am not going to give you up. Your father was bent on the test, but look at him and tell me if he expected this turn. He is twenty years older than he was yesterday. Folks used to resort to the lot in deciding about marriages, and it was all well enough if they didn't care how it turned out, or hadn't faith to believe in their own ability to choose. A pretty way of doing business, though! Suppose I had tried it on this place! I have always asked for God's blessing, and tried to act so that I need not blush when I asked it; but a man must know his own mind, he must act with decision. I say again, I don't like your teachers, Elise. Between Sister Benigna and Mr. Wenck, now, what would be my chances if I could submit to such a pair?"

"You and I have no quarrel," said Elise gently. "I suppose that you acted in good faith. You know how much I care—how humiliated I shall feel if you attack in any way a man so good as Mr. Wenck. You do not understand Sister Benigna."

It was well that she had these to speak of, and that she need not confine herself to the main thought before them, for Albert could do anything he attempted. Had not her father always said, "Let Spener alone for getting what he wants: he'll have it, but he's above-board and honest;" and what hopes, heaven-cleaving, had spread wing the instant her eyes met his!

"It is easy to say that I do not understand," said he. "One has only to assume that another is so excellent and virtuous a character as to be beyond your comprehension, and then your mouth is stopped."

"Ah, how bitter you are!" exclaimed Elise. Her voice was full of pain.

Spener silently reproached himself, and said, with a tenderness that was irresistible, "You don't know what temptations beset a man in business and everywhere, Elise. It would be easier far to lie down and die, I have thought sometimes, than to stand up and meet the enemy like a man. You will never convince me that my duty is to let you go, to give you up. I can think of nothing so wicked."

These words, which had a joyful sound to which she could not seal her ears, made Elise stop suddenly, afraid of Albert, afraid of herself. "I think," she said after a moment, "we had best not walk together any longer. There is nothing we can say that will satisfy ourselves or ought to satisfy each other."

"Do you mean that you accept this decision?" said he.

"I promised, Albert. So did you."

"We will not talk about it. But we can at least walk together, Elise. You need not speak. What you confessed just now is true—you cannot say anything to the purpose."

So they walked on together. Silently, past all Spenersberg's dwelling-places they walked, till they came to the cemetery, and ascending the hill they strolled about that pleasant place among the graves, and thought, perhaps, How blessed are the dead! and oh to be lying there in a dreamless sleep beneath the blooming wild roses, and where dirges were sounding through the cedars day and night! Elise might have thought thus, but not her companion. He was the last man to wish to pass from the scene of his successes merely because a great failure threatened him. Looking upon the slight young figure beside him and her grave sweet face, a wrathful contempt was aroused within him that he should have allowed himself to be placed in a situation so absurd. As they walked down the hill again, he startled his companion by a merry outbreak. "Tell me you are not mine!" he said: "there never was a joke like it!"

## CHAPTER V.

### SISTER BENIGNA.

On her return home Elise found Sister Benigna seated at the piano, attuning herself, as she said, after her work among the restive children of her school.

When she looked upon her friend and recalled the bitter words Albert had spoken against her, Elise felt their injustice. It was true, as she had told him, he did not understand Sister Benigna.

Sitting down beside the window, Elise began to busy herself over the dainty basket she was elaborately decorating. After a few moments Sister Benigna left the piano and stood looking at Elise and her work. She had something to say, but how should she say it? how approach the heart which had wrapped itself up in sorrow and surrounded itself with the guards of silence?

Presently Elise looked at her, but not until she had so long resisted the inclination to do so that there was something like violence in the effort. When her eyes met the gaze of Sister Benigna the warm blood rushed to her cheeks, and she looked quickly down again. Did Sister Benigna know yet about the letter Mr. Wenck had written?

A sad smile appeared on Benigna's face. She shook her head. If she did not know what had happened, she no doubt understood that some kind of trouble had entered the house.

Drawing a roll of needlework from her pocket, she quietly occupied herself with it until Elise, unable to endure the silence longer, said, "Oh, Sister Benigna, is it not time we did something about the Sisters' House? I have been reading about one: I forget where it is. What a beautiful Home you and I could make for poor people, and sick girls not able to work, and old women! We ought to have such a Home in Spenersberg. I have been thinking all day it is what we must have, and it is time we set about it."

"I do not agree with you," was the quiet answer. "There is no real need for it here, and perhaps there never will be. Work that is so unnecessary might better be avoided. In Spenersberg it is better that the poor and the old and the sick should be cared for in their homes, by their own households: there is no want here."

"Will you read what I have been reading?" said Elise, hesitating, not willing yet to give up the project which looked so full of promise.

"I know all about Sisters' Houses, and they are excellent institutions, but if you will go from house to house here you will find that you would probably keep house by yourself a long time if you opened such an establishment. No, no: you have your work all prepared for you, and I certainly have mine. There is a good deal to be done yet for the festival. To-morrow, after five, come to the school-room and we will practice a while. And we might do something here to-night. The children surprise me: I seem to be surrounded by a little company of angels while they sing."

"Oh, Sister Benigna," exclaimed Elise throwing down her work in despair, "I don't in the least care about the festival. I should be glad to know it was all given up. I cannot sing at it. I think I have lost my voice: I do, indeed. I tried it this afternoon, and I croaked worse than anything you ever heard."

"Croaked? We must see to that," said Sister Benigna; but, though her voice was so cheerful, she closed her eyes as she spoke, and passed her hands over them, and in spite of herself a look of pain was for an instant visible on her always pale face. She rose quickly and walked across the room, and crossed it twice before she came again to the window.

"You don't understand me to-day," said Elise impetuously; "and I don't want you to." But Elise would not have spoken at all had she looked at Sister Benigna.

A silence of many seconds, which seemed much longer to Elise, followed her words. She did not dare to go on. What was Sister Benigna thinking? Would she never speak? Had she nothing to say? Elise was about to rise also, because to sit still in that silence or to break it by words had become equally impossible, when Sister Benigna, approaching gently, laid her hand upon her and said, "Wait one moment: I have something to tell you, Elise."

And so Elise sat down. She could not summon the strength to go with that voice in her ear and the touch of that hand arresting her.

"I once had a friend as young as you are, of whom you often remind me," said Benigna. "She had a lover, and their faith led them to seek a knowledge of the Lord's will concerning their marriage. It was inquired for them, and it was found against the union. You often remind me of her, I said, but your fortunes are not at all like hers."

"Sister Benigna, why do you tell me this?" asked Elise quickly, in a voice hardly audible. She was afraid to listen. She recalled Albert's words. She did not know if she might trust the friendly voice that spoke.

"Because I have always thought that some time it would be well for you to hear it; but if you do not wish to hear it, I will go no farther."

Elise looked at Benigna—not trust her! "Please go on," she said.

"I knew the poor child very well. She had grown up in an unhappy home, and had never known what it was to have comfort and peace in the house, or even plenty to eat and to wear. She was expected to go out and earn her living as soon as she had learned the use of her hands and feet. Poor child! she felt her fortune was a hard one, but God always cared for her. In one way and another she in time picked up enough knowledge of music to teach beginners. The first real friend she had was the friend who became so dear to her that—I need not try to find words to tell you how dear he was.

"She was soon skilled enough to be able to take more intelligent and advanced pupils, and in the church-music she had the leading parts. By and by the music was put into her hands for festivals and the great days, Christmas and Easter, as it has been put into mine here in Spenersberg. One day *he* said to her, 'It seems to us the best thing in life to be near each other. Would it might be God's will that we should never part!' She responded to that prayer from the depths of her heart, and a great gulf seemed to open before her, for she thought what would her life be worth if they were destined to part? Then he said, 'Let us inquire the will of our Lord;' and she said, 'Let it be so;' and they had faith that would enable them to abide by the decision. The lot pronounced against them. I do not believe that it had entered the heart of either of them to understand how necessary they had become to each other, and when they saw that all was over it was a sad awaking. For a little while it was with both as if they had madly thrown a birthright away; for, though they had faith, they were not yet perfect in it. Not soon did either see that this life had a blessing for them every day—new every morning, fresh every evening—and that from everlasting to everlasting are the mercies of God. But at last he said, 'I am afraid, my darling'" (Elise started at this word of endearment. It was like a revelation to think that there had been lovers in the world before her time), "'it will go harder with me than with you. I cannot stay here and go on with my work. I must go among new people, and begin again.' And so he went away, and at last, when by the grace of God they met again—surely, surely by no seeking of their own—they were no less true friends because they had for their lifetime been led into separate paths. Their faith saved them."

Low though the voice was in which these last words were spoken, there was a strength and inspiration in them which Elise felt. She looked at Sister Benigna with steady, wondering eyes. Such a story from her lips, and told so, and told now! And her countenance! what divine beauty glowed in it! The moment had a vision that could never be forgotten.

Elise did not speak, but neither, having heard this tale, did she now rise to depart. She folded her hands and bowed her head upon them, and so they sat silent until the first chords of the "Pastoral Symphony" drew the souls of both away up into a realm which is entered only by the pure in heart.

About this time it was that Leonhard Marten, while passing, heard that recitative of a soprano voice which so amazed him. Dropping quickly into the shade of the trees opposite Loretz's house, he listened to the announcement, "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night," and there remained until he saw two men advancing toward the house, one of them evidently approaching his home.

Through the sleepless night Elise's thoughts were constantly going over the simple incidents of the story Sister Benigna had told her. But they had not by morning yielded all the consolations which the teller of the tale perceived among their possibilities, for the reason, perhaps, that Elise's sympathies had been more powerfully excited by the tale than her faith. It was not upon the final result of the severance effected by the lot that her mind rested dismayed: her heart was full of pain, thinking of that poor girl's early life, and that at last, when all the recollection of it was put far from her by the joy which shone upon her as the sun out of darkness, she must look forward and by its light behold a future so dreary. "How fearful!" she moaned once; and her closed eyes did not see the face that turned toward her full of pain, full of love.

Of all doubts that could afflict the soul of Sister Benigna, none more distracting than this was conceivable. Had she proved the best instructor to this child of her spirit? Had she even been *capable* of teaching her truest truth? Was it the truth or herself to which Elise was always deferring? Was obedience a duty when not impelled and sanctified by faith? In what did the prime virtue of resignation consist? Would not obedience without faith be merely a debasing superstitious submission to the will of the believing? Her reflections were not suggested by a shrewd guess. She knew that the lot had been resorted to, and that the letters had been written to Elise and Albert which acquainted them with the result; and the peace of her prayerful soul was rent by the thought that a joyless surrender of human will to a higher was, perhaps, no better than the poor helpless slave's extorted sacrifice. The happiness of the household seemed to Benigna in her keeping. If they had gone lightly seeking the oracle of God, as they would have sought a fortune-teller, was not the Most High dishonored? She could not say this to Elise, but could she say it to Albert Spener? Ought she not to say it to him? There was no other to whom it could be said. Had the coming day any duty so imperative as this? She arose to perform it, but Spener, as we know, had gone away the day before.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MEN OF SPENERSBERG.

THIS Spenersberg, about which Leonhard was not a little eager to know more when he shut the door of the apartment into which his host had ushered him—for he must remain all night—what was it?

A colony, or a brotherhood, or a community, six years old. Such a fact does not lie ready for observation every day—such a place does not lie in the hand of a man at his bidding. What, then, was its history? We need not wait to find out until morning, when Leonhard will proceed to discover. He is satisfied when he lies down upon the bed, which awaited him, it seems, as he came hither on the way-train—quite satisfied that Spener of Spenersberg must be a man worth seeing. Breathing beings possessed of ideas and homes here must have been handled with power by a master mind to have brought about this community, if so it is to be called, in six short years, thinks Leonhard. He recalls his own past six years, and turns uneasily on his bed, and finds no rest until he reminds himself of the criticism he has been enabled to pass on Miss Elise's rendering of "He is a righteous Saviour," and the suggestion he made concerning the pitch of "Ye shall find rest for your souls." The recollection acts upon him somewhat as the advancing wave acts on the sand-line made by the wave preceding. When he made the first suggestion, Sister Benigna stood for a moment looking at him, surprised by his remark; but, less than a second taken up with a thought of him, she had passed instantly on to say, "Try it so, Elise: 'He is a righteous Saviour.' We will make it a slower movement. Ah! how impressive! how beautiful! It is the composer's very thought! Again—slow: it is perfect!"

Was this kind of praise worth the taking? a source of praise worth the seeking? Leonhard had said ungrateful things about his prize-credentials to Miss Marion Ayres, and I do believe that these very prizes, awarded for his various drawings, were never so valued by him as the look with which priestly Benigna seemed to admit him at least so far as into the fellowship of the Gentiles' Court.

He would have fallen asleep just here with a pleasant thought but for the recollection of Wilberforce's letter, which startled him hardly less than the apparition of his friend in the moonlight streaming through his half-curtained window would have done. Is it always so pleasant a thought that for ever and ever a man shall bear his own company?

But this Spenersberg? Seven years ago, on the day when he came of age, Albert Spener, then a young clerk in a fancy-goods store, went to look at the estate which his grandfather had bequeathed to him the year preceding. Not ten years ago the old man made his will and gave the property, on which he had not quite starved, to his only grandson, and here was this worthless gorge which stretched between the fields more productive than many a famous gold-mine.

The youth had seen at once that if he should deal with the land as his predecessors had done, he would be able to draw no more from the stingy acres than they. He had shown the bent of his mind and the nature of his talent by the promptness with which he put things remote together, and by the directness with which he reached his conclusions.

He had left his town-lodgings, having obtained of his employer leave of absence for one week, and within twenty-four hours had come to his conclusion and returned to his post. Of that estate which he had inherited but a portion, and a very small portion, offered to the cultivator the least encouragement. The land had long ago been stripped of its forest trees, and, thus defrauded of its natural fertilizers, lay now, after successive seasons of drain and waste, as barren as a desert, with the exception of that narrow strip between the hills which apparently bent low that inland might look upon river.

Along the banks of the stream, which flowed, a current of considerable depth and swiftness, toward its outlet, the river, willows were growing. Albert's employer was an importer to a small extent, and fancy willow-ware formed a very considerable share of his importations. The conclusion he had reached while surveying his land was an answer to the question he had asked himself: Why should not this land be made to bring forth the kind of willow used by basket-weavers, and why should not basket-weavers be induced to gather into a community of some sort, and so importers be beaten in the market by domestic productions? The aim thus clearly defined Spener had accomplished. His Moravians furnished him with a willow-ware which was always quoted at a high figure, and the patriotic pride the manufacturer felt in the enterprise was abundantly rewarded: no foreign mark was ever found on his home-made goods.

But *his* Moravians: where did these people come from, and how came they to be known as his?

The question brings us to Frederick Loretz. In those days he was a porter in the establishment where Spener was a clerk. He had filled this situation only one month, however, when he was attacked with a fever which was scourging the neighborhood, and taken to the hospital. Albert followed him thither with kindly words and care, for the poor fellow was a stranger in the town, and he had already told Spener his dismal story. Afar from wife and child, among strangers and a pauper, his doom, he believed, was to die. How he bemoaned his wasted life then, and the husks which he had eaten!

In his delirium Loretz would have put an end to his life. Spener talked him out of this horror of himself, and showed him that there was always opportunity, while life lasted, for wanderers to seek again the fold they had strayed from; for when the delirium passed the man's conscience remained, and he confessed that he had lived away from the brethren of his faith, and was an outcast. Oh, if he could but be transported to Herrnhut and set down there a well man in that sanctuary of Moravianism, how devoutly would he return to the faith and practice of his fathers!

When Spener returned from his trip of investigation he hastened immediately to the hospital, sought out poor half-dead Loretz, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Come, get up: I want you." And he explained his project: "I will build a house for you, send for your wife and child, put you all together, and start you in life. I am going into the basket business, and I want you to look after my willows. After they are pretty well grown you shall get in some families — Simon-Pure Moravians, you know—and we will have a village of our own. D'ye hear me?"

The poor fellow did hear: he struggled up in his bed, threw his arms around Spener's neck, tried to kiss him, and fainted.

"This is a good beginning," said Spener to himself as he laid the senseless head upon the pillow and felt for the beating heart. The beating heart was there. In a few moments Loretz was looking, with eyes that shone with loving gratitude and wondering admiration, on the young man who had saved his life.

"I have no money," said this youth in further explanation of his project—for he wanted his companion to understand his circumstances from the outset —"but I shall borrow five thousand dollars. I can pay the interest on that sum out of my salary. Perhaps I shall sell a few lots on the river, if I can turn attention to the region. It will all come out right, anyhow. Now, how soon can you be ready? I will write to your wife to-day if you say so, and tell her to come on with the little girl."

"Wait a week," said Loretz in a whisper; and all that night and the following day his chances for this world and the next seemed about equal.

But after that he rallied, and his recovery was certain. It was slow, however, hastened though it was by the hope and expectation which had opened to him when he had reached the lowest depth of despair and covered himself with the ashes of repentance.

The letter for the wife and little girl was written, and money sent to bring them from the place where Loretz had left them when he set out in search of occupation, to find employment as a porter, and the fever, and Albert Spener.

During the first year of co-working Loretz devoted himself to the culture of the willow, and then, as time passed on and hands were needed, he brought one family after another to the place—Moravians all—until now there were at least five hundred inhabitants in Spenersberg, a large factory and a church, whereof Spener himself was a member "in good and regular standing."

Seven years of incessant labor, directed by a wise foresight, which looked almost like inspiration and miracle, had resulted in all this real prosperity. Loretz never stopped wondering at it, and yet he could have told you every step of the process. All that had been *done* he had had a hand in, but the devising brain was Spener's; and no wonder that, in spite of his familiarity with the details, the sum-total of the activities put forth in that valley should have seemed to Loretz marvelous, magical.

He had many things to rejoice over besides his own prosperity. His daughter was in all respects a perfect being, to his thinking. For six years now she had been under the instruction of Sister Benigna, not only in music, but in all things that Sister Benigna, a well-instructed woman, could teach. She sang, as Leonhard Marten would have told you, "divinely," she was beautiful to look upon, and Albert Spener desired to marry her.

Surely the Lord had blessed him, and remembered no more those years of wanderings when, alienated from the brethren, he sought out his own ways and came close upon destruction. What should he return to the beneficent Giver for all these benefits?

Poor Loretz! In his prosperity he thought that he should never be moved, but he would not basely use that conviction and forget the source of all his satisfaction. He remembered that it was when he repented of his misdeeds that Spener came to him and drew him from the pit. He could never look upon Albert as other than a divine agent; and when Spener joined himself to the Moravians, led partly by his admiration of them, partly by religious impulse, and partly because of his conviction that to be wholly successful he and his people must form a unit, his joy was complete.

The proposal for Elise's hand had an effect upon her father which any one who knew him well might have looked for and directed. The pride of his life was satisfied. He remembered that he and his Anna, in seeking to know the will of the Lord in respect to their marriage, had been answered favorably by the lot. He desired the signal demonstration of heavenly will in regard to the nuptials proposed. Not a shadow of a doubt visited his mind as to the result, and the influence of his faith upon Spener was such that he acquiesced in the measure, though not without remonstrance and misgiving and mental reservation.

To find his way up into the region of faith, and quiet himself there when the result of the seeking was known, was almost impossible for Loretz. He could fear the Judge who had decreed, but could he trust in Him? He began to grope back among his follies of the past, seeking a crime he had not repented, as the cause of this domestic calamity. But ah! to reap such a harvest as this for any youthful folly! Poor soul! little he knew of vengeance and retribution. He was at his wit's end, incapable alike of advancing, retreating or of peaceful surrender.

It was pleasant to him to think, in the night-watches, of the young man who occupied the room next to his. He did not see—at least had not yet seen—in Leonhard a messenger sent to the house, as did his wife; but the presence of the young stranger spoke favorable things in his behalf; and then, as there was really nothing to be *done* about this decision, anything that gave a diversion to sombre thoughts was welcome. Sister Benigna had spoken very kindly to Leonhard in the evening, and he had pointed out a place in one of Elise's solos where by taking a higher key in a single passage a marvelous effect could be produced. That showed knowledge; and he said that he had taught music. Perhaps he would like to remain until after the congregation festival had taken place.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BOOK.

IN the morning the master of the house rapped on Leonhard's door and said: "When you come down I have something to show you." The voice of Mr. Loretz had almost its accustomed cheerfulness of tone, and he ended his remark with a brief "Ha! ha!" peculiar to him, which not only expressed his own good-humor, but also invited good-humored response.

Leonhard answered cheerily, and in a few moments he had descended the steep uncovered stair to the music-room.

"Now for the book," Loretz called out as Leonhard entered.

How handsome our young friend looked as he stood there shaking hands with the elderly man, whose broad, florid face now actually shone with hospitable feeling!

"Is father going to claim you as one of us, Mr. Marten?" asked the wife of Loretz, who answered her husband's call by coming into the room and bringing with her a large volume wrapped in chamois skin.

"What shall I be, then?" asked Leonhard. "A wiser and a better man, I do not doubt."

"What! you do not know?" the good woman stayed to say. "Has nobody told you where you are, my young friend?"

"I never before found myself in a place I should like to stay in always; so what does the rest signify?" answered Leonhard. "What's in a name?"

"Not much perhaps, yet something," said Loretz. "We are all Moravians here. I was going to look in this book here for the names of your ancestors. I thought perhaps you knew about Spenersberg."

"I am as new to it all as Christopher Columbus was to the West India islands. If you find the names of my kinsmen down in your book, sir, it — it will be a marvelous, happy sight for me," said Leonhard.

"I'll try my hand at it," said Loretz. "Ha! ha!" and he opened the volume, which was bound in black leather, the leaves yellowed with years. "This book," he continued, "is one hundred and fifty years old. You will find recorded in it the names of all my grandfather's friends, and all my father's. See, it is our way. There are all the dates. Where they lived, see, and where they died. It is all down. A man cannot feel himself cut off from his kind as long as he has a volume like that in his library. I have added a few names of my own friends, and their birthdays. Here, you see, is Sister Benigna's, written with her own hand A most remarkable woman, sir. True as steel—always the same. But" —he paused a moment and looked at Leonhard with his head inclined to one side, and an expression of perplexity upon his face—"there's something out of the way here in this country. I have not more than one name down to a dozen in my father's record, and twenty in my grandfather's. We do not make friends, and we do not keep them, as they did in old time. We don't trust each other as men ought to. Half the time we find ourselves wondering whether the folks we're dealing with are *honest*. Now think of that!"

"Are men any worse than they were in the old time?" asked Leonhard, evidently not entering into the conversation with the keenest enjoyment.

"I do not know how it is," said Loretz with a sigh, continuing to turn the leaves of the book as he spoke.

"Perhaps we have less imagination, and don't look at every new-comer as a friend until we have tried him," suggested Leonhard. "We decide that everybody shall be tested before we accept him. And isn't it the best way? Better than to be disappointed, when we have set our heart on a man—or a woman."

"I do not know—I cannot account for it," said Mr. Loretz. Then with a sudden start he laid his right hand on the page before him, and with a great pleased smile in his deep-set, small blue eyes he said: "Here is your name. I felt sure I should find it: I felt certain it was down. See here, on my grandfather's page—*Leonhard Marten, Herrnhut*, 1770. How do you like that?"

"I like it well," said Leonhard, bending over the book and examining the close-fisted autograph set down strongly in unfading ink. Had he found an ancestor at last? What could have amazed him as much?

"What have you found?" asked Mrs.

Loretz, who had heard these remarks in the next room, where she was actively making preparations for the breakfast, which already sent forth its odorous invitations.

"We have found the name," answered her husband. "Come and see. I have read it, I dare say, a hundred times: that was what made me feel that an old friend had come."

"That means," said the good woman, hastening in at her husband's call, and reading the name with a pleased smile—"that means that you belong to us. I thought you did. I am glad."

Were these folk so intent on securing a convert that in these various ways they made the young stranger feel that he was not among strangers in this unknown Spenersberg? Nothing was farther from their thought: they only gave to their kindly feeling hearty utterance, and perhaps spoke with a little extra emphasis because the constraint they secretly felt in consequence of their household trouble made them unanimous in the effort to put it out of sight—not out of this stranger's sight, but out of their own.

"Perhaps you will stop with us a while, and maybe write your name on my page before you go," said Loretz, afraid that his wife had gone a little too far.

"Without a single test?" Leonhard answered. "Haven't we just agreed that we wise men don't take each other on trust, as they did in our grandfathers' day?"

"A man living in Herrnhut in 1770 would not have for a descendant a—a man I could not trust," said Loretz, closing the book and placing it in its chamois covering again. "Breakfast, mother, did you say?"

"Have you wanted ink?" asked Sister Benigna, entering at that instant. "Are we writing in the sacred birthday book?"

"Not yet," said Leonhard hastily, the color rising to his face in a way to suggest forked lightning somewhere beyond sight.

"You have wanted ink, and are too kind to let me know," she said. "I emptied the bottle copying music for the children yesterday."

"The ink was put to a better use then than I could have found for it this morning," said Leonhard.

And Mrs. Loretz, who looked into the room just then, said to herself, as her eyes fell on him, "Poor soul! he is in trouble."

In fact, this thought was in Leonhard's mind as he went into breakfast with the family: "A deuced good friend I have proved—to Wilberforce! Isn't there anybody here clear-eyed enough to see that it would be like forgery to write my name down in a book of friendship?"

The morning meal was enlivened by much more than the usual amount of talk. Leonhard was curious to know about Herrnhut, that old home of Moravianism, and the interest which he manifested in the history Loretz was so eager to communicate made him in turn an object of almost affectionate attention. That he had no facts of private biography to communicate in turn did not attract notice, because, however many such facts he might have ready to produce, by the time Loretz had done talking it was necessary that the day's work should begin.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONFERENCE MEETING.

THE school-room was a large apartment in the basement of the factory which had been used as a drying-room until it became necessary to find for the increasing numbers of the little flock more spacious accommodations. The basement was entered by a door at the end of the building opposite that by which the operatives entered the factory, and the hours were so timed that the children went and came without disturbance to themselves or others. The path that led to the basement door was neatly bordered with flowering plants and bushes, and sunlight was always to be found there, if anywhere in the valley, from eight o'clock till two.

Leonhard walked to the factory with Sister Benigna, to whose conduct Loretz had consigned him when called away by the tower bell.

At the door of the basement Mr. Wenck was standing with a printed copy of Handel's sacred oratorio of *The Messiah* in his hand. Evidently he was waiting for Sister Benigna.

But when she had said to Leonhard, "Pass on to the other end of the building and you will find the entrance, and Mr. Spener's office in the corner as you enter," and Leonhard had thanked her, and bowed and passed on, and she turned to Mr. Wenck, it was very little indeed that he said or had to say about the music which he held in his hand.

"I have no doubt that all the preparation necessary for to-morrow evening is being made," he said. "You may need this book. But I did not come to talk about it. Sister Benigna," he continued in a different tone, and a voice not quite under his control, "is it not unreasonable to have passed a sleepless night thinking of Albert and Elise?"

"Very unreasonable." But he had not charged her, as she supposed, with that folly, as his next words showed.

"It is, and yet I have done it—only because all this might have been so easily avoided."

"And yet it was unavoidable," said she, looking toward the school-room door as one who had no time to waste in idle talk.

"Not that I question the wisdom of the resort if all were of one mind," said Mr. Wenck, who had the dreary all-day before him, and was not in the least pressed for time. "But I can see that even on the part of Brother Loretz the act was not a genuine act of faith."

Startled by the expression the minister was giving to her secret thoughts, Benigna exclaimed, "And yet what can be done?"

"Nothing," he answered. "If Loretz should yield to Spener, and if I should—do you not see he has had everything his own way here?—he would feel that nothing could stand in opposition to him. If he were a different man! And they are both so young!"

"I know that Elise has a conscience that will hold her fast to duty," said Benigna, but she did not speak hopefully: she spoke deliberately, however, thinking that these words *conscience* and *duty* might arrest the minister's attention, and that he would perhaps, by some means, throw light upon questions which were constantly becoming more perplexing to her. Was conscience an unfailing guide? Was one person's duty to be pronounced upon by another without scruple, and defined with unfaltering exactness? But the words had not arrested the minister's attention.

"If they could only see that there is nothing to be done!" said he. "Oh, they will, Benigna! Had they only the faith, Benigna!"

"Yet how vain their sacrifice, for they have it not!" said she. And as if she would not prolong an interview which must be full of pain, because no light could proceed from any words that would be given them to speak, Sister Benigna turned abruptly toward the basement door when she had said this, and entered it without bestowing a parting glance even on the minister.

He walked away after an instant's hesitation: indeed there was nothing further to be said, and she did well to go.

Going homeward by a path which led along the hillside above the village street, he must pass the small house separated from all others—the house which was the appointed resting-place of all who lived in Spenersberg to die there—known as the Corpse-house. To it the bodies of deceased persons were always taken after death, and there they remained until the hour when they were carried forth for burial.

As Mr. Wenck approached he saw that the door stood open: a few steps farther, and this fact was accounted for. A bent and wrinkled old woman stood there with a broom in her hand, which she had been using in a plain, straightforward manner.

"Ah, Mary," he said, "what does this mean, my good woman?"

"It is the minister," she answered in a low voice, curtseying. "I was moved to come here this morning, sir, and see to things. It was time to be brushing up a little, I thought. It is a month now since the last."

"I will take down the old boughs then, and garnish the walls with new ones. And have you looked at the lamp too, Mary?"

"It is trimmed, sir," said the woman; and the minister's readiness to assist her drew forth the confession: "I was thinking on my bed in the night-watches that it must be done. There will one be going home soon. And it may be myself, sir. I could not have been easy if I had not come up to tidy the house."

Having finished her task, which was a short one and easily performed, the woman now waited to watch the minister as he selected cedar boughs and wove them into wreaths, and suspended them from the walls and rafters of the little room; and it comforted the simple soul when, standing in the doorway, the good man lifted his eyes toward heaven and said in the words of the church litany:

From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in Thee,
From self-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From all sin,
*Preserve us, gracious Lord and God—*

and devoutly she joined in with him in the solemn responsive cry.

It was very evident that the minister's work that day was not to be performed in his silent home among his books.

On the brightest day let the sun become eclipsed, and how the earth will pine! what melancholy will pervade the busy streets, the pleasant fields and woods! how disconsolately the birds will seek their mates and their nests!

The children came together, but many a half hour passed during which the shadow of an Unknown seemed to come between them and their teacher. The bright soul, was she too suffering from an eclipse? Does it happen that all souls, even the most valiant, most loving, least selfish, come in time to passes so difficult that, shrinking back, they say, "Why should I struggle to gain the other side? What is there worth seeking? Better to end all here. This life is not worth enduring"? And yet, does it also come to pass as certainly that these valiant, unselfish, loving ones will struggle, fight, climb, wade, creep on, on while the breath of life remains in them, and never surrender? It seemed as if Sister Benigna had arrived at a place where her baffled spirit stood still and felt its helplessness. Could she do nothing for Elise, the dear child for whose happiness she would cheerfully give her life, and not think the price too dear?

By and by the children were aware that Sister Benigna had come again among them: the humblest little flower lifted up its head, and the smallest bird began to chirp and move about and smooth its wings.

Sister Benigna! what had she recollected?—that but a single day perhaps was hers to live, and here were all these children! As she turned with ardent zeal to her work—which indeed had not failed of accustomed conduct so far as routine went—tell me what do you find in those lovely eyes if not the heavenliest assurances? Let who will call the scene of this life's operations a vale of tears, a world of misery, a prison-house of the spirit, here is one who asks for herself nothing of honors or riches or pleasures, and who can bless the Lord God for the glory of the earth he has created, and for those everlasting purposes of his which mortals can but trust in, and which are past finding out. Children, let us do our best to-day, and wait until to-morrow for to-morrow's gifts. This exhortation was in the eyes, mien, conduct of the teacher, and so she led them on until, when they came to practice their hymns for the festival, every little heart and voice was in tune, and she praised them with voice so cheerful, how should they guess that it had ever been choked by anguish or had ever fainted in despair?

O young eyes saddening over what is to you a painful, insoluble problem! yet a little while and you shall see the mists of morning breaking everywhere, and the great conquering sun will enfold you too in its warm embrace: the humble laurels of the mountain's side, even as the great pines and cedars of the mountain's crest, have but to receive and use what the sterile rock and the blinding cloud, the wintry tempest and the rain and the summer's heat bestow, and lo! the heights are alive with glory. But it is not in a day.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WILL THE ARCHITECT HAVE EMPLOYMENT?

On entering the factory, Leonhard met Loretz near the door talking with Albert Spener. When he saw Leonhard, Loretz said, "I was just saying to Mr. Spener that I expected you, sir, and how he might recognize you; but you shall speak for yourself. If you will spend a little time looking about, I shall be back soon: perhaps Mr. Spener—"

"Mr. Leonhard Marten, I believe," said Mr. Albert Spener with a little exaggeration of his natural stiffness. Perhaps he did not suspect that all the morning he had been manifesting considerable loftiness toward Loretz, and that he spoke in a way that made Leonhard feel that his departure from Spenersberg would probably take place within something less than twenty-four hours.

Yet within half an hour the young men were walking up and down the factory, examining machinery and work, and talking as freely as if they had known each other six months. They were not in everything as unlike as they were in person. Spener was a tall, spare man, who conveyed an impression of mental strength and physical activity. He could turn his hand to anything, and *attempt* anything that was to be done by skillful handicraft; and whether he could use his wits well in shaping men, let Spenersberg answer. His square-shaped head was covered with bright brown hair, which had a reddish tinge, and his moustache was of no stinted growth: his. black eyes penetrated and flashed, and could glow and glare in a way to make weakness and feebleness tremble. His quick speech did not spare: right and left he used his swords of thought and will. Fall in! or, Out of the way! were the commands laid down by him since the foundations of Spenersberg were laid. In the fancy-goods line he might have made of himself a spectacle, supposing he could have remained in the trade; but set apart here in this vale, the centre of a sphere of his own creation, where there was something at stake vast enough to justify the exercise of energy and authority, he had a field for the fair play of all that was within him — the worst and the best. The worst that he could be he was—a tyrant; and the best that he could be he was — a lover. Hitherto his tyrannies had brought about good results only, but it was well that the girl he loved had not only spirit and courage enough to love him, but also faith enough to remove mountains.

If Leonhard had determined that he would make a friend of Spener before he entered the factory, he could not have proceeded more wisely than he did. First, he was interested in the works, and intent on being told about the manufacture of articles of furniture from a product ostensibly of such small account as the willow; then he was interested in the designs and surprised at the ingenious variety, and curious to learn their source, and amazed to hear that Mr. Spener had himself originated more than half of them. Then presently he began to suggest designs, and at the end of an hour he found himself at a table in Spener's office drawing shapes for baskets and chairs and tables and ornamental devices, and making Spener laugh so at some remark as to be heard all over the building.

"You say you are an architect," he said after Leonhard had covered a sheet of paper with suggestions written and outlined for him, which he looked at with swiftly-comprehending and satisfied eyes. "What do you say to doing a job for me?"

"With all my heart," answered Leonhard, "if it can be done at once."

These words were in the highest degree satisfactory. Here was a man who knew the worth of a minute. He was the man for Spener. "Come with me," he said, "and I'll show you a building-site or two worth putting money on;" and so they walked together out of the factory, crossed a rustic foot-bridge to the opposite side, ascended a sunny half-cleared slope and passed across a field; and there beneath them, far below, rolled the grand river which had among its notable ports this little Spenersberg.

"What do you think of a house on this site, sir?" asked Spener, looking with no small degree of satisfaction around him and down the rocky steep.

"I think I should like to be commissioned to build a castle with towers and gates of this very granite which you could hew out by the thousand cord from the quarry yonder. What a perfect gray for building!"

"I have always thought I would use the material on the ground—the best compliment I could pay this place which I have raised my fortune out of," said Spener.

"There's no better material on the earth," said Leonhard.

"But I don't want a castle: I want a house with room enough in it—high ceilings, wide halls, and a piazza fifteen or twenty feet wide all around it."

"Must I give up the castle? There isn't a better site on the Rhine than this."

"But I'm not a baron, and I live at peace with my neighbors—at least with outsiders." That last remark was an unfortunate one, for it brought the speaker back consciously to confront the images which were constantly lurking round him—only hid when he commanded them out of sight in the manfulness of a spirit that would not be interfered with in its work. He sat looking at Leonhard opposite to him, who had already taken a note-book and pencil from his pocket, and, planting his left foot firmly against one of the great rocks of the cliff, he said, "Loretz tells me you stayed all night at his house."

"Yes, he invited me in when I inquired my way to the inn."

"Sister Benigna was there?"

"She wasn't anywhere else," said Leonhard, looking up and smiling. "Excuse the slang. If you are where she is, you may feel very certain about her being there."

"Not at all," said Albert, evidently nettled into argument by the theme he had introduced. "She is one of those persons who can be in several places at the same time. You heard them sing, I suppose. They are preparing for the congregation festival. It is six years since we started here, but we only built our church last year: this year we have the first celebration in the edifice, and of course there is great preparation."

"I have been wondering how I could go away before it takes place ever since I heard of it."

"If you wonder less how you can stay, remain of course," said Spener with no great cordiality: he owed this stranger nothing, after all.

"It will only be to prove that I am really music-mad, as they have been telling me ever since I was born. If that is the case, from the evidences I have had since I came here I think I shall recover."

"What do you mean?" asked Spener.

"I mean that I see how little I really know about the science. I never heard anything to equal the musical knowledge and execution of Loretz's daughter and this Sister Benigna you speak of."

"Ah! I am not a musician. I tried the trombone, but lacked the patience. I am satisfied to admire. And so you liked the singers? Which best?"

"Both."

"Come, come—what was the difference?"

"The difference?" repeated Leonhard reflecting.

Spener also seemed to reflect on his question, and was so absorbed in his thinking that he seemed to be startled when Leonhard, from his studies of the square house with the wide halls and the large rooms with high ceilings, turned to him and said, "The difference, sir, is between two women."

"No difference at all, do you mean?

Do you mean they are alike? They are not alike."

"Not so alike that I have seen anything like either of them."

"Ah! neither have I. For that reason I shall marry one of them, while the other I would not marry—no, not if she were the only woman on the continent."

"You are a fortunate man," said Leonhard.

"I intend to prove that. Nothing more is necessary than the girl's consent—is there?—if you have made up your mind that you must have her."

"I should think you might say that, sir."

"But you don't hazard an opinion as to which, sir."

"Not I."

"Why not?"

"It might be Miss Elise, if—"

"If what?"

"I am not accustomed to see young ladies in their homes. I have only fancied sometimes what a pretty girl might be in her father's house."

"Well, sir?" said Spener impatiently.

"A young lady like Miss Elise would have a great deal to say, I should suppose."

"Is she dumb? I thought she could talk. I should have said so."

"I should have guessed, too, that she would always be singing about the house."

"And if not—what then?"

"Something must be going wrong somewhere. So you see it can't be Miss Elise, according to my judgment."

Spener laughed when this conclusion was reached.

"Come here again within a month and see if she can talk and sing," said he with eyes flashing. "Perhaps you have found that it is as easy to frighten a bugbear out of the way as to be frightened by one. I never found, sir, that I couldn't put a stumbling-block out of my path. We have one little man here who is going to prove himself a nuisance, I'm afraid. He is a good little fellow, too. I always liked him until he undertook to manage my affairs. I don't propose to give up the reins yet a while, and until I do, you see, he has no chance. I am sorry about it, for I considered him quite like a friend; but a friend, sir, with a flaw in him is worse than an enemy. I know where to find my enemies, but I can't keep track of a man who pretends to be a friend and serves me ill. But pshaw! let me see what you are doing."

Leonhard was glad when the man ceased from discoursing on friendship—a favorite theme among Spenersbergers, he began to think—and glad to break away from his work, for he held his pencil less firmly than he should have done.

Spener studied the portion completed, and seemed surprised as well as pleased. "You know your business," said he. "Be so good as to finish the design."

Then returning the book to Leonhard, he looked at his watch. "It is time I went to dinner," he said. "Come with me. Loretz knows you are with me, and will expect you to be my guest to-day." So they walked across the field, but did not descend by the path along which they had ascended. They went farther to the east, and Spener led the way down the rough hillside until he came to a point whence the descent was less steep and difficult. There he paused. A beautiful view was spread before them. Little Spenersberg lay on the slope opposite: between ran the stream, which widened farther toward the east and narrowed toward the west, where it emptied into the river. Eastward the valley also widened, and there the willows grew, and looked like a great garden, beautiful in every shade of green.

"I should not have the river from this point," said Spener, "but I should have a great deal more, and be nearer the people: I do not think it would be the thing to appear even to separate myself from them. I have done a great deal not so agreeable to me, I assure you, in order to bring myself near to them. One must make sacrifices to obtain his ends: it is only to count the cost and then be ready to put down the money. Suppose you plant a house just here."

"How could it be done?"

"You an architect and ask me!"

"Things can be planted anywhere," answered Leonhard, "but whether the cost of production will not be greater than the fruit is worth, is the question. You can have a platform built here as broad as that the temple stood on if you are willing to pay for the foundations."

"That is the talk!" said Spener. "Take a square look, and let me know what you can do toward a house on the hillside. You see there is no end of raw material for building, and it is a perfect prospect. But come now to dinner."

CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE IN ENGLAND.

THE love for country life is, if possible, stronger in England now than at any previous period in her history. There is no other country where this taste has prevailed to the same extent. It arose originally from causes mainly political. In France a similar condition of things existed down to the sixteenth century, and was mainly brought to an end by the policy of ministers, who dreaded the increasing power of petty princes in remote provinces becoming in combination formidable to the central power. It was specially the object of Richelieu and Mazarin to check this sort of baronial *imperium in imperio*, and it became in the time of Louis XIV. the keystone of that monarch's domestic policy. This tended to encourage the "hanging on" of *grands seigneurs* about the court, where many of the chief of them, after having exhausted their resources in gambling or riotous living, became dependent for place or pension on the Crown, and were in fact the creatures of the king and his minister. Of course this did not apply to all. Here and there in the broad area of France were to be found magnificent châteaux—a few of which, especially in Central France, still survive—where the marquis or count reigned over his people an almost absolute monarch.

There is a passage in one of Horace Walpole's letters in which that virtuoso expresses his regret, after a visit to the ancestral "hôtels" of Paris, whose contents had afforded him such intense gratification, that the nobility of England, like that of France, had not concentrated their treasures of art, etc. in London houses. Had he lived a few years longer he would probably have altered his views, which were such as his sagacious and manly father, who dearly loved his Norfolk home, Houghton, would never have held.

In England, from the time that anything like social life, as we understand the phrase, became known, the power of the Crown was so well established that no necessity for resorting to a policy such as Richelieu's for diminishing the influence of the noblesse existed.

In fact, a course distinctly the reverse came to be adopted from the time of Elizabeth down to even a later period than the reign of Charles II.

In the reign of Elizabeth an act was passed, which is to this hour probably on the statute-book, restricting building in or near the metropolis. James I. appears to have been in a chronic panic on this subject, and never lost an opportunity of dilating upon it. In one of his proclamations he refers to those swarms of gentry "who, through the instigation of their wives, or to new model and fashion their daughters—who, if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and if married, lost them—did neglect their country hospitality and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom." He desired the Star

Chamber "to regulate the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lacqueys and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians; but the honor of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants.

"Gentlemen resident on their estates," said he, very sensibly, "were like ships in port: their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated."

Charles I., with characteristic arbitrariness, carried matters with a still higher hand. His Star Chamber caused buildings to be actually razed, and fined truants heavily. One case which is reported displays the grim and costly humor of the illegal tribunal which dealt with such cases. Poor Mr. Palmer of Sussex, a gay bachelor, being called upon to show cause why he had been residing in London, pleaded in extenuation that he had no house, his mansion having been destroyed by fire two years before. This, however, was held rather an aggravation of the offence, inasmuch as he had failed to rebuild it; and Mr. Palmer paid a penalty of one thousand pounds —equivalent to at least twenty thousand dollars now.

A document which especially serves to show the manner of life of the ancient noblesse is the earl of Northumberland's "Household Book" in the early part of the sixteenth century. By this we see the great magnificence of the old nobility, who, seated in their castles, lived in a state of splendor scarcely inferior to that of the court. As the king had his privy council, so the earl of Northumberland had his council, composed of his principal officers, by whose advice and assistance he established his code of economic laws. As the king had his lords and grooms of the chamber, who waited in their respective turns, so the earl was attended by the constables of his several castles, who entered into waiting in regular succession. Among other instances of magnificence it may be remarked that not fewer than eleven priests were kept in the household, presided over by a doctor or bachelor of divinity as dean of the chapel.

An account of how the earl of Worcester lived at Ragland Castle before the civil wars which began in 1641 also exhibits his manner of life in great detail: "At eleven o'clock the Castle Gates were shut and the tables laid: two in the dining-room; three in the hall; one in Mrs. Watson's appartment, where the chaplains eat; two in the housekeeper's room for my ladie's women. The Earl came into the Dining Room attended by his gentlemen. As soon as he was seated, Sir Ralph Blackstone, Steward of the House, retired. The Comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended with his staff; as did the Sewer, Mr. Blackburn, and the daily waiters with many gentlemen's sons, from two to seven hundred pounds a year, bred up in the Castle; my ladie's Gentleman Usher, Mr. Harcourt; my lord's Gentlemen of the Chamber, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fox.

"At the first table sat the noble family and such of the nobility as came there. At the second table in the Dining-room sat Knights and honorable gentlemen attended by footmen.

"In the hall at the first table sat Sir R. Blackstone, Steward, the Comptroller, Secretary, Master of the Horse, Master of the Fishponds, my Lord Herbert's Preceptor, with such gentlemen as came there under the degree of knight, attended by footmen and plentifully served with wine.

"At the third table in the hall sate the Clerk of the Kitchen, with the Yeomen, officers of the House, two Grooms of the Chamber, etc.

"Other officers of the Household were the Chief Auditor, Clerk of Accounts, Purveyor of the Castle, Usher of the Hall, Closet Keeper, Gentleman of the Chapel, Keeper of the Records, Master of the Wardrobe, Master of the Armoury, Master Groom of the Stable for the 12 War-horses, Master of the Hounds, Master Falconer, Porter and his men, two Butchers, two Keepers of the Home

Park, two Keepers of the Red Deer Park, Footmen, Grooms and other Menial Servants to the number of 150. Some of the footmen were Brewers and Bakers.

"*Out offices.*—Steward of Ragland, Governor of Chepstow Castle, Housekeeper of Worcester House in London, thirteen Bailiffs, two Counsel for the Bailiffs—who looked after the estate—to have recourse to, and a Solicitor."

In a delicious old volume now rarely to be met with, called *The Olio*, published eighty years ago, Francis Grose the antiquary thus describes certain characters typical of the country life of the earlier half of the seventeenth century: "When I was a young man there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, resident in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me: it consisted of a stiff-starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch-cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels, with impunity. By the side of this old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner-cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials and purges for the use of poorer neighbors. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

"Another character, now worn out and gone, was the country squire: I mean the little, independent country gentleman of three hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance to the county-town, and that only at assize- and session-time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterward adjourned to the neighboring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a friend's house by cracking his whip or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the Fifth of November or some other gala-day, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called calimanco-work, or of red brick; large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan and dagger borne by his ancestors in the Civil Wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's *Golden Rules*, Vincent Wing's *Almanack* and a portrait of the duke of Marlborough: in his window lay Baker's *Chronicle*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, Glanvil on *Apparitions*, Quincey's *Dispensatory*, the *Complete Justice* and a *Book of Farriery*. In the corner, by the fireside, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation. The best parlor, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors—the men, some in the character of shepherds with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes, and others in complete armor or buff-coats; the females, likewise as shepherdesses with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes. Alas! these men and these houses are no more! The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country and become humble dependants on great men, to solicit a place or commission, to live in London, to rack their tenants and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is in the mean time suffered to tumble down or is partly upheld as a farm-house, till after a few years the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighboring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor or limb of the law."

It is unquestionably owing to the love of country life amongst the higher classes that England so early attained in many respects what may be termed an even civilization. In almost all other countries the traveler beyond the confines of a few great cities finds himself in a region of comparative semi-barbarism. But no one familiar with English country life can say that this is the case in the rural districts of England, whilst it is most unquestionably so in Ireland, simply because she has through absenteeism been deprived of those influences which have done so much for her wealthy sister. Go where you will in England to-day, and you will find within five miles of you a good turnpike road, leading to an inn hard by, where you may get a clean and comfortable though simple dinner, good bread, good butter, and a carriage—"fly" is the term now, as in the days of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—to convey you where you will. And this was the case long before railways came into vogue.

The influence of the great house has very wide ramifications, and extends far beyond the radius of park, village and estate. It greatly affects the prosperity of the country and county towns. Go into Exeter or Shrewsbury on a market-day in the autumn months, and you will find the streets crowded with carriages. If a local herald be with you, he will tell you all about their owners by glancing at the liveries and panels. They belong, half of them, to the old county gentry, who have shopped here—always at the same shops, according as their proprietors are Whigs or Tories—for generations. It may well be imagined what a difference the custom of twenty gentlemen spending on an average twenty-five thousand dollars a year makes to a grocer or draper. Besides, this class of customer demands a first-rate article, and consequently it is worth while to keep it in stock. The fishmonger knows that twenty great houses within ten miles require their handsome dish of fish for dinner as regularly as their bread and butter. It becomes worth his while therefore to secure a steady supply. In this way smaller people profit, and country life becomes pleasant to them too, inasmuch as the demands of the rich contribute to the comfort of those in moderate circumstances.

Let us pass to the daily routine of an affluent country home. The breakfast hour is from nine to eleven, except where hunting-men or enthusiasts in shooting are concerned. The former are often in the saddle before six, and young partridge-slayers may, during the first fortnight of September—after that their ardor abates a bit—be found in the stubbles at any hour after sunrise.

A country-house breakfast in the house of a gentlemen with from three thousand a year upward, when several guests are in the house, is a very attractive meal. Of course its degree of excellence varies, but we will take an average case in the house of a squire living on his paternal acres with five thousand pounds a year and knowing how to live.

It is 10 A. M. in October: family prayers, usual in nine country-houses out of ten, which a guest can attend or not as he pleases, are over. The company is gradually gathering in the breakfast-room. It is an ample apartment, paneled with oak and hung with family pictures. If you have any appreciation for fine plate—and you are to be pitied if you have not—you will mark the charming shape and exquisite chasing of the antique urn and other silver vessels, which shine as brilliantly as on the day they left the silversmiths to Her Majesty, Queen Anne. No "Brummagem" patterns will you find here.

On the table at equidistant points stand two tiny tables or dumb-waiters, which are made to revolve. On these are placed sugar, cream, butter, preserves, salt, pepper, mustard, etc., so that every one can help himself without troubling others—a great desideratum, for many people are of the same mind on this point as a well-known English family, of whom it was once observed that they were very nice people, but didn't like being bored to pass the mustard.

On the sideboard are three beautiful silver dishes with spirit-lamps beneath them. Let us look under their covers. Broiled chicken, fresh mushrooms on toast, and stewed kidney. On a larger dish is fish, and ranged behind these hot viands are cold ham, tongue, pheasant and game-pie. On huge platters of wood, with knives to correspond, are farm-house brown bread and white bread, whilst on the breakfast-table itself you will find hot rolls, toast—of which two or three fresh relays are brought in during breakfast—buttered toast, muffins and the freshest of eggs. The hot dishes at breakfast are varied almost every morning, and where there is a good cook a variety of some twenty dishes is made.

Marmalade (Marie Malade) of oranges—said to have been originally prepared for Mary queen of Scots when ill, and introduced by her into Scotland—and "jams" of apricot and other fruit always form a part of an English or Scotch breakfast. The living is just as good—often better—among the five-thousand-pounds-a-year gentry as among the very wealthy: the only difference lies in the number of servants and guests.

The luncheon-hour is from one to two. At luncheon there will be a roast leg of mutton or some such *pièce de résistance*, and a made dish, such as minced veal—a dish, by the way, not the least understood in this country, where it is horribly mangled—two hot dishes of meat and several cold, and various sorts of pastry. These, with bread, butter, fruit, cheese, sherry, port, claret and beer, complete the meal.

Few of the men of the party are present at this meal, and those who are eat but little, reserving their forces until dinner. All is placed on the table at once, and not, as at dinner, in courses. The servants leave the room when they have placed everything on the table, and people wait on themselves. Dumb-waiters with clean plates, glasses, etc. stand at each corner of the table, so that there is very little need to get up for what you want.

The afternoon is usually passed by the ladies alone or with only one or two gentlemen who don't care to shoot, etc., and is spent in riding, driving and walking. Englishwomen are great walkers. With their skirts conveniently looped up, and boots well adapted to defy the mud, they brave all sorts of weather. "Oh it rains! what a bore! We can't go out," said a young lady, standing at the breakfast-room window at a house in Ireland; to which her host rejoined, "If you don't go out here when it rains, you don't go out at all;" which is pretty much the truth.

About five o'clock, as you sit over your book in the library, you hear a rapid firing off of guns, which apprises you that the men have returned from shooting. They linger a while in the gun-room talking over their sport and seeing the record of the killed entered in the game-book. Then some, doffing the shooting-gear for a free-and-easy but scrupulously neat attire, repair to the ladies' sitting-room or the library for "kettledrum."

On a low table is placed the tea equipage, and tea in beautiful little cups is being dispensed by fair hands. This is a very pleasant time in many houses, and particularly favorable to fun and flirtation. In houses where there are children, the cousins of the house and others very intimate adjourn to the school-room, where, when the party is further reinforced by three or four boys home for the holidays, a scene of fun and frolic, which it requires all the energies of the staid governess to prevent going too far, ensues.

So time speeds on until the dressing-bell rings at seven o'clock, summoning all to prepare for the great event of the day—dinner. Every one dons evening-attire for this meal; and so strong a feeling obtains on this point that if, in case of his luggage going wrong or other accident, a man is compelled to join the party in morning-clothes, he feels painfully "fish-out-of-waterish." We know, indeed, of a case in which a guest absurdly sensitive would not come down to dinner until the arrival of his things, which did not make their appearance for a week.

Ladies' dress in country-houses depends altogether upon the occasion. If it be a quiet party of intimate friends, their attire is of the simplest, but in many fashionable houses the amount of dressing is fully as great as in London. English ladies do not dress nearly as expensively or with so much taste as Americans, but, on the other hand, they have the subject much less in their thoughts; which is perhaps even more desirable.

There is a degree of pomp and ceremony, which, however, is far from being unpleasant, at dinner in a large country-house. The party is frequently joined by the rector and his wife, a neighboring squire or two, and a stray parson, so that it frequently reaches twenty. Of course in this case the pleasantness of the prandial period depends largely upon whom you have the luck to get next to; but there's this advantage in the situation over a similar one in London—that you have, at all events, a something of local topics in common, having picked up a little knowledge of places and people during your stay, or if you are quite a new-comer, you can easily set your neighbor a-going by questions about surroundings. Generally there is some acquaintance between most of the people staying in a house, as hosts make up their parties with the view of accommodating persons wishing to meet others whom they like. Young men will thus frequently get a good-natured hostess to ask some young lady whose society they especially affect, and thus country-houses become proverbially adapted for match-making.

There are few houses now-a-days in which the gentlemen linger in the dining-room long after the ladies have left it. Habits of hard drinking are now almost entirely confined to young men in the army and the lower classes. The evenings are spent chiefly in conversation: sometimes a rubber of whist is made up, or, if there are a number of young people, there is dancing.

A rather surprising step which occasioned something of a scandalous sensation in the social world was resorted to some years ago at a country-house in Devonshire. Two or three fast young ladies, finding the evening somewhat heavy, and lamenting a dearth of dancing men, rang the bell, and in five minutes the lady of the house, who was in another room, was aghast at seeing them whirling round in their Jeames's arms. It was understood that the ringleader in this enterprise, the daughter of an Irish earl, was not likely to be asked to repeat her visit.

About eleven wine and water and biscuits are brought into the drawing-room, and a few minutes later the ladies retire. The wine and water, with the addition of other stimulants, are then transferred to the billiard- and smoking-rooms, to which the gentlemen adjourn so soon as they have changed their black coats for dressing-gowns or lounging suits, in which great latitude is given to the caprice of individual fancy.

The sittings in these apartments are protracted until any hour, as the servants usually go to bed when they have provided every one with his flat candlestick—that emblem of gentility which always so prominently recurred to the mind of Mrs. Micawber when recalling the happy days when she "lived at home with papa and mamma." In some fast houses pretty high play takes place at such times.

It not unfrequently happens that the master of the house takes but a very limited share in the recreations of his guests, being much engrossed by the various avocations which fall to the lot of a country proprietor. After breakfast in the morning he will make it his business to see that each gentleman is provided with such recreation as he likes for the day. This man will shoot, that one will fish; Brown will like to have a horse and go over to see some London friends who are staying ten miles off; Jones has heaps of letters which must be written in the morning, but will ride with the ladies in the afternoon; and when all these arrangements are completed the squire will drive off with his old confidential groom in the dog-cart, with that fast-trotting bay, to attend the county meeting in the nearest cathedral town or dispense justice from the bench at Pottleton; and when eight o'clock brings all together at dinner an agreeable diversity is given to conversation by each man's varied experiences during the day.

Of course some houses are desperately dull, whilst others are always agreeable. Haddo House, during the lifetime of Lord Aberdeen, the prime minister, had an exceptional reputation for the former quality. It was said to be the most silent house in England; and silence in this instance was regarded as quite the reverse of golden. The family scarcely ever spoke, and the guest, finding that his efforts brought no response, became alarmed at the echoes of his own voice. Lord Aberdeen and his son, Lord Haddo—an amiable but weak and eccentric man, father of the young earl who dropped his title and was drowned whilst working as mate of a merchantman—did not get on well together, and saw very little of each other for some years. At length a reconciliation was effected, and the son was invited to Haddo. Anxious to be pleasant and conciliatory, he faltered out admiringly, "The place looks nice, the trees are very green." "Did you expect to see 'em blue, then?" was the encouraging paternal rejoinder.

The degree of luxury in many of these great houses is less remarkable than its completeness. Everything is in keeping, thus presenting a remarkable contrast to most of our rich men's attempts at the same. The dinner, cooked by a *cordon bleu* of the cuisine*—whose resources in the way of "hot plates" and other accessories for furnishing a superlative dinner are unrivaled—is often served on glittering plate, or china almost equally valuable, by men six feet high, of splendid figure, and dressed with the most scrupulous neatness and cleanliness. Gloves are never worn by servants in first-rate English houses, but they carry a tiny napkin in their hands which they place between their fingers and the plates. Nearly all country gentlemen are hospitable, and it very rarely happens that guests are not staying in the house. A county ball or some other such gathering fills it from garret to cellar.

The best guest-rooms are always reserved for the married: bachelors are stowed away comparatively "anywhere." In winter fires are always lit in the bedrooms about five o'clock, so that they may be warm at dressing-time; and shortly before the dressing-bell rings the servant deputed to attend upon a guest who does not bring a valet with him goes to his room, lays out his evening-toilette, puts shirt, socks, etc. to air before the fire, places a capacious pitcher of boiling water on the washing-stand, and having lit the candles, drawn the easy-chair to the fire, just ready on provocation to burst into a blaze, lights the wax candles on the dressing-table and withdraws.

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* Frenchmen say that the best English dinners are now the best in the world, because they combine the finest French *entrées* and *entremets* with *pièces de résistance* of unrivaled excellence.

In winter the guest is asked whether he likes a fire to get up by, and in that event a housemaid enters early with as little noise as possible and lights it. On rising in the morning you find all your clothes carefully brushed and put in order, and every appliance for ample ablutions at hand.

A guest gives the servant who attends him a tip of from a dollar and a quarter to five dollars, according to the length of his stay. If he shoots, a couple of sovereigns for a week's sport is a usual fee to a keeper. Some people give absurdly large sums, but the habit of giving them has long been on the decline. The keeper supplies powder and shot, and sends in an account for them. Immense expense is involved in these shooting establishments. The late Sir Richard Sutton, a great celebrity in the sporting world, who had the finest shooting in England, and therefore probably in the world, used to say that every pheasant he killed cost him a guinea. On some estates the sale of the game is in some degree a set-off to the cost of maintaining it, just as the sale of the fruit decreases the cost of pineries, etc. Nothing but the fact that the possession of land becomes more and more vested in those who regard it as luxury could have enabled this sacrifice of farming to sport to continue so long. It is the source of continual complaint and resentment on the part of the farmers, who are only pacified by allowance being made to them out of their rent for damage done by game.

The expense of keeping up large places becomes heavier every year, owing to the constantly-increasing rates of wages, etc., and in some cases imposes a grievous burden, eating heavily into income and leaving men with thousands of acres very poor balances at their bankers to meet the Christmas bills. Those who have large families to provide for, and get seriously behindhand, usually shut up or let their places—which latter is easily done if they be near London or in a good shooting country—and recoup on the Continent; but of late years prices there have risen so enormously that this plan of restoring the equilibrium between income and expenditure is far less satisfactory than it was forty years ago. The encumbrances on many estates are very heavy. A nobleman who twenty years ago succeeded to an entailed estate, with a house almost gutted, through having had an execution put in it, and a heavy debt—some of which, though not legally bound to liquidate, he thought it his duty to settle—acted in a very spirited manner which few of his order have the courage to imitate. He dropped his title, went abroad and lived for some years on about three thousand dollars a year. He has now paid off all his encumbrances, and has a clear income, steadily increasing, of a hundred thousand dollars a year. In another case a gentleman accomplished a similar feat by living in a corner of his vast mansion and maintaining only a couple of servants.

In Ireland, owing to the lower rates of wages and far greater—in the remoter parts—cheapness of provisions, large places can be maintained at considerably less cost, but they are usually far less well kept, partly owing to their being on an absurdly large scale as compared with the means of the proprietors, and partly from the slovenly habits of the country. And in some cases people who could afford it will not spend the money. There are, however, notable exceptions. Powerscourt in Wicklow, the seat of Viscount Powerscourt, and Woodstock in Kilkenny, the beautiful demesne of Mr. Tighe, are probably in as perfect order as any seats in England. A countryman was sent over to the latter one day with a message from another county. "Well, Jerry," said the master on his return, "what did you think of Woodstock?" "Shure, your honor," was the reply, "I niver seed such a power of girls a-swaping up the leaves."

Country-house life in Ireland and Scotland is almost identical with that in England, except that, in the former especially, there is generally less money. Scotland has of late years become so much the fashion, land has risen so enormously in value, and properties are so very large, that some of the establishments, such as those at Drumlanrig, Dunrobin, Gordon Castle and Floors, the seats respectively of the dukes of Buccleuch, Sutherland, Richmond and Roxburghe, are on a princely scale. The number of wealthy squires is far fewer than in England. It is a curious feature in the Scottish character that notwithstanding the radical politics of the country—for scarcely a Conservative is returned by it—the people cling fondly to primogeniture and their great lords, who, probably to a far greater extent than in England, hold the soil. The duke of Sutherland possesses nearly the whole of the county from which he derives his title, whilst the duke of Buccleuch owns the greater part of four.

Horses are such a very expensive item that a large stable is seldom found unless there is a very large income, for otherwise the rest of the establishment must be cut down to a low figure. Hunting millionaires keep from ten to twenty, or even thirty, hacks and hunters, besides four or five carriage-horses. Three or four riding-horses, three carriage-horses and a pony or two is about the usual number in the stable of a country gentleman with from five to six thousand pounds a year. The stable-staff would be coachman, groom and two helpers. The number of servants in country-houses varies from seven or eight to eighty, but probably there are not ten houses in the country where it reaches so high a figure as the last: from fifteen to twenty would be a common number.

There are many popular bachelors and old maids who live about half the year in the country-houses of their friends. A gentleman of this sort will have his chambers in London and his valet, whilst the lady will have her lodgings and maid. In London they will live cheaply and comfortably, he at his club and dining out with rich friends, she in her snug little room and passing half her time in friends' houses. There is not the slightest surrender of independence about these people. They would not stay a day in a house which they did not like, but their pleasant manners and company make them acceptable, and friends are charmed to have them.

One of the special recommendations of a great country-house is that you need not see too much of any one. There is no necessary meeting except at meals—in many houses then even only at dinner—and in the evening. Many sit a great deal in their own rooms if they have writing or work to do; some will be in the billiard-room, others in the library, others in the drawing-room: the host's great friend will be with him in his own private room, whilst the hostess's will pass most of the time in that lady's boudoir.*

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* Perhaps the most charming idea of a country-house was that conceived by Mr. Mathew of Thomastown—a huge mansion still extant, now the property of the count de Jarnac, to whom it descended. This gentleman, who was an ancestor of the celebrated Temperance leader, probably had as much claret drunk in his house as any one in his country; which is saying a good deal.

He had an income which would be equivalent to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in our money, and for several years traveled abroad and spent very little. On his return with an ample sum of ready money, he carried into execution a long-cherished scheme of country life.

He arranged his immense mansion after the fashion of an inn. The guests arrived, were shown to their rooms, and treated as though they were in the most perfectly-appointed hotel. They ordered dinner when they pleased, dined together or alone as suited them, hunted, shot, played billiards, cards, etc. at will, and kept their own horses. There was a regular bar, where drinks of the finest quality were always served. The host never appeared in that character: he was just like any other gentleman in the house.

The only difference from a hotel lay in the choice character of the company, and the fact that not a farthing might be disbursed. The servants were all paid extra, with the strict understanding that they did not accept a farthing, and that any dereliction from this rule would be punished by instant dismissal.

Unlike most Irish establishments, especially at that date (about the middle of the last century), this was managed with the greatest order, method and economy.

Among the notable guests was Dean Swift, whose astonishment at the magnitude of the place, with the lights in hundreds of windows at night, is mentioned by Dr. Sheridan.

It is pleasant to add in this connection that the count and countess de Jarnac worthily sustain the high character earned a century since by their remarkable ancestor, who was one of the best and most benevolent men of his day.

In some respects railroads have had a very injurious effect on the sociability of English country life. They have rendered people in great houses too apt to draw their supplies of society exclusively from town. English trains run so fast that this can even be done in places quite remote from London. The journey from London to Rugby, for instance, eighty miles, is almost invariably accomplished in two hours. Leaving at five in the afternoon, a man reaches that station at 7.10: his friend's well-appointed dog-cart is there to meet him, and that exquisitely neat young groom, with his immaculate buckskins and boots in which you may see yourself, will make the thoroughbred do the four miles to the hall in time to enable you to dress for dinner by 7.45. Returning on Tuesday morning—and all the lines are most accommodating about return tickets—the barrister, guardsman, government clerk can easily be at his post in town by eleven o'clock. Thus the actual "country people" get to be held rather cheap, and come off badly, because Londoners, being more in the way of hearing, seeing and observing what is going on in society, are naturally more congenial to fine people in country-houses who live in the metropolis half the year.

It is evident from the following amusing squib, which appeared in one of the Annuals for 1832, how far more dependent the country gentleman was upon his country neighbors in those days, when only idle men could run down from town:

"Mr. J., having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country-houses, reduced to the dullness of a domestic circle, and nearly led to commit suicide in the month of November, or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighboring families of the Tags, the Rags and the Bobtails, has opened an office in Spring Gardens for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms. It will appear from the catalogue that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to start at a moment's warning to any country gentleman at any house. Among them will be found three Scotch peers, several ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half pay (who narrate the whole Peninsular War), twenty-seven dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present."

A country village very often has no inhabitants except the parson holding the rank of gentry. The majority of ladies in moderate or narrow circumstances live in county-towns, such as Exeter, Salisbury, etc., or in watering-places, which abound and are of all degrees of fashion and expense. County-town and watering-place society is a thing *per se*, and has very little to do with "county" society, which means that of the landed gentry living in their country-houses. Thus, noblemen and gentlemen within a radius of five miles of such watering-places as Bath, Tonbridge Wells and Weymouth would not have a dozen visiting acquaintances resident in those towns.

To get into "county" society is by no means easy to persons without advantages of position or connection, even with ample means, and to the wealthy manufacturer or merchant is often a business of years. The upper class of Englishmen, and more especially women, are accustomed to find throughout their acquaintance an almost identical style and set of manners. Anything which differs from this they are apt to regard as "ungentlemanlike or unladylike," and shun accordingly. The dislike to traders and manufacturers, which is very strong in those counties, such as Cheshire and Warwickshire, which environ great commercial centres, arises not from the folly of thinking commerce a low occupation, but because the county gentry have different tastes, habits and modes of thought from men who have worked their way up from the counting-room, and do not, as the phrase goes, "get on" with them, any more than a Wall street broker ordinarily gets on with a well-read, accomplished member of the Bar.

A result of this is that a large number of wealthy commercial men, in despair of ever entering the charmed circle of county society, take up their abode in or near the fashionable watering-places, where, after the manner of those at our own Newport, they build palaces in paddocks, have acres of glass, rear the most marvelous of pines and peaches, and have model farms which cost them thousands of pounds a year. To this class is owing in a great degree the extraordinary increase of Leamington, Torquay, Tonbridge Wells, etc. — places which have made the fortunes of the lucky people who chanced to own them.

English ladies, as a rule, take a great deal of interest in the poor around them, and really know a great deal of them. The village near the hall is almost always well attended to, but it unfortunately happens that outlying properties sometimes come off far less well. The classes which see nothing of each other in English rural life are the wives and daughters of the gentry and those of the wealthier farmers and tradesmen: between these sections a huge gulf intervenes, which has not as yet been in the least degree bridged over. In former days very great people used to have once or twice in the year what were called "public days," when it was open house for all who chose to come, with a sort of tacit understanding that none below the class of substantial yeomen or tradesmen would make their appearance. This custom has now fallen into disuse, but was maintained to the last by the Hon. Doctor Vernon-Harcourt, who was for more than half a century archbishop of York, and is yet retained by Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, his princely seat in Yorkshire. There, once or twice a year, a great gathering takes place. Dinner is provided for hundreds of guests, and care is taken to place a member of the family at every table to do his or her part toward dispensing hospitality to high and low.

During the summer and early autumn croquet and archery offer good excuses for bringing young people together, and reunions of this kind palliate the miseries of those who cannot afford to partake of the expensive gayeties of the London season. The archery meetings are often exceedingly pretty fêtes. Sometimes they are held in grounds specially devoted to the purpose, as is the case at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, where the archery-ground will well repay a visit. The shooting takes place in a deep and vast excavation covered with the smoothest turf, and from the high ground above is a glorious view of the old castle of Hastings and the ocean. In Devonshire these meetings have an exceptional interest from the fact that they are held in the park of Powderham Castle, the ancestral seat of the celebrated family of Courtenay. All the county flocks to them, some persons coming fifty miles for this purpose. Apropos of one of these meetings, we shall venture to interpolate an anecdote which deserves to be recorded for the sublimity of impudence which it displays. The railway from London to Plymouth skirts the park of Powderham, running so close beside it that each train sends a herd of deer scampering down the velvety glades. One afternoon a bouncing young lady, who belonged to a family which had lately emerged from the class of yeoman into that of gentry, and whose "manners had not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," found herself in a carriage with two fashionably-attired persons of her own sex. As the train ran by the park, one of these latter exclaimed to her companion, "Oh look, there's Powderham! Don't you remember that archery-party we went to there two years ago?" "To be sure," was the rejoinder. "I'm not likely to forget it, there were some such queer people. Who were those vulgarians whom we thought so particularly objectionable? I can't remember." "Oh, H——: H——of P——!

That was the name." Upon this the other young lady in the carriage bounced to her feet with the words, "Allow me to tell you, madam, that I am Miss H—— of P——!" Neither of those she addressed deigned to utter a word in reply to this announcement, nor did it appear in the least to disconcert them. One slowly drew out a gold double eyeglass, leisurely surveyed Miss H—— of P—— from head to foot, and then proceeded to talk to her companion in French. Perhaps the best part of the joke was that Miss H—— made a round of visits in the course of the week, and detailed the disgusting treatment to which she had been subjected to a numerous acquaintance, who, it is needless to say, appeared during the narration as indignant and sympathetic as she could have wished, but who are declared by some ill-natured persons to have been precisely those who in secret chuckled over the insult with the greatest glee.

English gentlemen experience an almost painful sensation as they journey through our land and observe the utter indifference of its wealthier classes to the charms of such a magnificent country. "Pearls before swine," they say in their hearts. "God made the country and man made the town." "Yes, and how obviously the American prefers the work of man to the work of the Almighty!" These and similar reflections no doubt fill the minds of many a thoughtful English traveler as the train speeds over hill and dale, field and forest. What sites are here! he thinks. What a perfect park might be made out of that wild ground! what cover-shooting there ought to be in that woodland! what fishing and boating on that lake! And then he groans in spirit as the cars enter a forest where tree leans against tree, and neglect reigns on all sides, and he thinks of the glorious oaks and beeches so carefully cared for in his own country, where trees and flowers are loved and petted as much as dogs and horses. And if anything can increase the contempt he feels for those who "don't care a rap" for country and country life, it is a visit to such resorts as Newport and Saratoga. There he finds men whose only notion of country life is what he would hold to be utterly destitute of all its ingredients. They build palaces in paddocks, take actually no exercise, play at cards for three hours in the forenoon, dine, and then drive out "just like ladies," we heard a young Oxonian exclaim—"got up" in the style that an Englishman adopts only in Hyde Park or Piccadilly.

When an American went to stay with Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, the great minister ordered horses for a ride in the delicious glades of the New Forest. When they came to the door his guest was obliged to confess himself no horseman. The premier, with ready courtesy, said, "Oh, then, we'll walk: it's all the same to me;" but it wasn't quite the same. The incident was just one of those which separate the Englishman of a certain rank from the American.

There is of course a certain class of Americans, more especially among the *jeunesse dorée* of New York, who greatly affect sport: they "run" horses and shoot pigeons, but these are not persons who commend themselves to real gentlemen, English or American. They belong to the bad style of "fast men," and are as thoroughly distasteful to a Devonshire or Cheshire squire as to one who merits "the grand old name"—which they conspicuously defame—in their own country.

The English country-loving gentleman to whom we have been referring is, for the most part, of a widely different mould—a man of first-rate education, frequently of high attainments, and often one whose ends and aims in life are for far higher things than pleasure, even of the most innocent kind, but who, when he takes it, derives it chiefly from the country. Many of this kind will instantly occur to those acquainted with English worthies: to mention two—John Evelyn and Sir Fowell Buxton.

REGINALD WYNFORD.

# THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

A GIRL of seventeen—a girl with a "missish" name, with a "missish" face as well, soft skin, bright eyes, dark hair, medium height and a certain amount of coquetry in her attire. This completes the "visible" of Nellie Archer. And the invisible? With an exterior such as this, what thoughts or ideas are possible within? Surely none worth the trouble of searching after. It is a case of the rind being the better part of the fruit, the shell excelling the kernel; and with a slight effort we can imagine her acquirements. Some scraps of geography, mixed up with the topography of an embroidery pattern; some grammar, of much use in parsing the imperfect phrases of celebrated authors, to the neglect of her own; some romanticism, finding expression in the arrangement of a spray of artificial flowers on a spring bonnet; some idea of duty, resulting in the manufacture of sweet-cake or "seeing after" the dessert for dinner; and a conception of "woman's mission" gained from Tennyson—

> Oh teach the orphan-boy to read,
> Or teach the orphan-girl to sew.

No! no! no! not so fast, please. In spite of Nellie's name, of her face, of her attire, that little head is filled quite otherwise. It is not her fault that this is so: is it her misfortune? But to give the history of this being entire, it is necessary to begin seventeen years back, at the very beginning of her life, for in our human nature, as in the inanimate world, a phenomenon is better understood when we know its producing causes.

Nellie's father was a business-man of a type common in America—one whose affairs led him here, there and everywhere. Never quiet while awake, and scarcely at rest during slumber, he resembled Bedreddin Hassan in frequently going to sleep in one town, to awake in another far distant, but without the benighted Oriental's surprise at the transfer, the afrit who performed this prodigy being a steam-engine, and the magician it obeyed the human mind.

In these rapid peregrinations it would not have been easy for Mr. Archer to carry an infant with him; so, when his wife died and left Nellie to his sole care at six months old, he speedily cast about in his mind to rid himself of the encumbrance.

Having heard that country air is good for children, he sent the little one to the interior, and quite admired himself for giving her such an advantage: then, too, the house in the city could be sold.

But to whom did he entrust his child? For a while this had been the great difficulty. In vain he thought over the years he had lived, to find a friend: he had been too busy to make friends. For an honest person he had traversed the world too hurriedly to perceive the deeper, better part of mankind; he had floated on the surface with the scum and froth, and could recall no one whom he could trust. At last, away back in the years of his childhood, he saw a face—that of a young but motherly Irishwoman, who had lived in his father's family as a faithful servant, and had been a fond partisan of his in his fickle troubles when a boy.

He sought and found her in his need. She had married, borne children and grown old: her offspring, after much struggling and little help from the parent birds, had learned to fly alone, and had left the home-nest to try their own fortunes. It was not hard for Mr. Archer to persuade Nurse Bridget and her husband to inhabit his house in the country and take charge of the baby. In a short time the arrangements were complete, and the three were installed in comfort, for the busy man did not grudge money.

If in the long years that followed a thought of the neglected little one did at times reproach him, he dismissed it with the resolution of doing something for her when she should be grown up;

but at what date this event was to take place, or what it was that he intended to do, he did not definitely settle.

The mansion in the country was an old rambling house, in which there were enough deserted rooms to furnish half a dozen ghosts with desirable lodgings, without inconvenience to the living dwellers. The front approach was through an avenue of hemlocks, dark and untrimmed. Under the closed windows lay a tangled garden, where flowers grew rank, shadowed by high ash and leafy oak, outposts of the forest behind—a forest jealous of cultivation, stealthily drawing nearer each year, and threatening to reconquer its own.

There was an unused well in a corner that looked like the habitation of a fairy—of a good fairy, I am sure, because the grass grew greenest and best about the worn curb, and the tender mosses and little plants that could not support the heat in summer found a refuge within its cool circle and flourished there.

On the other side of the house, and dividing it from level fields, were the kitchen-garden and orchard. In springtime you might have imagined the latter to be a grove of singing trees, bearing song for fruit: in autumn, had you seen it when the sun was low, glinting through leaves and gilding apples and stem, you would have been reminded of the garden of the Hesperides.

Below the fields lay a broad river—in summer, languid and clear; in winter, turbid and full. The child often wondered (as soon as she could wonder) if, when it was lying so tranquil under the summer clouds, it was thinking of the frolic it would have with the great blocks of ice in the winter; whether it loved best the rush and struggle of the floods or the quiet of low water; and, above all, whither it was going.

The homely faces and bent, ungainly forms of the old nurse and her husband harmonized well with the mellow gloom about them; and the infant Nellie completed the scene, like the spot of sunlight in the foreground of a picture by Rembrandt.

Now, Nellie inherited her father's active disposition, and, left to her own amusement, her occupations were many and various. At three years of age she was turned loose in the orchard, with three blind puppies in lieu of toys. Day by day she augmented her store, until she had two kittens, one little white pig with a curly tail, half a dozen soft piepies, one kid, and many inanimate articles, such as broken bottles, dishes, looking-glass and gay bits of calico. When the little thing became sleepy she would toddle through the long grass to a corner, whence the river could be heard fretting against its banks, and lie there: she said the water sang to her. Finding that this was her favorite spot, the old nurse placed there a bright quilt for her to rest on, and in case she should awake hungry there stood a tin of milk hard by. This was all the attention she received, unless the fairy of the well took her under her protection, but for that I cannot vouch. Sometimes the puppies drank her milk before she awoke; then she went contentedly and ate green apples or ripe cherries. Thus she lived and grew.

By the time Nellie was seven she had seen whole generations of pets pass away. It was wonderful what knowledge she gained in this golden orchard. She knew that piepies became chickens—that they were killed and eaten; so death came into her world. She knew that the kid grew into a big goat, and became very wicked, for he ran at her one day, throwing her to the ground and hurting her severely; so sin came into her world. She saw innate depravity exemplified in the conduct of her innocent white pig, that would take to puddles and filth in spite of her gentle endeavors to restrain its wayward impulses. Her puppies too bit each other, would quarrel over a bone, growl and get generally unmanageable. None of her animals fulfilled the promise of their youth, and her care was returned with base ingratitude. Even the little wrens bickered with the blue-birds, and showed their selfishness and jealousy in chasing them from the crumbs she impartially spread for all in common.

So at seven she was a wise little woman, and said to her nurse one day, "I do not care for pets any more: they all grow up nasty."

Was Solomon's "All is vanity" truer?

With so much experience Nellie felt old, for life is not counted by years alone: it is the loss of hope, the mistrust of appearance, the vanishing of illusion, that brings age. A hopeful heart is young at seventy, and youth is past when hope is dead. But, in spite of all, hope was not dead in the heart of the little maid, and though deceived she was quite ready to be deceived a second time, as was Solomon, and as we are all.

It was now that the girl began to be fond of flowers. She made herself a bed for them in a sunny corner of the kitchen-garden, and transplanted daisy roots and spring-beauties, with other wood- and field-plants as they blossomed. She watched the ferns unroll their worm-like fronds, made plays with the nodding violets, and ornamented her head with dandelion curls. This was indeed a happy summer. Her rambles were unlimited, and each day she was rewarded by new discoveries and delightful secrets—how the May-apple is good to eat, that sassafras root makes tea, that birch bark is very like candy, though not so sweet, and slippery elm a feast.

Her new playmates were as lovely and perfect as she could desire. *They* did not "grow up nasty," but in the autumn, alas! they died.

One day at the end of the Indian summer, after having wandered for hours searching for her favorites, she found them all withered. The trees also looked forlorn, shivering in the chill air, with scarce a leaf to cover them: the wind moaned, and the sky was gray instead of the bright summer blue. The little one, tired and disappointed, touched by this mighty lesson of decay, threw herself on a friendly bank and wept.

It is true the beautiful face of Nature had grown sad each winter, and her flowers and lovely things had yearly passed away, but Nellie had not then loved them.

Here she was found by a boy rosy-cheeked and bright, who all his life had been loved and caressed to the same extent that Nellie had been neglected. He lived beyond the forest, and had come this afternoon to look for walnuts. Seeing the girl unhappy, he essayed some of the blandishing arts his mother had often lavished on him, speaking to her in a kindly tone and asking her why she cried.

The child looked up at the sound of this new voice, and her astonishment stopped her tears. After gazing at him for some time with her eyes wide open, she remarked, wonderingly, "You are little, like me."

"I am not very small," replied the boy, straightening himself.

"Oh, but you *are* young and little," she insisted.

"I am young, but not little. Come stand up beside me. See! you don't more than reach my shoulder."

"Shall you ever get bigger?"

"Of course I shall."

"Shall you grow up nasty?" she continued, trying to bring her stock of experience to bear on this new phenomenon.

"No, I sha'n't!" he answered very decidedly.

"Shall you die?"

"No, not until I am old, old, old."

"I am very glad: I will take you for a pet. All my little animals get nasty, and my flowers have died, but I don't care, now that you have come: I think I shall like you best."

"But I won't be your pet," said the boy, offended.

"Why not?" she asked, looking at him beseechingly. "I should be very good to you;" and she smoothed his sleeve with her brown hand as if it were the fur of one of her late darlings.

"Who are you?" he demanded inquisitively.

"I am myself," she innocently replied.

"What is your name?"

"I am Nellie. Have you a name?" she eagerly went on. "If you haven't, I'll give you a pretty one. Let me see: I will call you—"

"You need not trouble yourself, thank you: I have a name of my own, Miss Nellie. I am Danby Overbeck."

"Dan—by—o—ver—beck!" she repeated slowly. "Why, you have an awful long name, Beck, for such a little fellow."

"I am not little, and I will not have you call me Beck: that is no name."

"I forgot all but the last. Don't get nasty, please;" and she patted his arm soothingly. "What does your nurse call you?"

"I am no baby to have a nurse," he said disdainfully.

"You have no nurse? Poor thing! What do you do? who feeds you?"

"I feed myself."

"Where do you live," she asked, looking about curiously, as if she thought he had some kind of a nest near at hand.

"Oh, far away—at the other side of the woods."

"Won't you come and live with me? Do!"

"No indeed, gypsy: I must go home. See, the sun is almost down. You had better go too: your mother will be anxious."

"I have no mother, and my flowers are all dead. I wish you would be my pet—I wish you would come with me;" and her lip trembled.

"My gracious, child! what would the old lady at home say? Why, there would be an awful row."

"Never mind, come," she answered coaxingly, rubbing her head against his sleeve like a kitten. "Come, I will love you so much."

"You go home," he said, patting her head, "and I will come again some day, and will bring you flowers."

"The flowers are all dead," she replied, shaking her head.

"I can make some grow. Go now, run away: let me see you off."

She looked for a moment at this superior being, who could make flowers grow and could live without the care of a nurse, and then, obeying the stronger intelligence, she trotted off toward home.

And now life contained new pleasure for Nellie, for the boy was large-hearted and kind, coming almost daily to take her with him on his excursions. Indeed, he was as lonely as the child, companions being difficult to find in that out-of-the-way neighborhood, and the odd little thing amused him. She would trudge bravely by his side when he went to fish, or carry his bag when he went gunning; and his promise of flowers was redeemed with gifts from the conservatory, which enhanced her opinion of this divinity, seeing that they were even more beautiful than those of her own fields. Often, when tired of sport, Danby would read to her, sitting in the shade of forest trees, stories of pirates and robbers or of wonderful adventures: these were the afternoons she enjoyed the most.

One day, seeing her lips grow bright and her eyes dark from her intense interest in the story, he offered her the book as he was preparing to go, saying, "Take it home, Nellie, and read it."

She took the volume in her hand eagerly, looked at the page a little while, a puzzled expression gradually passing over her face, until finally she turned to him open-eyed and disappointed, saying simply, "I can't."

"Oh try!"

"How shall I try?"

"It begins *there:* now go on, it is easy. *There,*" he repeated, pointing to the word, "go on," he added impatiently.

"Where shall I go?"

"Why read, Stupid! Look at it."

She bent over and gazed earnestly where the end of his finger touched the book. "I look and look," she said, shaking her head, "but I do not see the pretty stories that you do. They seem quite gone away, and nothing is left but little crooked marks."

"I do believe you can't read."

"I do believe it too," said Nellie.

"But you must try, such a big girl as you are getting to be!"

"I try and I look, but it don't come to me."

"You must learn."

"Yes."

"Do you intend to do it?"

"Why should I? You can read to me."

"You will never know anything," exclaimed the boy severely. "How do you spend your time in the morning, when I am not here?"

"I do nothing."

"Nothing?"

"That is, I wait until you come," in an explanatory tone.

"What do you do while you are waiting?"

"I think about you, and wonder how soon you will be here; and I walk about, or lie on the grass and look at the clouds."

"Well, did I ever hear of such an idle girl? I shall not come again if you don't learn to read." Nellie was not much given to laughter or tears. She had lived too much alone for such outward appeals for sympathy. Why laugh when there is no one near to smile in return? Why weep when there is no one to give comfort? She only regarded him with a world of reproach in her large eyes.

"Nellie," he said, in reply to her eyes, "you ought to learn to read, and you *must*. Did no one ever try to teach you?"

She shook her head.

"Have you no books?"

Again a negative shake.

"Just come along with me to the house. I'll see about this thing: it must be stopped." And Danby rose and walked off with a determined air, while the girl, abashed and wondering, followed him. When they arrived he plunged into the subject at once: "Nurse Bridget, can you read?"

"An' I raly don't know, as I niver tried."

"Fiddlesticks! Of course Maurice is too blind, and very likely he never tried either. Are there no books in the house?"

"An' there is, then—a whole room full of them, Master Danby. We are not people of no larnin' here, I can tell you. There is big books, an' little books, an' some awful purty books, an' some," she added doubtfully, "as is not so purty."

"You know a great deal about books!" said the boy sarcastically.

"An' sure I do. Haven't I dusted them once ivery year since I came to this blessed place? And tired enough they made me, too. I ain't likely to forgit them."

"Well, let us see them."

"Sure they're locked."

"Open them," said the impatient boy.

"Do open them," added Nellie timidly.

But it required much coaxing to accomplish their design, and after nurse did consent time was lost in looking for the keys, which were at last found under a china bowl in the cupboard. Then the old woman led the way with much importance, opening door after door of the unused part of the house, until she came to the library. It was a large, sober-looking room, with worn furniture and carpet, but rich in literature, and even art, for several fine pictures hung on the walls. The ancestor from whom the house had descended must have been a learned man in his day, and a wise, for he had gathered about him treasures. Danby shouted with delight, and Nellie's eyes sparkled as she saw his pleasure.

"Open all the windows, nurse, please, and then leave us. Why, Nellie, there is enough learning here to make you the most wonderful woman in the world! Do you think you can get all these books into your head?" he asked mischievously, "because that is what I expect of you. We will take a big one to begin with." The girl looked on while he, with mock ceremony, took down the largest volume within reach and laid it open on a reading-desk near. "Now sit;" and he drew a chair for her before the open book, and another for himself. "It is nice big print. Do you see this word?" and he pointed to one of the first at the top of the page.

She nodded her head gravely.

"It is *love*: say it."

She repeated the word after him.

"Now find it all over the page whereever it occurs."

With some mistakes she finally succeeded in recognizing the word again.

"Don't you forget it."

"Yes."

"No, you must *not.*"

"I mean I won't."

"All right! Here is another: it is called *the.* Now find it."

Many times she went through the same process. In his pride of teaching Danby did not let his pupil flag. When he was going she asked timidly, "Shall you come again?"

"Of course I shall, Ignoramus, but don't you forget your lesson."

"No, no," she answered brightening. "I will think of it all the time I am asleep."

"That is a good girl," he said patronizingly, and bade her good-bye.

It was thus she learned to read, not remarkably well, but well enough to content Danby, which was sufficient to content Nellie also; and the ambitious boy was not satisfied until she could write as well.

An end came to this peaceful life when the youth left home for college. The girl's eyes seemed to grow larger from intense gazing at him during the last few weeks that preceded his departure, but that was her only expression of feeling. The morning after he left, the nurse, not finding her appear at her usual time, went to her chamber to look for her. She lay on the bed, as she had been lying all the night, sleepless, with pale face and red lips. Nurse asked her what was the matter.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Come get up, Beauty," coaxed the nurse.

But Nellie turned her face to the wall and did not answer. She lay thus for a week, scarcely eating or sleeping, sick in mind and body, struggling with a grief that she hardly knew was grief. At the end of that time she tottered from the bed, and, clothing herself with difficulty, crept to the library.

The instinct that sends a sick animal to the plant that will cure it seemed to teach Nellie where to find comfort. Danby was gone, but memory remained, and the place where he had been was to her made holy and possessed healing power, as does the shrine of a saint for a believer. Her shrine was the reading-desk, and the chair on which he had sat during those happy lessons. To make all complete, she lifted the heavy book from the shelf and opened it at the page from which she had first learned. She put herself in his chair and caressed the words with her thin hand, her fingers trembling over the place that his had touched, then dropping her head on the desk where his arm had lain, she smiling slept.

She awoke with the nurse looking down on her, saying, "Beauty, you are better."

And so she was: she drank the broth and ate the bread and grapes that had been brought her, and from that day grew stronger. But the shadow in her eyes was deeper now, and the veins in her temples were bluer, as if the blood had throbbed and pained there. Every morning found her at her post: she had no need to roam the woods and fields now—her world lay within her. It was sad for one so young to live on memory.

For many days her page and these few words were sufficient to content her, and to recall them one after another, as Danby had taught, was her only occupation. But by and by the words themselves began to interest her, then the context, and finally the sense dawned upon her—dawned not less surely that it came slowly, and that she was now and then compelled to stop and think out a word.

And what did she learn? Near the top of the large page the first word, "love." It ended a sentence and stood conspicuous, which was the reason it had caught the eye of the eager boy when he began to teach. What did it mean? What went before? What after? It was a long time before she asked herself these questions, for her understanding had not formed the habit of being curious. Previously her eyes alone had sight, now her intellect commenced seeing. What was the web of which this word was the woof, knitting together, underlying, now appearing, now hidden, but always there? She turned the leaves and counted where it recurred again and again, like a bird repeating one sweet note, of which it never tires. Then the larger type in the middle of each page drew her attention: she read, *As You Like It.* "What do I like? This story is perhaps as I like it. I wonder what it is about? I don't care now for pirates and robbers: I liked them when *he* read to me, but not now." Her thoughts then wandered off to Danby, and she read no more that day.

However, Nellie had plenty of time before her, and when her thinking was ended she would return to her text. I do not know how long a time it required for her to connect the sentence that followed the word "love;" but it became clear to her finally, just as a difficult puzzle will sometimes resolve itself as you are idly regarding it. And this is what she saw: "Love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal." The phrase struck her as if it was her own, and for the first time in her life she blushed. She did not know much about the bay of Portugal, it is true, but she understood the rest. From that time forth the book possessed a strange interest for her. Much that she did not comprehend she passed by. Often for several days she would not find a passage that pleased her, but when such a one was discovered her slow perusal of it and long dwelling on it gave a beauty and power to the sentiment that more expert students might have lost. I cannot describe the almost feverish effect upon her of that poetical quartette beginning with—

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

How she hung over it, smiled at it, brightening into delight at the echo of her own feelings! In the raillery of Rosalind her heart found words to speak; and her sense and wit were awakened by the sarcasm of the same character. "Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon," came like a healthy tonic after a week of ecstasy spent over the preceding lines.

Her mind grew in such companionship. She lived no more alone: she had found friends who sympathized with her. Smiles and tears became frequent on her face, making it more beautiful. *As You Like It* was just as she liked it. The forest of Arden was her forest. Rosalind's banished father was her father: that busy man she had never seen. With the book for interpreter she fell in love with her world over again. Sunset and dawn possessed new charms; the little flowers seemed dignified; moonlight and fairy-land unveiled their mysteries; nothing was forgotten. It appeared as if all the knowledge of the world was contained in those magic pages, and the master-key to this treasure, the dominant of this harmony, was *love*—the word that Danby had taught her. The word? The feeling as well, and with the feeling—*all.*

Circling from this passion as from a pole-star, all those great constellations of thought revolved. With Lear's madness was Cordelia's affection; with the inhumanity of Shylock was Jessica's trust; with the Moor's jealousy was Desdemona's devotion. The sweet and bitter of life, religion, poetry and philosophy, ambition, revenge and superstition, controlled, created or destroyed by that little word. And *how* they loved—Perdita, Juliet, Miranda—quickly and entirely, without shame, as she had loved Danby—as buds bloom and birds warble. Oh it was sweet, sweet, sweet! Amid friends like these she became gay, moved briskly, grew rosy and sang. This was her favorite song, to a melody she had caught from the river:

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Four years passed by—not all spent with one book, however. Nellie's desire for study grew with what it fed on. This book opened the way for many. Reading led to reflection; reflection, to observation; observation, to Nature; and thus in an endless round.

About this time her busy father remembered he possessed a "baby," laid away somewhere, like an old parchment, and he concluded he would "look her up." His surprise was great when he saw the child a woman—still greater when he observed her self-possession, her intelligence, and a certain quaint way she had of expressing herself that was charming in connection with her fresh young face. She was neither diffident nor awkward, knowing too little of the world to fear, and having naturally that simplicity of manner which touches nearly upon high breeding. But Mr. Archer being one of those men who think that "beauty should go beautifully," her toilette shocked him. Under the influence of her presence he felt that he had neglected her. The whole house reproached him: the few rooms that had been furnished were dilapidated and worn.

"I did not know things looked so badly down here," he said apologetically. "I am sure I must have had everything properly arranged when Nurse Bridget came. Your cradle was comfortable, was it not?"

"I scarcely remember," answered his daughter demurely.

"Oh! ah! yes! It is some time ago, I believe?"

"Seventeen years."

"Y-e-s: I had forgotten."

He had an idea, this man of a hundred schemes, that his "baby" was laughing at him, and, singularly enough, it raised her in his estimation. He even asked her to come and live with him in the city, but she refused, and he did not insist.

Then he set about making a change, which was soon accomplished. He sent for furniture and carpets, and cleared the rubbish from without and within. Under his decided orders a complete outfit "suitable for his daughter" soon arrived, and with it a maid. Nellie, whose ideas of maids were taken from Lucetta, was much disappointed in the actual being, and the modern Lucetta was also disappointed when she saw the "howling wilderness" to which she had been inveigled; so the two parted speedily. But Mr. Archer remained: he was one of those men who do things thoroughly which they have once undertaken. When he was satisfied with Nellie's appearance he took her to call on all the neighboring families within reach.

Among others, they went to see Mrs. Overbeck, Danby's mother, whom Mr. Archer had known in his youth. Nellie wore her brave trappings bravely, and acted her part nicely until Mrs. Overbeck gave her a motherly kiss at parting, when she grew pale and trembled. Why should she? Her hostess thought it was from the heat, and insisted on her taking a glass of wine.

In the autumn of this year Danby graduated and returned home. Nellie had not seen him during all this interval: he had spent his vacations abroad, and had become quite a traveled man. While she retained her affection for him unchanged, he scarcely remembered the funny little girl who had been so devoted to him in the years gone by. A few days after he arrived, his mother, in giving him the local news, mentioned the charming acquaintance she had made of a young lady who lived in the neighborhood. On hearing her name the young man exclaimed, "Why, that must be Nellie!"

"Do you know her?" asked his mother in surprise.

"Of course I do, and many a jolly time I have had with her. Odd little thing, ain't she?"

"I should not call her odd," remarked his mother.

"You do not know her as I do."

"Perhaps not. I suppose you will go with me when I return her visit."

"Certainly I will—just in for that sort of thing. A man feels the need of some relaxation after a four years' bore, and there is nothing like the society of the weaker sex to give the mind repose."

"Shocking boy!" said the fond mother with a smile.

In a short time the projected call was made.

"You will frighten her with all that finery, my handsome mother," remarked Danby as they walked to the carriage.

"I think she will survive it, but I shall not answer for the effect of those brilliant kids of yours."

"The feminine eye is caught by display," said her son sententiously.

They chatted as they drove rapidly through the forest to the old house, entered the front gate and rolled up the broad avenue.

"I had no idea the place looked so well," remarked Danby, *en connaisseur*, as they approached. "I always entered by the back way;" and he gave his moustache a final twirl.

After a loud knock from a vigorous hand the door was opened by a small servant, much resembling Nellie some four years before. Danby was going to speak to her, but recalling the time that had elapsed, he knew it could not be she. All within was altered. Three rooms *en suite*, the last of which was the library, had been carefully refurnished. He looked about him. Could this be the place in which he had passed so many days? But he forgot all in the figure that advanced to receive them. With a pretty grace she gave her hand to his mother and welcomed "Mr. Overbeck." How she talked—talked like a babbling brook! It was now his turn to open big eyes and be silent. He tried to recall the girl he had left. Vain endeavor! This bright creature, grave and gay, silent but ready, respectful yet confident, how could he follow her? The visit came to an end, but was repeated again and again by Danby, and each time with new astonishment, new delight. She had the coquetry of a dozen women, yet her eyes looked so true. She was a perfect elf for pranks and jokes, yet demure as a nun. When he tried to awe her with his learning, she was saucy; if he was serious, she was gay; if he wished to teach, she rebelled. She was self-willed as a changeling, refractory yet gentle, seditious but just,—only waiting to strike her colors and proclaim him conqueror; but this he did not know, for she kept well hid in her heart what "woman's fear" she had. She was all her favorite heroines in turn, with herself added to the galaxy.

One day he penetrated into the library, notwithstanding some very serious efforts on her part to prevent him: by this time he would occasionally assert himself. The furniture there was not much altered. A few worn things had been replaced, but the room looked so much the same that the scene of that first reading-lesson came vividly to his mind. He turned to the side where the desk had stood. It was still there, with the two chairs before it, and on it was the book. She would not for the world have had it moved, but it was, as it were, glorified. Mr. Archer had wished "these old things cleared away," but Nellie had besought him so earnestly that he allowed them to stay, stipulating, however, that they should be upholstered anew. To this she assented, saying, "Send me the best of everything and *I* will cover them—the very best, mind;" and her father, willing to please her, did as she desired.

So the old desk became smart in brocade and gold-lace, the book received a cushion all bullion and embroidery, and the chairs emulated the splendor. It required a poet or a girl in love to clothe a fancy so beautifully, and Nellie was both. It was her shrine: why should she not adorn it?

I cannot follow the process of thought in Danby's mind as he looked at this and at Nellie—Nellie blushing with the sudden guiltiness that even the discovery of a harmless action will bring when we wish to conceal it. Sometimes a moment reveals much.

"Nellie"—it was the first time he had called her so since his return—"I must give you a reading-lesson: come, sit here."

Mechanically she obeyed him, all the rebel fading away: she looked like the Nellie of other days. She felt she had laid bare her soul, but in proportion as her confusion overcame her did he become decided. It is the slaves that make tyrants, it is said.

Under the impulse of his hand the book opened at the well-worn page.

"Read!"

For a little while she sat with downcast eyes. Well she knew the passage to which he was pointing: "Love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal."

The sentence seemed to dance and grow till it covered the page—grow till in her sight it assumed the size of a placard, and then it took life and became her accuser—told in big letters the story of her devotion to the mocking boy beside her.

"There is good advice on the preceding page," he whispered smiling. "Orlando says he would kiss before he spoke: may I?"

She started up and looked at his triumphant face a moment, her mouth quivering, her eyes full of tears. "How can you—" she began.

But before she could finish he was by her side: "Because I love you—love you, all that the book says, and a thousand times more. Because if you love me we will live our own romance, and I doubt if we cannot make our old woods as romantic as the forest of Arden. Will you not say," he asked tenderly, "that there will be at least one pair of true lovers there?"

I could not hear Nellie's answer: her head was so near his—on his shoulder, in fact—that she whispered it in his ear. But a moment after, pushing him from her with the old mischief sparkling from her eyes, she said, "'I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay, so thou wilt woo,'" and looked a saucy challenge in his face.

"Naughty sprite!" he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and shutting her mouth with kisses.

It was not long after, perhaps a year, that a happy bride and groom might have been seen walking up the hemlock avenue arm in arm.

"Do you remember," she asked, smiling thoughtfully—"do you remember the time I begged you to come home with me and be my pet?"

The young husband leaned down and said something the narrator did not catch, but from the expression of his face it must have been very spoony: with a bride such as that charming Nellie, how could he help it?

Yes, she had brought him home. Mr. Archer had given the house with its broad acres as a dowry to his daughter, and Nellie had desired that the honeymoon should be spent in her "forest of Arden."

ITA ANIOL PROKOP.

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## JACK, THE REGULAR.

IN the Bergen winter night, when the hickory fire is roaring,
Flickering streams of ruddy light on the folk before it pouring—
When the apples pass around, and the cider follows after,
And the well-worn jest is crowned by the hearers' hearty laughter—
When the cat is purring there, and the dog beside her dozing,
And within his easy-chair sits the grandsire old, reposing,—
Then they tell the story true to the children, hushed and eager,
How the two Van Valens slew, on a time, the Tory leaguer,
Jack, the Regular.

Near a hundred years ago, when the maddest of the Georges
Sent his troops to scatter woe on our hills and in our gorges,
Less we hated, less we feared, those he sent here to invade us
Than the neighbors with us reared who opposed us or betrayed us;

And amid those loyal knaves who rejoiced in our disasters,
As became the willing slaves of the worst of royal masters,
Stood John Berry, and he said that a regular commission
Set him at his comrades' head; so we called him, in derision,
"Jack, the Regular."

When he heard it—"Let them fling! Let the traitors make them merry
With the fact my gracious king deigns to make me Captain Berry.
I will scourge them for the sneer, for the venom that they carry;
I will shake their hearts with fear as the land around I harry:
They shall find the midnight raid waking them from fitful slumbers;
They shall find the ball and blade daily thinning out their numbers:
Barn in ashes, cattle slain, hearth on which there glows no ember,
Neatless plough and horseless wain; thus the rebels shall remember
Jack, the Regular!"

Well he kept his promise then with a fierce, relentless daring,
Fire to rooftrees, death to men, through the Bergen valleys bearing:
In the midnight deep and dark came his vengeance darker, deeper—
At the watch-dog's sudden bark woke in terror every sleeper;
Till at length the farmers brown, wasting time no more on tillage,
Swore those ruffians of the Crown, fiends of murder, fire and pillage,
Should be chased by every path to the dens where they had banded,
And no prayers should soften wrath when they caught the bloody-handed
Jack, the Regular.

One by one they slew his men: still the chief their chase evaded.
He had vanished from their ken, by the Fiend or Fortune aided—
Either fled to Powles Hoek, where the Briton yet commanded,
Or his stamping-ground forsook, waiting till the hunt disbanded;
So they checked pursuit at length, and returned to toil securely:
It was useless wasting strength on a purpose baffled surely.
But the two Van Valens swore, in a patriotic rapture,
*They* would never give it o'er till they'd either kill or capture
Jack, the Regular.

Long they hunted through the wood, long they slept upon the hillside;
In the forest sought their food, drank when thirsty at the rill-side;
No exposure counted hard—theirs was hunting border-fashion:
They grew bearded like the pard, and their chase became a passion:
Even friends esteemed them mad, said their minds were out of balance,
Mourned the cruel fate and sad fallen on the poor Van Valens;
But they answered to it all, "Only wait our loud view-holloa
When the prey shall to us fall, for to death we mean to follow
Jack, the Regular."

Hunted they from Tenavlieon to where the Hudson presses
To the base of traprocks high; through Moonachie's damp recesses;
Down as far as Bergen Hill; by the Ramapo and Drochy,
Overproek and Pellum Kill—meadows flat and hilltops rocky—
Till at last the brothers stood where the road from New Barbadoes,
At the English Neighborhood, slants toward the Palisadoes;
Still to find the prey they sought left no sign for hunter eager:
Followed steady, not yet caught, was the skulking, fox-like leaguer
Jack, the Regular.

Who are they that yonder creep by those bleak rocks in the distance,
Like the figures born in sleep, called by slumber to existence?—
Tories doubtless from below, from the Hoek, sent out for spying.
"No! the foremost is our foe—he so long before us flying!
Now he spies us! see him start! wave his kerchief like a banner!
Lay his left hand on his heart in a proud, insulting manner.
Well he knows that distant spot's past our ball, his low scorn flinging.
If you cannot feel the shot, you shall hear the firelock's ringing,
Jack, the Regular!"

Ha! he falls! An ambuscade? 'Twas impossible to strike him!
Are there Tories in the glade? Such a trick is very like him.
See! his comrade by him kneels, turning him in terror over,
Then takes nimbly to his heels. Have they really slain the rover?
It is worth some risk to know; so, with firelocks poised and ready,
Up the sloping hills they go, with a quick lookout and steady.
Dead! The random shot had struck, to the heart had pierced the Tory—
Vengeance seconded by luck! Lies there, cold and stiff and gory,
Jack, the Regular.

"Jack, the Regular, is dead! Honor to the man who slew him!"
So the Bergen farmers said as they crowded round to view him;
For the wretch that lay there slain had with wickedness unbending
To their roofs brought fiery rain, to their kinsfolk woeful ending.
Not a mother but had prest, in a sudden pang of fearing,
Sobbing darlings to her breast when his name had smote her hearing;
Not a wife that did not feel terror when the words were uttered;
Not a man but chilled to steel when the hated sounds he muttered—
"Jack, the Regular."

Bloody in his work was he, in his purpose iron-hearted—
Gentle pity could not be when the pitiless had parted.
So, the corse in wagon thrown, with no decent cover o'er it—
Jeers its funeral rites alone—into Hackensack they bore it,
'Mid the clanging of the bells in the old Brick Church's steeple,
And the hooting and the yells of the gladdened, maddened people.
Some they rode and some they ran by the wagon where it rumbled,
Scoffing at the lifeless man, all elate that death had humbled
Jack, the Regular.

Thus within the winter night, when the hickory fire is roaring,
Flickering streams of ruddy light on the folk before it pouring—
When the apples pass around, and the cider follows after,
And the well-worn jest is crowned by the hearers' hearty laughter—
When the cat is purring there, and the dog beside her dozing,
And within his easy-chair sits the grandsire old, reposing,—
Then they tell the story true to the children, hushed and eager,
How the two Van Valens slew, on a time, the Tory leaguer,
Jack, the Regular.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

# OBSERVATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN SUBMARINE DIVING.

——— λιπὼν
ἐπώνυμόν τε ῥεῦμα καὶ πετρηρεφῆ
αὐτόκτιτ' ἄντρα.—ÆSCHYLUS: *Prometheus Bound.*

DID you ever pause before a calm, bright little pool in the woods, and look steadily at the picture it presents, without feeling as if you had peeped into another world? Every outline is preserved, every tint is freshened and purified, in the cool, glimmering reflection. There is a grace and a softness in the prismatic lymph that give a new form and color to the common and familiar objects it has printed in its still, pellucid depths. Every little basin of clear water by the roadside is a magic mirror, and transforms all that it encloses. There is a vastness of depth, too, in that concave hemisphere, through which the vision sinks like a falling star, that excites and fills the imagination. What it shows is only a shadow, but all things seen are mere shadows painted on the retina, and you have, at such times, a realistic sense of the beautiful and bold imagery which calls a favorite fountain of the East the Eye of the Desert.

The alluring softness of this mimic world increases to sublimity when, instead of some rocky basin, dripping with mossy emeralds and coral berries, you look upon the deep crystalline sea. Each mates to its kind. This does not gather its imagery from gray, mossy rock or pendent leaf or flower, but draws into its enfolding arms the wide vault of the cerulean sky. The richness of the majestic azure is deepened by that magnificent marriage. The pale blue is darkened to violet. Far through the ever-varying surface of the curious gelatinous liquid breaks the phosphorescence, sprinkled into innumerable lights and cross-lights. As you look upon those endless pastures thought is quickened with the conception of their innumerable phases of vitality. The floating weed, whose meshes measure the spaces of continents and archipelagoes, is everywhere instinct with animal and vegetable life. The builder coral, glimmering in its softer parts with delicate hues and tints, throws up its stony barrier through a thousand miles of length and a third as much in breadth, fringing the continents with bays and sounds and atoll islands like fairy rings of the sea. Animate flowers—sea-nettles, sea-anemones, plumularia, campanularia, hydropores, confervæ, oscillatoria, bryozoa—people the great waters. Sea-urchins, star-fish, sea-eggs, combative gymnoti, polypes, struggle and thrive with ever-renewing change of color; gelatinous worms that shine like stars cling to every weed; glimmering animalcules, phosphorescent medusæ, the very deep itself is vivid with sparkle and corruscation of electric fire. So through every scale, from the zoophyte to the warm-blooded whale, the sea teems with life, out of which fewer links have been dropped than from sub-aërial life. It is a matter for curious speculation that the missing species belong not to the lower subsidiary genera, as in terrene animals, but to the highest types of marine life. In the quarries of Lyme Regis, among the accumulations of a sea of the Liassic period, lay the huge skeleton of the Ichthyosaurus, a warm-blooded marine existence, with huge saucer eyes of singular telescopic power, that gleamed radiant "with the eyelids of the morning," "by whose neesings a light doth shine"—the true leviathan of [illegible]. In the same extinct sea is found the skeleton of the Plesiosaurus, a marine lizard of equal size, and warm-blooded, whose swan-like neck and body graced the serene seas of the pre-adamite world. Another was that of the Pterodactyl, the antique aragon, a winged fish. The task of sustaining these existences was too great for old Ocean, and the monsters dropped from the upper end of the chain into the encrusting mud, the petrified symbols of failure. So one day man may drop into the limbo of vanities, among the abandoned tools in the Creator's workshop.

But, however high or low the degree in the scale, one distinguishing feature marks the vital creation in vegetable or animal—an intelligence capable of adjusting itself to the elements about it, and electing its food. The sunflower, even, does not follow the sun by a mechanical law, but, growing by a fair, bright sheet of water, looks as constantly at that shining surface for the beloved light as ever did the fabled Greek boy at his own image in the fountain. The tendrils of the vine seek and choose their own support, and the thirsty spongioles of the root find the nourishing veins of water. Growth, says a naturalist, is the conscious motion of vegetable life. But this theory of kinship, imperfect in the plant, becomes plain and distinct in the animate creation. However far removed, the wild dolphin at play and the painted bird in the air are cousins of man, with a responsive chord of sympathy connecting them.

It is this feeling that sends an exhilarating thrill through the submarine explorer when a school of porpoises frisk by with undulating grace, the marine type of a group of frolicking children. It is the instinctive perception that it is a pure enjoyment to the fish, the healthy glow and laugh of submarine existence. But for that sense of sympathetic nature the flying-fish, reeling porpoise and dolphin would be no more to him than the skipping shuttle in a weaver's loom, the dull impetus of senseless machinery. Self-generated motion is the outward and visible sign of vitality—its wanton exercise the symbol and expression of enjoyment. The poor philosopher who distinguished humanity as singular in the exhibition of humor had surely never heard a mocking-bird sing, watched a roguish crow or admired a school of fish.

This keen appreciation of a kindred life in the sea has thrown its charm over the poetry and religion of all races. Oceanus leaves the o'erarching floods and rocky grottoes at the call of bound Prometheus; Cyrene, with her nymphs, sits in the cool Peneus, where comes Aristæus mourning for his stolen bees; the Druid washed his hedge-hyssop in the sacred water, and priestesses lived on coral reefs visited by remote lovers in their sundown seas; Schiller's diver goes into the purpling deep and sees the Sea-Horror reaching out its hundred arms; the beautiful Undine is the vivid poetry of the sea. Every fountain has its guardian saint or nymph, and to this day not only the German peasant and benighted English boor thrill at the sight of some nymph-guarded well, but the New Mexican Indian offers his rude pottery in propitiation of the animate existence, the deity of the purling spring.

"Der Taucher," for all the rhythm and music that clothes his luckless plunge, was but a caitiff knight to some of our submarine adventurers. A diver during the bay-fight in Mobile harbor had reason to apprehend a more desperate encounter. A huge cuttle-fish, the marine monster of Pliny and Victor Hugo, had been seen in the water. His tough, sinuous, spidery arms, five fathoms long, wavered visibly in the blue transparent gulf,

> Und schaudernd dacht ich's—da kroch's heran,
> Regte hundert Gelenke zugleich,
> Will schnappen nach mir.

A harpoon was driven into the leathery, pulpy body of the monster, but with no other effect than the sudden snapping of the inch line like thread. It was subsequent to this that, as the diver stayed his steps in the unsteady current, his staff was seized below. The water was murky with the river-silt above the salt brine, and he could see nothing, but after an effort the staff was rescued or released. Curious to know what it was, he probed again, and the stick was wrenched from his hand. With a thrill he recognized in such power the monster of the sea, the devil-fish. He returned anxious, doubtful, but resolute. Few like to be driven from a duty by brute force. He armed himself, and descended to renew the hazardous encounter in the gloomy solitude of the sea-bottom.

I would I had the wit to describe that tournament beneath the sea; the stab, thrust, curvet, plunge—the conquest and capture of the unknown combatant. A special chance preserves the mediæval character of the contest, saving it from the sulphurous associations of modern warfare that might be suggested by the name of devil-fish. No: the antagonist wore a coat-of-mail and arms of proof, as became a good knight of the sea, and was besides succulent, digestible—a veritable prize for the conqueror. It was a monstrous crab.

The constant encounter of strange and unforeseen perils enables the professional diver to meet them with the same coolness with which ordinary and familiar dangers are confronted on land. On one occasion a party of such men were driven out into the Gulf by a fierce "norther," were tossed about like chips for three days in the vexed element, scant of food, their compass out of order, and the horizon darkened with prevailing storm. At another time a party wandered out in the shallows of one of the keys that fringe the Gulf coast. They amused themselves with wading into the water, broken into dazzling brilliance. A few sharks were seen occasionally, which gradually and unobserved increased to a squadron. The waders meanwhile continued their sport until the evening waned away. Far over the dusk violet Night spread her vaporous shadows:

> The blinding mist came up and hid the land,
> And round and round the land,
> And o'er and o'er the land,
> As far as eye could see.

At last they turned their steps homeward, crossing the little sandy key, between which and the beach lay a channel shoulder-deep, its translucent waves now glimmering with phosphorescence. But here they were met by an unexpected obstacle. The fleet of sharks, with a strategical cunning worthy of admiration, had flanked the little island, and now in the deeper water formed in ranks and squadrons, and, with their great goggle eyes like port-fires burning, lay ready to dispute the passage. Armed with such weapons as they could clutch, the men dashed into the water with pæans and shouts and the broken pitchers of fallen Jericho. The violet phosphorescence lighted them on their way, and tracked with luminous curve and star every move of the enemy. The gashed water at every stroke of club or swish of tail or fin bled in blue and red fire, as if the very sea was wounded. The enemy's line of battle was broken and scattered, but not until more than one of the assailants had looked point-blank into the angry eyes of a shark and beaten it off with actual blows. It was the Thermopylæ of sharkdom, with numbers reversed—a Red Sea passage resonant with psalms of victory.

There are novel difficulties as well as dangers to be encountered. The native courage of the man must be tempered, ground and polished. On land it is the massing of numbers that accomplishes the result—the accumulation of vital forces and intelligence upon the objective point. The innumerable threads of individual enterprise, like the twist of a Manton barrel, give the toughest tensile power. Under the sea, however, it is often the strength of the single thread, the wit of the individual pitted against the solid impregnability of the elements, the *vis inertiæ* of the sea. It looks as if uneducated Nature built her rude fastnesses and rocky battlements with a special view to resistance, making the fickle and unstable her strongest barricade. An example of the skill and address necessary to conquer obstacles of the latter kind was illustrated in Mobile Bay. There lay about a sunken vessel an impenetrable mail of quicksand. It became necessary to sink piles into this material. The obstacle does not lie in its fickle, unstable character, but its elastic tension. It swallows a nail or a beam by slow, serpent-like deglutition. It is hungry, insatiable, impenetrable. Try to force it, to drive down a pile by direct force: it resists. The mallet is struck back by reverberating elasticity with an equal force, and the huge pointed stake rebounds. Brute force beats and beats in vain. The fickle sand will not be driven—no, not an inch.

Wit comes in where weight breaks down. A force-pump, a common old-style fire-engine, was rigged up, the nozzle and hose bound to a huge pile,

> to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand.

The pump was set to work. The water tore through the nostril-pipe, boring a hole with such rapidity that the tall beam dropped into the socket with startling suddenness. Still breathing torrents, the pipe was withdrawn: the clutching sand seized, grappled the stake. It is cemented in.

> You may break, you may shatter the *stake*, if you will,

but—you can never pull it out.

Perhaps the most singular and venturesome exploit ever performed in submarine diving was that of searching the sunken monitor Milwaukee during the bay-fight in Mobile harbor. This sea-going fortress was a huge double-turreted monitor, with a ponderous, crushing projectile force in her. Her battery of four fifteen-inch guns, and the tough, insensible solidity of her huge wrought-iron turrets and heavy plated hulk, burdened the sleepy waters of the bay. Upon a time she braced her iron jacket about her, girded her huge sides with fifteen-inch pistolry, and went rolling her clumsy volume down the bay to mash Fort Taylor to rubbish and débacle. The sea staggered under her ponderous gliding and groaned about her massive bulk as she wended her awkward course toward the bay-shore over against the fort. She sighted her blunderbusses, and, rolling, grunting, wheezing in her revolving towers like a Falstaff ill at ease, spat her gobbets of flame and death. The poor little water-spaniel fort ran down to the shore and barked at her of course. *Cui bono* or *malo?* Why, like Job's mates, fill its poor belly with the east wind, or try to draw out leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord thou lettest down? Yet who reads of the fight between invulnerable Achilles and heroic Hector, and admires Achilles? The admiral of the American fleet, sick of the premature pother, signaled the lazy solidity to return. The loathly monster, slowly, like a bull-dog wrenched from his victim, rolled snarling, lazily, leisurely down the bay, not obeying and yet not disobeying the signal.

All along the sunny coast, like flowers springing up in a battle-field, were rows of little white cottages, tenanted by women and children—love, life and peace in the midst of ruin and sudden death. At the offending spectacle of homely peace among its enemies the unglutted monster eased its huge wrath. Tumbling and bursting among the poor little pasteboard shells of cottages, where children played and women gossiped of the war, and prayed for its end, no matter how, fell the huge globes and cones of murder. Shrieks and cries, slain babes and wounded women on shore; surly, half-mutinous officers and crew on that iron hulk, shocked at the fell work they were set to do; and the glimmer and wash of the bay-water below—that sweet, tranquil, half-transparent liquid, with idle weeds and chips upon it, empty crates and boxes of dead merchandise, sacked of their life and substance by the war, as one might swallow an oyster; the soft veils of shadowy ships and the distant city spires; umbrageous fires and slips of shining sand all mirrored in the soft and quiet sea, while this devilish pother went on. There is a buoy adrift! No, it is a sodden cask, perhaps of spoiling meat, while the people in the town yonder are starving; and still the huge iron, gluttonous monster bursts its foam of blood and death, while the surly crew curse and think of mothers and babes at home. Better to look at the bay, the idle, pleasing summer water, with chips and corks and weeds upon it; better to look at the bubbling cask yonder—much better, captain, if you only knew it! But the reluctant, heavy iron turret groans and wheezes on its pivotal round, and it will be a minute or half a minute before the throated hell speaks again. But it *will* speak: machinery is fatally accurate to time and place. Can nothing stay it, or stop the trembling of those bursting iron spheres among yon pretty print-like homes? No: look at the buoy, wish-wash, rolling lazily, bobbing in the water, a lazy, idle cask, with nothing in the world to do on this day of busy mischief. What hands coopered it in the new West? what farmer filled it? There is the grunting of swine, lowing of cattle, in the look of the staves. But the turret groans and wheezes and goes around, whether you look at it or not. What cottage this time? The soft lap-lap of the water goes on, and the tedious cask gets nearer: it will slide by the counter. You have a curious interest in that. No: it grates under the bow; it— Thunder and wreck and ruin! Has the bay burst open and swallowed us? The huge, invulnerable iron monster—not invulnerable after all—has met its master in the idle cask. It is blind, imprisoned Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple. The tough iron plates at the bow are rent and torn and twisted like wet paper. A terrible hole is gashed in the hull. The monster wobbles, rolls, gasps, and drinks huge gulps of water like a wounded man—desperately wounded, and dying in his thirsty veins and arteries. The swallowed torrent rushes aft, hissing and quenching the fires; beats against the stern, and comes forward with the rush of that repulse to meet the incoming wave. Into the boats, the water—anywhere but here. She reels again and groans; and then, as a desperate hero dies, she slopes her huge warlike beak at the hostile water and rushes to her own ruin with a surge and convulsion. The victorious sea sweeps over it and hides it, laughing at her work. She will keep it safely. That is the unsung epic of the Milwaukee, without which I should have little to say of the submarine diving during the bay-fight.

The harbor of Mobile is shaped like a rude Innuit boot. At the top, Tensaw and Mobile Rivers, in their deltas, make, respectively, two and three looplike bands, like the straps. The toe is Bonsecour Bay, pointing east. The heel rests on Dauphin Island, while the main channel flows into the hollow of the foot between Fort Morgan and Dauphin Island. In the north-west angle, obscured by the foliage, lay the devoted city, suffering no less from artificial famine, made unnecessarily, than the ligatures that stopped the vital current of trade. Tons of meat were found putrefying while the citizens, and even the garrison, had been starving on scanty rations. Food could be purchased, but at exorbitant rates, and the medium of exchange, Confederate notes, all gone to water and waste paper. The true story of the Lost Cause has yet to be written. North of Mobile, in the Trans-Mississippi department, thousands whose every throb was devoted to the enterprise, welcomed the Northern invaders, not as destroyers of a hope already dead by the act of a few entrusted with its defence, but as something better than the anarchy that was not Southern independence or anything else human.

Such were the condition, period and place—the people crushed between the upper and nether millstones of two hostile and contending civilizations—when native thrift evoked a new element, that set in sharp contrast the heroism of life and the heroism of death, the courage that incurs danger to save against the courage that accepts danger to destroy. The work was the saving of the valuable arms—costing the government thirty thousand dollars per gun—and the machinery of the sunken Milwaukee.* By a curious circumstance this party of divers was composed partly, if not principally or entirely, of mechanics and engineers who were exempt from military service under the economic laws of the Confederacy, yet who in heart and soul sympathized with the rebellion. They had worked to save for the South: now they were to work and save for the North. It was a service of superadded danger. All the peril incurred from missile weapons was increased by the hidden danger of the secret under-sea and the presence of the terrible torpedoes. These floated everywhere, in all innocent, unsuspicious shapes. One monster, made of boiler iron, a huge cross, is popularly believed to be still hidden in the bay. The person possessing the chart wherein the masked battery's place was set down is said to have destroyed it and fled. Let us hope, however, that this is an error.

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* The Milwaukee was sunk nearly due east of the city: the Osage, Tecumseh, several despatch-boats and steamers, besides the three monitors, were sunk by torpedoes in the bay.

Keep in mind, in reading this account, the contrasted picture of peace in Nature and war in man—the calm blue sky; the soft hazy outlines of woods and bay-shore dropping their soft veils in the water; the cottages, suggesting industry and love; the distant city; the delicate and graceful spars of the Hartford; the busy despatch-steamers plying to and fro; the bursting forts and huge ugly monitors; the starry arches of flying shells by night and flying cloud by day; the soft lap of the water; the sensuous, sweet beauty of that latitude of eternal spring; and the soft dark violet of the outer sea, glassing itself in calm or broken into millioned frets of blue, red and starry fire; the danger above and the danger below; the dark mysterious caverns of the sea, rich with coral grots and grove and abounding marine life; the impenetrable gloom of the ship's hold, whose unimaginable darkness and labyrinthine intricacy of machinery set obstacles at every turn and move and step; the darkness; the fury; the hues and shape, all that art can make or Nature fashion, gild or color wrought into one grand tablature of splendor and magnificence. War and peaceful industry met there in novel rivalry, and each claimed its privileges. The captain of the search said to the officers, while crowding his men behind the turret, with sly, dry humor, "Come, you are all *paid* to be shot at: my men are not."

More than once the accuracy of the enemy's fire drove the little party to shelter. Though the diver was shielded by the impenetrable fickle element that gave Achilles invulnerability, the air-pump above was exposed, and thus the diver might be slain by indirection. There lay Achilles' heel, the exposed vulnerable part that Mother Thetis's baptism neglected.

The work below was arduous: the hulk crowded with the entangling machinery of sixteen engines, cuddies, ports, spars, levers, hatches, stancheons, floating trunks, bibulous boxes heavy with drink, and the awful, mysterious gloom of the water, which is not night or darkness, but the absence of any ray to touch the sensitive optic nerve. The sense of touch the only reliance, and the life-line his guide.

But the peril incurred can be better understood through an illustrative example of a perilous adventure and a poor return. Officers and men of the unfortunate monitor asked for the rescue of their property, allowing a stipulated sum in lieu of salvage. Among these was a petty officer, anxious for the recovery of his chest. It involved peculiar hazards, since it carried the diver below the familiar turret-chamber, through the *inextricabilis error* of entangling machinery in the engine-room, groping among floating and sunken objects, into a remote state-room, the Acheron of the cavernous hold. He was to find by touch a seaman's chest; handle it in that thickening gloom; carry it, push it, move it through that labyrinthine obscurity to a point from which it could be raised. To add immeasurably to the intricacy of this undertaking, there was the need of carrying his life-line and air-hose through all that entanglement and obscurity. Three times in that horror of thick darkness like wool the line tangled in the web of machinery, and three times he had, by tedious endeavor, to follow it up, find the knot and release it. Then the door of the little state-room, the throat of exit, was shut to, and around and around the dense chamber he groped as if in a dream, and could find no vent. All was alike —a smooth, slimy wall, glutinous with that gelatinous liquid, the sea-water. The tangled line became a blind guide and fruitful source of error; the hours were ebbing away, drowning life and vital air in that horrible watery pit;

> Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi,

or, a worse enemy than the subtle Greek's, death from the suspended air-current. Speed, nimbleness, strength and activity were worthless: with tedious fingers he must follow the life-line, find its entanglements and slowly loosen them, carefully taking up the slack, and so follow the straightened cord to the door. Then the chest: he must not forget that. Slowly he heaves and pushes, now at this, now at the life-line hitching on knob, handle, lever or projecting peg—on anything or nothing in that maze of machinery; by involution and evolution, like the unknown quantity in a cubic equation, through all the twists, turns, assumptions and substitutions, and always with that unmanageable, indivisible coefficient the box, until he reaches the upper air.

In Æsop's fable, when the crane claimed the reward of the wolf for using his long neck and bill as a forceps in extracting a bone from the latter's œsophagus, Lupus suggests that for the crane to have had his head down in the lupine throat and *not* get it snapped off was reward enough for any reasonable fowl. The petty officer was sufficiently learned in the Lyceum to administer a like return. The stipulated salvage was never paid or offered.*

The monitors had small square hatches or man-ports let into the deck, admitting one person conveniently.

> Hinc via, Tartanii quæ fert Acherontis ad undas.

A swinging ladder, whose foot was clear of the floor, led down into the recesses. A diver, having completed his task, ascended the treacherous staircase to escape, and found the hatch blocked up. A floating chest or box had drifted into the opening, and, fitting closely, had firmly corked the man up in that dungeon, tight as a fly in a bottle. From his doubtful perch on the ladder he endeavored to push the obstacle from its insertion. Two or more equal difficulties made this impossible. The box had no handle, and it was slippery with the ooze and mucus of the sea. The leverage of pushing only wedged it faster in the orifice. The inconstant ladder swayed from it as a fulcrum. Again and again by art and endeavor and angle of push he essayed, and the ladder made sport of it. It was deadly sport, that swing and seesaw on the slippery rungs in the immeasurable loneliness of the silent, shrouded cabin. It was no rush of air, sending life tingling in the blood made brilliant with carmine of oxidation, but the dense, mephitic sough of the thick wool of water. He descended and sat upon the floor to think. Feasible methods had failed, and the sands of his life were running out like the old physician's. Now to try the impracticable. There are heaps of wisdom in the wrong way sometimes, which, I suppose, is the reason some of us like it. The box was out of his reach, choked in the gullet of that life-hole. No spring or leap from floor or ladder could reach its slippery side or bear it from its fixture. The sea had caught him prowling in its mysteries, and blocked him up, as cruel lords of ancient days walled up the intruder on their domestic privacy. Wit after brute force: man and Nature were pitted against each other in the uncongenial gloom—life the stake.

He groped about his prison, glutinous with infusoriæ and the oily consistence of the sea. Here a nail, there a block or lever, shaped out mentally by the touch, theorized, studied upon and thrown down. Now a hatchet, monkey-wrench, monkey's-tail, or gliding fish or wriggling eel, companions of his imprisonment. At last the cold touch of iron: the hand encloses and lifts it; its weight betrays its length; he feels it to the end—blunt, square, useless. He tries the other end—an edge or spike. That will do. Standing under the hatch, guided by the ladder to the position, and with a strong swinging, upward blow, the new tool is driven into the soft, fibrous and adhesive pine bottom of the box. On the principle on which your butler's practiced elbow draws the twisted screw sunk into the cobwebbed seal of your '48 port, he uncorks himself. The box pulled out of the hatch, the sea-gods threw up the sponge, that zoophyte being handy.

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* It was a warrant-officer of the Milwaukee: I do not wish to be more definite; but the money (fifty dollars) may be sent to the editor of this Magazine, who will forward it to the diver.

These few incidents, strung together at random, and embracing only limited experiences out of many in one enterprise, are illustrative, in their variety and character, of this hardy pursuit, and the fascination of danger which is the school of native hardihood. But they give the reader a very imperfect idea of the nature and appearance of the new element into which man has pushed his industry. The havoc and spoil, the continued danger and contention, darken the gloom of the submarine world as a flash of lightning leaves blacker the shadow of the night and storm.

The first invention to promote subaqueous search was the diving-bell, a clumsy vessel which isolates the diver. It is embarrassing, if not dangerous, where there is a strong current or if it rests upon a slant deck. It limits the vision, and in one instance it is supposed the wretched diver was taken from the bell by a shark. It permits an assistant, however, and a bold diver will plunge from the deck above and ascend in the vessel, to the invariable surprise of his companion. An example of one of its perils, settling in the mud, occurred, I think, in the port of New York. A party of amateurs, supported by champagne flasks and a reporter, went down. The bell settled and stuck like a boy's sucker. One of the party proposed shaking or rocking the bell, and doing so, the water was forced under and the bell lifted from the ooze.

But a descent in submarine armor is the true way to visit the world under water. The first sensation in descending is the sudden bursting roar of furious, Niagarac cascades in the ears. It thunders and booms upon the startled nerve with the rush and storm of an avalanche. The sense quivers with it. But it is not air shaken by reflected blows: it is the cascades driven into the enclosing helmet by the force-pump. As the flexile hose has to be stiffly distended to bear an aqueous gravity of twenty-five to fifty pounds to the square inch, the force of the current can be estimated. The tympanum of the ear yields to the fierce external pressure. The brain feels and multiplies the intolerable tension as if the interior was clamped in a vice, and that tumultuous, thunderous torrent pours on. Involuntarily the mouth opens: the air rushes in the Eustachian tube, and with sudden velocity strikes the intruded tension of the drum, which snaps back to its normal state with a sharp, pistol-like crack. The strain is momently relieved to be renewed again, and again relieved by the same attending salutes.

In your curious dress you must appear monstrous, even to that marine world, familiar with abnormal creations. The whale looks from eyes on the top of his head; the flat-fish, sole, halibut have both eyes on the same side; and certain crustacea place the organ on a foot-stalk, as if one were to hold up his eye in his hand to include a wider horizon. But the monster which the fish now sees differs from all these. It has four great goggle eyes arranged symmetrically around its head. Peering through these plate-glass optics, the diver sees the curious, strange beauty of the world around him, not as the bather sees it, blurred and indistinct, but in the calm splendor of its own thallassphere. The first thought is one of unspeakable admiration of the miraculous beauty of everything around him—a glory and a splendor of refraction, interference and reflection that puts to shame the Arabian story of the kingdom of the Blue Fish. Above him is that pure golden canopy with its rare glimmering lustrousness—something like the soft, dewy effulgence that comes with sun-breaks through showery afternoons. The soft delicacy of that pure straw-yellow that prevails everywhere is crossed and lighted by tints and glimmering hues of accidental and complementary color indescribably elegant. The floor of the sea rises like a golden carpet in gentle incline to the surface; but this incline, experience soon teaches, is an ocular deception, the effect of refraction, such as a tumbler of water and a spoon can exhibit in petty. It is perhaps the first observable warning that you are in a new medium, and that your familiar friend, the light, comes to you altered in its nature; and it is as well to remember this and "make a note on it."

Raising your eyes to the horizontal and looking straight forward, a new and beautiful wealth of color is developed. It is at first a delicate blue, as if an accidental color of the prevailing yellow. But soon it deepens into a rich violet. You feel as if you had never before appreciated the loveliness of that rich tint. As your eye dwells upon it the rich lustrous violet darkens to indigo, and sinking into deeper hues becomes a majestic threat of color. It is ominous, vivid blue-black—solid, adamantine, a crystal wall of amethyst. It is all around you. You are cased, dungeoned in the solid masonry of the waters. It is beauty indeed, but the sombre and awful beauty of the night and storm. The eye turns for relief and reassurance to the paly-golden lustrous roof, and watches that tender penciling which brightens every object it touches. The hull of the sunken ship, lying slant and open to the sun, has been long enough submerged to be crusted with barnacles, hydropores, crustacea and the labored constructions of the microscopic existences and vegetation that fill the sea. The song of Ariel becomes vivid and realistic in its rich word-power:

> Full fathom five thy father lies;
>   Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:
>   Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

The transfiguration of familiar objects is indeed curious and wonderful. The hulk, once gaudy with paint and gilding, has come under the skill of the lapidary and sea-artist. It is crusted with emerald and flossy mosses, and glimmers with diamond, jacinth, ruby, topaz, sapphire and gold. Every jewel-shape in leaf, spore, coral or plume, lying on a greenish crystalline ground, is fringed with a soft radiance of silver fire, and every point is tipped in minute ciliate flames of faint steely purple. It is spotted with soft velvety black wherever a shadow falls, that mingles and varies the wonderful display of color. It is brilliant, vivid, changeable with the interferences of light from the fluctuating surface above, which transmogrifies everything—touches the coarsest objects with its pencil, and they become radiant and spiritual. A pile of brick, dumped carelessly on the deck, has become a huge hill of crystal jewelry, lively with brilliant prismatic radiance. Where the light falls on the steps of the staircase it shows a ladder of silver crusted with emeralds. The round-house, spars, masts, every spot where a peak or angle catches the light, have flushed into liquid, jeweled beauty; and each point, a prism and mirror, catches, multiplies and reflects the other splendor. A rainbow, a fleecy mist over the lake, made prismal by the sunlight, a bunch of sub-aqueous moss, a soap-bubble, are all examples in our daily experience of that transforming power of water in the display of color. The prevailing tone is that soft, golden effulgence which, like the grace of a cheerful and loving heart, blends all into one harmonious whole.

But observation warns the spectator of the delusive character of all that splendor of color. He lifts a box from the ooze: he appears to have uncorked the world. The hold is a bottomless chasm. Every indentation, every acclivity that casts a shadow, gives the impression of that soundless depth. The bottom of the sea seems loopholed with cavities that pierce the solid globe and the dark abysses of space beyond. The diver is surrounded by pitfalls, real and imaginary. There is no graduation. The shallow concave of a hand-basin is as the shadow of the bottomless well.

If the exploration takes place in the delta of a great river, the light is affected by the various densities of the double refracting media. At the proper depth one can see clearly the line where these two meet, clean cut and as sharply defined as the bottom of a green glass tumbler through the pure water it contains. The salt brine or gelatinous sea-water sinks weighted to the bottom, and over it flows the fresh river-water. If the latter is darkened with sediment, it obscures the silent depths with a heavy, gloomy cloud. In seasons of freshet this becomes a total darkness.

But even on a bright, sunshiny day, under clear water, the shadow of any object in the sea is unlike any shade in the upper atmosphere. It draws a black curtain over everything under it, completely obscuring it. Nor is this peculiarity lost when the explorer enters the shadow; but, as one looking into a tunnel from without can see nothing therein, though the open country beyond is plainly visible, so, standing in that submarine shadow, all around is dark, though beyond the sable curtain of the shadow the view is clear. Apply this optical fact to the ghastly story of a diver's alleged experience in the cabin of a sunken ship. It is narrated that there was revealed to his appalled sight the spectacle of the drowned passengers in various attitudes of alarm or devotion when the dreadful suffocation came. The story is told with great effect and power, but unless a voltaic lantern is included in the stage furniture, the ghastly tableaux must sink into the limbo of incredibilities.

The cabin of a sunken vessel is dark beyond any supernal conception of darkness. Even a cabin window does not alter this law, though it may be itself visible, with objects on its surface, as in a child's magic-lantern. As the rays of light pass through an object flatwise, like the blade of a knife through the leaves of a book, and may be admitted through another of like character in the plane of the first, so a ray of light can penetrate with deflection through air and water. But becoming polarized, the interposition of a third medium ordinarily transparent will stop it altogether. Hence the plate-glass window under water admits no light into the interior of a cabin. The distrust of sight grows with the diver's experience. The eye brings its habit of estimating proportion and distance from an attenuated atmosphere into another and denser medium, and the seer is continually deceived by the change. He hesitates, halts, and is observant of the pitfalls about him. A gang-plank slightly above the surface of the deck is bordered, where its shadow falls, by dismal trenches. There is a range of hills crossing the deck before him. As he approaches he estimates the difficulty of the ascent. At its apparent foot he reaches to clamber the steep sides, and the sierra is still a step beyond his reach. Drawing still nearer, he prepares to crawl up; his hand touches the top; it is less than shoulder-high.

But perhaps the strongest illustration of the differing densities of these two media is furnished by an attempt to drive a nail under water. By an absolute law such an effort, if guided by sight independent of calculation, must fail. Habit and experience, tested in atmospheric light, will control the muscles, and direct the blow at the very point where the nail-head is not. For this reason the ingenious expedient of a voltaic lantern under water has proved to be impracticable. It is not the light alone which is wanted, but that sweet familiar atmosphere through which we are habituated to look. The submarine diver learns to rely wholly on the truer sense of touch, and guided by that he engages in tasks requiring labor and skill with the easy assurance of a blind man in the crowded street.

The conveyance of sound through the inelastic medium of water is so difficult that it has been called the world of silence. This is only comparatively true. The fish has an auditory cavity, which, though simple in itself, certifies the ordinary conviction of sound, but it is dull and imperfect; and perhaps all marine creatures have other means of communication. There is an instance, however, of musical sounds produced by marine animals, which seems to show an appreciation of harmony. In one of the lakes of Ceylon, Sir Emerson Tennent heard soft musical sounds, like the first faint notes of the æolian harp or the faint vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. This curious harmony is supposed to be produced by a species of testaceous mollusk. A similar intonation is heard at times along the Florida coast.

Interesting as this may be, as indicating an appreciation of that systematic order in arrangement which in music is harmony, it does not alter the fact that to the ears of the diver, save the cascade of the air through the life-hose, it is a sea of silence. No shout or spoken word reaches him. Even a cannon-shot comes to him dull and muffled, or if distant it is unheard. But a sharp, quick sound, that appears to break the air, like ice, into sharp radii, can be heard, especially if struck against anything on the water. The sound of driving a nail on the ship above, for example, or a sharp tap on the diving-bell below, is distinctly and reciprocally audible. Conversation below the surface by ordinary methods is out of the question, but it can be sustained by placing the metal helmets of the interlocutors together, thus providing a medium of conveyance.

The effort to clothe with intelligence subaqueous life must have been greatly strengthened among primitive nations by the musical sounds to which I have referred. Those mysterious breathings were associated with a human will, and gave forebodings from their very sweetness. Everywhere they are associated with a passionate or pathetic mystery, and the widely-spread area over which their island home is portrayed as existing strengthens the conclusion that the strange music of the sea belongs not to Ceylon or Florida or the Mediterranean alone. It affords us another instance, by that common enjoyment of sweet sounds, of the chain of sympathy between all intelligent creatures, and better prepares us for familiar acquaintance with the beings which people the sea. We have prejudices and preconceived ideas to get rid of, whose strength has crystallized into aphorisms. "Cold as a fish" and "fish-eyed" are ordinary expressions. Then the touch of a fish, cold, slippery, serpent-like, causes an involuntary shrinking.

But the submarine diver has a new revelation of piscine character and beauty, and perhaps can better understand the enticings of a siren or fantastic Lurlei than the classical scholar. In the flush of aureal light tinging their pearly glimmering armor are the radiant, graceful, frolicsome inhabitants of the sea. The glutinous or oily exudation that covers them is a brilliant varnish. Their lustrous colors, variety of crystalline tints and beautiful markings and spots, attract the eye of the artist even in the fish-market; but when glowing with full life, lively, nimble, playful, surely the most graceful living creatures of earth, air or sea, the soul must be blind indeed that can look upon them unmoved.

The dull optic seen glazing in the death-throes upon the market-stall, with coarse vulgar surroundings, becomes, in its native element, full of intelligence and light. In even the smaller fry the round orb glitters like a diamond star. One cannot see the fish without seeing its eye. It is positive, persistent, prevalent, the whole animate existence expressed in it. As far as the fish can be seen its eye is visible. The glimmer of scales, the grace of perfect motion, the rare golden pavilion with its jeweled floor and heavy violet curtains, complete a scene whose harmony of color, radiance and animal life is perfect. The minnow and sun-perch are the pages of the tourney on the cloth of gold. There is a fearless familiarity in these playful little things, a social, frank intimacy with their novel visitor, that astonishes while it pleases. They crowd about him, curiously touch him, and regard all his movements with a frank, lively interest. Nor are the larger fish shy. The sheepshead, red and black groper, sea-trout and other familiar fish of the sportsman, receive him with frank bonhommie or fearless curiosity. In their large round beautiful eyes the diver reads evidence of intelligence and curious wonder that sometimes startles him with its entirely human expression. There is a look of interest mixed with curiosity, leading to the irresistible conclusion of a kindred nature. No faithful hound or pet doe could express a franker interest in its eyes. Curiosity, which I take to be expressly destructive of the now-exploded theory of instinct, is expressed not only by the eye, but by the movements. As in man there is an eager passion to handle that which is novel, so these curious denizens of the sea are persistent in their efforts to touch the diver. An instance of this occurred, attended with disagreeable results to one of the parties, and that not the fish. The Eve of this investigation was a large catfish. These fish are the true rovers of the water. They have a large round black eye, full of intelligence and fire: their warlike spines and gaff-topsails give them the true buccaneer build. One of these, while the diver was engaged, incited by its fearless curiosity, slipped up and touched him with its cold nose. The man involuntarily threw back his hand, and the soft palm striking the sharp gaff, it was driven into the flesh. There was an instant's struggle before the fish wrenched itself loose from the bleeding member, and then it only swung off a little, staring with its bold black eyes at the intruder, as if it wished to stay for further question. It is hard to translate the expression of that look of curious wonder and surprise without appearing to exaggerate, but the impression produced was that if the fish did not speak to him, it was from no lack of intelligent emotions to be expressed in language.

A prolonged stay in one place gave a diver an opportunity to test this intelligence further, and to observe the trustful familiarity of this variety of marine life. He was continually surrounded at his work by a school of gropers, averaging a foot in length. An accident having identified one of them, he observed it was a daily visitor. After the first curiosity the gropers apparently settled into the belief that the novel monster was harmless and clumsy, but useful in assisting them to their food. The species feed on crustacea and marine worms, which shelter under rocks, mosses and sunken objects at the sea-bottom. In raising anything out of the ooze a dozen of these fish would thrust their heads into the hollow for their food before the diver's hand was removed. They would follow him about, eyeing his motions, dashing in advance or around in sport, and evidently with a liking for their new-found friend. Pleased with such an unexpected familiarity, the man would bring them food and feed them from his hand, as one feeds a flock of chickens. The resemblance, in their familiarity and some of their ways, to poultry was, in fact, very striking. As a little chick will sometimes seize a large crumb and scurry off, followed by the flock, so a fish would sometimes snatch a morsel and fly, followed by the school. If he dropped it or stopped to enjoy his *bonne bouche*, his mates would be upon him. Sometimes two would get the same morsel, and there would be a trial of strength, accompanied with much flash and glitter of shining scales. But no matter how called off, their interest and curiosity remained with the diver. They would return, pushing their noses about him, caressingly in appearance if not intent, and bob into the treasures of worm and shell-fish his labor exposed. He became convinced that they were sportive, indulging in dash and play for the fun of it, rather than for any grosser object to be attained.

This curious intimacy was continued for weeks: the fish, unless driven away by some rover of prey of their kind, were in regular attendance during his hours of work. Perhaps the solitude and silence of that curious submarine world strengthened the impression of recognition and intimacy, but by every criterion we usually accept in terrestrial creation these little creatures had an interest and a friendly feeling for one who furnished them food, and who was always careful to avoid injuring them or giving them any unnecessary alarm. He could not, of course, take up a fish in his hand, any more than a chicken will submit to handling; but as to the comparative tameness of the two, the fish is more approachable than the chicken. That they knew and expected the diver at the usual hour was a conclusion impossible to deny, as also that they grew into familiarity with him, and were actuated by an intelligent recognition of his service to them. It would be hard to convince this gentleman that a school of fish cannot be as readily and completely tamed as a flock of chickens.

Why not? The fear of man is no instinctive feeling in the invertebrate creation. The pioneer who penetrates into the uninhabited wilds of our Western frontier finds bird and beast fearless and familiar. Man's cruelty is a lesson of experience. The timid and fearful of the lower creation belong to creatures of prey. The shark, for example, is as cowardly as the wolf.

I thought to speak of other marine creations with which the diver grows acquainted, finding in them only a repetition of the same degree of life he has seen in the upper world. But let it be enough to state the conclusion—as yet only an impression, and perhaps never to be more—that in marine existence there is to be found the counterpart always of some animate existence on earth, invertebrate or radiate, in corresponding animals or insects, between whose habits and modes of existence strong analogies are found. The shrimps that hang in clusters on your hand under the water are but winged insects of the air in another frame that have annoyed you on the land.

Let me dismiss the subject with the brief account of a diver caught in a trap.

In the passion of blind destruction that followed and attended the breaking out of hostilities between the North and the South, as a child breaks his rival's playthings, the barbarism of war destroyed the useful improvements of civilization. Among the things destroyed by this iconoclastic fury was the valuable dry-dock in Pensacola Bay. It was burned to the water's edge, and sunk. A company was subsequently organized to rescue the wreck, and in the course of the submarine labor occurred the incident to which I refer.

The dry-dock was built in compartments, to ensure it against sinking, but the ingenuity which was to keep it above water now served effectually to keep it down. Each one of these small water-tight compartments held the vessel fast to the bottom, as Gulliver was bound by innumerable threads to the ground of Lilliput. It was necessary to break severally into the lower side of each of these chambers, and allow the water to flow evenly in all. The interior of the hull was checkered by these boxes. Huge beams and cross-ties intersected each other at right angles, forming the frame for this honeycombed interior, pigeon-holed like a merchant's desk. It was necessary to tear off the skin and penetrate from one to the other in order to effect this.

It was a difficult and tedious job under water. The net of intersecting beams lay so close together that the passage between was exceedingly narrow and compressed, barely admitting the diver's body. The pens, so framed by intersecting beams, were narrowed and straitened, embarrassing attempts at labor in them, which the cold, slippery, serpent-like touch of the sea-water was not likely to make pleasanter. It folded the shuddering body in its coils, and a most ancient and fish-like smell did not improve the situation. The toil was multiplied by the innumerable pigeon-holes, as if they fitted into one another like a Chinese puzzle, with the unlucky diver in the middle box. It was a nightmare of the sea, the furniture of a dream solidified in woody fibre.

Into one of these crowding holes the diver crawled. There was the tedious work of tearing off the casing to occupy an hour or more, and when it was accomplished he endeavored to back out of his situation. He was stopped fast and tight in his regression. The arrangement of the armor about the head and shoulders, making a cone whose apex was the helmet, prevented his exit. It was like the barb of a harpoon, and caught him fast in the wood. Such a danger is not sudden in its revelation. There is at first only a feeling of impatience at the embarrassment, a disposition to "tear things." In vain attempts at doubling and other gymnastic feats the diver wasted several hours, until his companions above became alarmed at the delay. They renewed and increased their labors at the force-pump, and the impetuous torrent came surging about the diver's ears. It served to complete his danger. It sprung the trap in which he lay enclosed. The inflated armor swelled and filled up the crowded spaces. It stiffened out the casing of the helmet to equal the burden of fifty pounds to the square inch, and made it as hard as iron. He was caught like the gluttonous fox. The bulky volume of included air made exit impossible. It was no longer a labyrinth as before, where freedom of motion incited courage: he was in the fetters of wind and water, bound fast to the floor of his dungeon den. He signaled for the pump to stop. It was the only alternative. He might die without that life-giving air, but he would certainly die if its volume was not reduced. The cock at the back of the helmet for discharging the vessel was out of his reach. The invention never contemplated a case in which the diver would perish from the presence of air.

As the armor worn was made tight at the sleeves with elastic wristbands, his remedy was to insert his fingers under it, and slowly and tediously allow the bubbling air to escape. In this he persevered steadily, encouraged by the prospect of escape. The way was long and difficult, but release certain with the reduction of that huge bulk.

But a new and subtler danger attacked him—the very wit of Nature brought to bear upon his force and ingenuity. It was as if the mysterious sirens of the sea saw in that intellectual force the real strength of their prisoner, and sought to steal it from him while they lulled him to indifference. Inhaling and reinhaling the reduced volume of air, it became carbonized and foul, not with the warning of sudden oppression, but

Sly as April melts to May,
And May slips into June.

The senses, intoxicated by the new companion sent them by the lungs, began to sport with it, as ignorant children with a loaded shell, forgetful of duty and the critical condition of the man. They began to wander in vagaries and delusions. A soft chime of distant bells rang in his ears with the sweet sleepy service of a Sabbath afternoon; the sound of hymns and the organ mingled with the melody and the chant of the sirens of the sea.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
  Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dew on still waters, between walls
  Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass—
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

The sensuous beauty, the infinite luxury of repose sung by the poet, filled and steeped his senses. The desire to sleep was intoxicating, delicious, irresistible; and with it ran delicious, restful thrills through all his limbs, the narcotism of the blood. It was partly, no doubt, the effect of inhaling that pernicious air; partly that hibernation of the bear which in the freezing man precedes dissolution; and possibly more than that, something more than any mere physical cause—life perhaps preparing to lay this tired body down, its future usefulness destroyed.

This delicious enervation had to be constantly resisted and dominated by a superior will. One more strenuous effort to relieve that straitened garrison, to release that imprisoned and fettered body, and then, if that failed, an unconditional surrender to the armies of eternal sleep. But it did not fail. That constant, persevering tugging of the fingers at the wristbands, pursued mechanically in that strange condition of pleasing stupor, had reduced the exaggerated distensions of the bulbous head-gear. A stout, energetic push set the diver free, and he was drawn to the surface dazed, drowsy, and only half conscious of the peril undergone. But with the rush of fresh, untainted air to the lungs came an emotion of gratitude to the Giver of life and the full consciousness of escape.

And this sums up my sketch illustrative of the peculiar character of marine life, and the hazards of submarine adventure, hitherto known to few, for—well, for *divers* reasons.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

# CONFIDENTIAL.

MY ear has ever been considered public property for private usage. I cannot call to mind the time when I was not somebody's confidante, the business beginning as far back as the winter I ran down to Aunt Hally's to receive my birthday-party of sweet or bitter sixteen, as will appear.

Ralph Romer was the first to spread the news of my arrival in the village among the girls of my own age. Ralph Romer it was who had braved the dangers of "brier and brake" to find the bright holly-berries with which Aunt Hally had decorated the cheery little parlor for the occasion; and it was with Ralph Romer I danced the oftenest on that famous night.

"Wouldn't I just step out on the porch a short little minute," he whispered as he came around in the rear of Aunt Hally to bid me good-night, ending the whisper, according to the style of all boy-lovers, "I've got something to tell you."

The door stood open and conveniently near, and I suppose I wanted to see how high the snow had drifted since dark; and, a better reason still, I couldn't afford to let Ralph take my hand off with him; and so I had to go out on the porch just long enough to get it back, while he said: "Ettie Moore says she loves me, and we are going to correspond when I go back to college; and as you know all lovers and their sweethearts must have a confidante to smuggle letters and valentines across the lines, we have both chosen you for ours. Oh, I was so afraid you wouldn't come!"

I found the snow had drifted—well, I don't believe I knew how many inches.

I have not promised a recital of all my auricular experiences. Enough to say, that in time I settled down into the conviction that it was my special mission to be the receptacle of other people's secrets; and they seemed determined to convince me that they thought so too.

So, when Mr. Tennent Tremont happened along and became a candidate for auricular favors, like a tradesman who has gained the self-sustaining ground which has made him indifferent as to custom-seeking, I could afford to be entirely independent about giving a previous promise to keep his secrets for him; and so, dear reader, they are as much yours as mine.

When my brother introduced him into our family circle we took him to be a Northern college-chum, met with during his just-returned-from-trip to Washington; for it was in those days when Southern hospitality was as much appreciated as it was liberally bestowed. It was a good time for a modest stranger to come among new faces. We were in the flutter and bustle which a wedding in the family makes, and it gave him an opportunity to get used to us, and left us none to observe him unpleasantly much.

But when the wedding was over, and I had made up my week of lost sleep, and he and my brother had kept themselves out of the way on a camp-hunt, for my mother to do up her week of house-cleaning,—it is here that our story proper begins.

As we were leaving the breakfast-table one morning my brother caught my dress-sleeve, and, dropping in the rear of Mr. Tennent Tremont, allowed him to find the verandah: "Really, sis, I don't think you are doing the clever thing, quite."

"How?"

"Why, in not helping me to entertain my friend."

"Getting tired of him?"

"No, he isn't one of that kind; but, to tell the truth, I am too busy just now to give him the whole of my time."

"Too busy turning your own cakes. Yes, I see."

"Which is no more than my sister is doing; which reminds me to say that J. B. will call this morning, he desired me to inform you. But, dear sis, we must not be so absorbed in our own love-matters as to give my friend only a moiety of our attention, for, poor fellow! he has one of his own."

"So I am to bore him for the sake of relieving you? Is that my rôle?"

"Now stop! He simply wants a lady confidante."

I broke away from my brother's hold, and ran up to my room to see if all was right for my expected caller, giving my right ear a pull, by way of saying to that victimized organ, "You are needed."

And what think you I did next? Got out my embroidery-material bag, and put it in order for action at a moment's warning. I was prepared for a reasonable amount of martyrdom pertaining to my profession, but I was always an economist of time, and not another unemployed hour would I yield to the selfish demands of my forthcoming job.

The next day was one of November drizzle, the house confinement of which, my adroit brother declared, could only be mitigated by my presence in the sitting-room until the improved state of the weather allowed their escape from it.

I was in the habit of appropriating such weather to my piano, and I had not touched it for a month. Whether Mr. Tennent Tremont's nerves were in a sound state or not, I was determined to practice until twelve. But when he came in from the library and assisted me in opening the instrument, I was obliged to ask him what he would have. They were my first direct words to him, our three weeks' guest.

"Oh, 'Summer Night' is a favorite," he said.

I gave him the song, and then executed the long variations; then, dropping my tired hands in my lap, inquired whether he liked vocal or instrumental best.

"Not any more of either, just now, thanking you kindly for what you have given me," he said. "Have you ever been a confidante, Miss ——?"

"That is my vocation, Mr. Tremont," I replied, grasping my bag.

"Which? your embroidery or—"

"Both combined," I tried to say pleasantly, "as on this occasion. I am at Mr. Tremont's service;" and I threaded my tapestry-needle.

Without a prefatory word he began: "Years before your young heart was awakened to 'the sweetest joy, the wildest woe,' I loved."

"And single yet!" I exclaimed as I let my hands drop and glanced up at his brown hair, to see if all those years had left their silver footprints there.

"And single yet," he repeated slowly, "and still worshiping at the same shrine; and to no other will I ever bow until this head is silvered o'er, and this strong arm palsied with the infirmities of age—if a long life is indeed to be mine."

His ardor startled me, but I managed to stitch away composedly, and he went on:

"I know it is in the highest degree selfish to inflict on you a recital of what may not interest you; but I have tried to keep my secret buried from human eyes, from all but *hers*, and you are now the only being on earth to whom I have ever *said*, 'I love.' As intimate as I have been with your brother, if he knows it, it is by his penetration, for no word of acknowledgment has ever passed my lips before. May I go on?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I answered, taken by surprise. "I suppose so. It is a relief to talk, and to listen, I have told you, is my vocation."

"How long can you listen?" he questioned in delighted eagerness.

I fancied he would have to be allowanced, and I held up my paper pattern before me: "This bouquet of flowers is to be transferred. I will give you all the time it will take to do it. Remember, the catastrophe must be reached by that time. Some one else will probably want my ear."

"But," said he, "listening is not the only duty of a confidante: you must aid me by your counsel. Only a woman may say how a woman may be won."

"You have my sympathies, Mr. Tremont, on the score of your being a very dear brother's friend. I know nothing of her—next to nothing of you. I can neither counsel nor aid you."

"That brother is familiar with every page of my outward life-history. It was in our family he spent his vacation, while you and your father were traveling in Europe."

"Well, then, that will do about yourself. Now about her?"

The door-bell was rung: the waiter announced—well, my obliging brother has already given enough of his name—"Mr. J. B." My confessor withdrew.

The next morning, as I was bringing the freshened flower-vases into the sitting-room, he brought me my bag, saying, "Now about her."

I opened the piano, repeated his favorite, kept my seat and cultivated my roses vigorously.

"Miss ——," he began, "I would not knowingly give pain to a human creature. Yesterday, when your visitor found me by your side, I observed a frown on his face. I detest obtrusiveness, but if there is anything in the relation in which you stand to each other which will make my attentions objectionable to either of you, they shall cease this moment. You are at perfect liberty to repeat to him every word I have said to you."

"I thank you sincerely for your considerateness," I said. "I am under no obligations of the kind to him or any other gentleman."

He introduced his topic by saying: "I am glad that I shall have to say little more of myself. Oh, what a strange joy it is to be able to speak unreservedly of her, and of the long pent-up hopes and fears of the past years! And now, if you will assist me in interpreting her conduct toward me—if you will inspire me with even a faint hope of success—if you will advise me as you would a brother how to proceed,—gratitude will be too weak a word for my feeling toward you for the remainder of my life."

"I have not yet sufficient light on her part of the affair to aid you by advice," I answered. "In these slowly-developing love-affairs there is usually but one great hindering cause. Do you know," I said, laughing as much as I dared, looking into his woebegone face, "that you have not told me what has passed between you?"

His moment or two of death silence made me almost regret my last words.

"In the first of our acquaintance I was ever tortured by her indifference. My first attentions were quietly received, never encouraged. Then came the still more torturing fear—agony let me call it—lest she was pre-engaged. Thank God! that burden was lifted from my poor heart, but only, it seemed, to make room for the very one of all in the catalogue of causes by which a lover's hope dies beyond the possibility of a resurrection. It is the rock—no, I fear the placid waters of friendship into which my freighted bark is now drifting—which may lie between it and the bright isle of love, the safe harbor" (he shuddered), "not the blissful possession."

Reader, the roses were not growing under my needle: my sympathies were at last fully enlisted.

"You have well said," I answered. "Friendship is the 'nine notch' in which a lover makes 'no count' in the game of hearts. But steer bravely past these dark gulfs of despair. Have you ever had recourse to jealousy in your desperation?" I queried.

"I scorn such a base ally. Your brother can tell you I am here partly because I would avoid increasing an affection in another which I cannot return."

"Does she know of that?" I asked, not at all prepared in my own mind to yield the potency of the ally in my sincere desire to aid him by this test of a woman's affection.

"Yes: I have no reason, however, for thinking that the fact has raised her estimate of the article," he said, making a poor attempt to smile.

I felt ashamed of my suggestion, and said quickly, "You correspond, of course: how are her letters?" Now I was sure of my safest clue in finding her out.

"It was through the medium of her letters that I first obtained my knowledge of her mind, her temperament, her disposition, her admirable domestic virtues; for they were written without reserve. They excited my highest admiration; they stimulated my desire to know more of her; but they contain no word of love for me."

His want of boldness almost excited my contempt. My skill was baffled on every side, and, not caring much to conceal my impatience, I said, "You have asked me to advise you as I would my brother. She is cold and selfish: give her up."

"Give her up!" he said with measured and emphatic slowness—"give her up, when I have sought her beneath every clime on which the sun shines—not for months, but for years? Give her up, when her presence gives me all I have ever known of happiness? Give her up!" and he leaned his head on the back of his chair and closed his eyes.

I had imagined him gifted with wonderful self-control, but when I looked up from my work all color had faded from his cheeks, the lips seemed ready to yield the little blood left there by the clinch of the white teeth upon them, while every muscle of the face quivered with spasmodic effort to control emotion. When the eyes were opened and fixed on the ceiling, I saw no trace in them of anger, revenge, or even of wounded pride. They were full of tears, ready to gush in one last flood-tide of feeling over a subdued, chastened, but breaking heart.

It was very evident that my treatment was not adding much comfort to my patient, however salutary it might prove in the end. I knew of his intention to leave the next day: there was little time left me to aid him, and I had come to regard the unknown woman's mysterious nature or strategic warfare as pitted against my superior penetration. That he might be victorious she must be vanquished. *She* was, then, my antagonist.

The deepening twilight was producing chilliness. I flooded the room with brilliant light, stirred the grate into glowing warmth, and invited him to a seat near the fire.

"You will not leave me, will you? This may be—*it will be*—my last demand on you as a confidante. How is the bouquet progressing?" he asked.

"See," I said, holding my embroidery up before me: "we must hurry. I have but one more tendril to add."

"Tendrils are clinging things, like hope, are they not?" he said pensively.

But sentimentalizing was not the business of the hour, and I intimated as much to him. "Yes," I replied, "but hope must now give place to effort. I see you are not going to take my 'give-her-up' advice."

"No—only from her who has the right to give it."

I now considered my patient out of danger.

"Then why do you torture yourself longer with doubts? Perhaps your irresolution has caused a want of confidence in the strength of your affection. At least give her an opportunity to define her true position toward you. Beard the lions of indifference and friendship in their dens, and do not yield to unmanly cowardice. Strange that I have given you the counsel last which should have been given first! But do not, I beseech you, lose any time in seeking her. Assure her of your long and unwavering devotion. Constancy is the most valued word in a true woman's vocabulary. You have staked too much happiness to lose: you *must* win."

"And if I lose," he said—holding up something before him which I took to be a picture, though it was in the shape of a heart—"and if I lose, then perish all of earth to me. But leave me only this, and should I hold you thus, and gaze on what I have first and last and only loved until this perishable material on which I have placed you turn to dust, still will you be graven on a heart whose deathless love can know no death; for a thing so holy as the love I bear you was not made to die."

My work—now my completed work—dropped beneath my fingers, for the last stitch was taken.

If I could not prevent his self-torture, he should not, at least, torture me longer; and snatching the thing from his grasp, I exclaimed as I closed my hands over it, "Now, before I return it, you must, you *shall*, promise me that you will take the last advice I gave you; or will you allow me to look at it, and then unseal the silent lips and give you the prophetic little 'yes' or 'no' which a professed physiognomist like your confidante can always read in the eye?"

"I would rather you did the last," he said; and I rose, leaned my elbow on the corner of the mantel nearest the gaslight, rested my head on my empty hand, so as to shade my eyes from the intensity of the brilliant burner near me, and with the awe creeping over me with which the old astrologers read the horoscope of the midnight stars, I looked, and saw—only a wonderfully faithful copy of the portrait hanging just over me, of which Mr. Tennent Tremont's confidante was the original. I threw it from me, and burst into tears. He stood quite near me. I thought I hated him, but my obtuse, blundering, idiotic self more than him. I waved my hand in token either of his silence or withdrawal, for in all my life long I, with a whole dictionary in my mind of abusive epithets, was never more at a loss for a word. My token was unheeded.

He only murmured softly,

"I had never seen thee weeping:
I cannot leave thee now.

When you snatched my picture from me a moment ago I saw a glistening tear of sympathy in your eye; but what are these?"

"So cruel! so ungenerous! so unfair!" I said, still pressing my hands tightly over my eyes. "How can I ever forgive you?"

With softer murmur than the last he repeated the words,

"'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

"Astounding presumption that!" I said, now giving him the benefit of my full gaze—"to speak of pardon before making a confession of your guilt! But before I give you time even for that, the remaining mysteries which still hang around your tale of woe shall be cleared up. Please to inform the court how the original of your purloined sketch could have been the object of years of devotion, when it has been only four weeks to-day since you laid your mortal eyes on her?"

"Ah! you may well say mortal; but you know the soul too has its visual organs. I saw and loved and worshiped my ideal in those years, and sought her too—how unceasingly!—and I said,

Only for the real will I with the ideal part:
Another shall not even tempt my heart.

When I saw her just four weeks since, I knew her,

And my heart responded as, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its unswept strings,
And whispers in its song,
Where hast thou strayed so long?"

But the avenging demon of curiosity was not to be exorcised by sentimental evasion: "Those letters, sir, of which you spoke, *they* must have been of a real, tangible form—not a part of the mythical phantasmagoria of your idealistic vision."

He laughed as a light-hearted child would, but knitted his brow with a perplexed air as he said, "Why don't the British government send a woman to find the source of the Nile? I must thank your unsophisticated brother's pride in his sister's epistolary accomplishments for my privilege of perusal. What next?"

I thought a moment. Before, I had fifty other queries to propound, but now as I looked into the glowing anthracite before me which gave us those pleasant Reveries, they very naturally all resolved themselves into explained mysteries without his aid.

He insists that the "prophetic little yes or no" never came.

Upon my honor, dear reader, as a confidante, I still think it the most unfair procedure which ever "disgraced the annals of civilized warfare;" but I shall have abundant opportunity for revenge, for we are to make the journey of life together.

# GLIMPSES OF JOHN CHINAMAN.

WHEN John Marshall picked up the first golden nugget in California, a call was sounded for the gathering of an immense gold-seeking army made up of many nationalities; and among the rest China sent a battalion some fifty thousand strong.

John Chinaman has remained with us ever since, despised and abused, being neither a co-worshiper nor a co-sympathizer in aught save the getting of gold. In dress, custom and language his is still a nationality as distinct from ours as are the waters of the Gulf Stream from those of the ocean.

It is possible that this may be but the second migration of Tartars to the American shore. It is possible that the North American Indian and the Chinaman may be identical in origin and race. Close observers find among the aboriginal tribes resident far up on the north-west American coast peculiar habits and customs, having closely-allied types among the Chinese. The features of the Aleuts, the natives of the Aleutian Islands, are said to approximate closely to those of the Mongolians. The unvarying long black hair, variously-shaded brown skin, beardless face and shaven head are points, natural and artificial, common to the Indian and Mongolian. There is a hint of common custom between the Indian scalplock and Chinese cue.

"John" has been a thorough gleaner of the mines. The "superior race" allowed him to make no valuable discoveries. He could buy their half-worked-out placers. The "river-bed" they sold him when its chances of yielding were deemed desperate. When the golden fruitage of the banks was reduced to a dollar per day, they became "China diggings." But wherever "John" settled he worked steadily, patiently and systematically, no matter whether his ten or twelve hours' labor brought fifty cents or fifty dollars; for his industry is of an untiring mechanical character. In the earlier and flusher days of California's gold-harvest the white man worked spasmodically. He was ever leaving the five-dollar diggings in hand for the fifty- or hundred-dollar-per-day claims afar off in some imaginary bush. These golden rumors were always on the wing. The country was but half explored, and many localities were rich in mystery. The white vanguard pushed north, south and east, frequently enduring privation and suffering. "John," in comparative comfort, trotted patiently after, carrying his snugly made-up bundle of provisions and blankets at one end of a bamboo pole, his pick, shovel, pan and rocker at the other, to work over the leavings. The leavings sometimes turned out more gold than "new ground," much to the chagrin of the impatient Caucasian. But John, according to his own testimony, never owned a rich claim. Ask him how much it yielded per day, and he would tell you, "sometimes four, sometimes six bittee" (four or six shillings). He had many inducements for prevarication. Nearly every white man's hand was against him. If he found a bit of rich ground, "jumpers" were ready to drive him from it: Mexicans waylaid him and robbed him of his dust. In remote localities he enclosed his camp by strong stockades: even these were sometimes forced and carried at night by bands of desperadoes. Lastly came the foreign miner's tax-collector, with his demand of four dollars monthly per man for the privilege of digging gold. There were hundreds and thousands of other foreign laborers in the mines — English, German, French, Italian and Portuguese— but they paid little or none of this tax, for they might soon be entitled to a vote, and the tax-collector was appointed by the sheriff of the county, and the sheriff, like other officials, craved a re-election. But John was never to be a voter, and so he shouldered the whole of this load, and when he could not pay, the official beat him and took away his tools. John often fought this persecutor by strategy. In localities where no white men would betray him he signalized his coming from afar. From the crags of Red Mountain on the Tuolumne River I have often seen the white flag waved as the dreaded collector came down the steep trail to collect his monthly dues. That signal or a puff of smoke told the Chinese for miles along the river-valley to conceal themselves from the "license-man." Rockers, picks and shovels were hastily thrust into clumps of chapparal, and their owners clambered up the hillsides into artificial caves or leafy coverts. Out of companies of fifty the collector finds but twenty men at work. These pay their tax, the official rides on down the river, the hidden thirty Mongolians emerge from cover; and more than once has a keen collector "doubled on them" by coming back unexpectedly and detecting the entire gang on their claim.

John has been invaluable to the California demagogue, furnishing for him a sop of hatred and prejudice to throw before "enlightened constituencies." It needs but to mention the "filthy Chinaman" to provoke an angry roar from the mass-meeting. Yet the Chinaman is not entirely filthy. He washes his entire person every day when practicable; he loves clean clothes; his kitchen-utensils will bear inspection. When the smallpox raged so severely in San Francisco a few years since, there were very few deaths among his race. But John *is* not nice about his house. He seems to have none of our ideas concerning home comfort. Smoke has no terror for him; soap he keeps entirely for his clothes and person; floor- and wall-washing are things never hinted at; and the refuse of his table is scarcely thrown out of doors. Privacy is not one of his luxuries—he wants a house full: where there is room for a bunk, there is room for a man. An anthill, a beehive, a rabbit-warren are his models of domestic comfort: what is stinted room for two Americans is spaciousness for a dozen Chinese. Go into one of their cabins at night, and you are in an oven full of opium- and lamp-smoke. Recumbent forms are dimly seen lying on bunks above and below. The chattering is incessant. Stay there ten minutes, and as your eye becomes accustomed to the smoke you will dimly see blue bundles lying on shelves aloft. Anon the bundles stir, talk and puff smoke. Above is a loft six feet square: a ladder brings it in communication with the ground floor. Mongolians are ever coming down, but the gabble of tongues above shows that a host is still left. Like an omnibus, a Chinese house is never full. Nor is it ever quiet. At all hours of the night may be heard their talk and the clatter of their wooden shoes. A Chinaman does not retire like an American, intending to make a serious business of his night's sleeping. He merely "lops down" half dressed, and is ready to arise at the least call of business or pleasure.

While at work in his claim his fire is always kindled near by, and over it a tea-pot. This is his beverage every half hour. His tea must be hot, strong and without milk or sugar. He also consumes a terrible mixture sold him by white traders, called indiscriminately brandy, gin or whisky, yet an intoxicated Chinaman is the rarest of rare sights. Rice he can cook elegantly, every grain being steamed to its utmost degree of distension. Soup he makes of no other meat than pork. The poorest among his hordes must have a chicken or duck for his holiday. He eats it merely parboiled. He will eat dog also, providing it is not long past maturity.

The Chinese grocery-stores are museums to the American. There are strange dried roots, strange dried fish, strange dried land and marine plants, ducks and chickens, split, pressed thin and smoked; dried shellfish; cakes newly made, yellow, glutinous and fatty, stamped with tea-box characters; and great earthen jars filled with rottenness. I speak correctly if perhaps too forcibly, for when those imposing jars are opened to serve a customer with some manner of vegetable cut in long strips, the native-born American finds it expedient to hold his nose. American storekeepers in the mines deal largely in Chinese goods. They know the Mongolian names of the articles inquired for, but of their character, their composition, how they are cooked or how eaten, they can give no information. It is heathenish "truck," by whose sale they make a profit. Only that and nothing more.

A Chinese miner's house is generally a conglomeration of old boards, mats, brush, canvas and stones. Rusty sheets of tin sometimes help to form the edifice. Anything lying about loose in the neighborhood is certain in time to form a part of the Mongolian mansion.

When the white man abandons mining-ground he often leaves behind very serviceable frame houses. John comes along to glean the gold left by the Caucasian. He builds a cluster of shapeless huts. The deserted white man's house gradually disappears. A clapboard is gone, and then another, and finally all. The skeleton of the frame remains: months pass away; piece by piece the joists disappear; some morning they are found tumbled in a heap, and at last nothing is left save the cellar and chimneys. Meantime, John's clusters of huts swell their rude proportions, but you must examine them narrowly to detect any traces of your vanished house, for he revels in smoke, and everything about him is soon colored to a hue much resembling his own brownish-yellow countenance. Thus he picks the domiciliary skeleton bare, and then carries off the bones. He is a quiet but skillful plunderer. John No. 1 on his way home from his mining-claim rips off a board; John No. 2 next day drags it a few yards from the house. John No. 3 a week afterward drags it home. In this manner the dissolution of your house is protracted for months. In this manner he distributes the responsibility of the theft over his entire community. I have seen a large boarding-house disappear in this way, and when the owner, after a year's absence, revisited the spot to look after his property, he found his real estate reduced to a cellar.

John himself is a sort of museum in his character and habits. We must be pardoned for giving details of these, mingled promiscuously, rather after the museum style. His New Year comes in February. For the Chinaman of limited means it lasts a week, for the wealthy it may endure three. His consumption of fire-crackers during that period is immense. He burns strings a yard in length suspended from poles over his balconies. The uproar and sputtering consequent on this festivity in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco is tremendous. The city authorities limit this Celestial Pandemonium to a week.

He does not forsake the amusement of kite-flying even when arrived at maturity. His artistic imitations of birds and dragons float over our housetops. To these are often affixed contrivances for producing hollow, mournful, buzzing sounds, mystifying whole neighborhoods. His game of shuttlecock is to keep a cork, one end being stuck with feathers, flying in the air as long as possible, the impelling member being the foot, the players standing in a circle and numbering from four to twenty. Some show great dexterity in kicking with the heel. His vocal music to our ears seems a monotonous caterwaul. His violin has but one string: his execution is merely a modified species of saw-filing.

He loves to gamble, especially in lotteries. He is a diligent student of his own comfort. Traveling on foot during a hot day, he protects himself with an umbrella and refreshes himself with a fan. In place of prosaic signs on his store-fronts, he often inscribes quotations from his favorite authors.

He is a lover of flowers. His balconies and window-sills are often thickly packed with shrubs and creepers in pots. He is not a speedy and taciturn eater. His tea-table talks are full of noisy jollity, and are often prolonged far into the night.

He is a lover of the drama. A single play sometimes requires months for representation, being, like a serial story, "continued" night after night. He never dances. There is no melody in the

Mongolian foot. Dancing he regards as a species of Caucasian insanity.

To make an oath binding he must swear by the head of a cock cut off before him in open court. Chinese testimony is not admissible in American courts. It is a legal California axiom that a Chinaman cannot speak the truth. But cases have occurred wherein, he being an eye-witness, the desire to hear what he *might* tell as to what he had seen has proved stronger than the prejudice against him; and the more effectually to clinch the chances of his telling the truth, the above, his national form of oath, has been resorted to. He has among us some secret government of his own. Before his secret tribunals more than one Mongolian has been hurried in Star-Chamber fashion, and never seen afterward. The nature of the offences thus visited by secret and bloody punishment is scarcely known to Americans. He has two chief deities — a god and a devil. Most of his prayers are offered to his devil. His god, he says, being good and well-disposed, it is not necessary to propitiate him. But his devil is ugly, and must be won over by offering and petition. Once a year, wherever collected in any number, he builds a flimsy sort of temple, decorates it with ornaments of tinsel, lays piles of fruit, meats and sugared-delicacies on an altar, keeps up night and day a steady crash of gongs, and installs therein some great, uncouth wooden idols. When this period of worship is over the "josh-house" disappears, and the idols are unceremoniously stowed away among other useless lumber.

He shaves with an instrument resembling a butcher's cleaver in miniature. Nature generally denies him beard, so he shaves what a sailor would term the fore and after part of his head. He reaps his hirsute crop dry, using no lather. His cue is pieced out by silken braid, so interwoven as gradually to taper into a slim tassel, something like a Missouri mule-driver's "black snake" whip-lash. To lose this cue is to lose caste and standing among his fellows. No misfortune for him can be greater.

Coarse cowhide boots are the only articles of American wear that he favors. He inclines to buy the largest sizes, thinking he thereby gets the most for his money, and when his No. 7 feet wobble and chafe in No. 12 boots he complains that they "fit too much."

He cultivates the vegetables of his native land in California. They are curiosities like himself. One resembles our string-bean, but is circular in shape and from two to three feet in length. It is not in the least stringy, breaks off short and crisp, boils tender very quickly and affords excellent eating. He is a very careful cultivator, and will spend hours picking off dead leaves and insects from the young plants. When he finds a dead cat, rat, dog or chicken, he throws it into a small vat of water, allows it to decompose, and sprinkles the liquid fertilizer thus obtained over his plantation. Watermelon and pumpkin seeds are for him dessert delicacies. He consumes his garden products about half cooked in an American culinary point of view, merely wilting them by an immersion in boiling water.

There are about fifteen English words to be learned by a Chinaman on arriving in California, and no more. With these he expresses all his wants, and with this limited stock you must learn to convey all that is needful to him. The practice thus forced upon one in employing a Chinese servant is useful in preventing a circumlocutory habit of speech. Many of our letters the Mongolian mouth has no capacity for sounding. *R* he invariably sounds like *l*, so that the word "rice" he pronounces "lice" — a bit of information which may prevent an unpleasant apprehension when you come to employ a Chinese cook. He rejects the English personal pronoun I, and uses the possessive "my" in its place; thus, "My go home," in place of "I go home."

When he buries a countryman he throws from the hearse into the air handfuls of brown tissue-paper slips, punctured with Chinese characters. Sometimes, at his burial-processions, he gives a small piece of money to every person met on the road. Over the grave he beats gongs and sets off packs of fire-crackers. On it he leaves cooked meats, drink, delicacies and lighted wax tapers. Eventually the bones are disinterred and shipped to his native land. In the remotest mining-districts of California are found Chinese graves thus opened and emptied of their inmates. I have in one instance seen him, so far as he was permitted, render some of these funeral honors to an American. The deceased had gained this honor by treating the Chinese as though they were partners in our common humanity. "Missa Tom," as he was termed by them, they knew they could trust. He acquired among them a reputation as the one righteous American in their California Gomorrah. Chinamen would come to him from distant localities, that he might overlook their bills of sale and other documents used in business intercourse with the white man. Their need of such an honest adviser was great. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers often took advantage of their ignorance of the English language, written or spoken. "Missa Tom" suddenly died. I had occasion to visit his farm a few days after his death, and on the first night of my stay there saw the array of meats, fruit, wine and burning tapers on a table in front of the house, which his Chinese friends told me was intended as an offering to "Missa Tom's" spirit.

We will dive for a moment into a Chinese wash-cellar. "John" does three-fourths of the washing of California. His lavatories are on every street. "Hip Tee, Washing and Ironing," says the sign, evidently the first production of an amateur in lettering. Two doors above is the establishment of Tong Wash—two below, that of Hi Sing. Hip Tee and five assistants are busy ironing. The odor is a trinity of steam, damp clothes and opium. More Mongolian tongues are heard from smoky recesses in the rear. As we enter, Hip Tee is blowing a shower of moisture from his mouth, "very like a whale." This is his method of dampening the linen preparatory to ironing. It is a skilled performance. The fluid leaves his lips as fine as mist. If we are on business we leave our bundles, and in return receive a ticket covered with hieroglyphics. These indicate the kind and number of the garments left to be cleansed, and some distinguishing mark (supposing this to be our first patronage of Hip Tee) by which we may be again identified. It may be by a pug nose, a hare lip, red hair, no hair or squint eyes. They never ask one's name, for they can neither pronounce nor write it when it is given. The ticket is an unintelligible tracery of lines, curves, dots and dashes, made by a brush dipped in India ink on a shred of flimsy Chinese paper. It may teem with abuse and ridicule, but you must pocket all that, and produce it on calling again, or your shirts and collars go into the Chinese Circumlocution Wash-house Office. It is very difficult getting one's clothes back if the ticket be lost—very. Hip Tee now dabs a duplicate of your ticket in a long book, and all is over. You will call on Saturday night for your linen. You do so. There is apparently the same cellar, the same smell of steam, damp clothes and opium, the same sputter of sprinkling water, and apparently the same Hip Tee and assistants with brown shaven foreheads and long cues hanging straight down behind or coiled in snake-like fashion about their craniums. You present your ticket. Hip Tee examines it and shakes his head. "No good—oder man," he says, and points up the street. You are now perplexed and somewhat alarmed. You say: "John, I want my clothes. I left them here last Monday. You gave me that ticket." "No," replies Hip Tee very decidedly, "oder man;" and again he waves his arm upward. Then you are wroth. You abuse, expostulate, entreat, and talk a great deal of English, and some of it very strong English, which Hip Tee does not understand; and Hip Tee talks a great deal of Chinese, and perhaps strong Chinese, which you do not understand. You commence sentences in broken Chinese and terminate them in unbroken English. Hip Tee commences sentences in broken English and terminates them in pure Chinese, from a like inability to express his indignation in a foreign tongue. "What for you no go oder man? No my ticket—tung sung lung, ya hip kee—*ping!*" he cries; and all this time the assistants are industriously ironing and spouting mist, and leisurely making remarks in their sing-song unintelligibility which you feel have uncomplimentary reference to yourself. Suddenly a light breaks upon you. This is not Hip Tee's cellar, this is not Hip Tee. It is the establishment of Hi Sing. This is Hi Sing himself who for the last half hour has been endeavoring with his stock of fifteen English words to make you understand that you are in the wrong house. But these Chinese, as to faces and their wash-houses, and all the paraphernalia of their wash-houses, are so much alike that this is an easy mistake to make. You find the lavatory of Hip Tee, who pronounces the hieroglyphics all correct, and delivers you your lost and found shirts clean, with half the buttons broken, and the bosoms pounded, scrubbed and frayed into an irregular sort of embroidery.

"He can only dig, cook and wash," said the American miner contemptuously years ago: "he can't work rock." To work rock in mining parlance is to be skillful in boring Earth's stony husk after mineral. It is to be proficient in sledging, drilling and blasting. The Chinaman seemed to have no aptitude for this labor. He was content to use his pick and shovel in the gravel-banks: metallic veins of gold, silver or copper he left entirely to the white man.

Yet it was a great mistake to suppose he could not "work rock," or do anything else required of him. John is a most apt and intelligent labor-machine. Show him once your tactics in any operation, and ever after he imitates them as accurately as does the parrot its memorized sentences. So when the Pacific Railroad was being bored through the hard granite of the Sierras it was John who handled the drill and sledge as well as the white laborer. He was hurled by thousands on that immense work, and it was the tawny hand of China that hewed out hundreds of miles for the transcontinental pathway. Nor is this all. He is crowding into one avenue of employment after another in California. He fills our woolen- and silk-mills; he makes slippers and binds shoes; he is skilled in the use of the sewing-machine; cellar after cellar in San Francisco is filled with these Celestial brownies rolling cigars; his fishing-nets are in every bay and inlet; he is employed in scores of the lesser establishments for preserving fruit, grinding salt, making matches, etc. He would quickly jump into the places of the carpenter, mason and blacksmith were he allowed, for there are numbers of them whose knowledge of these and other trades is sufficient at least to render them useful as assistants. He is handy on shipboard: the Panama steamers carry Chinese foremast hands. He is preferred as a house-servant: the Chinese boy of fourteen or sixteen learns quickly to cook and wash in American fashion. He is neat in person, can be easily ruled, does not set up an independent sovereignty in the kitchen, has no followers, will not outshine his mistress in attire; and, although not perfect, yet affords a refreshing change from our Milesian tyrants of the roast and wash-tub. But when you catch this Celestial domestic treasure, be sure that the first culinary operations performed for his instruction are correctly manipulated, for his imitativeness is of a cast-iron rigidity. Once in the mould, it can only with great difficulty be altered. Burn your toast or your pudding, and he is apt to regard the accident as the rule.

The young Chinese, especially in San Francisco, are anxious to acquire an English education. They may not attend the public schools. A few years since certain Chinese mission-schools were established by the joint efforts of several religious denominations. Young ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services on Sunday to teach these Chinese children to read. They make eager, apt and docile pupils. Great is their pride on mastering a few lines of English text. They become much attached to their teachers, and it is possible, if the vote of the latter were taken, it would evidence more liking for their yellow, long-cued pupils than for any class of white children. But while so assiduous to learn, it is rather doubtful whether much real religious impression is made upon them. It is possible that their home-training negatives that.

We have spoken entirely of the Chinaman. What of the Chinawoman in America? In California the word "Chinawoman" is synonymous with what is most vile and disgusting. Few, very few, of a respectable class are in the State. The slums of London and New York are as respectable thoroughfares compared with the rows of "China alleys" in the heart of San Francisco. These can hardly be termed "abandoned women." They have had no sense of virtue, propriety or decency to abandon. They are ignorant of the disgrace of their calling: if the term may be allowed, they pursue it innocently. Many are scarcely more than children. They are mere commodities, being by their own countrymen bought in China, shipped and consigned to factors in California, and there sold for a term of years.

The Chinaman has bitter enemies in San Francisco: they thirst to annihilate him. He is accustomed to blows and brickbats; he is legitimate game for rowdies, both grown and juvenile; and children supposed to be better trained can scarce resist the temptation of snatching at his pig-tail as he passes through their groups in front of the public schools. Even on Sundays nice little boys coming from Sabbath-school, with their catechisms tucked under their jackets, and texts enjoining mercy and gentleness fresh upon their lips, will sometimes salute the benighted heathen as he passes by with a volley of stones. If he turns on his small assailants, he is apt to meet larger ones. Men are not wanting, ready and panting, to take up the quarrel thus wantonly commenced by the offspring of the "superior race." There are hundreds of families, who came over the sea to seek in America the comfort and prosperity denied them in the land of their birth, whose children from earliest infancy are inculcated with the sentiment that the Chinaman is a dog, a pest and a curse. On the occasion of William H. Seward's visit to a San Francisco theatre, two Chinese merchants were hissed and hooted by the gallery mob from a box which they had ventured to occupy. This assumption of style and exclusiveness proved very offensive to the shirt-sleeved, upper-tier representatives of the "superior race," who had assembled in large numbers to catch a glimpse of one of the black man's great champions. Ethiopia could have sat in that box in perfect safety, but China in such a place was the red rag rousing the ire of the Democratic bull. John has a story of his own to carry back home from a Christian land.

For this prejudice and hostility there are provocative causes, although they may not be urged in extenuation. The Chinaman is a dangerous competitor for the white laborer; and when the latter, with other and smaller mouths to feed, once gets the idea implanted in his mind that the bread is being taken from them by what he deems a semi-human heathen, whose beliefs, habits, appearance and customs are distasteful to him, there are all the conditions ready for a state of mind toward the almond-eyed Oriental which leans far away from brotherly love.

Brotherly love sometimes depends on circumstances. "Am I not a man and brother?" cries John from his native shore. "Certainly," we respond. Pass round the hat—let us take up a contribution for the conversion of the poor heathen. The coins clink thickly in the bottom of the charitable chapeau. We return home, feeling ourselves raised an inch higher heavenward.

"Am I not a man and brother?" cries John in our midst, digging our gold, setting up opposition laundries and wheeling sand at half a dollar per day less wages. "No. Get out, ye long-tailed baste! An' wad ye put me on a livil with that—that baboon?" Pass round the hat. The coins mass themselves more thickly than ever. For what? To buy muskets, powder and ball. Wherefore? Wait! More than once has the demagogue cried, "Drive them into the sea!"

PRENTICE MULFORD.

# A WINTER REVERIE.

WE stood amid the rustling gloom alone
  That night, while from the blue plains overhead,
With golden kisses thickly overblown,
  A shooting star into the darkness sped.
  "'Twas like Persephone, who ran," we said,
"Away from Love." The grass sprang round our feet,
The purple lilacs in the dusk smelled sweet,
And the black demon of the train sped by,
Rousing the still air with his long, loud cry.

The slender rim of a young rising moon
  Hung in the west as you leaned on the bar
And spun a thread of some sweet April tune,
  And wished a wish and named the falling star.
  We heard a brook trill in the fields afar;
The air wrapped round us that entrancing fold
Of vanishing sweet stuff that mortal hold
Can never grasp—the mist of dreams—as down
The street we went in that fair foreign town.

I might have whispered of my love that night,
  But something wrapped you as a shield around,
And held me back: your quiver of affright,
  Your startled movement at some sudden sound—
  A night-bird rustling on the leafy ground—
Your hushed and tremulous whisper of alarm,
Your beating heart pressed close against my arm,—
All, all were sweet; and yet *my* heart beat true,
Nor shrined one wish I might not breathe to you.

So when we parted little had been said:
  I left you standing just within the door,
With the dim moonlight streaming on your head
  And rippling softly on the checkered floor.
  I can remember even the dress you wore—
Some dainty white Swiss stuff that floated round
Your supple form and trailed upon the ground,
While bands of coral bound each slender wrist,
Studded with one great purple amethyst.

* * * * *

My story is not much—is it?—to tell:
  It seems a wandering line of music, faint,
Whose sweet pathetic measures rise and swell,
  Then, strangled, fall with curious restraint.
  'Tis like the pictures that the artists paint,
With shadows forward thrown into the light
From the real figures hidden out of sight.
And is not life crossed in this strange, sad way
With dreams whose shadows lengthen day by day?

But you, dear heart—sweet heart loved all these years—
  Will recognize the passion of the strain:
Who eats the lotos-flower of Love with tears,
  Will know the rapture of that numb, vague pain
  Which thrills the heart and stirs the languid brain.
All day amid the toiling throng we strive,
While in our heart these sacred, sweet loves thrive,
And in choice hours we show them, white and cool
Like lilies floating on a troubled pool.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

# "PASSPORTS, GENTLEMEN!"

THE close of July, 1870, found our party tarrying for a few days at Geneva. We had left home with the intention of "doing" Europe in less than four months. June and July were already gone, but in that time, traveling as only Americans can, Great Britain, Belgium, the Rhine country and portions of Switzerland had been visited and admired. We were now pausing for a few days to take breath and prepare for yet wider flights. Our proposed route from Geneva would lead us through Northern Germany, returning by way of Paris to London and Liverpool.

We had intentionally left Paris for the last, hoping that the Communist disturbances would be completely quieted before September. At this time their forces had been recently routed, and the Versailles troops were occupying the capital. The leaders of the Commune were scattered in every direction, and, if newspaper accounts were to be believed, were being captured in every city of France. Especially was this true of the custom-house upon the Swiss frontier, where report said that more than one leading Communist had been stopped by the lynx-eyed officials, who would accept no substitute for the signed and countersigned passport, and hold no parley until such a passport had been presented.

In view of these facts, the American minister in Paris had issued a circular letter to citizens of the United States traveling abroad, requesting them to see that their passports had the official visé before attempting to enter France, thus saving themselves and friends a large amount of unnecessary trouble and delay. Nothing was said of those who might think proper to attempt an entrance *without* a passport, such temerity being in official eyes beyond all advice or protection. Influenced by this letter and several facts which had come under our notice proving the uncertainty of all things, and especially of travel in France, we saw that our passports were made officially correct.

While at Geneva our party separated for a few days. My friends proposed making an expedition up the lake, while I arranged to spend a day and night at Aix-les-Bains, a small town in the south of France. My object in visiting it was not to enjoy the sulphur-baths for which it is famous, but to see some friends who were spending the summer there. I had written, telling them to expect me by the five o'clock train on Wednesday afternoon. As my stay was to be so brief, I left my valise at the hotel in Geneva, and found myself now, for the first time, separated from that trusty sable friend which had until this hour been my constant companion by day and night.

The train was just leaving the station when a lady sitting opposite to me, with her back to the locomotive, asked, in French, if I would be willing to change seats. Catching her meaning rather by her gestures than words, I inquired in English if she would like my seat, and found by her reply that I was traveling with an English lady.

I should here explain that although I had studied the French language as part of my education, I found it impossible to speak French with any fluency or understand it when spoken. My newly-made friend, however (for friend she proved herself), spoke French and English with equal fluency.

In the process of comparing notes (so familiar to all travelers) mention was made of the recent war and the unwonted strictness and severity of the custom-house officials. In an instant my hand was upon my pocket-book, only to find that I had neglected to take my passport from my valise.

The embarrassment of the situation flashed upon me, and my troubled countenance revealed to my companion that something unusual had occurred. I answered her inquiring look by saying that I had left my passport in Geneva. Her immediate sympathy was only equaled by her evident alarm. She said there was but one thing to be done—return instantly for it. I fully agreed with her, but found, to my dismay, upon consulting a guide-book, that our train was an express, which did not stop before reaching Belgarde, the frontier-town.

I would willingly have pulled the bell-rope had there been any, and stopped the train at any cost, but it was impossible, and nothing remained but to sit quietly while I was relentlessly hurried into the very jaws of the French officials. The misery of the situation was aggravated by the fact that I could not command enough French to explain how I came to be traveling without a passport. As a last resort, I applied to my friend, begging her to explain to the officer at the custom-house that I was a citizen of the United States, and had left my passport in Geneva. This she readily promised to do, although I could see that she had but little faith in the result. After a ride of an hour, during which my reflections were none of the pleasantest, we arrived at Belgarde. Here the doors of the railway carriages were thrown open, and we were politely requested to alight. We stepped out upon a platform swarming with fierce gendarmes, whom I regarded attentively, wondering which of them was destined to become my protector. From the platform we were ushered into a large room communicating by a narrow passage with a second room, into which our baggage was being carried. One by one my fellow-passengers approached the narrow and (to me) gloomy passage and presented their passports. These were closely scanned by the officer in charge, handed to an assistant to be countersigned, and the holder, all being right, was passed into the second room. Our turn soon came, and, accompanied by the English lady, I approached my fate.

Her passport was declared to be official, and handing it back the officer looked inquiringly at me. My friend then began her explanation. As I stood attentively regarding the officer's face, I could see his puzzled look change into one of comprehension, and then of amusement. To her inquiry he replied that there would be no objection under the circumstances to my returning to Geneva and procuring my passport. Encouraged by the favorable turn my fortunes had taken, I asked, through my friend, if it would be possible for me to go on without a passport. An instantaneous change passed over his countenance, and, shrugging his shoulders, he replied that it was impossible: there was a second custom-house at Culoz, where I should certainly be stopped, forced to explain how I had passed Belgarde, and severely punished for attempting to enter without a passport. I did not, however, wait for him to finish his angry harangue, but passed on to the second room, where I was soon joined by my interpreting friend, who explained to me in full what I had already learned from the officer's countenance and gesture. She thought that I was fortunate in escaping so easily, and advised an immediate return to Geneva. I again consulted my guide-book, and found that there was no return train for several hours, and consequently that I should arrive in Geneva too late to start for Aix-les-Bains that night. This would necessitate waiting until Thursday, and perhaps force me to give up the trip, for our seats were engaged in the Chamouni coach for Friday morning. I imagined my friends in vain awaiting my arrival at Aix, and the smiles of our party when they found me in Geneva upon their return from the lake. But, more than all, the possibility of not reaching Aix at all troubled me, for I was very anxious to see my friends there, and had written home that I intended to see them.

I found by my guide-book that our train reached Culoz before the Geneva return train; so on the instant I formed the desperate resolve of running the blockade at Belgarde, and if I found it impossible to pass the custom-house at Culoz, *there* to take the return train for Geneva. I walked to the platform as if merely accompanying my friend, stood for a moment at the door of the carriage conversing with her, and then, as the train started for Culoz, quickly stepped in and shut the door. Her dismay was really pitiable: had I not been somewhat troubled in mind myself, I should have laughed outright. She saw nothing before me but certain destruction, and I am free to confess that the prospect of a telegram flashing over the wires at that moment from Belgarde to Culoz was not reassuring. The die, however, had been cast, and now nothing remained but to endure in silence the interminable hour which must elapse ere we should reach Culoz. There we were to change cars, the Geneva train going on to Paris, while we took the train on the opposite platform for Aix-les-Bains. This necessitated passing through the dépôt, and passing through the dépôt was passing through the custom house. As our train stopped in front of the fatal door, and one by one the passengers filed into it and were lost to sight, I seemed to see written above the door, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" It was simply rushing into the jaws of fate: there was not the slightest possibility of my being able to pass through that dépôt unchallenged. I should be carried on to Paris if I remained in the train; I should be arrested if I remained on the platform; I was discovered if I entered the custom-house. Eagerly I glanced around for some means of escape. Every instant the number of passengers on the platform was decreasing, the danger of discovery rapidly increasing.

I had feared lest some benevolent French officer, anxious for my safety, would be found waiting to assist me in alighting: I was thankful to find that I should be allowed to assist myself, and that no one paid any particular attention to me. As I stood there hesitating what course to pursue, and feeling how much easier my mind at this moment would be were I waiting on the Belgarde platform, I noticed a door standing open a few steps to the left. Without any further hesitation I walked directly in, to find myself in a railroad restaurant. It proved to be a tower of refuge.

No one had noticed me. There were other passengers in the room, waiting for the Paris train; so, joining myself to them, I remained there until the custom-house doors were closed and the guards had left the platform. The question now arose, How should I reach the opposite platform? The train might start at any moment: the only legitimate passage was closed. I knew that the attempt would be fraught with danger, yet I felt that it was now too late to draw back. If I remained any length of time in the restaurant, I should be suspected and discovered; and as I thought of that moment a terrific scene arose before my mind in which an excited French official thundered at me in his choicest French, while I stood silent, unable to explain who I was, how I came there, whither I was going; I imagined myself being searched for treasonable documents and none being found; I seemed to see my captors consulting how they could best compel me to tell what I knew. These scenes and others of like nature entertained me while I waited for the coast—or rather platform—to be cleared. When at length all the immediate guards were gone, I started out to find my way, if possible, to the train for Aix. I have read of travelers cutting their way through trackless forests, of ice-bound mariners anxiously seeking the North-west passage, and, worse than all, of luckless countrymen wandering bewildered through the streets of Boston; but I am confident that no traveler, mariner or countryman ever sought his way with more circumspection and diligence than I in my search for a passage between those two platforms.

As I glanced cautiously up and down I saw a door standing open at some little distance. Around that door all my hopes were immediately centred. It might lead directly to the custom-house; it might be the entrance to the barracks of the guards; it might be—I knew not what; but it might afford a passage to the other platform.

I walked quickly to the door, glanced in, saw no one and entered. The room was a baggage-room, and at that moment unoccupied. It instantly occurred to me that a baggage-room *ought* to open on both platforms. I felt as though I could have shouted "Eureka!" and I am confident that the joy of Archimedes as he rushed through the streets of Syracuse was no greater than mine as I felt that I had so unexpectedly discovered the passage I was seeking. Passing through this room, I found myself in a second, like the former unoccupied. It had occurred to me that all the doors might be closed, and the thought had considerably abated my rejoicing; but no! I saw a door which stood invitingly open.

No guards were stationed on the platform; so I stepped out, and before me stood the train for Aix, into which my fellow-passengers were entering, some of them still holding their passports in their hands. Taking my seat in one of the carriages, in a few moments the train started and I was on my way to Aix. The relief was unspeakably great. An instant before it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save me from a French guard-house, and now, by the simplest combination of circumstances, in which a restaurant and baggage-room bore an important part, I had passed unchallenged. I remember that I enjoyed the scenery and views along the route from Culoz to Aix more than while passing from Belgarde to Culoz.

My friends were found expecting me upon my arrival, and joined in congratulating me upon my happy escape. A night and day were passed very pleasantly, and then arose the question of return.

I suggested telegraphing to Geneva for my passport, but that was vetoed, and it was decided that I should return as I had come—passportless. I confess that the attempt seemed somewhat hazardous. If it was dangerous to attempt an entrance into France, how much more so to attempt an exit, especially when the custom-house force had been doubled with the sole object that all possibility of escape might be precluded, and that any one passing Culoz might be stopped at Belgarde! It was urged, however, that our seats had been engaged in the diligence for Friday morning, and to send for the passport would consume considerable time—would certainly delay the party until Saturday, and perhaps until Monday, which delay would seriously affect all their plans, time being so limited and so many places remaining to be visited. I had passed once, why not again? Influenced by these facts, and thinking what a triumph it would be once more to baffle French vigilance, I determined to attempt the return. There was a train leaving Aix about eight P. M., reaching Geneva at eleven: it was decided that I should take this train. I had arranged a vague plan of action, although I expected to depend rather upon the suggestion of the moment.

It was quite dark when we reached Culoz. As the train arrived at the platform, and we were obliged again to change cars, I thought of the friendly restaurant; but no! the restaurant was closed, and moreover a company of gendarmes was present to see that every one entered the door leading to the custom-house. There was no room for hesitation or delay. I entered under protest, but still I entered.

In a moment I perceived the desperate situation. The room had two doors—one opening upon the platform from which we had just come, and now guarded by an officer; the other leading to the opposite platform, and there stood the custom-house officer receiving and inspecting the passports. It was indeed Scylla and Charybdis. If I attempted to pass the officer without a passport, I was undone; if I remained until all the other passengers had passed out, I was undone. For an instant I felt as if I had better give up the unequal contest. The forces of the enemy were too many for me. I saw that I had been captured: why fight against Fate? A moment's reflection, however, restored my courage. It was evident that one thing alone remained to be done: that was to find my way out of the door by which I had just entered, as speedily as possible. But there stood the guard.

The train by which we had come was still before the platform: an idea suggested itself. Acting as if I had left some article in the train, I stepped hurriedly up to the guard, who, catching my meaning, made way for me without a word. Once upon the platform, I resolved never again to enter that door except as a prisoner. The guard followed me with his eyes for a moment, and then, seeing me open one of the carriage doors, turned back to his post. As soon as I perceived that I was no longer watched I glided off in the opposite direction under the shadows of the platform. I was looking for a certain door which I remembered well as a friend in need. I knew not in which direction it lay, nor could I have recognized it if shut; but hardly had I gone ten steps when the same door stood open before me. It was the act of an instant to spring through it, out of sight of the guard. Why this door and baggage-room should have been left thus open and unguarded when such evident and scrutinizing care was taken in every other quarter, I have to this day been unable to understand. But for that fact I should have found it utterly impossible to pass that custom-house going or coming.

Once in the baggage-room, the way was familiar, and, passing into the second room, I found the door open as on the day previous, and in a moment stood undiscovered upon the platform. Entering the waiting train, I was soon on the way to Belgarde.

My only thought during the ride was, What shall I do when we arrive at Belgarde? I expected to see the doors thrown open as before, and hear again the polite invitation to enter the custom-house. Was it not certain detection to refuse? was it not equally dangerous to obey? The officer at Belgarde had seen me the day before, and warned me not to go to Culoz. What reception would he give me when he saw me attempting to return? Or it might be he would not remember me, and then in the darkness and confusion I should surely be taken for an escaping Communist. That I had passed Culoz was no comfort when I remembered that this would only aggravate my guilt in their eyes.

The case did indeed seem desperate. Willingly would I have jumped out and walked the entire distance to Geneva, if I might only thus escape that terrible custom-house, which every moment loomed up more terrifically. At length this troubled hour was passed: we had arrived at Belgarde, and the moment for action had come. I had determined to avoid the custom-house at all hazards. When the doors were thrown open I expected to alight, but not to enter. My plan was to find some sheltering door, or even corner, where I could remain until the others had presented their passports and were beginning to return, then join them and take my seat as before. The dépôt at Belgarde was brilliantly lighted, and the gendarmes pacing to and fro in the gaslight seemed not only to have increased in numbers, but to have acquired an additional ferocity since the day previous.

As I looked out my spirit sank within me. I could only brace myself for the coming crisis. For several moments nothing was said or done. The doors remained shut, and no one seemed at all concerned about our presence. Each minute appeared an hour as I sat there awaiting my fate. The suspense was becoming too great: I felt that my stock of self-possession was entirely deserting me. At length I began to hope that they were satisfied with the examination at Culoz, and would allow us to pass unchallenged. Just at that moment, as hope was dawning into certainty, the door opened and the custom-house officer entered with a polite bow, while a body of gendarmes drew up behind him upon the platform. He uttered two French words, and I needed no interpreter to tell me that they were "Passports, gentlemen!"

I shuddered as I saw him standing so near, within reach of my arm. There were six persons besides myself in the carriage, and I was occupying a seat beside the door farthest from the platform. Any one who has seen a European railway-carriage will understand me when I say that I sat next to the right-hand door, while he had entered by the left. One by one the passports were handed up to him until he held six in his hand.

With the rest of the passengers I had taken out my pocket-book and searched as if for my passport, but had handed none to him, and now I sat awaiting developments. I saw that he would read the six passports, and then turn to me for the seventh.

The desperate thought flashed upon me of opening the door and escaping into the darkness. The carriage itself was so dimly lighted that I could barely see the face of my opposite neighbor, and I therefore hoped to be able to slip out without any one perceiving it. The attempt was desperate, but so was the situation. The officer was buried in the passports, holding them near his face to catch the dim light. The door was fastened upon the outside, and so, watching him, I leaned far out of the window until I was able to reach the catch and unfasten the door. A slight push, and it swung noiselessly open. I glanced at the officer: he was intently reading the *last* passport. I had placed one foot upon the outside step, and was about to glide out into the darkness, when he laid the paper down and looked directly at me.

It would have been madness to attempt an escape with his eyes upon me; so, assuming as nonchalant a look as my present feelings would allow, I answered his inquiring glance with one of confident assurance.

He saw my nonchalant expression. He saw the open pocket-book in my hand. He had *not* counted the number of passports. All the passengers were settling themselves to sleep. It must be all right; so, with a polite "Bon soir, messieurs!" he bowed and left the carriage. My sensation of relief may be better imagined than described. Hardly had he left our carriage when we heard the sound of voices and hurrying feet upon the platform, and looking out saw some unfortunate individual carried off under guard. I trembled as I thought how narrowly I had escaped his fate. In a few moments, however, we were safely on our way to Geneva, and as we sped on into the darkness, while congratulating myself upon my fortunate escape, I firmly resolved to be better prepared for the emergency the next time I should hear those memorable words, "Passports, gentlemen!" A. H.

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### THE CORNWALLIS FAMILY.

THE death was lately announced of two of the last survivors—only one of the name is now left—of a family whose chief played a very conspicuous, and for himself unfortunate, part in this country a century ago — the marquis Cornwallis. His only son, who married a daughter of the celebrated match-making duchess of Gordon, left no male issue, but five daughters. Two of them, the countess of St. Germans—wife of the earl who accompanied the prince of Wales on his visit here—and Lady Braybrook, died some years ago; and recently Lady Mary Ross, whose husband edited the correspondence of the first marquis, and Lady Louisa, who never married, have also gone to their graves.

The family of Cornwallis is very ancient, and can point to many distinguished members. Its ancestral seat is at Brome, in Suffolk. This is a fine old mansion, and the hall, which is very lofty and open to the roof, is an excellent specimen of the work of other days. The chapel contains capital oak carving. In the village church there are monuments worth notice of the family.

Following the fate of so many other places, Brome passed after the death of the second marquis to a *novus homo*, one Matthias Kerrison, who, having begun life as a carpenter, contrived in various ways to acquire a colossal fortune. His son rose to distinction in the army, obtained a seat in Parliament, which he held for thirty years, and was created a baronet.

He left at his death a son and three daughters. The former, long married, is childless. The sisters are respectively the wives of Earl Stanhope, the well-known historian; Lord Henniker, a wealthy Suffolk proprietor; and Lord Bateman. It is understood that under the late baronet's will the son of the last will, in the event of the present baronet dying childless, succeed to the property. It will thus be observed that Brome, after having been for four centuries in one family, is destined to change hands repeatedly in a few years.

When the second Marquis Cornwallis died sonless, the marquisate became extinct, but the earldom passed to his first cousin. This nobleman, by no means an able or admirable person, married twice. By his first marriage he had a daughter, who married Charles Wykeham-Martin, Esq., M. P., whose father, by a concatenation of chances, became the owner of Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, in Kent—a splendid moated baronial pile, dating from the thirteenth century, but added to and improved in admirable taste. Leeds was formerly the property of the Fairfax family, whose chief, the present lord, resides near Washington. It came to them from the once famous family of Colepepper.

Earl Cornwallis married a second time late in life, and had an only daughter, Lady Julia. From that time his one idea seemed to be to accumulate for this child, and accordingly at his death she was the greatest heiress in England, her long minority serving to add immensely to her father's hoards. Of course, when the time approached for her entering society under the chaperonage of her cousins, the marquis's daughters, speculation was very rife in the London world as to whom she would marry, and many a mamma of high degree cast sheep's eyes at the heiress, and thought how charmingly her accumulations would serve to clear the encumbrances on certain acres. But they were not kept long in suspense. One night during the London season, when the ladies Cornwallis gave a grand ball, a damper was cast over the proceedings, so far at least as aspirants to the heiress's money-bags were concerned, by the announcement of her engagement. Said a lady to a gentleman in the course of that evening, "Most extraordinary! There seem to be no men in the room to-night." "Why, of course not," was the rejoinder, "after this fatal news." Lady Julia's choice fell upon a young officer in the Guards, Viscount Holmesdale, eldest son of Earl Amherst. Lord Holmesdale was unexceptionable in point of position, but his pecuniary position was such as to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year a very agreeable addition to his income. It may, however, be a satisfaction to those less richly endowed with this world's goods than Lady Holmesdale to reflect that being an heiress generally proves rather the reverse of a passport to matrimonial bliss; and by all accounts she is no exception to the usual fate in this respect. We can't have everything in this world.

Lady Holmesdale's property was tied up by her old father (whose whole thoughts were given to this end, and who was in the habit of carrying his will on his person) to such a degree that in the event of her death her husband can only derive a very slight benefit from his wife's property beyond the insurances which may have been effected on her life. She is childless, and has very precarious health. Her principal seat is Linton Park, near Maidstone, Kent, in which county she is the largest landowner. In the event of her dying without issue, her estates pass to the son of Major Fiennes Cornwallis, who was second son of the late Mr. Wykeham-Martin by Lady Holmesdale's elder half-sister.

A cousin of Lady Holmesdale, Miss Cornwallis, the last representative of a third branch, died some years ago. This lady, who possessed rare literary and social acquirements, bequeathed her property to Major Wykeham-Martin, who thereupon changed his name to Cornwallis. The major, a gallant officer, one of those of whom Tennyson says,

> Into the jaws of death
> Rode the six hundred,

only survived the Balaklava charge to die a few years later through an accident in the hunting-field. "A fine, modest young officer," was Thackeray's verdict about him, when, after dinner at "Tom Phinn's," a noted bachelor barrister of eminence whose little dinners were not the least agreeable in London, the story of that famous ride had been coaxed out of the young *militaire*, who, if left to himself, would never have let you have a notion that he had seen such splendid service. The only Cornwallis now left is Lady Elizabeth, granddaughter of the first marquis.

### NOVELTIES IN ETHNOLOGY.

Two savants of high reputation have lately undertaken to seek out the origin of that German race which has just put itself at the head of military Europe. One is Wilhelm Obermüller, a German ethnologist, member of the Vienna Geographical Society, whose startling theory nevertheless is that the Germans are the direct descendants of Cain! The other scholar, M. Quatrefages, a man of still greater reputation, devotes himself to a proposition almost as extraordinary—namely, that the Prussian pedigree is Finn and Slav, with only a small pinch of Teuton, and hence, in an ethnographical view, is anti-German!

That M. Quatrefages should maintain such a postulate, his patriotism if not his scientific reputation might lead us to expect; but that Obermüller should be so eager to trace German origin back to the first murderer is rather more suprising. Obermüller's work embraces in its general scope the origin of all European nations, but the most striking part is that relating to Germany. He holds that, from the remotest era, the Celto-Aryan race, starting from the plain of Tartary, the probable cradle of mankind, split into two great branches—one the Oriental Aryans, and the other the Western Aryans, or Celts. The former—who, as he proceeds to show, were no other than the descendants of Cain—betook themselves to China, which land they found inhabited by the Mongolians, another great primordial race; and we are told that the Mongolians are indicated when mention is made in Scripture of Cain's marriage in the land of Nod. The intermixture of Cainists and Mongolians produced the Turks, while the pure

Cainist tribes formed the German people, under the name of Swabians (Chinese, *Siampi*), Goths (*Yeuten* in Chinese) and Ases (*Sachsons*). Such, in brief, is the curious theory of Obermüller.

The question next arises, How is it that we find the Germans transplanted from the Hoang-Ho to the Rhine? We are told that, being driven out of China by the Turks, they poured into the European countries which the Celts or Western Aryans had already occupied. These latter had in the mean time gone out from the Asiatic cradle of the race, and following the course of the Indus to Hindostan and Persia, had, under the name of Chaldeans, overrun Armenia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt and North Africa, which latter they found inhabited by certain negro races, whereas in Egypt they discovered red-skins or Atlantides; which latter, by the way, form also our own aborigines. The intermixture of the Celts with these primitive races just named produced the Jews and Semitic people. At the time of the Celtic invasion Western Europe and Northern Africa were occupied by the race of the Atlantides, while the Mongolians, including also the Lapps, Finns and Huns, peopled the north of Europe and of Asia. The Celts pushed in between these two races, and only very much later the German people, driven out of China by the Turks, as we have said, arrived in Europe.

When, therefore, did these Cainist invasions of Germany take place? Obermüller says that the date must have been toward the epoch of the Roman conquests. Gallia was then inhabited in the south by the primitive Atlantid race of Ligurians and by the Greek colony of Massilia; in the centre by the Gaelags (Celts) or Gauls, who, pouring northward from Spain, had conquered it fifteen hundred years before the Christian era; and in the north by the Belgic Cimbrians, who had come from Germany, and who were designated under the name of Germans (*Ghermann*) or border-men, and who, though called *Germani* by Cæsar and Tacitus, were yet not of the Cainist stock, but Celts. However, these Germans, whom the Romans encountered to their cost on the Rhine and Danube, were of the genuine Oriental Cainist stock, and these, after centuries of fierce struggle, they failed to conquer, though the Celts of Britain, Gaul and Spain, as well as all the old empires of the East, had fallen an easy prey to their victorious eagles.

It only remains to add that this invasion of Germany by Cain's progeny was accomplished in three streams. The Ases (Sachsons) directed themselves to the Elbe and Danube, and thence to the north; the Suevi, or Swabians, chose the centre and south of Germany; while the Goths did not rest till they had overrun Italy, Southern France and Spain. But each of these three main streams was composed of many tribes, whom the old writers catalogue without system, mixing both Celtic and Teutonic tribes under the general name of Germans; and it is only in modern days that the careless enumeration of the classic writers has been rejected, and a more scientific method substituted. It will be seen, in fine, that in the main Obermüller does not differ from accepted theories in German ethnology, which have long carefully dissevered the Celts from the Teutons, and assigned to each tribe with approximate accuracy its earliest fixed abode in Europe. It is the tracing back of the German race proper to the first-born of Adam, according to scriptural genealogy, which makes this theory curious and amusing.

To the work of M. Quatrefages we have only space to devote a paragraph. Originally contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it bears the marks in its inferences, if not in its facts, of being composed for an audience of sympathizing countrymen, rather than for the world of science at large. M. Quatrefages says that the first dwellers in Prussia were Finns, who founded the stock, and were in turn overpowered by the Slavs, who imposed their language and customs on the whole of the Baltic region. The consequent mixture of Finns and Slavs created a population wholly un-German; and what dash of genuine Germanism

Prussia now has was subsequently acquired in the persons of sundry traders from Bremen, followed by a class of roving nobility, who entered the half-civilized country with their retainers in quest of spoils. Besides these elements, Prussia, like England and America, received in modern times an influx of French Huguenots; which M. Quatrefages naturally considers a piece of great good fortune for Prussia. Briefly, then, the French savant regards Prussia as German only in her nobility and upper-middle classes, while the substratum of population is a composition of Slav and Finn, and hence thoroughly anti-German. As, according to the old saying, if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar beneath, so, according to M. Quatrefages, we may suppose that scraping a Prussian would disclose a Finn. The political inferences which he draws are very fanciful. He traces shadowy analogies between the tactics of Von Moltke's veterans and the warlike customs of the ancient Slavs, and suggests that the basic origin of the Prussian population may lead it to cultivate a Russian alliance rather than an Austrian, forgetting, apparently, that by his own admission the ruling-classes of Prussia are German in origin, ideas and sympathies. L. S.

### THE STEAM-WHISTLE.

WHILE Mr. Ruskin was lately bewailing the bell-ringing propensity of mankind, the English Parliament and several American legislatures, city or State, were assaulting the greater nuisance of the steam-whistle, and trying to substitute bell-ringing for it. Mr. Ruskin's particular grievance was, that his own nerves were *crispé* by the incessant ding-dong of the church-bells of Florence summoning the devout to prayer, but he generalized his wrath. Possibly, he would have been less sensitive and fastidious regarding the musical carillons of the Italian city were he wont to dwell within ear-shot of an American factory or railroad-station. Not that Mr. Ruskin fails to appreciate—or, rather, to depreciate—railways in their connection with Italian landscapes; for, besides his series of complaints regarding the Florence bells, he denounces the railway from Rome to Naples, and the railway-tunnels under Monts Cenis and St. Gothard, and the railway-bridge leading into Venice, as enemies of the beautiful and picturesque in Nature. But it is the locomotive, independent of the shriek, that is his abomination; whereas a man less sensitive to sights, and (if possible) more sensitive to sounds, might pardon the cutting up of the landscape were his ear-drum spared from splitting.

Emerson asks, "What is so odious as noise?" But a *Saturday Reviewer* once devoted an elaborate essay to the eulogy of unmitigated noise, or rather to the keen enjoyment of it by children. People with enviable nerves and unenviable tastes often enjoy sounds in the ratio of their lack of melody—say, such every-day thoroughfare music as the slap and bang of coach-wheels on the cobble-stones; the creaking of street-cars round a sharp curve, like Milton's infernal doors "grating harsh thunder;" the squeaking falsettos of the cries by old-clothes' men, itinerant glaziers, fishmongers, fruiterers, tinkers and what not; the yells of rival coachmen at the railway-stations, giving one an idea of Bedlam; the street-fiddlers and violinists with horribly untuned instruments; the Italian open-air singers hoarsely shouting, "Shoo Fly" or "Viva Garibaldi! viva l'Italia!" the gongs beaten on steamboats and by hotel-runners at stations on the arrival of trains; the unearthly squeals and shrieks of new "musical instruments" sold cheap by street-peddlers; the horrible noise-producers which boys invent for the torture of nervous people—such, for example, as this present season's, which is happily styled "the devil's fiddle," or "the chicken-box," whose simplest form is an emptied tomato-can, with a string passed through the end and pulled with the rosined fingers. Now, that a man may be pleased with a rattle, even if it be only a car-rattle, is conceivable, but it is hard to understand how he can retain a relish for the squeal of a locomotive-whistle. The practice of summoning workmen to factories by this shrill monitor, of using it to announce the dinner-hour, the hour of resuming work after the nooning, and the hour of quitting work for the night, ought to be abolished everywhere. There is not the faintest excuse for it, because clocks and bells will do the same work exactly as well. On the other hand, the whistle causes perpetual irritation to the nervous, feeble and sick, and frequent cases of horses running away with fright at the sudden shriek, smashing property or destroying life.

Let us give moral aid and comfort to the campaign, Cisatlantic and Transatlantic, against the steam-whistle. In the local councils of Philadelphia, Camden and other cities it has been well opened in our country; in the House of Commons has been introduced a bill providing that "no person shall use or employ in any manufactory or any other place any steam-whistle or steam-trumpet for the purpose of summoning or dismissing workmen or persons employed, without the sanction of the sanitary authorities." They call this whistle, by the way, it would seem, the "American devil," for the Manchester *Examiner* congratulates its readers that the "American devil" has been taken by the throat, and ere long his yells will be heard no more.

John Leech, it is said, was actually driven from house to house in a vain effort to escape the nuisance of organ-grinders, whom he has immortalized in Punch by many exquisite sketches, showing that they know "the vally of peace and quietness." Some of his friends declare that this nuisance so worked on his nerves that he may be said to have died of organ-grinders. Holmes has immortalized the same guild of wandering minstrels as a sort of "crusaders sent from infernal clime to dock the ears of melody and break the legs of time." And yet the hand-organ, so often the subject of municipal legislation, is dulcet music compared with the steam-whistle, even when the latter instrument takes its most ambitiously artistic form of the "Calliope."

### SIAMESE NEWS

LETTERS recently received from Bangkok, Siam, bearing date July 25, 1872, give the following interesting items.

His Majesty has just appointed an English tutor to his royal brothers, associating with them some of the sons of the higher nobles to the number of twenty. This certainly indicates progress in liberal and enlarged views in a land where hitherto no noble, however exalted his rank or worthy his character, was considered a fit associate for the princes of the royal family, who have always been trained to hold themselves entirely aloof from those about them. The young king now on the throne has changed all this, and says he wishes not only that his brothers shall have the advantage of studying with others of their own age, but that they should thus learn to know their people better, and by mingling with them freely in their studies and sports acquire more liberal views of men and things than their ancestors had. He insists that his young brothers and their classmates shall stand on precisely the same footing, and each be treated by the teacher according to his merits. The king intends to appoint yet other teachers in his family for both boys and girls; and though perhaps the time may not yet have come, it is certainly not far distant, when Siam will sustain high schools and colleges, both literary and scientific.

The religious aspect of the nation is somewhat less promising. Though the royal edict gives protection to all religions, and permits every man to choose for himself in matters of conscience, it can scarcely be said that the two kings take any real interest in Christianity. They think less of Booddhism, its mystic creed and imposing ceremonies, and have made very many changes in the form of worship; but, apparently, they are no more Christians than were their respective fathers, the late first and second kings. They treat Christianity with outward respect, because they esteem it decorous to do so; and the same is true of the regent and prime minister; but none of them even profess any real regard for the worship of the true God. The concessions made thus far indicate progress in civilization, not in piety; and while the kings and their subjects are assuredly loosing their grasp on Booddhism, they are not reaching out to lay hold on Christianity. It seems rather as if the whole nation were swaying off into the frigid regions of skepticism, and, influenced by the example of many unworthy representatives of Christian countries, they live only for the luxuries and laxities of the present life. Priestly robes are much less frequently seen on the river and in the streets than formerly; and many of the clergy no longer reside at the temples, but with their families in their own houses; thus relinquishing even the pretence of celibacy, which has hitherto been one of the very strongest points of Booddhism, giving it an appearance of sanctity and a hold on the affections of the people that nothing else can do. With this rapidly-increasing renunciation of priestly celibacy and the daily-diminishing ranks of the clergy, Booddhism, the mammoth religion of the world, seems tottering to ruin, and even the present generation may see its utter demolition, at least so far as Siam is concerned. Services at the temples are now held in imitation of English morning and evening prayers; a moral essay is read, at which the body-guards of the kings and the government officers are generally required to be present, and the remainder of the day they are excused from duty, instead of being kept, as formerly, Sundays and week-days, in almost perpetual attendance on His Majesty.

The supreme king is now in his twentieth year, and will take the reins of government this year. He is tall and slight in person, gentlemanlike in manners, perfectly well bred, and always courteous to strangers, though even more modest and unassuming than was his father, the priest-king, whose praises are still fresh in every heart. His Majesty speaks English quite creditably, wears the English dress most of the time, and keeps himself well informed as to matters and things generally. His reign, thus far, promises well for himself and his kingdom.

The second king, still called King *George Washington*, is now about thirty, and a most noble specimen of the courtly Oriental gentleman. His tall, compact figure is admirably developed both for strength and beauty, his face is full and pleasing, and his head finely formed. He is affable in manner, converses readily in English, and is fond of Europeans and their customs. He keeps his father's palace and steamboats in excellent condition, and his body-guard under thorough drill. On a recent visit of the American steamer Moreton he came out on the battlements of his palace, and after watching her progress for some time, he signaled her to lay to, which she did just opposite his palace. He immediately went aboard, and remained for an hour or so, chatting merrily with both ladies and gentlemen, while the steamer puffed up the river a few miles, and then returned for His Majesty to disembark at his own palace. King George occasionally wears the *full* English dress, either civil or military, but generally only the hat, coat, linen and shoes, with the Siamese *pâh-nûng* in lieu of pantaloons. The regent, the minister of foreign affairs and many of the princes and nobles have adopted this mongrel costume, and, to a greater or less extent, our language, manner of living and forms of etiquette. Visitors to the kings now sit on chairs, instead of crouching on cushions before the throne, as formerly; while native princes and ministers of state no longer prostrate themselves with their faces in the dust in the royal presence, but stand at the foot of the throne while holding an audience with their Majesties, each being allowed full opportunity to state his case or present any petition he may desire. The sovereigns are no longer unknown, mysterious personages, whose features their people have never been permitted to look upon; but they may be seen any fine day taking their drives in their own coaches or phaetons, and lifting their hats to passing friends. Nor do they on ordinary occasions deem it necessary to be surrounded by armed soldiers for protection, but go where they list, with only their liveried coachmen and footmen, and perhaps a single companion or secretary inside.

The city itself has correspondingly improved. Within the walls have just been completed two new streets, meeting at right angles near the mayor's office, where is a public park of circular form very handsomely laid out. The streets radiating from this centre are broad, and lined with new brick houses of two stories and tiled roofs. These are mostly private dwellings, uniformly built; and with their broad sidewalks and shade trees of luxuriant tropical growth present a very picturesque appearance. One wide street, commencing at the royal palace, extends six or seven miles through the city, reaching the river near a little village called Pak-lat-bon. This is the fashionable *drive*, where may be seen not only their Majesties, the regent, the prime minister and other high dignitaries lounging in stately equipages drawn by two or four prancing steeds, but many private citizens of different nations in their light pony-carriages, palanquins, etc., instead of the invariable barges and *sampans* of a few years ago, when the river was the "Broadway" of the city and the canals its cross-streets. Steamers of various dimensions now busily ply the river: the kings own several, which they use for pleasure-boats; eight or ten are fitted up as war-steamers, and others are packets to Singapore, China and elsewhere, carrying passengers and merchandise.

The regent, *Pra-Nai-Wai*, is a sedate, dignified, courteous gentleman of sixty-five, who walks erect with firm step and manly form, and with mental and physical powers still unimpaired. His half-brother, who filled the post of minister of foreign affairs at the commencement of the present reign, died blind some little time back, after twice paying ten thousand dollars to a Dutch oculist from Batavia to operate on his eyes for cataract. His successor, the present minister, is one of the finest specimens of a Siamese gentleman in the country. He was first a provincial governor; then went on a special embassy to England; last year attended the supreme king on his visit to Singapore and Batavia; and recently accompanied him again to India, whence the royal party have but just returned. The regal convoy consisted of five or six war-steamers, and His Majesty, besides his own officers, was escorted also by the English consul at Bangkok, the harbor-master and several European officers in the Siamese service. The royal tourist visited Rangoon, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad and Ceylon; and entered with great gusto into the spirit of his travels, seeing everything, asking questions and taking notes as he passed from point to point. The regent, in conjunction with the second king, held the reins of government during the absence of the first king; and in truth the regent has for the most part governed the country since the death of the late king, in 1868, the young heir being then but fifteen years of age. The regent is decidedly a favorite with both kings and people, and his rule has been popular and prosperous.

### MADISON AS A TEMPERANCE MAN.

MANY years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, ex-President Madison lent the weight of his influence to the cause. Case-bottles and decanters disappeared from the sideboard at Montpelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at that hospitable mansion. Nor was this all. Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whisky was not purchased, and the song of the scythemen in the wheat-field languished. In lieu of whisky, there was a beverage most innocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of dusky laborers.

The following morning, Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usual inquiry, "Nelson, how comes on the crop?"

"Po'ly, Mars' Jeems—monsus po'ly."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Things is seyus."

"What do you mean by serious?"

"We gwine los' dat crap."

"Lose the crop! Why should we lose it?"

"'Cause dat ar crap ar heap too big a crap to be gethered 'thout whisky. 'Lasses-and-water nuver gethered no crap sence de worl' war' made, ner 'taint gwine to."

Mr. Madison succumbed: the whisky was procured, the "crap" was "gethered," case-bottles and decanters reappeared, and the ancient order was restored at Montpelier, never again to be disturbed.

### NOTES.

AMIDST the recent hurly-burly of politics in France, involving the fate of the Thiers government, if not of the republic itself, a minor grievance of the artists has probably been little noticed by the general public. Yet a grievance it was, and one which caused men of taste and sentiment to cry out loudly. The threatened act of vandalism against which they protested was a proposal to fell part of the Forest of Fontainebleau. The castle and forest have long belonged to the state, but why the woods should now be cut down by the government is not clear. The motive is probably to turn the fine timber into cash, though a Paris wit, in pretended despair of other explanation, jokingly alleged, at the time of Prince Napoleon's late expulsion from France, that the government was afraid the prince, taking refuge in its dense recesses, might there conceal himself (*à la* Charles II., we presume) in one of its venerable oaks. At any rate, it was arranged to level a part of the timber, and on hearing of this threatened mutilation of a favorite resort the French artists rallied to beg M. Thiers, like the character in General Morris's ballad, to "spare those trees." And well may they petition, for the forest contains nearly thirty-five thousand acres, abounding in beautiful and picturesque scenery. It can boast finer trees than any other French forest, while its meadows, lawns and cliffs furnish specimens of almost every plant and flower to be found in France. Now, when we add that its views are exceedingly varied, its rocks, ravines, plateaus and thickets each offering some entirely different and admirable study to the landscape-painters who frequent it in great numbers during the spring and autumn months (for it is only fourteen or fifteen leagues out of Paris, on the high road to Lyons), we have shown reason enough for the consentaneous action on the part of the men and women of the brush and pencil.

The traveled reader will hardly need to be told that good judges consider the forest and castle to compose the finest domain in France. But there are also numberless historic reminiscences intertwined with Fontainebleau. And, by the way, it was originally known as the Forêt de Bierre, until some thirsty huntsmen, who found its spring deliciously refreshing, rebaptized it as Fontaine Belle Eau. Such, at least, is the old story. The first founding of a royal residence there dates at least as far back as the twelfth century, and possibly much farther, while the present château was begun by Francis I. in the sixteenth. So many famous historic events, indeed, have taken place within the precincts of the forest that the committee of "Protection Artistique" is pardonable in claiming that "Fontainebleau Forest ought to be ranked with those national historic monuments which must at all hazards be preserved for the admiration of artists and tourists," as well as of patriotic Frenchmen. What illustrations shall we select from among the events connected with it, about which a thousand volumes of history, poetry, art, science and romance have been composed? At Fontainebleau, Charles V. was royally feasted by Francis; there the Edict of Nantes was revoked; there Condé died; there the decree of divorce between Napoleon and Josephine was pronounced; and there the emperor afterward signed his own abdication. It is true that nobody proposes to demolish the castle, and that is the historic centre; but the petitioners claim that it is difficult and dangerous to attempt to divide the domain into historic and non-historic, artistic and non-artistic parts, with a view to its mutilation. There is ground for hoping that a favorable response will be given to the eloquent appeal of the artists and amateurs.

THE vanity of Victor Hugo, though always "Olympian," perhaps never mounted to a sublimer height than in the reply he sent to M. Catulle Mendés on receiving from him the news of Gautier's death. It contained but half a dozen lines, yet found space to declare, "Of the men of 1830, *I alone am left.* It is now my turn." The profound egotism of "*il ne reste plus que moi*" could not escape being vigorously lashed by V. Hugo's old comrades of the quill, dating back with him to 1830, and now so loftily ignored. "See, even in his epistles of condolence," they cry, "the omnipresent *moi* of Hugo must appear, to overshadow everything else!" One indignant writer declares the poet to be a mere walking personal pronoun. Another humorously pities those still extant contemporaries of 1830 who, after having for forty years dedicated their songs and romances and dramas to Hugo, now learn from the selfsame maw which has greedily gulped their praises that they themselves do not exist, never did exist. One man of genius slyly writes: "Some of us veterans will find ourselves embarrassed—Michelet, G. Sand, Janin, Sandeau *et un peu moi.* Is it possible that we died a long time ago, one after the other, without knowing it? Was it a delusion on our part to fancy ourselves existing, or was our existence only a bad dream?" But to Victor Hugo even these complaints will perhaps seem to smoke like fresh incense on the altar of self-adulation which this great genius keeps ever lighted.

THE reader may remember the story of that non-committal editor who during the late canvass, desiring to propitiate all his subscribers of both parties, hoisted the ticket of "Gr—— and ——n" at the top of his column, thus giving those who took the paper their choice of interpretations between "Grant and Wilson" and "Greeley and Brown." A story turning on the same style of point (and probably quite as apocryphal, though the author labels it "*historique*") is told of an army officers' mess in France. A brother-soldier from a neighboring detachment having come in, and a *champenoise* having been uncorked in his honor, "Gentlemen," said the guest, raising his glass, "I am about to propose a toast at once patriotic and political." A chorus of hasty ejaculations and of murmurs at once greeted him. "Yes, gentlemen," coolly proceeded the orator, "I drink to a thing which—an object that— Bah! I will out with it at once. It begins with an *R* and ends with an *e*."

"Capital!" whispers a young lieutenant of Bordeaux promotion. "He proposes the *République,* without offending the old fogies by saying the word."

"Nonsense! He means the *Radicale,*" replies the other, an old captain from Cassel.

"Upon my word," says a third as he lifts his glass, "our friend must mean *la Royauté.*"

"I see!" cries a one-legged veteran of Froschweiler: "we drink to *la Revanche.*"

In fact, the whole party drank the toast heartily, each interpreting it to his liking.

In the hands of a Swift even so trivial an incident might be made to point a moral on the facility with which alike in theology and politics—from Athanasian Creed to Cincinnati or Philadelphia Platform—men comfortably interpret to their own diverse likings some doctrine that "begins with an *R* and ends with an *e*," and swallow it with great unanimity and enthusiasm.

POSSIBLY the death of Mr. Greeley, after a prolonged delirium induced in part by political excitement, may add for Americans some fresh interest to the theory of a paper which just previous to that pathetic event M. Lunier had read before the Paris Academy of Medicine. The author confessed his statistics to be incomplete, but regarded them as ample for the decisive formulation of the proposition that great political crises tend to increase the number of cases of mental alienation. The leading point of his elaborate argument appears to be the classification of fresh cases of insanity developed since the beginning of the late French war. The strongest comparison is one indicating an excess of seven per cent. in the number of such cases, proportioned to the population in the departments conquered and occupied by the Germans, over those which they did not invade. Finally, M. Lunier reckons the cases of mental alienation induced by the late political and military events in France at from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred. Politics without war may, it is considered, produce the same results—results not at all surprising, of course, except as to their extent. As to this last, if M. Lunier's figures and deductions be correct, the mental strain of exciting politics is even more destructive than has been generally supposed.

# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Gareth and Lynette. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"With this poem the author concludes the Idyls of the King." The occasion is a tempting one to review the long series of Arthurian lays written by Tennyson, from the *Mort d'Arthur*, and the pretty song about Lancelot and Guinevere, and the first casting of "Elaine's" legend in the form of *The Lady of Shallot*, down to the present tale, flung like a capricious field-flower into a wreath complete enough without it. The poet's first adventure into the subject—the mysterious, shadowy and elevated performance called the *Mort d'Arthur*—will probably be always thought the best. Tennyson, when he wrote it, was just trying the peculiarities of his style: he was testing the quality of his cadences, the ring of his long sententious lines repeated continually as refrains, and the trustworthiness of his artful, much-sacrificing simplicity. He put as it were a spot or two of pigment on the end of his painting-knife, and held it up into the air of the vaporous traditions of the Round Table. It stood the test, it had the color; but the artist, uncertain of his style, his public and his own liking, made a number of other tentatives before he could decide to go on in the manner he commenced with. He tried the *Guinevere*, laughing and galloping in its ballad-movement; he tried the *Shallot*, with a triple rhyme and a short positive refrain, like a bell rung in an incantation, and brought up every minute by a finger pressed upon the edge. Either of these three—although the metre of the first was the only one endurable by the ear in the case of a long series of poems—either of these had, it may be positively said, a general tone more suitable to the ancient feeling, and more consistent with the duty of a modern poet arranging for new ears the legends collected by Sir Thomas Malory, than the general tone of the present Idyls. Those first experiments, charged like a full sponge with the essence and volume of primitive legend, went to their purpose without retrospection or vacillation: each short tale, whether it laughed or moaned, promulgated itself like an oracle. The teller seemed to have been listening to the voice of Fate, and whether Guinevere swayed the bridle-rein, or Elaine's web flew out and floated wide, or Lancelot sang tirra-lirra by the river, it was asserted with the positiveness of a Hebrew chronicle, which we do not question because it is history. But we hardly have such an illusion in reading the late Idyls. We seem to be in the presence of a constructor who arranges things, of a moralist turning ancient stories with a latent purpose of decorum, of an official Englishman looking about for old confirmations of modern sociology, of a salaried laureate inventing a prototype of Prince Albert. The singleness of a story-teller who has convinced himself that he tells a true story is gone. That this diversion into the region of didactics is accompanied, on our poet's part, with every ingenuity of ornament, and every grace of a style which people have learned to like and which he has made his own, need not be said. The Tennysonian beauties are all there. The work takes its place in literature, obscuring the Arthurian work of Dryden, as Milton's achievement of *Paradise Lost* obscured the Italian work on the same subject which preceded it. The story is told, and the things of the Round Table can hardly be related again in English, any more than the tale of Troy could be sung again in Greek after the poem of Homer. But beauties do not necessarily compose into perfect Beauty, and the achievement of a task neatly done does not prevent the eye from wandering over the work to see if the material has been used to the best advantage. So, the reader who has allowed himself to rest long in the simple magic evoked by Malory or in the Celtic air of Villemarqué's legends, will be fain to ask whether a man of Tennyson's force could not have given to his century a recasting which would have satisfied primitive credulity as well as modern subtility. There is an antique bronze at Naples that has been cleaned and set up in a splendid museum, and perhaps looks more graceful than ever; but the pipe that used to lead to the lips, and the passage that used to communicate with the priest-chamber, are gone, and nothing can compensate for them: it used to be a form and a voice, and now it is nothing but a form.

We have just observed that in our opinion the first essays made by the Laureate with his Arthurian material had the best ring, or at least had some excellences lost to the later work. *Gareth and Lynette*, however, by its fluency and simplicity, and by not being overcharged with meaning, seems to part company with some of this overweighted later performance, and to attempt a recovery of the directness and spring of the start. It is, however, far behind all of them in a momentous particular; for in narrating *them*, the poet, while able to keep up his immediate connection with the source of tradition, and to narrate with the directness of belief, had still some undercurrent of thought which he meant to convey, and which he succeeded in keeping track of: Arthur and Guinevere, in the little song, ride along like primeval beings of the world—the situation seems the type of all seduction; the Lady of Shallot is not alone the recluse who sees life in a mirror, she is the cloistered Middle Age itself, and when her mirror breaks we feel that a thousand glasses are bursting, a thousand webs are parting, and that the times are coming eye to eye with the actual. In those younger days, Tennyson, possessed with a subject, and as it were floating in it, could pour out a legend with the credulity of a child and the clear convincing insight of a teacher: when he came in mature life to apply himself to the rounded work, he had more of a disposition to teach, and less of that imaginative reach which is like belief; and *now* he is telling a story again for the sake of the story, but without the deeper meaning. Lynette is a supercilious damsel who asks redress of the knights of the Round Table: Gareth, a male Cinderella, starts from the kitchen to defend her, and after conquering her prejudices by his bravery, assumes his place as a disguised prince. It is a plain little comedy, not much in Tennyson's line: there are places where he tries to imitate the artless disconnected speech of youth; and here, as with the little nun's babble in *Guinevere*, and with some other passages of factitious simplicity, the poet makes rather queer work:

Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world,
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel
Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur,
And lightnings played about it in the storm, etc.

It may be questioned whether hap-hazard talk ever, in any age of human speech, took a form like that, though it is just like Tennyson in many a weary part of his poetry. The blank verse, for its part, is broken with all the old skill, and there are lines of beautiful license, like this:

Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces,

or strengthened with the extra quantity, like this:

Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend!

or imitating the motion described, as these:

The hoof of his horse slept in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was washed away;

but occasionally the effort to give variety leads into mere puzzles and disagreeable fractures of metre, such as the following quatrain:

Courteous or bestial from the moment,
Such as have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy, call themselves the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star.

The first line in this quotation, if it be not a misprint of the American edition, can only be brought to any kind of rule by accenting each polysyllable on the last, and is not, when even that is done, a pleasant piece of caprice. There are plenty of phrases that shock the attention sufficiently to keep it from stagnating on the smooth surface of the verse; such are—"ever-highering eagle-circles," "there were none but few goodlier than he," "tipt with trenchant steel," and the expression, already famous, of "tip-tilted" for Lynette's nose; to which may be added the object of Gareth's attention, mentioned in the third line of the poem, when he "stared at the *spate*." But in the matter of descriptive power we do not know that the Laureate has succeeded better for a long time past in his touches of landscape-painting: the pictures of halls, castles, rivers and woods are all felicitous. For example, this in five lines, where the travelers saw

Bowl-shaped, through tops of many thousand pines,
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward; in the deeps whereof a mere,
Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl,
Under the half-dead sunset glared; and cries
Ascended.

Or this simple and beautiful sketch of crescent moonlight:

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's harp tho' summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, allured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege.
A star shot.

It is still, perfect, and utterly simple sketches like these, thrown off in the repose of power, that form the best setting for a heroic or poetical action: what better device was ever invented, even by Tennyson himself, for striking just the right note in the reader's mind while thinking of a noble primitive knight, than that in another Idyl, where Lancelot went along, looking at a star, "*and wondered what it was*"? Of a more imaginative kind of beauty are the descriptions of the walls of rock near Castle Dangerous, decked by the hermit with tinted bas-reliefs, and the fine one of Camelot, looking as if "built by fairy kings," with its city gate surmounted by the figures of the three mystic queens, "the friends of Arthur," and decked upon the keystone with the image of the Lady, whose form is set in ripples of stone and crossed by mystic fish, while her drapery weeps from her sides as water flowing away. The most charming part of the character-painting is where the shrewish Lynette, as her estimate of the scullion-knight gradually rises in view of his mighty deeds, evinces her kindlier mood, not directly in speech, but by catches of love songs breaking out of the midst of her scornful gibes: this is a very subtle and suitable and poetical way of eliciting the under-workings of the damsel's mind, and it is continued through five or six pages in an interrupted carol, until at last the maiden, wholly won, bids him ride by her side, and finishes her lay:

O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow, with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me.

The allegory by which Gareth's four opponents are made to form a sort of stumbling succession representing Morn, Noon, Evening, and Night or Death, is hardly worth the introduction, but it is not insisted upon: the last of these knights, besieging Castle Perilous in a skull-helmet, and clamoring for marriage with Lynette's sister Lyonors, turns out to be a large-sized, fresh-faced and foolish boy, who issues from the skull "as a flower new blown," and fatuously explains that his brothers have dressed him out in burlesque and deposited him as a bugbear at the gate. This is not very salutary allegorizing, but it is soon over, and the poem closed, leaving a pleasant perfume in the reader's mind of chivalry, errantry and the delicious days before the invention of civilization.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By Dr. Albert Schwegler. Translated and annotated by James Hutchison Stirling, LL.D. New York: Putnam.

Spinoza teaches that "substance is God;" but, says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "propositions about substance pass by mankind at large like the idle wind, which mankind at large regards not: it will not even listen to a word about these propositions, unless it first learns what their author was driving at with them, and finds that this object of his is one with which it sympathizes." There is no way of getting the multitude to listen to Spinoza's *Ethics* or Plato's *Dialectics*, but something is gained when a man of science like Dr. Schwegler happens to possess the gift of fluent and easy statement, and can pour into a work like the present, which is the expansion of a hasty encyclopædia article, the vivacity of current speech, and the impulse which gives unity to a long history while it excludes crabbed digressions. It happens that the American world received the first translation of Schwegler's *History* *of Philosophy*; and it may be asked, What need have Americans of a subsequent version by a Scotch doctor of laws? The answer is, that Mr. Seelye's earlier rendering was taken from a first edition, and that the present one includes the variations made in five editions which have now been issued. Even on British ground the work thus translated has reached three editions, and the multitude of "mankind at large," hearing of these repeated editions in Edinburgh and of twenty thousand copies sold in Germany, may begin to prick up its ears, and to think that this is one of the easily-read philosophies of modern times, of which Taine and Michelet have the secret. It is not so: abstractions stated with scientific precision in their elliptic slang or technicality are not and cannot be made easy reading: the strong hands of condensation which Schwegler pressed down upon the material he controlled so perfectly have not left it lighter or more digestible. The reader of this manual, for instance, will be invited to consider the Eleatic argumentation that nothing exists but Identity, "which is the beënt, and that Difference, the non-beënt, does not exist; and therefore that he must not only not go on talking about difference, but that he must not allude to difference as being anything but the non-beënt; for if he casts about for a synonym, and arrives at the notion that he may say non-existent for non-beënt, he is abjectly wrong, for beënt does not mean existent, and non-beënt non-existent, but it must be considered that the beënt is strictly the non-existent, and the existent the non-beënt." Such are the amenities of expression into which an eloquent metaphysician, trying his best to speak popularly, is led. Yet the book is readable to that orderly application of the mind which such studies exact, and is the firmest and strictest guide now speaking our English tongue. Its steady attention to the business in hand, from the pre-Socratic philosphies down through the great age of the Greek revival, to Germany and Hegel at last, is most sustained and admirable. Indeed, few thinkers of Anglo-Saxon birth are able even to praise such a book as it deserves. The only real impediment to its acceptance by scholars of our race is that its attention to modern philosophy is rather partial, the French and the Germans getting most of the story, and English philosophers like Locke and Hume receiving scant attention, while Paley is not recognized. This class of omissions is attended to by the Scotch translator in a mass of annotations which lead him into a broad and interesting view of British philosophy, in the course of which he has some severe reflections on the ignorance of Mr. Lewes and Mr. Mill. On account of these valuable notes, and also for the alterations made by Schwegler himself, we feel that we must invite American scholars possessing the Seelye translation to replace it or accompany it by this present version, which is a cheap and compassable volume.

Joseph Noirel's Revenge. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated from the French by Wm. F. West, A. M. New York: Holt & Williams.

M. Victor Cherbuliez belongs to a Genevese family long and honorably connected with literature in the capacity of publishers both at Paris and Geneva. It is in the latter town and the adjacent region that the scene of the present story—the first, we believe, of the author's works which has found its way into English—is laid; and much of its charm is derived from the local coloring with which many of the characters and incidents are invested. Even the quiet home-life of so beautiful and renowned a place cannot but be tinted by reflections from the incomparable beauties of its surroundings, and from the grand and vivid passages of its singularly picturesque history. The subordinate figures on the canvas have accordingly an interest greater than what arises from their commonplace individualities and their meagre part in the action—like barndoor fowls pecking and clucking beside larger bipeds in a walled yard steeped in sunlight. But the sunlight which gives a delicious warmth and brightness to the earlier chapters of the novel is soon succeeded by gloom and tempest. The interest is more and more concentrated on the few principal persons; and the action, which at the outset promised to be light and amusing, with merely so much of tenderness and pathos as may belong to the higher comedy, becomes by degrees deeply tragical, and ends in a catastrophe which is saved from being horrible and revolting only by the shadows that forecast and the softening strains that attend it. In point of construction and skillful handling the story is as effective as French art alone could have made it, while it has an under-meaning rendered all the more suggestive by being left to find its way into the reader's reflections without any obvious prompting. The heroine, sole child of a prosperous bourgeois couple, stands between two lovers—one the last relic of a noble Burgundian family; the other a workman with socialist tendencies. Marguerite Mirion is invested with all the fascination which beauty of face, simplicity of mind, purity of soul, sweetness of disposition and joyousness of spirit can impart. Yet she is, and feels herself to be, entirely *bourgeoise*, longing for no ideal heights, worldly or spiritual, ready for all ordinary duties, content with simple and innocent pleasures, finding in the life, the thoughts, the occupations and enjoyments of her class all that is needed to make the current of her life run smoothly and to satisfy the cravings of her bright but gentle nature. It is in simple obedience to the will of her parents that she marries Count Roger d'Ornis, and is carried from her happy home at Mon-Plaisir to a dilapidated castle in the Jura, where there are no smiling faces or loving hearts to make her welcome—where, on the contrary, she meets only with haughty, spiteful or morose looks and a chilling and gloomy atmosphere. It is from sheer necessity that she accepts the aid of Joseph Noirel, her father's head-workman, whose ardent spirit, quickened by the consciousness of talent, but rendered morbid by the slights which his birth and position have entailed, has been plunged into blackest night by the loss of the single star that had illumined its firmament. Count Roger is not wholly devoid of honor and generosity; but he has no true appreciation of his wife, and will sacrifice her without remorse to save his own reputation. Joseph, on the other hand, is ready to dare all things to protect her from harm; but he cannot forego the reward which entails upon her a deeper misery. It is Marguerite alone who, in the terrible struggle of fate and of clashing interests and desires, rises to the height of absolute self-abnegation; and this not through any sudden development of qualities or intuitions foreign to her previous modes of thought, but by the simple application of these to the hard and complicated problems which have suddenly confronted her. Herein lies the novelty of the conception and the lesson which the author has apparently intended to convey. See, he seems to say, how the bourgeois nature, equally scorned by the classes above and below it as the embodiment of vulgar ease and selfishness, contains precisely the elements of true heroism which are wanting alike in those who set conventional rules above moral laws and in those who revolt against all restrictions. The book is thus an apology for a class which is no favorite with poets or romancers; but, as we have said, the design is only to be inferred from the story, and may easily pass unnoticed, at least with American readers. The character of Noirel is powerfully drawn, but it is less original than that of the heroine, belonging, for example, to the same type as the hero of *Le Rouge et le Noir*—"ce Robespierre de village," as Sainte-Beuve, we believe, calls him.

Homes and Hospitals; or, Two Phases of Woman's Work, as exhibited in the Labors of Amy Dutton and Agnes E. Jones. Boston: American Tract Society; New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Doubtless we should not, though most of us do, feel a tenderness for the Dorcas who proves to be a lady of culture and distinction, rather different from the careless respect we accord to the Dorcas who has large feet and hands, and mismanages her *h*'s. In this elegant little book "Amy" is the descendant of influential patrons and patronesses, and "Agnes" is the lovely saint whom Miss Nightingale calls "Una," though her high-bred purity and lowly self-dedication rather recall the character of Elizabeth of Hungary. Agnes, in Crook lane and Abbot's street, encounters old paupers who have already enjoyed the bounty of her ancestress's (Dame Dutton) legacy. When she becomes interested in the old Indian campaigner, Miles, she is able to procure his admission to Chelsea through the influence of "my brother, Colonel Dutton." She lightens her watches by reading Manzoni's novel, *I Promessi Sposi*, she quotes Lord Bacon, and compares the hospital-nurses to the witches in *Macbeth*. These mental and social graces do not, perhaps, assist the practical part of her ministrations, but they undoubtedly chasten the influence of her ministrations on her own character. It is as a purist and an aristocrat of the best kind that Miss Dutton forms within her own mind this resolution: "If the details of evil are unavoidably brought under your eye, let not your thoughts rest upon them a moment longer than is absolutely needful. Dismiss them with a vigorous effort as soon as you have done your best to apply a remedy: commit the matter into higher Hands, then turn to your book, your music, your wood-carving, your pet recreation, whatever it is. This is one way, at least, of keeping the mind elastic and pure." And with the discretion of rare breeding she carries into the haunts of vice and miserable intrigue the Italian byword: *Orecchie spalancate, e bocca stretta.* A similar elevation, but also a sense that responsibility to her caste requires the most tender humility, may be found in "Una." When about to associate with coarse hired London nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital, she asks herself, "Are you more above those with whom you will have to mix than our Saviour was in every thought and sensitive refinement?" It was by such self-teaching that these high-spirited girls made their life-toil redound to their own purification, as it did to the cause of humanity. The purpose served by binding in one volume the district experiences of Miss Dutton and the hospital record of Miss Jones is that of indicating to the average young lady of our period a diversity of ways in which she may serve our Master and His poor. With "Amy" she may retain her connection with society, and adorn her home and her circle, all the while that she reads the Litany with the decayed governess or *Golden Deeds* to the dying burglar. With "Agnes" she may plunge into more heroic self-abnegation. Leaving the fair attractions of the world as utterly as the diver leaves the foam and surface of the sea, she may grope for moral pearls in the workhouse of Liverpool or train for her sombre avocation in the asylum at Kaiserwerth. Such absolute dedication will probably have some effect on her "tone" as a lady. She can no longer keep up with the current interests of society. Instead of Shakespeare and Italian literature, which we have seen coloring the career of the district visitor, her life will take on a sort of submarine pallor. The sordid surroundings will press too close for any gleam from the outer world to penetrate. The things of interest will be the wretched things of pauperdom and hospital service—the slight improvement of Gaffer, the spiritual needs of Gammer, the harsh tyranny of upper nurses. "To-day when out walking," says the brave young lady, as superintendent of a boys' hospital, "I could only keep from crying by running races with my boys." The effect of a training so rigid—training which sometimes includes stove-blacking and floor-washing—is to try the pure metal, to eject the merely ornamental young lady whose nature is dross, and to consolidate the valuable nature that is sterling. Miss Agnes, plunged in hard practical work, and unconsciously acquiring a little workmen's slang, gives the final judgment on the utility of such discipline: "Without a regular hard London training I should have been nowhere." Both the saints of the century are now dead, and these memoirs conserve the perfume of their lives.

Songs from the Old Dramatists. Collected and Edited by Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Any anthology of old English lyrics is a treasure if one can depend upon the correctness of printing and punctuating. Mrs. Richardson has found a quantity of rather recondite ones, and most of the favorites are given too. Only to read her long index of first lines is to catch a succession of dainty fancies and of exquisite rhythms, arranged when the language was crystallizing into beauty under the fanning wings of song. That some of our pet jewels are omitted was to be expected. The compiler does not find space for Rochester's most sincere-seeming stanzas, beginning, "I cannot change as others do"—among the sweetest and most lyrical utterances which could set the stay-imprisoned hearts of Charles II.'s beauties to bounding with a touch of emotion. Perhaps Rochester was not exactly a dramatist, though that point is wisely strained in other cases. We do not get the "Nay, dearest, think me not unkind," nor do we get the "To all you ladies now on land," though sailors' lyrics, among the finest legacies of the time when gallant England ruled the waves, are not wanting. We have Sir Charles Sedley's

> "Love still hath something of the sea
> From which his mother rose,"

and the siren's song, fit for the loveliest of Parthenopes, from Browne's *Masque of the Inner Temple*, beginning,

> "Steer, hither steer your wingèd pines,
> All beaten mariners!"—

songs which severally repeat the fatigue of the sea or that daring energy of its Elizabethan followers which by a false etymology we term chivalrous. We do not find the superb lunacy of "Mad Tom of Bedlam" in the catch beginning, "I know more than Apollo," but we have something almost as spirited, where John Ford sings, in *The Sun's Darling*,

"The dogs have the stag in chase!
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So-ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And swooping, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls! hark! how they ring."

For what is pensive and retrospective in tone we are given a song of "The Aged Courtier," which once in a pageant touched the finer consciousness of Queen Elizabeth. The unemployed warrior, whose "helmet now shall make a hive for bees," treats the virgin sovereign as his saint and divinity, promising,

"And when he saddest sits in holy cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well!
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!
Goddess! allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight."

The feudal feeling can hardly be more beautifully expressed.

From the devotion that was low and lifelong we may turn to the devotion that was loud and fleeting. The love-songs are many and well picked: one is the madrigal from Thomas Lodge's *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, which "he wrote," he says, "on the ocean, when every line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm;" and which (the madrigal) had the good fortune to suggest and name Shakespeare's archest character, Rosalind. We cannot dwell upon this perfumed chaplet of love-ditties. Mrs. Richardson is here doubtless in her element, but she does not always lighten counsel with the wisdom of her words; for instance, when, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Beauty clear and fair," she makes an attempted emendation in the lines—

"Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is still to live and still live new;
Where to gain a favor is
More than light perpetual bliss;
Oh make me live by serving you."

On this the editress says: "I have always been inclined to believe that this line should read: 'More than *life*, perpetual bliss.'" The image here, where the whole figure is taken from flowers, is of being planted and growing in the glow of the mistress's beauty, whose favor is more fructifying than the sun, and to which he immediately begs to be recalled, "back again, to this *light*." To say that living anywhere is "more than life" is a forced bombastic notion not in the way of Beaumont and Fletcher, but coming later, and rather characteristic of Poe, with his rant about

"that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life."

Mrs. Richardson's notes, in fact, contradict the impression of thoroughness which her selecting, we are glad to say, leaves on the mind. She is aware that the "Ode to Melancholy" in *The Nice Valour* begins in the same way as Milton's "Pensieroso," but she does not seem to know that the latter is also closely imitated from Burton's poem in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And she quotes John Still's "Jolly Good Ale and Old" as a "panegyric on old sack," sack being sweet wine.

The publishers have done their part, and made of these drops of oozed gold what is called "an elegant trifle" for the holidays. Mr. John La Farge, a very "advanced" sort of artist and illustrator, has furnished some embellishments which will be better liked by people of broad culture, and especially by enthusiasts for Japanese art, than they will be by ordinary Christmas-shoppers, though the frontispiece to "Songs of Fairies," representing Psyche floating among water-lilies, is beautiful enough and obvious enough for anybody.

## *Books Received.*

A Concordance to the Constitution of the United States of America. By Charles W. Stearns, M. D. New York: Mason, Baker & Pratt.

The Standard: A Collection of Sacred and Secular Music. By L. O. Emerson and H. R. Palmer. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Gems of Strauss: A Collection of Dance Music for the Piano. By Johann Strauss. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Greeks of To-Day. By Charles K. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The Eustace Diamonds. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How to Paint. By F. B. Gardner. New York: Samuel R. Wells.

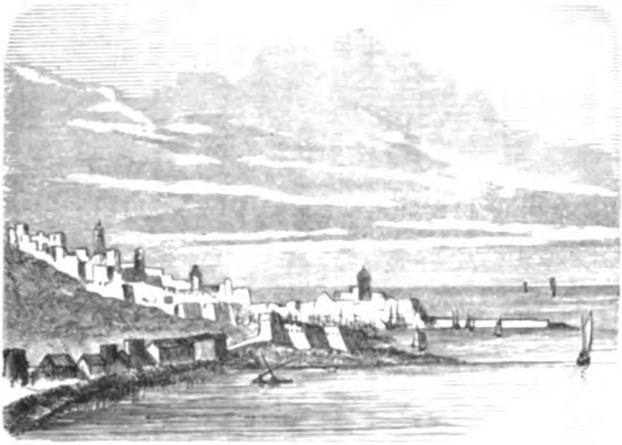
# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

# *POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

MARCH, 1873.

## THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.



ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.

A FACT need not be a fixed fact to be a very positive one; and Kabylia, a region to whose outline no geographer could give precision, has long existed as the most uncomfortable reality in colonial France. Irreconcilable Kabylia, hovering as a sort of thunderous cloudland among the peaks of the Atlas Mountains, is respected for a capacity it has of rolling out storms of desperate warriors. These troops disgust and confound the French by making every hut and house a fortress: like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, they lurk behind the bushes, animating each tree or shrub with a preposterous gun charged with a badly-moulded bullet. The Kabyle, when excited to battle, goes to his death as carelessly as to his breakfast: his saint or marabout has promised him an immediate heaven, without the critical formality of a judgment-day. He fights with more than feudal faithfulness and with undiverted tenacity. He is in his nature unconquerable. So that the French, though they have riddled this

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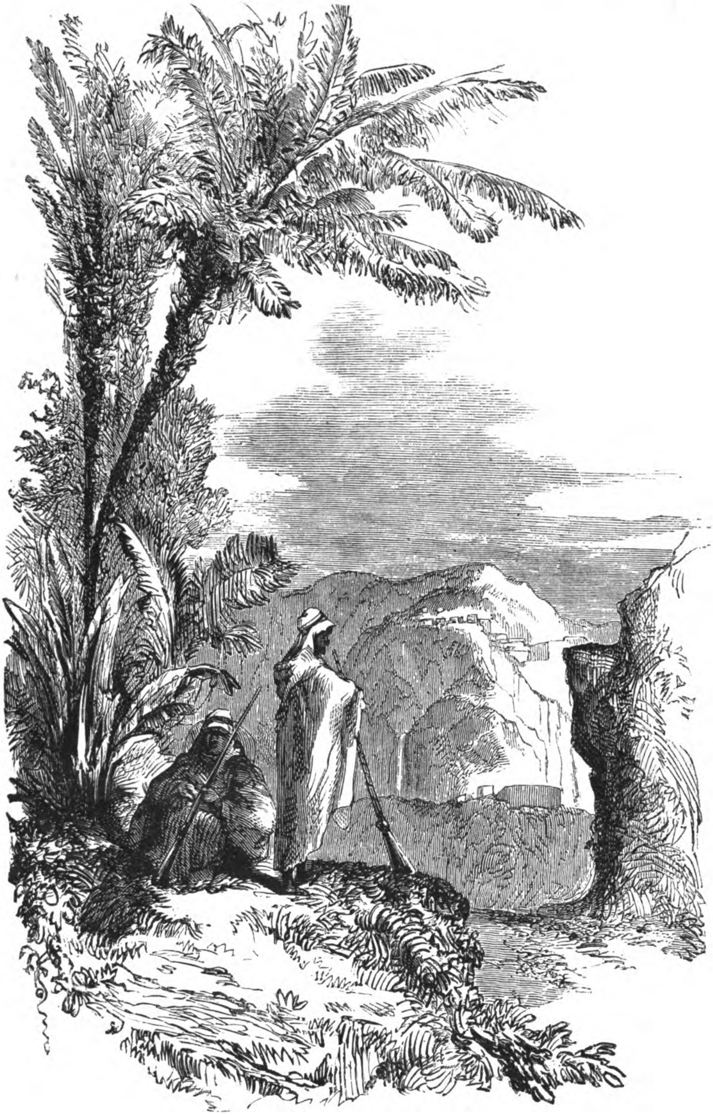
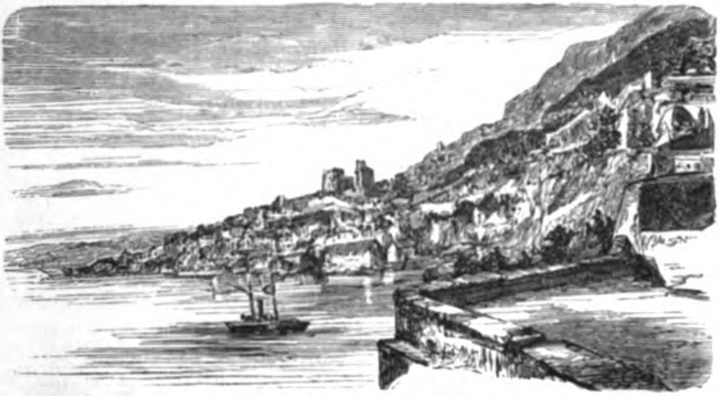
thunder-cloud of a Kabylia with their shot, seamed it through and through with military roads, and established a beautiful *fort national* right in the middle of it, on the plateau of Souk-el-Arba, possess it to-day about as thoroughly as we Americans might possess a desirable thunder-storm which should be observed hanging over Washington, and which we should annex by means of electrical communications transpiercing it in every direction, and a resident governor fixed at the centre in a balloon. France has gorged Kabylia, with the rest of Algeria, but she has never digested it.



"IMPREGNABLE KABYLIA."

A trip through Algeria, such as we

now propose, belongs, as a pleasure-excursion, only to the present age. In the last it was made involuntarily. Only sixty years ago the English spinster or spectacled lady's-companion, as she crossed over from the mouth of the Tagus to the mouth of the Tiber, or from Marseilles to Naples, looked out for capture by "the Algerines" as quite a reasonable eventuality. (Who can forget Töpfer's mad etchings for *Bachelor Butterfly*, of which this little episode forms the incident?) Her respectable mind was filled with speculations as to how many servants "a dey's lady" was furnished with, and what was the amount of her pin-money. A stout, sound-winded Christian gentleman, without vices and kind in fetters, sold much cheaper than a lady, being worth thirty pounds, or only about one-tenth the value of Uncle Tom.


BOUGIE, AND HILL OF GOURAYA.

The opening up of Algeria to the modern tourist and Murray's guide-books is in fact due to the American nation. So late as 1815 the Americans, along with the other trading nations, were actually paying to the dey his preposterous tribute for exemption from piratical seizure. In this year, however, we changed our mind and sent Decatur over. On the 28th of June he made his appearance at Algiers, having picked up and disposed of some Algerine craft, the frigate Mashouda and the brig Estido. The Algerines gave up all discussion with a messenger so positive in his manners, and in two days Decatur introduced our consul-general Shaler, who attended to the release of American captives and the positive stoppage of tribute.

The example was followed by other nations. Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers in 1816, and reduced most of it to ashes. In 1827 the dey opened war with France by hitting the French consul with his fan. Charles X. retorted upon the fan with thirty thousand troops and a fleet. The fort of Algiers was exploded by the last survivor of its garrison, a negro of the deserts, who rushed down with a torch into the powder-cellar. Algeria collapsed. The dey went to Naples, the janizaries went to Turkey, and Algeria became French.

From this time the country became more or less open, according as France could keep it quiet, to the inroads of that modern beast of ravin, the tourist. The Kabyle calls the tourist *Roumi* (Christian), a form, evidently, of our word Roman, and referable to the times when the bishop of Hippo and such as he identified the Christian with the Romanist in the Moorish mind.

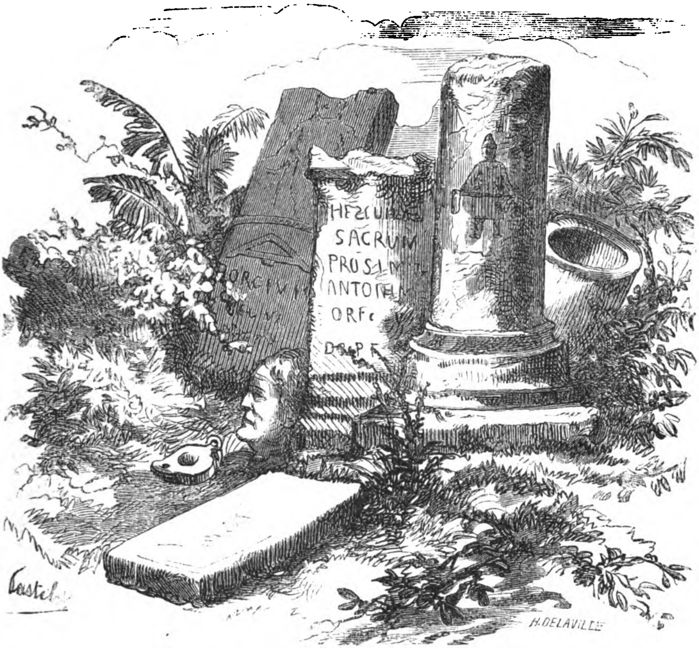
Modern Algiers, viewed from the sea, wears upon its luminous walls small trace of its long history of blood. As we contemplate its mosques and houses flashing their white profiles into the sky, it is impossible not to muse upon the contrast between its radiant and picturesque aspect and its veritable character as the accomplice of every crime and every baseness known to the Oriental mind. To see that sunny city basking between its green hills, you would hardly think of it as the abode of bandits; yet two powerful tribes still exist, now living in huts which crown the heights of Boudjareah overlooking the sea, who formerly furnished the boldest of the pitiless corsairs. To the iron hooks of the Bab (or gate) of Azoun were hung by the loins our Christian brothers who would not accept the Koran; at the Bab-el-Oued, the Arab rebels, not confounded even in their deaths with the dogs of Christians, were beheaded by the yataghan; and in the blue depths we sail over, whose foam washes the bases of the temples, hapless women have sunk for ever, tied in a leather bag between a cat and a serpent.

The history, in truth, is the history—always a cruel one—of an overridden nation compelled to bear a part in the wickedness of its oppressors. This rubric of blood may be read in many a dismal page. Algeria was a slave before England was Christian. The greatest African known to the Church, Augustine, has left a pathetic description of the conquest of his country by the Vandals in the fifth century: it was attended with horrible atrocities, the enemy leaving the slain in unburied heaps, so as to drive out the garrisons by pestilence. When Spain overthrew the Moors she took the coast-cities of Morocco and Algeria. Afterward, when Aruch Barbarossa, the "Friend of the Sea," had seized the Algerian strongholds as a prize for the Turks, and his system of piracy was devastating the Mediterranean, Spain with other countries suffered, and we have a vivid picture of an Algerine bagnio and bagnio-keeper from the pen of the illustrious prisoner Cervantes. "Our spirits failed" (he writes) "in witnessing the unheard-of cruelties that Hassan exercised. Every day were new punishments, accompanied with cries of cursing and vengeance. Almost daily a captive was thrown upon the hooks, impaled or deprived of sight, and that without any other motive than to gratify the thirst of human blood natural to this monster, and which inspired even the executioners with horror."

While our fancy traces the figure of the author of *Don Quixote*, a plotting captive, behind the walls of Algiers, the steamer is withdrawing, and the view of the city becomes more beautiful at every turn of the paddles. We pass through a whole squadron of fishing-boats, hovering on their long lateen sails, and seeming like butterflies balanced upon the waves, which are blue as the petal of the iris. Algiers gradually becomes a mere impression of light. The details have been effaced little by little, and melted into a general hue of gold and warmth: the windowless houses and the walls extending in terraces confuse interchangeably their blank masses. The dark green hills of Boudjareah and Mustapha seem to have opened their sombre flanks to disclose a marble-quarry: the city, piled up with pale and blocklike forms, appears to sink into the mountains again as the boat retires, although the picturesque buildings of the Casbah, cropping out upon the summit, linger long in sight, like rocks of lime. As we pass Cape Matifou we see rising over its shoulder the summits of the Atlas range, among whose peaks we hope to be in a fortnight, after passing Bona, Philippeville and Constantina.

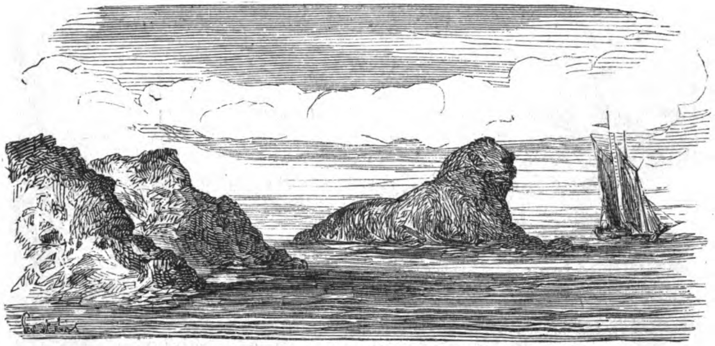
Sailing along this coast of the Mediterranean resembles an excursion on one of the Swiss lakes. Four hours after passing Algiers, in going eastwardly toward the port of Philippeville, we come in sight of Dellys, a little town of poor appearance, where the hussars of France first learned the peculiarities of Kabyle fighting. This warfare was something novel. In place of the old gusty sweeps of cavaliers on horseback, falling on the French battalions or glancing around them in whirlwinds, the soldiers had to extirpate the Kabyles hidden in the houses. It was not fighting—it was ferreting. Each house in Dellys was a fort which had to be taken by siege. Each garden concealed behind its palings the "flower" of Kabyle chivalry, only to be uprooted by the bayonet. The women fought with fury.

We follow our course along these exquisite blue waters, and soon have a glimpse, at three miles distance, of an isolated, abrupt cone, trimmed at the summit into the proportions of a pyramid. It is the hill of Gouraya, an enormous mass of granite which lifts its scarped summit over the port of Bougie, called Salda by Străbo. We approach and watch the enormous rock seeming to grow taller and taller as we nestle beneath it in the beautiful harbor. Bougie lies on a narrow and stony beach in the embrace of the mountain, white and coquettish, spreading up the rocky wall as far as it can, and looking aloft to the protecting summit two thousand feet above it. We abstain from dismounting, but sweep the city with field-glasses from the deck of the ship, recollecting that Bougie was bombarded in the reign of the Merrie Monarch by Sir Edward Spragg. We trace the ravine of Sidi-Touati, which breaks the town in half as it splits its way into the sea. Here, in 1836, the French commandant, Salomon de Mussis, was treacherously shot while at a friendly conference with the sheikh Amzian, the pretext being the murder of a marabout by the French sentinels. The incident is worth mentioning, because it brought into light some of the nobler traits of Kabyle character. The sheikh, for killing a guest with whom he had just taken coffee, was reproached by the natives as "the man who murdered with one hand and took gifts with the other," and was forced by mere popular contempt from his sheikhship, to perish in utter obscurity.



ROMAN RELICS AT PHILIPPEVILLE.

Putting on steam again, we recede from Bougie, and passing Djigelly, with its overpoweringly large barracks and hospital, doubling Cape Bougarone and sighting the fishing-village of Stora, we arrive at the new port-city of Philippeville. This colony, a plantation of Louis Philippe's upon the site of the Roman Russicada, has only thirty-four years of existence, and contains twenty Frenchmen for every Arab found within it. It differs, however, from our American thirty-year-old towns in the interesting respect of showing the traces of an older civilization. French savants here examine the ruins of the theatre and the immense Roman reservoirs in the hillside, and take "squeezes" of inscriptions marked upon the antique altar, column or cippus. On an ancient pillar was found an amusing grafita, the sketch of some Roman schoolboy, showing an *aquarius* (or water-carrier) loaded with his twin buckets. Philippeville, nursed among these glowing African hills, has the look of some bad melodramatic joke. Its European houses, streets laid out with the surveyor's chain, pompous church, and arcades like a Rue de Rivoli in miniature, make a foolish show indeed, in place of the walls, white, unwinking and mysterious, which ordinarily enclose the Eastern home or protect the Arab's wife behind their blinded windows.

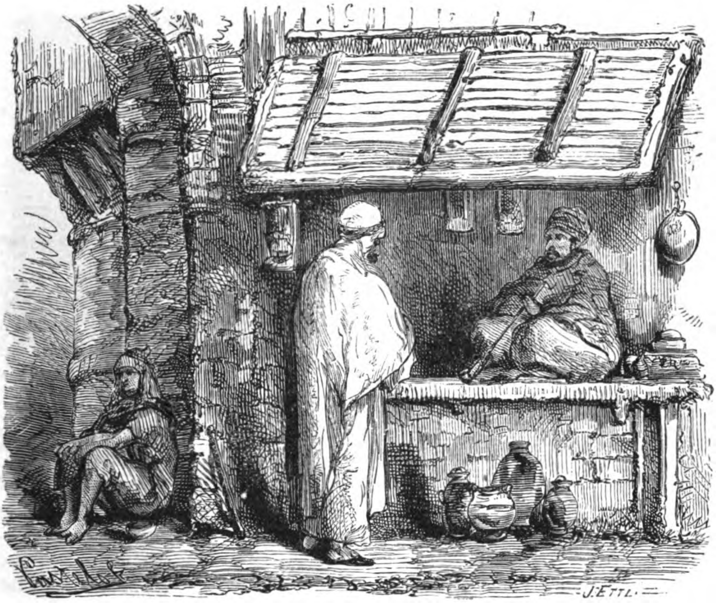


LION-SHAPED ROCK, HARBOR OF BONA.

If we leave Philippeville in the evening, we find ourselves next morning in the handsome roadstead of Bona. This, for the present, will terminate our examination of the coast, for, however fond we may be of level traveling, we cannot reasonably expect to get over the Atlas Mountains by hugging the shore. The harbor of Bona, though broad and beautiful, is somewhat dangerous, concealing numbers of rocks which lurk at about the surface of the water. Other rocks, standing boldly out at the entrance of the port, offer a singular aspect, being sculptured into strange forms by the sea. One makes a very good statue of a lion, lying before the city as its guard, and looking across the waves for an enemy as the foam caresses its monstrous feet.

Dismounting from shipboard, we become landsmen for the remainder of our journey, and wave adieu to the steamboat which has brought us as we linger a moment on the mole of Bona. This city is named from the ancient Hippo, out of whose ruins, a mile to the southward, it was largely built. The Arabs call it "the city of jujube trees"—Beled-el-Huneb. To the Roumi (or Christian) traveler the interest of the spot concentrates in one historic figure, that of Saint Augustine. In the basilica of Hippo, of which the remains are believed to have been identified in some recent excavations, the sainted bishop shook the air with his learned and penetrating eloquence. Here he exhorted the faithful to defend their religious liberty and their lives, uncertain if the Vandal hordes of Genseric were not about to sweep away the faith and the language of Rome. Here, where the forest of El Edoug spreads a shadow like that of memory over the scene of his walks and labors, he brought his grand life of expiation to a holy close, praying with his last breath for his disciples oppressed by the invaders. We reach the site of Hippo (or Hippone) by a Roman bridge, restored to its former solidity by the French, over whose arches the bishop must have often walked, meditating on his youth of profligacy and vain scholarship, and over the abounding Divine grace which had saved him for the edification of all futurity.

Bona has a street named Saint Augustine, but it is, by one of the strange paradoxes which history is constantly playing us, owned entirely by Jews, and those of one sole family. This fact indicates how the thrifty race has prospered since the French occupancy.

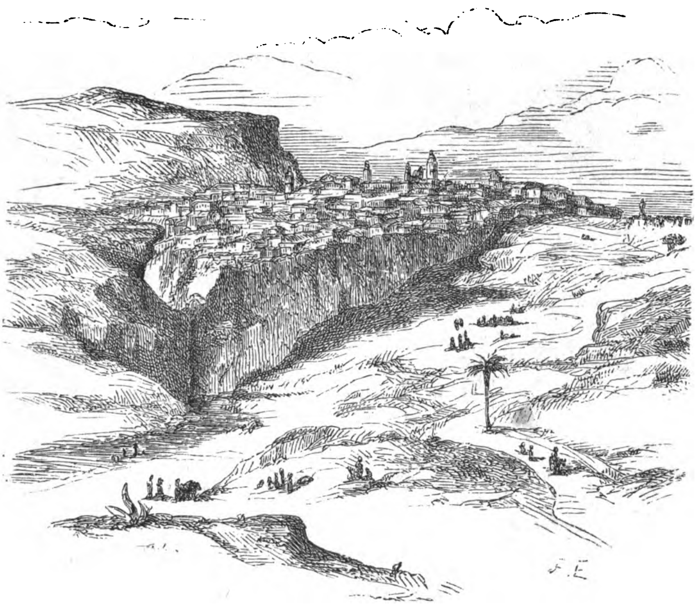


SHOPKEEPER AT BONA.

Formerly oppressed and ill-treated, taxed and murdered by the Turks, and only permitted to dress in the mournfulest colors, the Jew of Algeria hid himself as if life were something he had stolen, and for which he must apologize all his days. Now, treated with the same liberality as any other colonist, the Jew indulges in every ostentation of dress except as to the color of the turban, which, in small towns like Bona, still preserves the black hue of former days of oppression. On Saturdays the children of Jacob fairly blaze with gold and gay colors. On their working days they line the principal streets, eyeing the passers-by with a cool, easy indifference, but never losing a chance of business. In Algeria this race is generally thought to present a picture of arrogance, knavery and rank cowardice not equaled on the face of the globe. An English traveler saw an Arab, after maddening himself with opium and absinthe, run a-mok among the shopkeepers who lined the principal street of Algiers. Selecting the Hebrews, he drove before him a throng of twenty, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, who allowed themselves to be knocked down with the obedience of ninepins. A Frenchman stopped the maniac after he had killed one Jew and wounded several, none of them making any effort at defence.

A few narrow streets, bordered with Moorish architecture, contain the native industry of Bona. It is about equally divided between the Jews and the M'zabites, who, like the Kabyles, are a remnant of the stiff-necked old Berber tribe. The M'zabites preserve the pure Arab dress—the haik, or small bornouse without hood, the broad breeches coming to the knee, the bare legs, and the turban rolled up into a coil of ropes. Thus accoutred, and squatting in the ledges of their small booths, the jewelers, blacksmiths and tailors of Bona are found at their work.

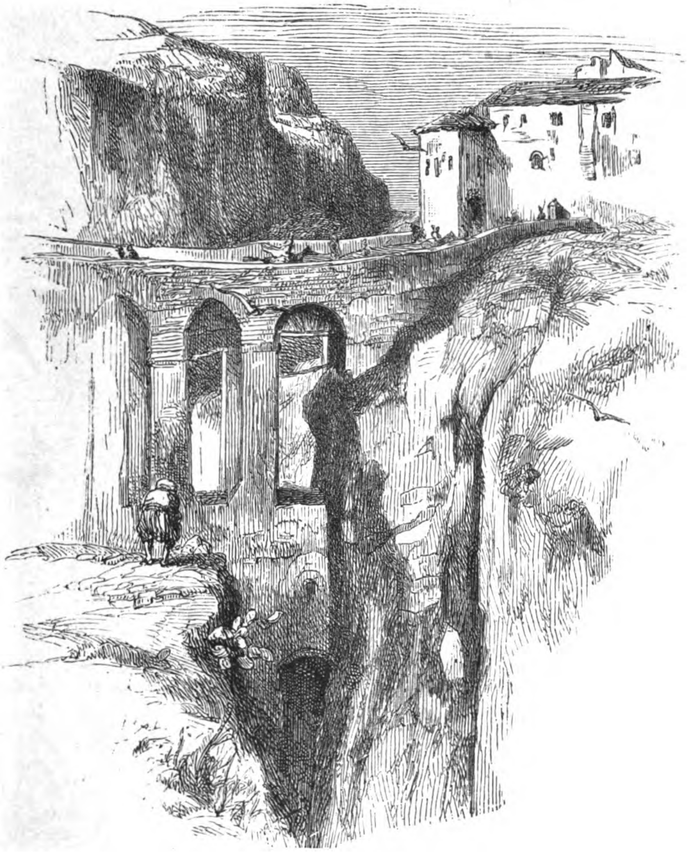
Returning to Philippeville by land, and remaining as short a time as possible in this unedifying city, which is a bad and overheated imitation of a French provincial town, we concede only so much to its modern character as to hire a fine open carriage in which to proceed inland toward Constantina. This city is reached after a calm, meditative ride through sunny hills and groves. After so quiet a preparation the first view of Constantina is fairly astounding. Encircled by a grand curve of mountainous precipices, rises a gigantic rock, washed by a moat formed of the roaring cascades of the river Rummel. On the flat top of this naked rock, like the Stylites on his pillar, stands Constantina. The Arabs used to say that Constantina was a stone in the midst of a flood, and that, according to their Prophet, it would require as many Franks to raise that stone as it would of ants to lift an egg at the bottom of a milk-pot.



CONSTANTINA.

This city, under its old Roman name of Cirta, was one of the principal strongholds of Numidia. In 1837 it was one of the most hotly-defended strongholds of the Kabyles. The French have renamed, as "Gate of the Breach," the old Bab-el-Djedid, where Colonel Lamoricière entered at the head of his Zouaves. The city had to be conquered in detail, house by house. Lamoricière himself was wounded: the Kabyles, driven to their last extremity, evacuated the Casbah on the summit of the rock, and let down their women by ropes into the abyss; the ropes, overweighted by these human clusters, broke, piling the bodies and fragments of bodies in heaps beneath the precipice, while some of the natives descended the steep rock safely with the agility of goats.

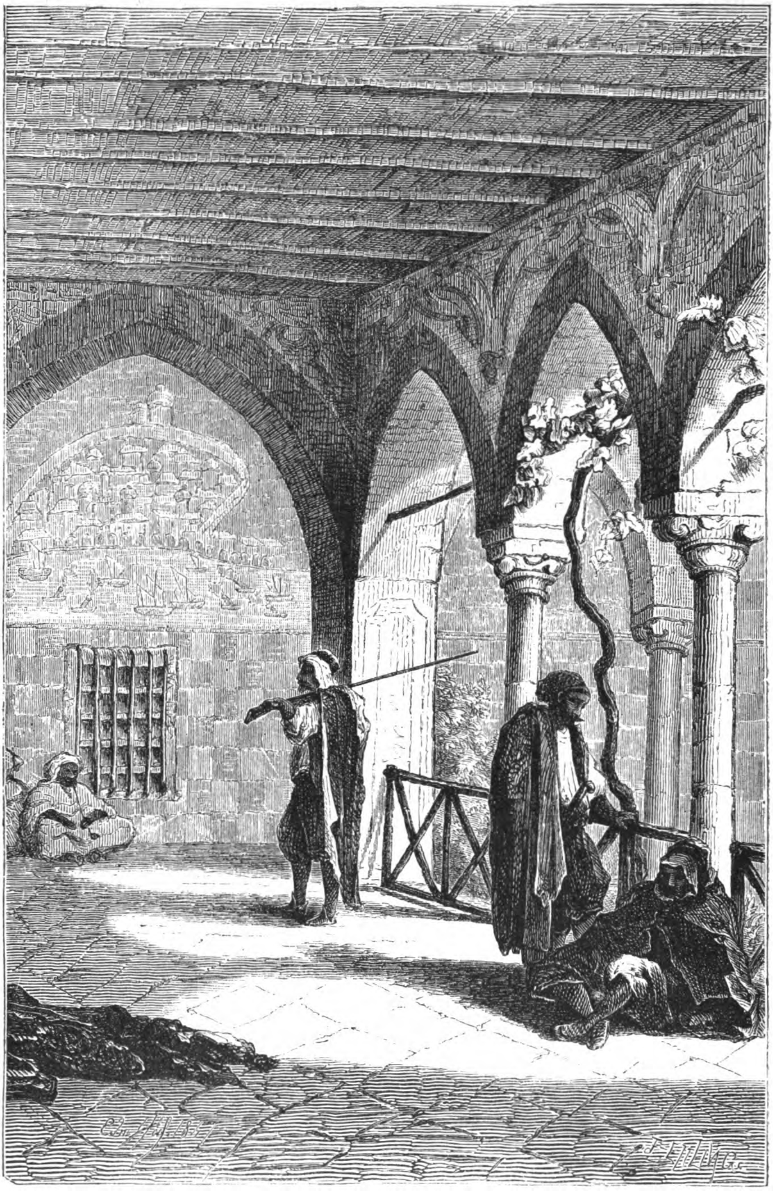
Of all the large Algerian cities, Constantina is that which has best preserved its primitive signet. In most quarters it remains what it was under the Turks. These quarters are still undermined, rather than laid out, with close and crooked streets, where the rough white houses are pierced with narrow windows, closed to the inquisitive eye of the Roumi. The roofs are of tile, for the winters on the hills are too severe to permit the flat, terraced roofs of Algiers or Bona. These white houses, roofed with brown, give a perfectly original aspect to the city as seen from any of the neighboring eminences. The plateau of Mansourah is connected with the town by a magnificent Roman bridge, two stories in height, restored by the French.



ROMAN BRIDGE AT CONSTANTINA.

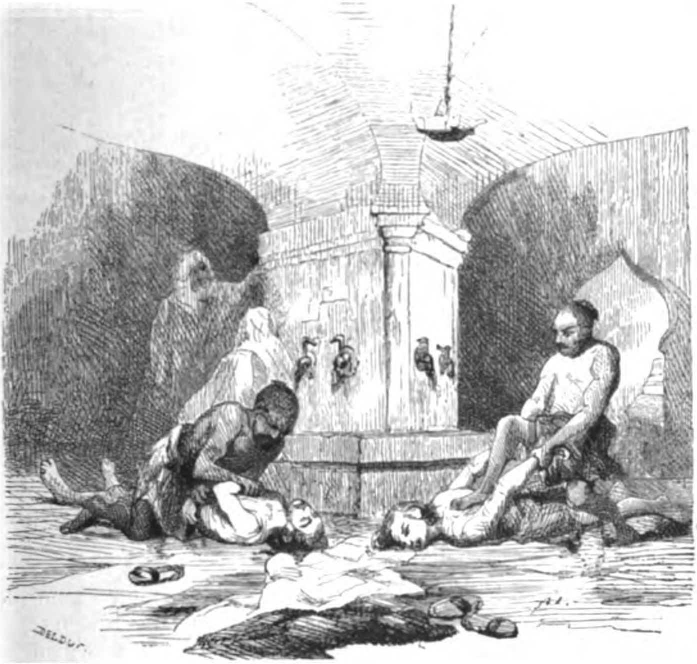
From this bridge, which is three hundred feet high by three hundred and fifteen feet in length, and has five arches, you look down into the bed of the Rummel, while the vultures and eagles scream around you, and you recite the words of the poet El Abdery, who called this river a bracelet which encircles an arm. The gorge opens out into a beautiful plain rich with pomegranates, figs and orange trees. The sea is forty-eight miles away.

The last bey of Constantina, not knowing that he was merely building for the occupancy of the French governors who were to come after him, decreed himself, some fifty years ago, a stately pleasure-dome, after the fashion of Kubla Khan. From the ruins of Constantina, Bona and Tunis, Ahmed Bey picked up whatever was most beautiful in the way of Roman marbles and carving. With these he built his halls, while the Rummel, through caverns measureless to man, ran on below. Some Frenchman of importance will now-a-days give you the freedom of this curious piece of Turkish construction, where, among storks and ibises gravely perched on one stilt, you examine the relics of Roman history, preserved by its very destroyers, according to the grotesque providence that watches over the study of archæology.



BEY'S PALACE, CONSTANTINA.

You are told how Ahmed, wishing to adorn the walls of his gallery or loggia with frescoes, of which he had heard, but which he had no artist capable of executing, whether Arab, Moor or Jew, applied to a prisoner. The man was a French shoemaker, who had never touched a brush: he vainly tried to decline the honor, but the bey was inflexible: "You are a vile liar: all the Christians can paint. Liberty if you succeed, death if you disobey me."



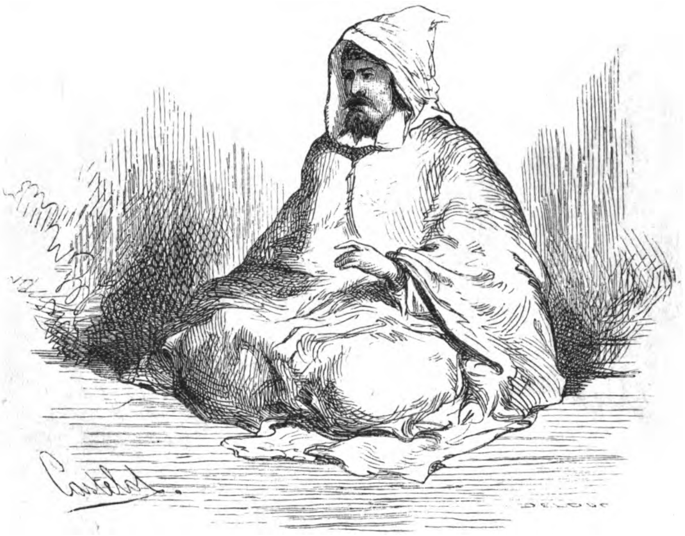
SHAMPOOING THE ROUMI.

Extremely nervous was the hand which the painter *malgrè lui* applied to the unlooked-for task. From the laborious travail of his brain issued at length an odd mass of arabesques with which the walls were somehow covered. His invention exhausted, he awaited in an agony of fear the inspection of his Turkish master. He came, and was enchanted. The painter was free, and the bey observed: "The dog wanted to deceive me: I knew that all the Christians could paint."

You are amazed to find, in this nest of Islamite savagery and among these wild rocks, the uttermost accent of modern French politeness. Your presence is a windfall in quarters so retired, and you sit among orange plants and straying gazelles, while the military band throws softly out against the inaccessible crags the famous tower-scene from the fourth act of *Il Trovatore*. As night draws on, tired of your explorations, you seek a Moorish bath.

Let no tourist, experienced only in the effeminate imitations of the hummum to be found in New York or London, expect similar considerate treatment in Algeria. He will be more likely to receive the attention of the M'zabite bather after the fashion narrated in the following paragraph, which is a quotation from an English journalist in the land of the Kabyles:

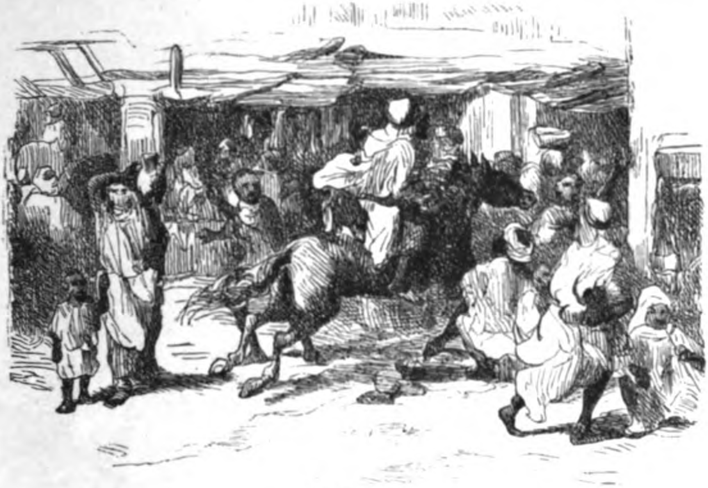
"We were told to sit down upon a marble seat in the middle of the hall, which we had no sooner done than we became sensible of a great increase of heat: after this each of us was taken into a closet of milder temperature, where, after placing a white cloth on the floor and taking off our napkins, they laid us down, leaving us to the further operations of two naked, robust negroes. These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of Arabic; so I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Moor inured to hardship. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, each took me by a leg and began rubbing the soles of my feet with a pumice stone. After this operation on my feet, they put their hands into a small bag and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on, smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me. While they were thus currying me they almost drowned me by throwing warm water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin under a cock fastened in the wall. When this was over they raised me up, putting my head under the cock, by which means the water flowed all over my body; and, as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued plying their vessels. Then, having dried me with very fine napkins, they each of them very respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that my torment was over, and was going to dress myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, stopped me till the other returned with a kind of earth, which they began to rub all over my body without consulting my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair as I was pained in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect that it burns the skin if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablution, after which one of them seized me behind by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack, so that for a time I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was this all, for after whirling me about like a top to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner: and then, to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet door."



HAMMO-EL-ZOUAOUI.

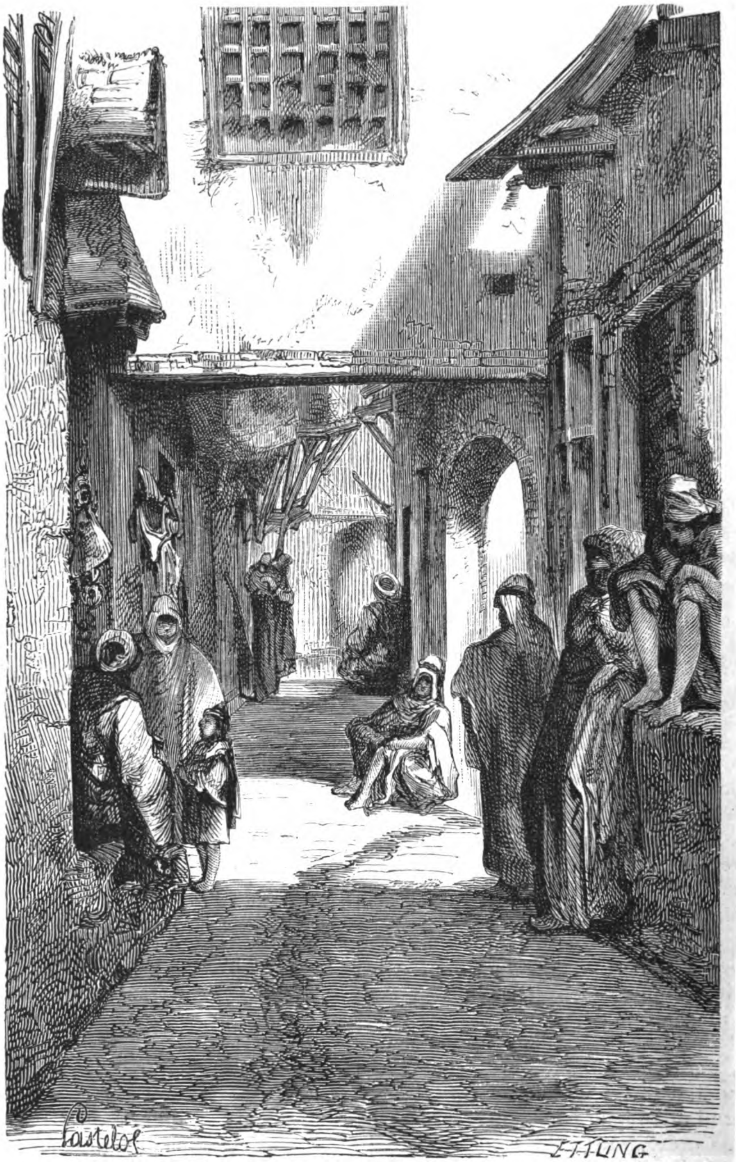
This is the true Moorish bath. Meantime, the M'zabite or negro, as he dislocates your legs, cracks your spinal column or dances over you on his knees, drones forth a kind of native psalmody, which, melting into the steamy atmosphere of the place, seems to be the litany of happiness and of the pure in heart. Clean in body and soul as you never were before, skinned, depilated, dissected, you emerge for a new life of ideal perfection, feeling as if you were suddenly relieved of your body.

There is held every Friday at Constantina a grand assembly of the fire-eating marabouts, the fanatics who have given so much trouble to their French rulers. Every revolution among the Kabyles is a religious movement, set in motion by the wild enthusiasm of the "saints." The religious orders of Kabylia, all of them differing in various degrees from Turkish Mohammedanism, are of some half dozen varieties, adapted to minds of various cultivation. Some, as that of Sidi-Yusef-Hansali, are mild in their rites and of a purely didactic or religious nature. This latter sect originated in Constantina, comprises two thousand brothers or khouans, and was in 1865 under the authority of Hammo-el-Zouaoui, a direct descendant of Yusef-Hansali. An hour passed in the college of this order, where the whole formula of worship consists in saying a hundred times "God forgive!" then, a hundred other times, "Allah ill' Allah: Mohammed ressoul Allah!" may be monotonous, but it is not revolutionary. From this tautological brotherhood, through various degrees of emotional activity, you arrive at the wild doings of the fire-eaters, or followers of Mohammed-ben-Aissa. This Aissa was a native of Meknes in Morocco, where he died full of years and piety three hundred years ago. His legend states that being originally very poor, he attempted to support his family in the truly Oriental manner, not by working for them, but by spending his whole time at the mosque in prayer for their miraculous sustenance. His inertia and his faith were acceptable to Mohammed, who appeared to Aissa's wife with baskets of food, and to Aissa with the order to found a sect. The allegory expressed by the disgusting actions of the order would seem to be that anything is nourishment to the true believer. They therefore exhibit themselves as eating red-hot iron, scorpions and prickly cactus. Various travelers, some of them cool hands and accurate observers, have seen these khouans at their horrible

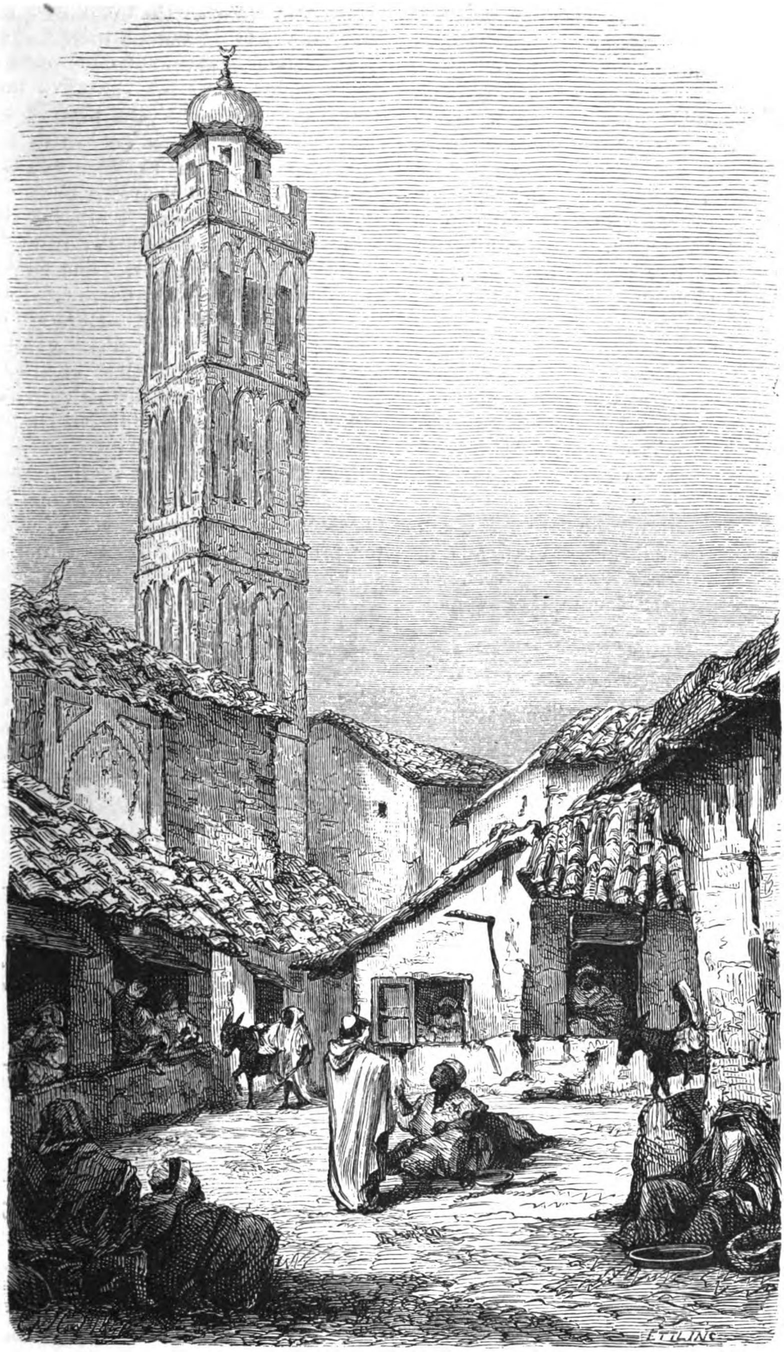


"BALEK!"

feasts without being able to explain the imposture. A British soldier, an experienced Indian officer, happened to be in Kabylia just before the breaking out of the great Sepoy rebellion in India, and was introduced to one of the fire-eating orgies by Major Deval at Tizi-ouzou, where our journey into Kabylia is to terminate. With his own eyes he saw a khouan, excited by half an hour's chanting and beating the tom-tom, drive a sword four inches deep into his chest by



A STREET IN CONSTANTINA.



THE GREAT MOSQUE, CONSTANTINA.

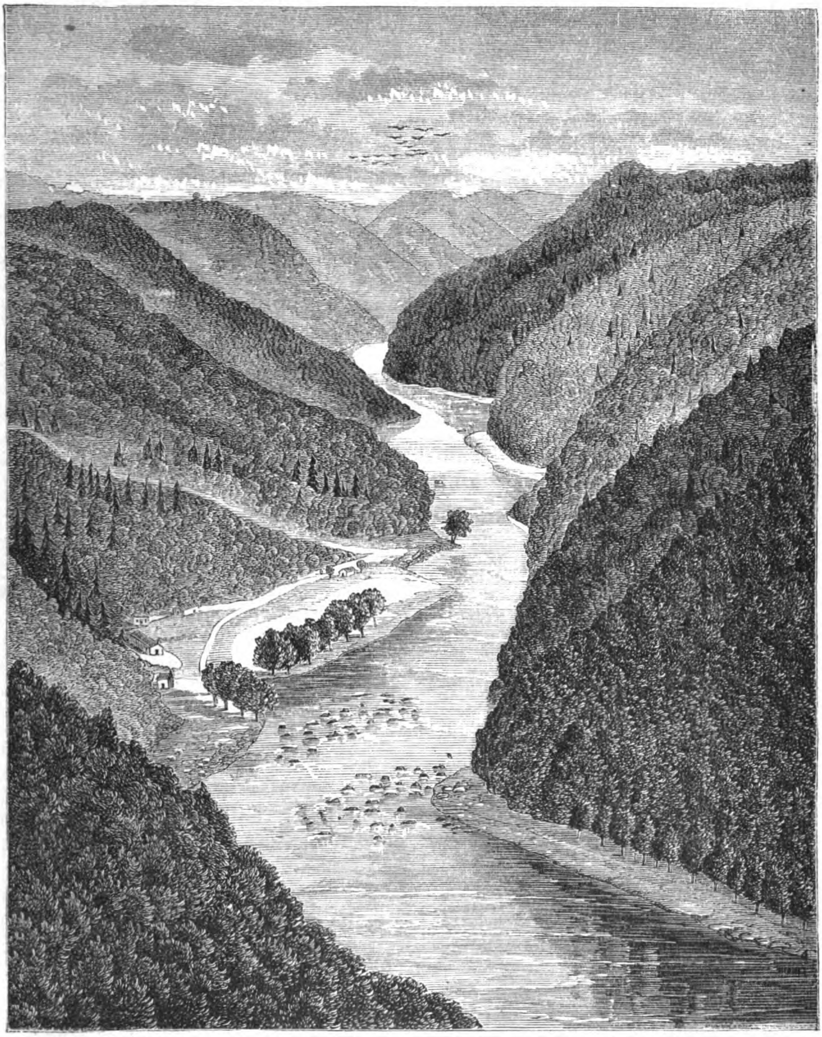
hitting it with a tile. The man marched around and exhibited it to the congregation as it quivered in his naked body. Another seared his face and hands with a large red-hot iron, holding it finally with his mouth without other support. Another chewed up an entire leaf of a cactus with its dangerous spikes, which sting one's hands severely and remain rankling in the flesh. Another filled his mouth with live coals from a brazier, and walked around blowing out sparks. Another swallowed a living scorpion, a small snake, broken glass and nails. The spectator was in the midst of these enthusiasts, being touched by them in their antics, yet he could detect no foul play, except that he imagined the sword in the first-named experiment to have been driven into an old wound or between the skin and the flesh. It was to counteract the influence of the fire-eating marabouts that the French government sent over Robert Houdin, the ingenious mechanician, but though he eclipsed their wonders by tricks of electricity and sleight, he has left but a lame explanation of the "juggleries" of the Algerine saints.

The worst attribute of these khouans is, that after having excited the ignorant Kabyles to many a losing war by their magnetism, they remain themselves behind the curtain, safe and sarcastic.

In the Moorish quarter of Constantina, where the streets are about five feet wide, you sit down to watch the perpetual come-and-go of the inhabitants. Taking a cup of fragrant coffee—which, as the reader knows, is in Eastern countries eaten at the same time that it is drunk—you sit on a stone bench of the coffee-house and contemplate mules, horses, asses, passengers, buyers, sellers, loungers, Arabs, Turks, Kabyles, Jews, Moors and spahis. On every side you hear the cry of "Balek! balek!" This means "Look out!" and the word is closely followed by the causative fact. The street is unpaved, the horse is unshod, the hoofs cannot be heard, and you have hardly time to efface yourself against a wall when a cavalier passes by like a careless torrent, scattering the white bornouses centrifugally from his pathway as he advances. The streets, as we observed, are very narrow. Each has its own manufacture. Here are the tailors; here, in this deafening alley, are the blacksmiths; farther on are the shoemakers, and you are driven mad with wonder at the quantities of slippers made for a people which goes eternally barefoot. Springing out of this dædal intricacy of booths and workshops rise the slender minarets of prayer, of which the principal one belongs to a mosque said to be the most beautiful in Algeria. The interior of this chief mosque is not deprived of ornament, having its columns of pink marble, its elliptical Moorish arches, and its tiles of painted fayence set in the walls. In the centre is the pulpit, coarsely painted red and blue, where the imaum recites his prayers. Three small, lofty windows are filled with carved lacework. The floor is spread with carpets for the knees of the rich, with matting for the poor. Over all rises the square, crescent-crowned minaret—no *belfry*, but a steeple where the chimes are rung by the human voice. Night and day, from the heights of their slender towers, the muezzins toll out their vibrating notes like a bell, inviting the faithful to prayers with the often-heard signal: "Allah ill' Allah: Mohammed resoul Allah!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE NATIONAL TRANS-ALLEGHANY WATER-WAY.



VIEW OF NEW RIVER.

THE offices of running water have afforded a fertile theme for the poet and the philosopher. In the ruder ages of the world the water-ways which carve their course over the face of the globe were regarded only in the light of natural barriers against hostile invasion; and thus arose the historic principle—

> Lands intersected by a narrow frith
> Abhor each other.

But civilization has demonstrated that they subserve a much higher purpose, that the rivers of a country are its great arteries and highways of trade, and that they fulfill functions as numerous and benign in the political economy as in the physical geography of the regions they furrow. In the Old World, the advancing streams of culture, science and commerce, and even the migrations of nations, have ebbed and flowed along the classic valleys of the Rhine, the Rhone and the Danube; and the banks of the Tigris, the Euphrates and the Nile are rich in memories of the world's mightiest and most splendid empires. In America the fertile watersheds of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Missouri are fast becoming what their antitypes of the great continent have been in the past. The outspreading wave of civilization and population has already reached westward to the foot of the Rocky Mountains from the Gulf of Mexico to Montana and Idaho, while even the basin of the Columbia River is rapidly filling up with an active, thriving and busy people, who can smile at the poet's vision:

> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save its own dashings.

The water-courses of a country are not less valuable to it than the little Pactolus was to the ancient city of Sardis, through whose streets it ran freighted with gold. But these natural highways of human intercourse, like most of Nature's provisions, are capable of indefinite artificial extension and multiplication. Our finest modern canals are scarcely smaller, and certainly capable of more uninterrupted, safe and heavy navigation, than many of the rivers which have figured in history, and which Pascal so graphically described as "*moving roads* that carry us whither we wish to go."

Such considerations as these have a profound bearing on many of the great economic problems of the age, but on none more than upon the grand problem which is now agitating the national mind in the United States: *How to connect its seaboard and central regions by water.* A glance at the map of the Union shows that its vast interior lies ensconced between the two mountain-walls of the Rocky chain on its western side and the Appalachian chain on its eastern side. Hemmed in by these barriers is the immense expanse of the most prolific, populous and prosperous section on the continent, which, taking its name from "the Father of Waters," is geographically designated as the *Mississippi Valley*, estimated by Professor J. W. Foster of the Chicago University to contain an area of two million four hundred and fifty-five thousand square miles, equal to that of all Europe excepting Russia, Norway and Sweden. Unlike the inland basin of Asia, in which the vast, mountain-girt Desert of Gobi stretches out its seas of sand, stony, sterile and desolate, the inland basin of America is its garden-spot and granary. Swept by the vapor-bearing winds and rain-distilling clouds from the Gulf of Mexico, and blessed with an excellent climate, it contains all the physical elements of an empire within itself. Its position makes it the national stronghold, so that with military men it has grown into an adage, "Whoever is master of the Mississippi is lord of the continent." It is yet but half developed, but no far-seeing mind can form any estimate of its future growth and opulence. "With a varied and splendid entourage—an imperial cordon of States —nothing," says Dr. John W. Draper of New York, "can prevent the Mississippi Valley from becoming in less than three centuries the centre of human power." The only wall of partition that shuts it off from the great marts of the world is formed by the chain of the Alleghanies, which stretch along the Atlantic seaboard, from south-west to north-east, for twelve hundred miles. This natural barrier, with a mean altitude of two thousand feet, is destitute of a central axis, and consists, as the two Rogerses, who have most fully explored its ridges, showed, of a series of convex and concave flexures, "giving them the appearance of so many colossal entrenchments." With a broad artificial channel cut through its sunken defiles and picturesque gorges, there would at once be opened a gateway for the flow and reflow of the heavy commerce of the Western World.

In 1781 the practical and philosophic eye of Thomas Jefferson perceived the national necessity for a great trans-Alleghany water-line, and early in the year 1786, though still tossed on the wave of the Revolution, and not yet recovered from the shock of British invasion, the State which gave birth to the author of the "Declaration of Independence" declared for the enterprise. With all the means and energy at its command it pushed forward the work from year to year, and directed it, as Mr. Jefferson had proposed, so as to connect the head-waters of the James River, flowing from the Alleghany summits to the ocean, with the mountain-river known as the Great Kanawha, which rises near the fountains of the upper James and descends into the broad bosom of the Ohio. Although this undertaking was prosecuted slowly at first, it was permanently recognized as one that must go on; in 1832 and 1835 it received new impulses; and in 1840 it had reached the piedmont districts. In 1847 a powerful impetus was given to the work, and it was thenceforth, till 1856, forced rapidly westward up the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies, as a complete and working structure, above a point three hundred miles from the Atlantic capes, and two hundred miles from Richmond, leaving an unfinished gap to the upper or navigable part of Kanawha River of a little over one hundred and fifty miles. This enormous work was more than half finished at an outlay of $10,436,869—a sum which, during the economic period of its expenditure, went as far as nearly twice that amount would go now.

By recent legislation the State of Virginia proposes to turn over the entire property of the canal to the United States, on the sole condition of its being finished by the government and converted into a national water-highway for the good of the common country—in other words, upon the one condition of its *nationalization*.

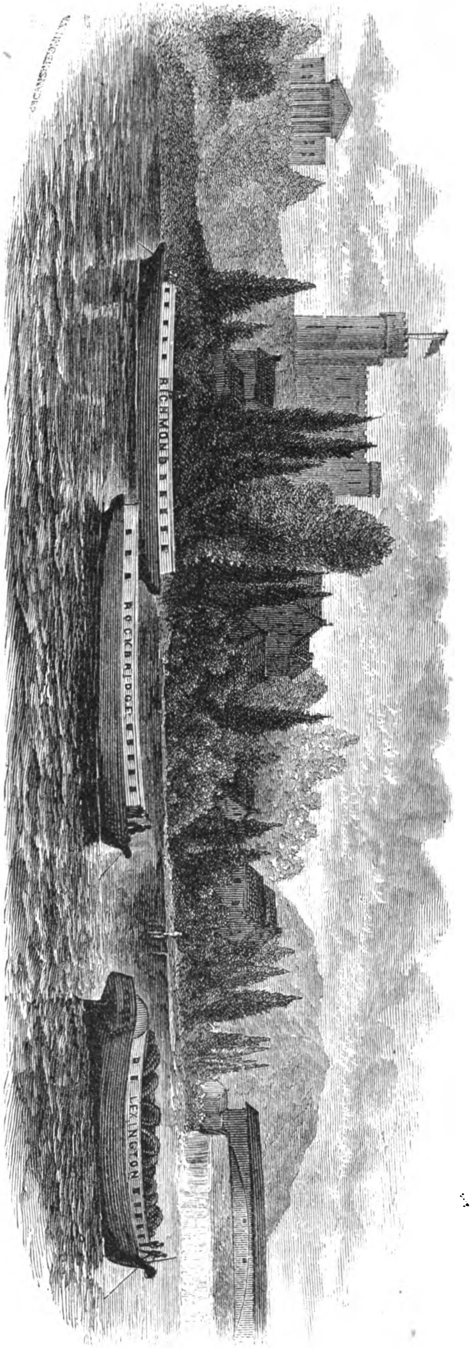
It is sometimes contended that the day of canals has passed, and henceforward the railway must take their place. But this notion is opposed to the present economic necessities of the world, as well as to the provisions of Nature, which evidently point to the utilization of the hydraulic systems of the globe. The lavish and prodigal use of the coal-deposit of the earth, and the deforesting of vast tracts of soil to supply fuel for the locomotive and the stationary engine, have already wrought incalculable and almost irremediable evils. The past year has seen the prices of all English coals go up at least eighty per cent., and the coal-famine of Great Britain, foreseen some years ago, has already threatened to sap the vigor of her industrial systems and destroy her manufacturing supremacy, or, at any rate, place her at the mercy of the United States for the fuel with which to operate them. The denudation of the vast territories of the United States by the axe of emigration has already told in a marked degree upon the condition of its climate, and greatly affected its meteorology and rainfall; while the railroads, which have spread their Briarean arms over the whole country, by their immense consumption of wood for cross-ties, sills, fuel, snow-sheds, bridges, etc., have well-nigh stripped the land of its timber, leaving its bosom exposed to the biting blasts of winter and to the fiery blaze of the summer sun.

The problem of more rapid canal navigation is speedily approaching solution, and to give up the water-lines of the larger sections would be fatal to their commercial development. "The Erie Canal," said a distinguished citizen of New York a short time ago, "now conveys one-fourth of the whole export of that vast interior region I have described (the Mississippi drainage), and as much of it during its six months of uninterrupted navigation as all of the trunk railways together during the same time." "Every canal-boat," he added, "which comes to Albany with an average cargo is more than the average of the New York Central Railroad trains. In the busy canal season more than one hundred and fifty such boats come daily to tide-water, and the New York Central Railroad traffic never reaches thirty trains a day." Such a canal traffic would make more than twenty miles of uninterrupted railroad-cars, which could not, by any possibility, be handled by the largest force of railroad employés with expedition or convenience. The *furore* which the steam-engine has excited and so long maintained in the mechanical world is decidedly abating. Engineers are everywhere at work studying the practicability of employing new forces. The solar heat, the wind-power, the water-power of rivers, and even the tidal energy of the sea, have been and are now being harnessed to the machineries of Europe. These reservoirs of force are kept perennially full by the sun and the moon, to whose action they are due, and at a future period, when men have prodigally squandered their heritage of coal and wood wealth, they will be invoked by the mechanic and manufacturer to furnish their chief motive-power. As an economist of the force-*capital* deposited by the sun's influence in the bowels of the earth during its carboniferous epoch, and as using, instead of it, the force-*interest* received annually from the sun through the medium of rain and wind, the water-way will and must become one of the most generally employed engines of the higher civilizations yet to be.

So long as the subject of trans-Alleghany water-communication was viewed as one merely affecting individual States, it possessed no national interest. But in its present aspect it is of vast moment, both national and international. While many overcrowded portions of the Old World are often confronted with both the spectre and the reality of gaunt famine, and their breadless thousands are looking wistfully to the fresh and prolific fields of the New, for relief, there are annually lost to the country and the world vast stores of corn, which the Western farmers cannot afford to send by railroad to the seaboard for foreign shipment, and freely use as a substitute for fuel. This fact is suggestive and significant. To understand its import we have only to look at the geographical position of the West and the Mississippi Valley, isolated in the heart of a continent.

There are three outlets for the commerce of these sections seeking New York, the emporium of the New World, and the chief trans-Atlantic markets: 1. By the Mississippi River to New Orleans, and thence by transhipment to New York and Europe. 2. By the northern lakes to the St. Lawrence Valley, or by the former to the Erie Canal. 3. By the costly transportation of railroads over the Alleghanies or along the lake-shores eastward.

The first of these routes is of course the longest, both in time and distance. It takes the merchandise by an extensive détour, which, from the mouth of the Ohio River, *viâ* the Gulf, to New York, exceeds three thousand miles. Although lying in the powerful current of the Gulf Stream, which is a propelling force speeding forward the vessel that trusts its warm, blue waters, this route is exposed to the most violent cyclonic storms, and navigators shun and evade it during the equinoctial or hurricane season. But, barring danger and distance, no country with such an outlet to the sea as the Mississippi River affords can be considered dependent upon any artificial communication. Notwithstanding the objections which exist to this long route (which is both expensive and long), its trade is rapidly increasing from the very exigencies of the case. The introduction of the barge-system on the great Western rivers has greatly facilitated and cheapened transportation. Steam-tugs, carrying neither passengers nor freight, are substituted for the steamboat. These tugs never stop except to coal and attach the barges, already loaded before their arrival at a city, and proceed with great despatch. Steaming steadily on, night and day, they make the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans almost as quickly as the oft-detained steamboat. The distance has been made between these cities by a tug, with ten heavily-freighted barges, in six days. The tugs plying on the Minnesota River carry with good speed barges containing thirty thousand bushels of wheat, and the freight of a single trip would fill more than eighty railroad-cars. This transportation is cheap, because the tugs require less than one-fourth the expense for running and management required by the steamboats. The carriage of grain from Minnesota to New Orleans by this method costs no more than the freightage from the same point to Chicago by rail. A boatload of wheat from St. Paul, taking the river route, is not once handled until it is put aboard ship at the Crescent City. The mighty energy of the North-west — "the Germany of America," as it has been well called by Dr. Draper — has long since discovered that the Mississippi is the best existing route to European markets. Grain can be shipped by way of St. Louis and New Orleans to New York and Europe twenty cents a bushel cheaper than it can be carried by the other existing routes. As long ago as 1868 the Illinois Central Railroad took hold of the West India and Southern trade through the river route, and offered such commercial inducements to Western importers that "Havana sends her products by this route to the North-west, instead of by New York."* As the North-west expands and multiplies in resources and population, it will be compelled to transact its foreign and seaboard commerce through the noble navigable waters of the Mississippi, unless it can obtain a short and cheap transportation to New York by some trans-Alleghany water-line. In the event of the North-western trade being diverted southward along the great natural artery of the continent, where no tolls, no tariffs and no transhipments are re-



THE CANAL BASIN AT LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

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* New York *Times*.

quired, the loss will fall most heavily upon New York and the seaboard marts. The increasing stream of South American commerce, in the same event, must inevitably take the short, speedy and entirely inexpensive route to the Northwest (through the broad and free highway of the "Father of Waters"), rather than encounter the delay, danger and expense of the Gulf-Stream route to New York, and thence by rail or the Lakes to its destination. The longer the present trade-status continues, and the mammoth corporations of the railroads force the transportation of the North-west, the West and the Mississippi Valley to take the river and Gulf route to the sea, the greater and more fixed becomes the diversion of this incalculable commerce from the great markets of the Middle and Eastern States. So far, therefore, from the far West being at the mercy of the East in this matter, the former has the advantage. The East, rather than allow the present tendency of the commercial current to set well in toward the Gulf, and wear a channel for itself, should strain every nerve to keep it steadily moving toward its own maritime cities. The great cities of the Atlantic seaboard can better afford to construct a water-line over the mountains at their own cost than to run the risk of the Mississippi River becoming the commercial avenue for its vast valley and drainage, and thus bearing the golden stream away from their harbors and streets.

The Utopian idea that Norfolk may become the rival of the great seaports and centres of capital, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, is without the field of discussion. It is not more possible than that a magnetized knife-blade should exert a more powerful attraction than the largest lodestone or the mightiest electro-magnet.

The Lake route from the Mississippi Valley to the East was made continuous and complete by the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825. The day of the old flatboats had not then closed, and the application of steam to river navigation was still in its infancy. The growth of the West—which has always outstripped its internal improvements—like an immense river long dammed up, bursting the barriers that confined it, forced its way toward the sea. Although it was said at first that the canal would never pay, "the opening of this work," as the Superintendent of the Census says, "was an announcement of a new era in the internal grain-trade of the United States. To the pioneer, the agriculturist and the merchant the grand avenue developed a new world. From that period do we date the rise and progress of the Northwest." This splendid structure is to-day the great artery of Eastern wealth; and but for the fact that for six months in the year, when the vast sea of Western commerce would seek an outlet through its banks to the East, it is locked by ice, it would be widened into a ship-canal. It lies in the very track of the great north-westerly winds, which descend with torrential rush and polar cold over the Lakes, and thence through Northern New York. Last year, as late as the third of March, when the vegetation of the Middle States was beginning to spring forth in vernal beauty, the whole of the lower Lake region and Western and Northern New York were swept by these Arctic tempests; and this is the climatic rule rather than an exceptional case. Even in the season of open water the Lakes are exposed to the most violent storms, and within their narrow shores hundreds of vessels are annually lost. The mariner overtaken by what would be a moderate gale in a broad sea is in imminent peril for want of sea-room; and in a snow-storm, however light—whose winds elsewhere he would court to fill his sails and propel his craft—his course is beset with danger and difficulty. For more than half the year navigation is suspended by the thickening terrors of the tempest and the accumulated obstacles of ice.* And yet,

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*From the 3d to the 6th of March, last year, the thermometer at Rochester was several degrees *below zero;* at Troy, New York, on the 5th it stood at —14° (*below zero*); at Ogdensburg, New York, at —32° (*below zero*); at Watertown, New York, —34° (*below zero*)! These intense colds recur as late as April.

with all the obstacles which impair the utility of the Lake route while it is in operation, the volume of Western produce prefers it, or rather is forced by the necessities of the case to employ it. And these necessities will continue to increase. With the aid of all the railroads now or to be constructed, the rapid expansion of Western commerce has distanced the facilities of transport. The iron horse, as has been well said, has always stimulated industry and production beyond his power to carry it. It was the forcible remark of the English traveler Sir Morton Peto that the American railroads from West to East were "choked with traffic." So great is the inadequacy of all existing outlets for conveying the more than Amazonian streams of trans-Alleghany merchandise that it has long since become the interest of every great corporation, as well as of every citizen of the country, to open for them new and national highways.

From this digression, embracing facts and views which seemed essential to an intelligent discussion of the main subject, we pass on to examine the Appalachian outlet by which the great Western empire of America may find its way to the sea. The bird's-eye view here presented will show the Appalachian mountain-chain, and the waters which thread their way along its gentle slopes eastward to the Atlantic basin and westward to the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. The Alleghanies bear a striking geographic resemblance to the Highlands of Scotland, so famed in song and story. Like the central Grampian Hills—those majestic buttresses in whose recesses the old Caledonians found secure and impregnable asylums from the Roman legions—except that they are richer in verdure and less lofty, they form the grand natural rampart of the American Union. To use the words of Lavallée, the French military historian and statistician, "Mountains play the principal part in military operations: true ramparts of states, they interrupt the development of strategic movements, and render the greatest efforts necessary for their passage and possession. They are the poetical part of the theatre of the art of war." If the day ever comes, as come it may, when the kingly powers of the world combine to crush the republican institutions of the United States, and swarm the harbors and bays of our Atlantic seaboard with their allied navies, the defiles of the Alleghanies will prove the Thermopylæs of the Union; and against their eastern base the surging wave of invasion must be stayed, if stayed at all. Like the Scottish peaks,

> The grisly champions that guard
> The infant rills of Highland Dee,

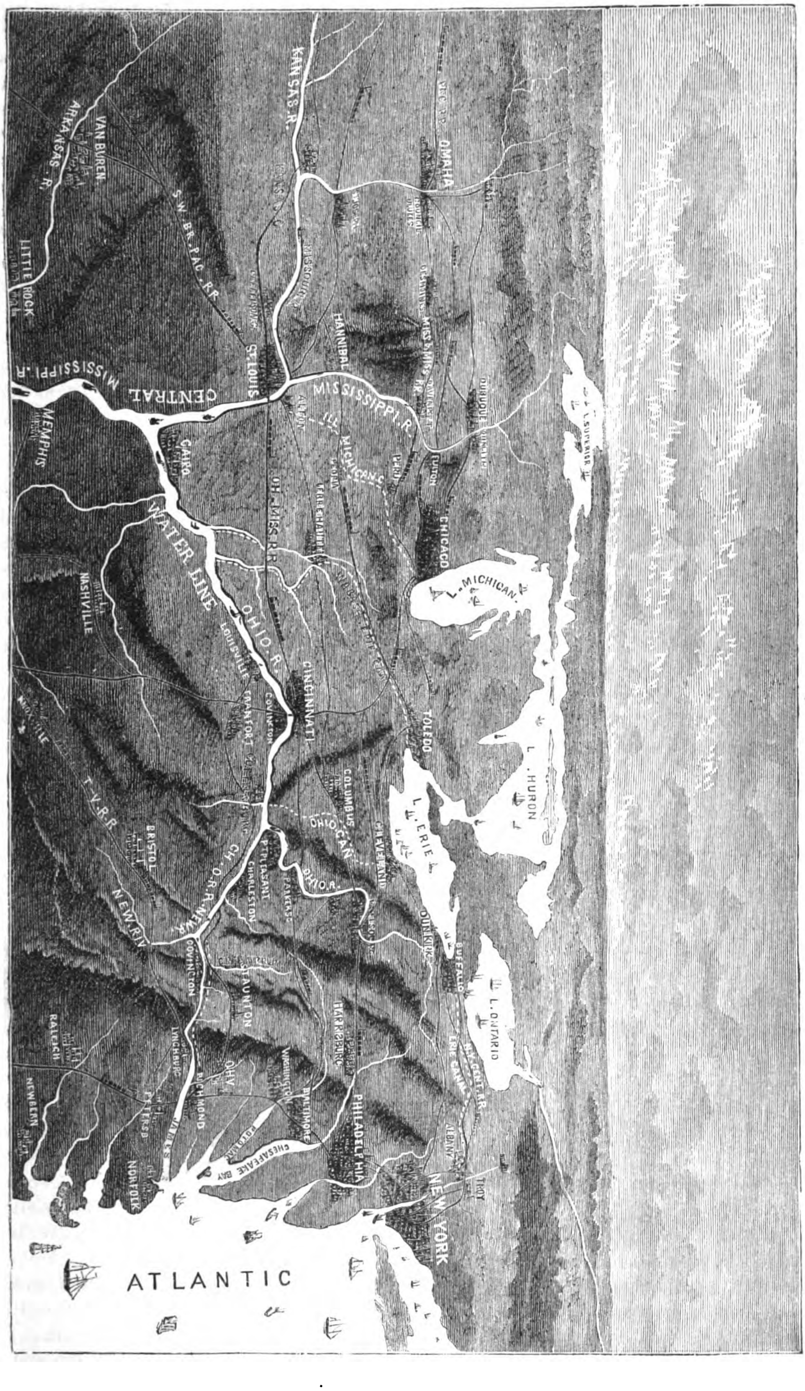
or the Spanish wall of the Pyrenean chain, on whose Sierras, in 1808, Wellington's blazing lines of Torres Vedras arrested Massena's march, the mountains that look out on our Atlantic sea-front must ever be of the highest military importance.

To throw across their central ridges a great aqueduct is no mean undertaking of merely local significance, but may take rank with the old Roman aqueducts, with the magnificent roads constructed by Napoleon over the Alps, and with the more modern and now triumphant tunnels through Mont Cenis and the Hoosac Mountains, and the rapidly-progressing railway over the Andes from Callao to the Amazon Valley.

The broad and national features of the proposed trans-Alleghany water-way have so strongly commended themselves to President Grant that in his last message he recommends preliminary Congressional action, and in a more recent address to a number of distinguished visitors at the Executive Mansion he used much stronger and bolder language in assuring them that "he hoped Congress would give such encouragement to the measure as to secure the completion of the canal." He has in these words only repeated the sentiments of his illustrious predecessors, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, in behalf of the value of the work. We have already alluded to Mr. Jefferson's early advocacy of a water-line by the James and Kanawha Rivers. The first idea of this enterprise seems to have been suggested to Washington as early as the year 1753, after his celebrated trip from Jamestown to Fort Duquesne as an envoy of Governor Dinwiddie. At the close of the Revolutionary war he made an arduous and personal exploration of the country for many hundred miles. He kept a journal in which were minutely recorded his conversations with all intelligent persons he met respecting the facilities for internal navigation afforded by the rivers rising in the Alleghany Mountains and flowing either east or west. Returning to Mount Vernon October 4, 1784, he wrote, as the result of his observations, to the then governor of Virginia, the father of William Henry Harrison: "I shall take the liberty now, my dear sir, to suggest a matter which would (if I am not too short-sighted a politician) mark your administration as an important era in the annals of this country. It has been my decided opinion that the *shortest, easiest* and *least expensive* communication with the invaluable and extensive country back of us would be by one or both of the rivers of this State which have their sources in the Appalachian Mountains." General Washington, on the 26th of August, 1785, became the first president of the company authorized by the legislation which he had suggested previously to Governor Harrison. It is well known that the same views entertained by Washington and Jefferson were held and advocated by Mr. Madison, long before the most prescient statesman could descry the faintest image of that colossal empire of population, wealth and rapid development now lying west of the Alleghanies.

For the great future water-ways which are needed for the Western, the Northwestern and the Mississippi Valley trade there are several routes that have been demonstrated to be practicable. One of these is by a projected canal to connect the Coosa River with the Alabama River, and thence following that stream to the Gulf of Mexico. This, if ever carried out, as eventually it is probable will be the case, would avoid the bars and dangers of the navigation of the lower Mississippi, and in a measure obviate the necessity of the proposed sub-canals in Louisiana and other engineering expedients to remove or turn the very serious river-obstacles to an outlet south of New Orleans. Another proposal is to connect the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers, and to run a canal from the latter to the Ocmulgee or Savannah River, and thence by the use of slack water to reach the harbors of Savannah and Charleston. This scheme has been clearly proved to be feasible, although the distance seems objectionable. The third (or central) water-line proposed is that so long agitated since the beginning of the present century, so often surveyed and re-surveyed by the most eminent engineers, and not long since by the United States Engineer Corps under the direction of General A. A. Humphreys, the chief engineer of the United States army. It is the shortest and most direct line, and has the advantage that it is, as we have seen, already nearly half completed, from the head of tide-water on the James River, above Lexington, to Buchanan, near the summit-level of the mountains. The engineers who have reported upon it—among whom are the late Colonel E. Lorraine, Benjamin H. Latrobe, Esq., and other eminent engineers — estimate that the largest sum required for its completion to the Kanawha River is $37,364,000, and the length of time required four years. "Of this large sum, however," they say, "it can be clearly shown that there will be no need of any other advance by government than the interest which will accumulate while the work is in progress, which, by issuing the bonds every six months, as required, will not reach the sum of *six million dollars. And this is every cent that will ever be required to be advanced.* Should the government undertake to make the work a fine one, it will of course cost the whole amount estimated, but this would be more than made up by its increased benefits to the whole country.

"The work when completed, even at a low rate of tolls—not over about half the rate charged on the Erie Canal—will return the advance, pay the interest and


VAN BUREN
ARKANSAS R.
LITTLE ROCK
KANSAS R.
OMAHA
S.W. BR. PAC. R.R.
MISSOURI
HANNIBAL
ST. LOUIS
MISSISSIPPI R.
CENTRAL
MISSISSIPPI R.
MEMPHIS
CAIRO
ALTON
ILL. MICHIGAN C.
PERU
FULTON
DUBUQUE
L. SUPERIOR
CHICAGO
L. MICHIGAN
OH. & MISS. R.R.
WATER LINE
NASHVILLE
OHIO R.
LOUISVILLE
CINCINNATI
COVINGTON
FRANKFORT
TOLEDO
L. HURON
KNOXVILLE
T.V. R.R.
BRISTOL
COLUMBUS
OHIO CAN.
CLEVELAND
L. ERIE
CH. & O. R.R.
PT. PLEASANT
CHARLESTON
OHIO R.
DUNKIRK
BUFFALO
NEW RIV.
NEW R.
COVINGTON
STAUNTON
HARRISBURG
L. ONTARIO
ERIE CANAL
RALEIGH
LYNCHBURG
RICHMOND
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
ALBANY
TROY
NEWBERN
PETERSB.
NORFOLK
CHESAPEAKE BAY
POTOMAC
NEW YORK
ATLANTIC

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TRANS-ALLEGHANY WATER-LINE.

redeem the principal in less than twenty years.

"In considering this question we are not left to mere conjecture. The wonderful history of the Erie Canal, and a comparison of the circumstances connected with the operations of that great work with those under which this enterprise will be inaugurated and accompanied, furnish sufficient data for reliable conclusions."

When we consider that the Erie Canal, though frozen up and useless for half the year, has not only long since paid for its construction out of its tolls, but makes a present of itself to the State, with *about thirty millions of dollars* of net profit, and that it does more than five times the business of the great New York Central Railroad, transporting annually over five million tons of cargo (which exceeds the total foreign commerce of New York City), and yet is "choked" and gorged with freight, the close figuring of the engineers does not appear to be questionable.

The immense saving in the cost of water-carriage as compared with that of railway-transportation is hardly conceived by the public mind. Many of the railroads carry produce at very low and reasonable rates, but they cannot afford to take it at much if any less than *three times the amount* charged by the canals. It appears from the report of the New York State Engineer for 1868 that the average receipts per ton per mile on the New York Central Railroad and the Erie Railway was 2.92 cents and 2.42 cents respectively; while on the New York State canals it was 1 cent only, tolls included. But a trans-Alleghany canal would, after getting fully into operation, be able to transport produce more cheaply than the New York canals, which are frozen over about five months of the year, and during the very period when the great tide of Western freightage and the ingathered crops is pressing most heavily for an outlet to the East.* There are many products of the West and the Mississippi Valley that will not bear the cost of transportation to the Eastern cities, either by rail, Gulf or Lake route, because they would consume *in transitu* for freight between sixty and seventy per cent. of their market value in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

These views have been ably and earnestly pressed time and again upon Congress by Eastern and Western statesmen, merchants and citizens of all classes, by the press of all parties, and by the boards of trade and commercial conventions. The surveys cover every foot of the proposed James River Canal extension to the Ohio Valley, which, by general consent, seems to be regarded as the most eligible because it is the most direct central route, and because the State of Virginia has most munificently offered to remand the half-completed work to the general government on the sole condition of its *nationalization*.

If, as history has always testified, it be true that

> Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations, which had else,
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one,

it would be difficult, as it is unnecessary, even to attempt to form an adequate estimate of this great trans-Alleghany highway as a benign and powerful agent in the political reconstruction and moral unification of the American States.

After leaving Buchanan, the proposed route for the extension of the James River and Kanawha Canal runs westward to the mouth of Fork Run, a small mountain-river, and ascends that stream to the summit-level, seventeen hundred feet above tide-water. It then pierces the main range of the Alleghanies, passing under Tuckahoe and Katis Mountains by a tunnel nearly eight miles long, and emerges into the valley of the Greenbrier River on the western mountain-slope. Its water-line pursues its course by slack-water navigation down the Greenbrier to New River, and down New River to Lyken's Shoals on the Kanawha, eighty-five miles above its mouth. The last distance of eighty-five miles will be traversed by open navigation, as the Kanawha Valley permits it. Major W. B. Craighill of the Engineer Corps, in his able report to General A. A. Humphreys on this central water-line, says: "The recent completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel in Europe, and the rapid progress made with the Hoosac Tunnel in this country, with the experience gained in these works, and the improved facilities daily coming into use for carrying on such operations, induce us to approach such an undertaking as the Lorraine tunnel not only without apprehension of failure, but with a feeling of assured certainty of success. It is no longer an extraordinary, but an ordinary, undertaking."

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* The average of twenty years shows that the James River and Kanawha Canal was closed annually by ice only fifteen days; the longest period in any one year was fifty-six days.

The practical capacity of the water-line when completed will be of almost unlimited extent, while the canal proper with its locks will have a capacity of from fifteen to twenty millions of tons annually. In the fall and early winter, after the harvests are over, and during the very season that the highway is most needed, and when the northern routes are blocked by ice, this trans-Alleghany water-way will be open.

The local trade in its path would alone justify its construction. It will penetrate the finest mineral lands of Virginia and West Virginia, which have been so long locked up from the world. The great Kanawha coal-fields and iron- and salt-mines are unsurpassed by any now known in any part of the globe. In the large demand from England and Europe for coal, which is finding expression in the large orders sent to Philadelphia and Baltimore for Pennsylvania and Maryland coal,* there is the best possible evidence that the local trade of the national canal would be enormous. So highly thought of is the Kanawha cannel coal that it is now shipped down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, and sent thence by sea to New York, where it brings per ton about three times the price of anthracite in that market. It is equal to the best English and Nova Scotia cannel, while the Kanawha bituminous and splint coals are unsurpassed by any others. The veins lie horizontally, and vary from three to fifteen feet in thickness, the aggregate thickness of the various strata amounting in some localities to forty or fifty feet of the solid carbon.

But, great as are the local interests and the trade of the water-line, they are entirely lost sight of in the national aspect of the question.

The population now demanding a direct and central highway for its great inland commerce, according to the best estimates (those of Poor), cannot fall short of fifteen millions, and most probably exceeds that number. It is now conclusively established that the centre of gravity of our national population has crossed the Appalachian chain. Professor Hilgard of the Coast Survey prepared a year ago, at the request of the Hon. J. A. Garfield of Ohio, a series of calculations to ascertain this centre of gravity by the four last censuses. Supposing a plane of the exact shape and size of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, loaded with the actual population, he determined the points on which it would balance. In the recently-published words † of Mr. Garfield we give the following results of Professor Hilgard's calculations: By this process he found that in 1840 the centre of gravity of the population was at a point in Virginia near the eastern foot of the Appalachian chain, and near the parallel of 39° N. latitude. In 1850 this centre had moved westward fifty-seven miles across the mountains, to a point nearly south of Parkersburg, Virginia. In 1860 it had moved westward eighty-two miles, to a point nearly south of Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1870 it had reached a point near Wilmington, Clinton county, Ohio, about forty-five miles north-east of Cincinnati. In no case had it widely departed from the thirty-ninth parallel. If the same rate be maintained during the next three decades, which I doubt, it will fall in the neighborhood of Bloomington, Indiana, by 1900. Professor

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* A single English order for Cumberland coal, to be shipped by a Baltimore dealer last December, was for three hundred thousand tons.

† New York *Nation*, December 19, 1872.

Hilgard also found that a line drawn from Lake Erie, at the north-eastern corner of Ohio, to Pensacola in Florida, would divide the population of the United States, as it stood in 1870, into two equal parts. This line is nearly parallel to the line of the Atlantic coast. From these calculations it will appear that both the "centre of gravity" and the line that divides the population in half are more than one hundred and fifty miles west of the Appalachian chain.

If these computations be correct, Poor's figures are too low by two or three millions at least. But, apart from the demand for an inter-continental canal by the population on the west of the Appalachian chain, the seaboard States and cities east of the Appalachians are, as we have already shown, as profoundly interested in such a national cheap thoroughfare as is the former section. Careful estimates have shown that the surplus produce* of the trans-Alleghany sections and the Mississippi Valley cannot be less than twenty-five million tons; and this would immediately seek an outlet through the Virginia water-line to the sea. The saving that would result to the West and to the whole country would be enormous; and at a very moderate calculation the amount would be an average of two dollars per ton on the river route, *viâ* New Orleans, and ten dollars per ton over the railroad routes. The completion of a comparatively short canal of eighty miles, to cover the gap from Buchanan to the upper Kanawha, would without the shadow of exaggeration save the West forty millions of dollars a year; and the central water-line would yield an interest of ten to fifteen per cent. on the capital invested, while opening a continuous water-road from Liverpool to Omaha, running nearly due west, fifty-nine hundred miles in length! By reducing the freights on the other present thoroughfares through the influence of wholesome competition, it would perhaps at once lessen the cost of inland transportation by nearly one hundred millions of dollars annually!

These considerations, and the added fact that for many years the chambers of commerce of the great Western cities, the many commercial conventions that have met, and the legislatures of the States bordering on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, have earnestly and unanimously memorialized Congress in behalf of the completion of this great inter-continental highway, fully establish the *national* character of the measure now pending in the national councils.

THOMPSON B. MAURY.

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* Last year's grain-yield in the Mississippi Valley was one billion and thirty-six millions of bushels. In many parts of the West, for want of transportation, corn is now sold for as little as eighteen and twenty cents per bushel, and the husks are worth, for fuel, nearly as much as the grain. One of the great newspapers of the West, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* (January 8th) in discussing editorially "The Reason Farming does not Pay" in that country, forcibly says: "A charge of thirty cents per bushel for the carriage of corn, when the freight should be only fifteen cents, absorbs *one-half the value of the crop;* and this process, repeated from year to year during the whole period of a decade, exhausts what would otherwise become the surplus of the farmer, and finally impoverishes the entire agricultural community."

# A PRINCESS OF THULE.

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

## CHAPTER I.

### "LOCHABER NO MORE."

ON a small headland of the distant island of Lewis an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of clouds, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapor, as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set, powerfully-built man who stood on this solitary point paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy gray beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the gray mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky showed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbor. As the sound of the engines came nearer and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face, except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said, almost as though he were addressing some one there, "My good little girl!"

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind how could any such message be delivered? And already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunion could never be broken—were now trying, through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The gray mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel and all the beating hearts it contained, and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained was the sea, whitened by the rushing of the wind and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man, who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand toward a road that ran near by. There was a large wagonette of varnished oak and a pair of small, powerful horses waiting for him there; and having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him, and he turned once more, as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye. "My poor little Sheila!" That was all he said; and then he turned to the horses and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors called to each other in a whisper, and said, "That is the King of Borva."

But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head, "It iss a bad day, this day, for Mr. Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila iss gone away; and there iss nobody — not anybody at all — left in the island to tek the side o' the poor folk."

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, though he was known to many of the people, as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened, but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was this which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a fence, to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland, which in the distance rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from those mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier-drift—great gray boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether, but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker, and to the fisherman passing by the coast it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the louring clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along this lonely route sometimes cast a glance down toward this threatening of a storm, but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses, and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of something like surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woolen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

"Mr. Mackenzie," she said, with that peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools, "it wass Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house."

The girl was crying, although the blue eyes looked bravely through the tears as if to disprove the fact.

"Ay, my good lass," he said, putting his hand gently on her head, "and it wass Sheila wrote to you?"

"Yes, sir, and I hef come down from Suainabost."

"It is a lonely house you will be going to," he said absently.

"But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to—" But here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely. The elderly man in the wagonette seemed scarcely to notice that she was crying: he bade her come up beside him; and when he had got her into the wagonette he left some message with the innkeeper, who had come to the door, and drove off again.

They drove along the high land that

overlooks a portion of Loch Roag, with its wonderful network of islands and straits, and then they stopped on the lofty plateau of Callernish, where there was a man waiting to take the wagonette and horses.

"And you would be seeing Miss Sheila away, sir?" said the man; "and it wass Duncan Macdonald will say that she will not come back no more tô Borva."

The old man with the big gray beard only frowned and passed on. He and the girl made their way down the side of the rocky hill to the shore, and here there was an open boat awaiting them. When they approached, a man considerably over six feet in height, keen-faced, gray-eyed, straight-limbed and sinewy in frame, jumped into the big and rough boat and began to get ready for their departure. There was just enough wind to catch the brown mainsail, and the King of Borva took the tiller, his henchman sitting down by the mast. And no sooner had they left the shore and stood out toward one of the channels of this arm of the sea, than the tall, spare keeper began to talk of that which made his master's eye grow dark. "Ah, well," he said, in the plaintive drawling of his race, "and it iss an empty house you will be going to, Mr. Mackenzie; and it iss a bad thing for us all that Miss Sheila hass gone away; and it iss many's ta time she will hef been wis me in this very boat—"

"— — — — you, Duncan Macdonald!" cried Mackenzie, in an access of fury, "what will you talk of like that? It iss every man, woman and child on the island will talk of nothing but Sheila! I will drive my foot through the bottom of the boat if you do not hold your peace!"

The tall gillie patiently waited until his master had exhausted his passion, and then he said, as if nothing had occurred, "And it will not do much good, Mr. Mackenzie, to tek ta name o' God in vain; and there will be ferry much more of that now since Miss Sheila iss gone away, and there will be much more of trinking in ta island, and it will be a great difference, mirover. And she will be so far away that no one will see her no more—far away beyond ta Sound of Sleat, and far away beyond Oban, as I hef heard people say. And what will she do in London, when she has no boat at all, and she will never go out to ta fishing? And I will hear people say that you will walk a whole day and never come to ta sea, and what will Miss Sheila do for that? And she will tame no more o' ta wild-ducks' young things, and she will find out no more o' ta nests in the rocks, and she will hef no more horns when the deer is killed, and she will go out no more to see ta cattle swim across Loch Roag when they go to ta sheilings. It will be all different, all different, now; and she will never see us no more. And it iss as bad as if you wass a poor man, Mr. Mackenzie, and had to let your sons and your daughters go away to America, and never come back no more. And she ta only one in your house! And it wass the son o' Mr. Macintyre of Sutherland he would hef married her, and come to live on ta island, and not hef Miss Sheila go away among strangers that doesna ken her family, and will put no store by her, no more than if she wass a fisherman's lass. It wass Miss Sheila herself had a sore heart tis morning when she went away; and she turned and she looked at Borva as the boat came away, and I said, Tis iss the last time Miss Sheila will be in her boat, and she will not come no more again to Borva."

Mr. Mackenzie heard not one word or syllable of all this. The dead, passionless look had fallen over the powerful features, and the deep-set eyes were gazing, not on the actual Loch Roag before them, but on the stormy sea that lies between Lewis and Skye, and on a vessel disappearing in the midst of the rain. It was by a sort of instinct that he guided this open boat through the channels, which were now getting broader as they neared the sea, and the tall and grave-faced keeper might have kept up his garrulous talk for hours without attracting a look or a word.

It was now the dusk of the evening, and wild and strange indeed was the scene around the solitary boat as it slowly moved along. Large islands—so large that any one of them might have been mistaken for the mainland—lay over the dark waters of the sea, remote, untenanted and silent. There were no white cottages along these rocky shores; only a succession of rugged cliffs and sandy bays, but half mirrored in the sombre water below. Down in the south the mighty shoulders and peaks of Suainabhal and its sister mountains were still darker than the darkening sky; and when at length the boat had got well out from the network of islands and fronted the broad waters of the Atlantic, the great plain of the western sea seemed already to have drawn around it the solemn mantle of the night.

"Will you go to Borvabost, Mr. Mackenzie, or will we run her into your own house?" asked Duncan—Borvabost being the name of the chief village on the island.

"I will not go on to Borvabost," said the old man peevishly. "Will they not have plenty to talk about at Borvabost?"

"And it iss no harm tat ta folk will speak of Miss Sheila," said the gillie with some show of resentment: "it iss no harm tey will be sorry she is gone away—no harm at all, for it wass many things tey had to thank Miss Sheila for; and now it will be all ferry different—"

"I tell you, Duncan Macdonald, to hold your peace!" said the old man, with a savage glare of the deep-set eyes; and then Duncan relapsed into a sulky silence and the boat held on its way.

In the gathering twilight a long gray curve of sand became visible, and into the bay thus indicated Mackenzie turned his small craft. This indentation of the island seemed as blank of human occupation as the various points and bays they had passed, but as they neared the shore a house came into sight, about half-way up the slope rising from the sea to the pasture-land above. There was a small stone pier jutting out at one portion of the bay, where a mass of rocks was imbedded in the white sand; and here at length the boat was run in, and Mackenzie helped the young girl ashore.

The two of them, leaving the gillie to moor the little vessel that had brought them from Callernish, went silently toward the shore, and up the narrow road leading to the house. It was a square, two-storied substantial building of stone, but the stone had been liberally oiled to keep out the wet, and the blackness thus produced had not a very cheerful look. Then, on this particular evening the scant bushes surrounding the house hung limp and dark in the rain, and amid the prevailing hues of purple, blue-green and blue the bit of scarlet coping running round the black house was wholly ineffective in relieving the general impression of dreariness and desolation.

The King of Borva walked into a large room, which was but partially lit by two candles on the table and by the blaze of a mass of peats in the stone fireplace, and threw himself into a big easy-chair. Then he suddenly seemed to recollect his companion, who was timidly standing near the door, with her shawl still round her head.

"Mairi," he said, "go and ask them to give you some dry clothes. Your box it will not be here for half an hour yet." Then he turned to the fire.

"But you yourself, Mr. Mackenzie, you will be ferry wet—"

"Never mind me, my lass: go and get yourself dried."

"But it wass Miss Sheila," began the girl diffidently—"it wass Miss Sheila asked me—she asked me to look after you, sir—"

With that he rose abruptly, and advanced to her and caught her by the wrist. He spoke quite quietly to her, but the girl's eyes, looking up at the stern face, were a trifle frightened.

"You are a ferry good little girl, Mairi," he said slowly, "and you will mind what I say to you. You will do what you like in the house, you will take Sheila's place as much as you like, but you will mind this—not to mention her name, not once. Now go away, Mairi, and find Scarlett Macdonald, and she will give you some dry clothes; and you will tell her to send Duncan down to Borvabost, and bring up John the Piper and Alister-nan-Each, and the lads of the *Nighean dubh*, if they are not gone home to Habost yet. But it iss John the Piper must come directly."

The girl went away to seek counsel of Scarlett Macdonald, Duncan's wife, and Mr. Mackenzie proceeded to walk up and down the big and half-lit chamber. Then he went to a cupboard, and put out on the table a number of tumblers and glasses, with two or three odd-looking bottles of Norwegian make, consisting of four semicircular tubes of glass meeting at top and bottom, leaving the centre of the vessel thus formed open. He stirred up the blazing peats in the fireplace. He brought down from a shelf a box filled with coarse tobacco, and put it on the table. But he was evidently growing impatient, and at last he put on his cap again and went out into the night.

The air blew cold in from the sea, and whistled through the bushes that Sheila had trained about the porch. There was no rain now, but a great and heavy darkness brooded overhead, and in the silence he could hear the breaking of the waves along the hard coast. But what was this other sound he heard, wild and strange in the stillness of the night—a shrill and plaintive cry that the distance softened until it almost seemed to be the calling of a human voice? Surely those were words that he heard, or was it only that the old, sad air spoke to him?—

> For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
> Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

That was the message that came to him out of the darkness, and it seemed to him as if the sea and the night and the sky were wailing over the loss of his Sheila. He walked away from the house and up the hill behind. Led by the sound of the pipes, that grew louder and more unearthly as he approached, he found himself at length on a bit of high table-land overlooking the sea, where Sheila had had a rude bench of iron and wood fixed into the rock. On this bench sat a little old man, humpbacked and bent, and with long white hair falling down to his shoulders. He was playing the pipes—not wildly and fiercely, as if he were at a drinking-bout of the lads come home from the Caithness fishing, nor yet gayly and proudly, as if he were marching at the head of a bridal-procession, but slowly, mournfully, monotonously, as though he were having the pipes talk to him.

Mackenzie touched him on the shoulder, and the old man started. "Is it you, Mr. Mackenzie?" he said in Gaelic. "It is a great fright you have given me."

"Come down to the house, John. The lads from Habost and Alister, and some more will be coming; and you will get a ferry good dram, John, to put wind in the pipes."

"It is no dram I am thinking of, Mr. Mackenzie," said the old man. "And you will have plenty of company without me. But I will come down to the house, Mr. Mackenzie—oh yes, I will come down to the house—but *in a little while* I will come to the house."

Mackenzie turned from him with a petulant exclamation, and went along and down the hill rapidly, as he could hear voices in the darkness. He had just got into the house when his visitors arrived. The door of the room was opened, and there appeared some six or eight tall and stalwart men, mostly with profuse brown beards and weather-beaten faces, who advanced into the chamber with some show of shyness. Mackenzie offered them a rough and hearty welcome, and as soon as their eyes had got accustomed to the light bade them help themselves to the whisky on the table. With a certain solemnity each poured out a glass and drank "*Shlainte!*" to his host as if it were some funeral rite. But when he bade them replenish their glasses, and got them seated with their faces to the blaze of the peats, then the flood of Gaelic broke loose. Had the wise little girl from Suainabost warned these big men? There was not a word about Sheila uttered. All their talk was of the reports that had come from Caithness, and of the improvements of the small harbor near the Butt, and of the black sea-horse that had been seen in Loch Suainabhal, and of some more sheep having been found dead on the Pladda Isles, shot by the men of the

English smacks. Pipes were lit, the peats stirred up anew, another glass or two of whisky drunk, and then, through the haze of the smoke, the browned faces of the men could be seen in eager controversy, each talking faster than the other, and comparing facts and fancies that had been brooded over through solitary nights of waiting on the sea. Mackenzie did not sit down with them: he did not even join them in their attention to the curious whisky-flasks. He paced up and down the opposite side of the room, occasionally being appealed to with a story or a question, and showing by his answers that he was but vaguely hearing the vociferous talk of his companions. At last he said, "Why the teffle does not John the Piper come? Here, you men—you sing a song, quick! None of your funeral songs, but a good brisk one of trinking and fighting."

But were not nearly all their songs—like those of all dwellers on a rocky and dangerous coast—of a sad and sombre hue, telling of maidens whose lovers were drowned, and of wives bidding farewell to husbands they were never to see again? Slow and mournful are the songs that the northern fishermen sing as they set out in the evening, with the creaking of their long oars keeping time to the music, until they get out beyond the shore to hoist the red mainsail and catch the breeze blowing over from the regions of the sunset. Not one of these Habost fishermen could sing a brisk song, but the nearest approach to it was a ballad in praise of a dark-haired girl, which they, owning the *Nighean dubh*, were bound to know. And so one young fellow began to sing, "Mo Nighean dubh d'fhas boidheach dubh, mo Nighean dubh na treig mi,"* in a slow and doleful fashion, and the others joined in the chorus with a like solemnity. In order to keep time, four of the men followed the common custom of taking a pocket handkerchief (in this case an immense piece of brilliant red silk, which was evidently the pride of its owner) and holding it by the four corners, letting it slowly rise and fall as they sang. The other three men laid hold of a bit of rope, which they used for the same purpose. "Mo Nighean dubh," unlike most of the Gaelic songs, has but a few verses; and as soon as they were finished the young fellow, who seemed pleased with his performances, started another ballad. Perhaps he had forgotten his host's injunction, perhaps he knew no merrier song, but at any rate he began to sing the "Lament of Monaltrie." It was one of Sheila's songs. She had sung it the night before in this very room, and her father had listened to her describing the fate of young Monaltrie as if she had been foretelling her own, and scarcely dared to ask himself if ever again he should hear the voice that he loved so well. He could not listen to the song. He abruptly left the room, and went out once more into the cool night-air and the darkness. But even here he was not allowed to forget the sorrow he had been vainly endeavoring to banish, for in the far distance the pipes still played the melancholy wail of Lochaber.

Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!

—that was the only solace brought him by the winds from the sea; and there were tears running down the hard gray face as he said to himself, in a broken voice, "Sheila, my little girl, why did you go away from Borva?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FAIR-HAIRED STRANGER.

"WHY, you must be in love with her yourself!"

"I in love with her? Sheila and I are too old friends for that!"

The speakers were two young men seated in the stern of the steamer Clansman as she ploughed her way across the blue and rushing waters of the Minch. One of them was a tall young fellow of three-and-twenty, with fair hair and light blue eyes, whose delicate and mobile features were handsome enough in their way, and gave evidence of a nature at

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* "My black-haired girl, my pretty girl, my black-haired girl, don't leave me." *Nighean dubh* is pronounced *Nyean du*.

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once sensitive, nervous and impulsive. He was clad in light gray from head to heel — a color that suited his fair complexion and yellow hair; and he lounged about the white deck in the glare of the sunlight, steadying himself from time to time as an unusually big wave carried the Clansman aloft for a second or two, and then sent her staggering and groaning into a hissing trough of foam. Now and again he would pause in front of his companion, and talk in a rapid, playful, and even eloquent fashion for a minute or two; and then, apparently a trifle annoyed by the slow and patient attention which greeted his oratorical efforts, would start off once more on his unsteady journey up and down the white planks.

The other was a man of thirty-eight, of middle height, sallow complexion and generally insignificant appearance. His hair was becoming prematurely gray. He rarely spoke. He was dressed in a suit of rough blue cloth, and indeed looked somewhat like a pilot who had gone ashore, taken to study and never recovered himself. A stranger would have noticed the tall and fair young man who walked up and down the gleaming deck, evidently enjoying the brisk breeze that blew about his yellow hair, and the sunlight that touched his pale and fine face or sparkled on his teeth when he laughed, but would have paid little attention to the smaller, brown-faced, gray-haired man, who lay back on the bench with his two hands clasped round his knee, and with his eyes fixed on the southern heavens, while he murmured to himself the lines of some ridiculous old Devonshire ballad or replied in monosyllables to the rapid and eager talk of his friend.

Both men were good sailors, and they had need to be, for although the sky above them was as blue and clear as the heart of a sapphire, and although the sunlight shone on the decks and the rigging, a strong north-easter had been blowing all the morning, and there was a considerable sea on. The far blue plain was whitened with the tumbling crests of the waves, that shone and sparkled in the sun, and ever and anon a volume of water would strike the Clansman's bow, rise high in the air with the shock, and fall in heavy showers over the forward decks. Sometimes, too, a wave caught her broadside, and sent a handful of spray over the two or three passengers who were safe in the stern; but the decks here remained silvery and white, for the sun and wind speedily dried up the traces of the sea-showers.

At length the taller of the young men came and sat down by his companion: "How far to Stornoway yet?"

"An hour."

"By Jove, what a distance! All day yesterday getting up from Oban to Skye, all last night churning our way up to Loch Gair, all to-day crossing to this outlandish island, that seems as far away as Iceland;—and for what?"

"But don't you remember the moonlight last night as we sailed by the Cuchullins? And the sunrise this morning as we lay in Loch Gair? Were not these worth coming for?"

"But that was not what you came for, my dear friend. No. You came to carry off this wonderful Miss Sheila of yours, and of course you wanted somebody to look on; and here I am, ready to carry the ladder and the dark lantern and the marriage-license. I will saddle your steeds for you and row you over lakes, and generally do anything to help you in so romantic an enterprise."

"It is very kind of you, Lavender," said the other with a smile, "but such adventures are not for old fogies like me. They are the exclusive right of young fellows like you, who are tall and well-favored, have plenty of money and good spirits, and have a way with you that all the world admires. Of course the bride will tread a measure with you. Of course all the bridesmaids would like to see you marry her. Of course she will taste the cup you offer her. Then a word in her ear, and away you go as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and as if the bridegroom was a despicable creature merely because God had only given him five feet six inches. But you couldn't have a Lochinvar five feet six."

The younger man blushed like a girl and laughed a little, and was evidently greatly pleased. Nay, in the height of his generosity he began to protest. He would not have his friend imagine that women cared only for stature and good looks. There were other qualities. He himself had observed the most singular conquests made by men who were not good-looking, but who had a certain fascination about them. His own experience of women was considerable, and he was quite certain that the best women, now—the sort of women whom a man would respect — the women who had brains—

And so forth and so forth. The other listened quite gravely to these well-meant, kindly, blundering explanations, and only one who watched his face narrowly could have detected in the brown eyes a sort of amused consciousness of the intentions of the amiable and ingenuous youth.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Ingram," continued Lavender in his rapid and impetuous way—"do you mean to tell me that you are not in love with this Highland princess? For ages back you have talked of nothing but Sheila. How many an hour have I spent in clubs, up the river, down at the coast, everywhere, listening to your stories of Sheila, and your praises of Sheila, and your descriptions of Sheila! It was always Sheila, and again Sheila, and still again Sheila. But, do you know, either you exaggerated or I failed to understand your descriptions; for the Sheila I came to construct out of your talk is a most incongruous and incomprehensible creature. First, Sheila knows about stone and lime and building; and then I suppose her to be a practical young woman, who is a sort of overseer to her father. But Sheila, again, is romantic and mysterious, and believes in visions and dreams; and then I take her to be an affected school-miss. But then Sheila can throw a fly and play her sixteen-pounder, and Sheila can adventure upon the lochs in an open boat, managing the sail herself; and then I find her to be a tom-boy. But, again, Sheila is shy and rarely speaks, but looks unutterable things with her soft and magnificent eyes; and what does that mean but that she is an ordinary young lady, who has not been in society, and who is a little interesting, if a little stupid, while she is unmarried, and who after marriage calmly and complacently sinks into the dull domestic hind, whose only thought is of butchers' bills and perambulators?"

This was a fairly long speech, but it was no longer than many which Frank Lavender was accustomed to utter when in the vein for talking. His friend and companion did not pay much heed. His hands were still clasped round his knee, his head leaning back, and all the answer he made was to repeat, apparently to himself, these not very pertinent lines:

"In Ockington, in Devonsheer,
My vather he lived vor many a yeer;
And I his son with him did dwell,
To tend his sheep: 'twas doleful well.
Diddle-diddle!"

"You know, Ingram, it must be precious hard for a man who has to knock about in society, and take his wife with him, to have to explain to everybody that she is in reality a most unusual and gifted young person, and that she must not be expected to talk. It is all very well for him in his own house—that is to say, if he can preserve all the sentiment that made her shyness fine and wonderful before their marriage—but a man owes a little to society, even in choosing a wife."

Another pause.

"It happened on a zartin day
Four-score o' the sheep they rinned astray:
Says vather to I, 'Jack, rin arter 'm, du!'
Sez I to vather, 'I'm darned if I du!'
Diddle-diddle!"

"Now you are the sort of a man, I should think, who would never get careless about your wife. You would always believe about her what you believed at first; and I dare say you would live very happily in your own house if she was a decent sort of woman. But you would have to go out into society sometimes; and the very fact that you had not got careless—as many men would, leaving their wives to produce any sort of impression they might — would make you vexed that the world could not off-hand value your wife as you fancy she ought to be valued. Don't you see?"[*]

This was the answer:

> "Purvoket much at my rude tongue,
> A dish o' brath at me he vlung,
> Which so incensed me to wrath,
> That I up an' knack un instantly to arth.
> Diddle-diddle!"

"As for your Princess Sheila, I firmly believe you have some romantic notion of marrying her and taking her up to London with you. If you seriously intend such a thing, I shall not argue with you. I shall praise her by the hour together, for I may have to depend on Mrs. Edward Ingram for my admission to your house. But if you only have the fancy as a fancy, consider what the result would be. You say she has never been to a school; that she has never had the companionship of a girl of her own age; that she has never read a newspaper; that she has never been out of this island; and that almost her sole society has been that of her mother, who educated her and tended her, and left her as ignorant of the real world as if she had lived all her life in a lighthouse. Goodness gracious! what a figure such a girl would cut in South Kensington!"

"My dear fellow," said Ingram at last, "don't be absurd. You will soon see what are the relations between Sheila Mackenzie and me, and you will be satisfied. I marry her? Do you think I would take the child to London to show her its extravagance and shallow society, and break her heart with thinking of the sea, and of the rude islanders she knew, and of their hard and bitter struggle for life? No. I should not like to see my wild Highland doe shut up in one of your southern parks among your tame fallow-deer. She would look at them askance. She would separate herself from them; and by and by she would make one wild effort to escape, and kill herself. That is not the fate in store for our good little Sheila; so you need not make yourself unhappy about her or me. Talking of Devonshire, how is that young American lady you met at Torquay in the spring?"

"There, now, is the sort of woman a man would be safe in marrying!"

"And how?"

"Oh, well, you know," said Frank Lavender. "I mean the sort of woman who would do you credit—hold her own in society, and that sort of thing. You must meet her some day. I tell you, Ingram, you will be delighted and charmed with her manners and her grace, and the clever things she says; at least, everybody else is."

"Ah, well!"

"You don't seem to care much for brilliant women," remarked the other, rather disappointed that his companion showed so little interest.

"Oh yes, I like brilliant women very well. A clever woman is always a pleasanter companion than a clever man. But you were talking of the choice of a wife; and pertness in a girl, although it may be amusing at the time, may become something else by and by. Indeed, I shouldn't advise a young man to marry an epigrammatist, for you see her shrewdness and smartness are generally the result of experiences in which *he* has had no share."

"There may be something in that," said Lavender carelessly; "but of course, you know, with a widow it is different; and Mrs. Lorraine never does go in for the *ingénue*."

The pale blue cloud that had for some time been lying faintly along the horizon now came nearer and more near, until they could pick out something like the configuration of the island, its bays and promontories and mountains. The day seemed to become warmer as they got out of the driving wind of the Channel, and the heavy roll of the sea had so far subsided. Through comparatively calm water the great Clansman drove her way, until, on getting near the land and under shelter of the peninsula of Eye, the voyagers found themselves on a beautiful blue plain, with the spacious harbor of Stornoway opening out before them. There, on the one side, lay a white and cleanly town, with its shops and quays and shipping. Above the bay in front stood a great gray castle, surrounded by pleasure-grounds and terraces and gardens; while on the southern side the harbor was overlooked by a semicircle of hills, planted with every variety of tree. The white houses, the blue bay and the large gray building set amid green terraces and overlooked by wooded hills, formed a bright and lively little picture on this fresh and brilliant forenoon; and young Lavender, who had a quick eye for compositions which he was always about to undertake, but which never appeared on canvas, declared enthusiastically that he would spend a day or two in Stornoway on his return from Borva, and take home with him some sketch of the place.

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[*] 'Now all ye young men, of every persuasion,
Never quarl wi' your vather upon any occasion;
For instead of being better, you'll vind you'll be wuss,
For he'll kick you out o' doors, without a varden in your puss!
Diddle-diddle!'

"And is Miss Sheila on the quay yonder?" he asked.

"Not likely," said Ingram. "It is a long drive across the island, and I suppose she would remain at home to look after our dinner in the evening."

"What? The wonderful Princess Sheila look after our dinner! Has she visions among the pots and pans, and does she look unutterable things when she is peeling potatoes?"

Ingram laughed: "There will be a pretty alteration in your tune in a couple of days. You are sure to fall in love with her, and sigh desperately for a week or two. You always do when you meet a woman anywhere. But it won't hurt you much, and she won't know anything about it."

"I should rather like to fall in love with her, to see how furiously jealous you would become. However, here we are."

"And there is Mackenzie—the man with the big gray beard and the peaked cap—and he is talking to the chamberlain of the island."

"What does he get up on his wagonette for, instead of coming on board to meet you?"

"Oh, that is one of his little tricks," said Ingram with a good-humored smile. "He means to receive us in state, and impress you, a stranger, with his dignity. The good old fellow has a hundred harmless ways like that, and you must humor him. He has been accustomed to be treated *en roi*, you know."

"Then the papa of the mysterious princess is not perfect?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you now that Mackenzie's oddest notion is that he has a wonderful skill in managing men, and in concealing the manner of his doing it. I tell you this that you mayn't laugh and hurt him when he is attempting something that he considers particularly crafty, and that a child could see through."

"But what is the aim of it all?"

"Oh, nothing."

"He does not do a little bet occasionally?"

"Oh dear! no. He is the best and honestest fellow in the world, but it pleases him to fancy that he is profoundly astute, and that other people don't see the artfulness with which he reaches some little result that is not of the least consequence to anybody."

"It seems to me," remarked Mr. Lavender with a coolness and a shrewdness that rather surprised his companion, "that it would not be difficult to get the King of Borva to assume the honors of a papa-in-law."

The steamer was moored at last: the crowd of fishermen and loungers drew near to meet their friends who had come up from Glasgow — for there are few strangers, as a rule, arriving at Stornoway to whet the curiosity of the islanders—and the tall gillie who had been standing by Mackenzie's horses came on board to get the luggage of the young men.

"Well, Duncan," said the elder of them, "and how are you, and how is Mr. Mackenzie, and how is Miss Sheila? You have not brought her with you, I see."

"But Miss Sheila is ferry well, whatever, Mr. Ingram, and it is a great day, this day, for her, tat you will be coming to the Lewis; and it wass tis morning she wass up at ta break o' day, and up ta hills to get some bits o' green things for ta rooms you will hef, Mr. Ingram.

Ay, it iss a great day, tis day, for Miss Sheila."

"By Jove, they all rave about Sheila up in this quarter!" said Lavender, giving Duncan a fishing-rod and a bag he had brought from the cabin. "I suppose in a week's time I shall begin to rave about her too. Look sharp, Ingram, and let us have audience of His Majesty."

The King of Borva fixed his eye on young Lavender, and scanned him narrowly as he was being introduced. His welcome of Ingram had been most gracious and friendly, but he received his companion with something of a severe politeness. He requested him to take a seat beside him, so that he might see the country as they went across to Borva; and Lavender having done so, Ingram and Duncan got into the body of the wagonette, and the party drove off.

Passing through the clean and bright little town, Mackenzie suddenly pulled up his horses in front of a small shop, in the window of which some cheap bits of jewelry were visible. The man came out, and Mr. Mackenzie explained with some care and precision that he wanted a silver brooch of a particular sort. While the jeweler had returned to seek the article in question, Frank Lavender was gazing around him in some wonder at the appearance of so much civilization on this remote and rarely-visited island. There were no haggard savages, unkempt and scantily clad, coming forth from their dens in the rocks to stare wildly at the strangers. On the contrary, there was a prevailing air of comfort and "bienness" about the people and their houses. He saw handsome girls with coal-black hair and fresh complexions, who wore short and thick blue petticoats, with a scarlet tartan shawl wrapped round their bosom and fastened at the waist; stalwart, thick-set men, in loose blue jacket and trowsers and scarlet cap, many of them with bushy red beards; and women of extraordinary breadth of shoulder, who carried enormous loads in a creel strapped on their back, while they employed their hands in contentedly knitting stockings as they passed along. But what was the purpose of these mighty loads of fish-bones they carried — burdens that would have appalled a railway porter of the South?

"You will see, sir," observed the King of Borva in reply to Lavender's question, "there is not much of the phosphates in the grass of this island; and the cows they are mad to get the fish-bones to lick, and it iss many of them you cannot milk unless you put the bones before them."

"But why do the lazy fellows lounging about there let the women carry those enormous loads?"

Mr. Mackenzie stared: "Lazy fellows! They hef harder work than any you will know of in your country; and besides the fishing they will do the ploughing and much of the farm-work. And iss the women to do none at all? That iss the nonsense that my daughter talks; but she has got it out of books, and what do they know how the poor people hef to live?"

At this moment the jeweler returned with some half dozen brooches displayed on a plate, and shining with all the brilliancy of cairngorm stones, polished silver and variously-colored pebbles.

"Now, John Mackintyre, this is a gentleman from London," said Mackenzie, regarding the jeweler sternly, "and he will know all apout such fine things, and you will not put a big price on them."

It was now Lavender's turn to stare, but he good-naturedly accepted the duties of referee, and eventually a brooch was selected and paid for, the price being six shillings. Then they drove on again.

"Sheila will know nothing of this—it will be a great surprise for her," said Mackenzie, almost to himself, as he opened the white box and saw the glaring piece of jewelry lying on the white cotton.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Frank Lavender, "you don't mean to say you bought that brooch for your daughter?"

"And why not?" said the King of Borva in great surprise.

The young man perceived his mistake, grew considerably confused, and only said, "Well, I should have thought that—that some small piece of gold jewelry, now, would be better suited for a young lady."

Mackenzie smiled shrewdly: "I had something to go on. It wass Sheila herself was in Stornoway three weeks ago, and she wass wanting to buy a brooch for a young girl who has come down to us from Suainabost and is very useful in the kitchen, and it wass a brooch just like this one she gave to her."

"Yes, to a kitchen-maid," said the young man meekly.

"But Mairi is Sheila's cousin," said Mackenzie with continued surprise.

"Lavender does not understand Highland ways yet, Mr. Mackenzie," said Ingram from behind. "You know we in the South have different fashions. Our servants are nearly always strangers to us—not relations and companions."

"Oh, I hef peen in London myself," said Mackenzie in somewhat of an injured tone; and then he added with a touch of self-satisfaction, "and I hef been in Paris, too."

"And Miss Sheila, has she been in London?" asked Lavender, feigning ignorance.

"She has never been out of the Lewis."

"But don't you think the education of a young lady should include some little experience of traveling?"

"Sheila, she will be educated quite enough; and is she going to London or Paris without me?"

"You might take her."

"I have too much to do on the island now, and Sheila has much to do. I do not think she will ever see any of those places, and she will not be much the worse."

Two young men off for their holidays, a brilliant day shining all around them, the sweet air of the sea and the moorland blowing about them,—this little party that now drove away from Stornoway ought to have been in the best of spirits. And indeed the young fellow who sat beside Mackenzie was bent on pleasing his host by praising everything he saw. He praised the gallant little horses that whirled them past the plantations and out into the open country. He praised the rich black peat that was visible in long lines and heaps, where the townspeople were slowly eating into the moorland. Then all these traces of occupation were left behind, and the travelers were alone in the untenanted heart of the island, where the only sounds audible were the humming of insects in the sunlight and the falling of the streams. Away in the south the mountains were of a silvery and transparent blue. Nearer at hand the rich reds and browns of the moorland softened into a tender and beautiful green on nearing the margins of the lakes; and these stretches of water were now as fair and bright as the sky above them, and were scarcely ruffled by the moorfowl moving out from the green rushes. Still nearer at hand great masses of white rock lay embedded in the soft soil; and what could have harmonized better with the rough and silver-gray surface than the patches of rose-red bell-heather that grew up in their clefts or hung over their summits? The various and beautiful colors around seemed to tingle with light and warmth as the clear sun shone on them and the keen mountain-air blew over them; and the King of Borva was so far thawed by the enthusiasm of his companions that he regarded the far country with a pleased smile, as if the enchanted land belonged to him, and as if the wonderful colors and the exhilarating air and the sweet perfumes were of his own creation.

Mr. Mackenzie did not know much about tints and hues, but he believed what he heard; and it was perhaps, after all, not very surprising that a gentleman from London, who had skill of pictures and other delicate matters, should find strange marvels in a common stretch of moor, with a few lakes here and there, and some lines of mountain only good for sheilings. It was not for him to check the raptures of his guest. He began to be friendly with the young man, and could not help regarding him as a more cheerful companion than his neighbor Ingram, who would sit by your side for an hour at a time without breaking the monotony of the horses' tramp with a single remark. He had formed a poor opinion of Lavender's physique from the first glimpse he had of his white fingers and girl-like complexion; but surely a man who had such a vast amount of good spirits and such a rapidity of utterance must have something corresponding to these qualities in substantial bone and muscle. There was something pleasing and ingenuous too about this flow of talk. Men who had arrived at years of wisdom, and knew how to study and use their fellows, were not to be led into these betrayals of their secret opinions; but for a young man—what could be more pleasing than to see him lay open his soul to the observant eye of a master of men? Mackenzie began to take a great fancy to young Lavender.

"Why," said Lavender, with a fine color mantling in his cheeks as the wind caught them on a higher portion of the road, "I had heard of Lewis as a most bleak and desolate island, flat moorland and lake, without a hill to be seen. And everywhere I see hills, and yonder are great mountains which I hope to get nearer before we leave."

"We have mountains in this island," remarked Mackenzie slowly as he kept his eye on his companion—"we have mountains in this island sixteen thousand feet high."

Lavender looked sufficiently astonished, and the old man was pleased. He paused for a moment or two, and said, "But this iss the way of it: you will see that the middle of the mountains it has all been washed away by the weather, and you will only have the sides now dipping one way and the other at each side o' the island. But it iss a very clever man in Stornoway will tell me that you can make out what wass the height o' the mountain, by watching the dipping of the rocks on each side; and it iss an older country, this island, than any you will know of; and there were the mountains sixteen thousand feet high long before all this country and all Scotland and England wass covered with ice."

The young man was very desirous to show his interest in this matter, but did not know very well how. At last he ventured to ask whether there were any fossils in the blocks of gneiss that were scattered over the moorland.

"Fossils?" said Mackenzie. "Oh, I will not care much about such small things. If you will ask Sheila, she will tell you all about it, and about the small things she finds growing on the hills. That iss not of much consequence to me; but I will tell you what is the best thing the island grows: it is good girls and strong men—men that can go to the fishing, and come back to plough the fields and cut the peat and build the houses, and leave the women to look after the fields and the gardens when they go back again to the fisheries. But it is the old people—they are ferry cunning, and they will not put their money in the bank at Stornoway, but will hide it away about the house, and then they will come to Sheila and ask for money to put a pane of glass in their house. And she has promised that to every one who will make a window in the wall of their house; and she is very simple with them, and does not understand the old people that tell lies. But when I hear of it, I say nothing to Sheila—she will know nothing about it—but I hef a watch put upon the people; and it wass only yesterday I will take back two shillings she gave to an old woman of Borvabost that told many lies. What does a young thing know of these old people? She will know nothing at all, and it iss better for some one else to look after them, but not to speak one word of it to her."

"It must require great astuteness to manage a primitive people like that," said young Lavender with an air of conviction; and the old man eagerly and proudly assented, and went on to tell of the manifold diplomatic arts he used in reigning over his small kingdom, and how his subjects lived in blissful ignorance that this controlling power was being exercised.

They were startled by an exclamation from Ingram, who called to Mackenzie to pull up the horses just as they were passing over a small bridge.

"Look there, Lavender! did you ever see salmon jumping like that? Look at the size of them!"

"Oh, it iss nothing," said Mackenzie, driving on again. "Where you will see the salmon, it is in the narrows of Loch Roag, where they come into the rivers, and the tide is low. Then you will see them jumping; and if the water wass too low for a long time, they will die in hundreds and hundreds."

"But what makes them jump before they get into the rivers?"

Old Mackenzie smiled a crafty smile, as if he had found out all the ways and the secrets of the salmon: "They will jump to look about them — that iss all."

"Do you think a salmon can see where he is going?"

"And maybe you will explain this to me, then," said the king with a compassionate air: "how iss it the salmon will try to jump over some stones in the river, and he will see he cannot go over them; but does he fall straight down on the stones and kill himself? Neffer—no, neffer. He will get back to the pool he left by turning in the air: that is what I hef seen hundreds of times myself."

"Then they must be able to fly as well as see in the air."

"You may say about it what you will please, but that is what I know—that is what I know ferry well myself."

"And I should think there were not many people in the country who knew more about salmon than you," said Frank Lavender. "And I hear, too, that your daughter is a great fisher."

But this was a blunder. The old man frowned: "Who will tell you such nonsense? Sheila has gone out many times with Duncan, and he will put a rod in her hands: yes, and she will have caught a fish or two, but it iss not a story to tell. My daughter she will have plenty to do about the house, without any of such nonsense. You will expect to find us all savages, with such stories of nonsense."

"I am sure not," said Lavender warmly. "I have been very much struck with the civilization of the island, so far as I have seen it; and I can assure you I have always heard of Miss Sheila as a singularly accomplished young lady."

"Yes," said Mackenzie somewhat mollified, "Sheila has been well brought up: she is not a fisherman's lass, running about wild and catching the salmon. I cannot listen to such nonsense, and it iss Duncan will tell it."

"I can assure you, no. I have never spoken to Duncan. The fact is, Ingram mentioned that your daughter had caught a salmon or two—as a tribute to her skill, you know."

"Oh, I know it wass Duncan," said Mackenzie, with a deeper frown coming over his face. "I will hef some means taken to stop Duncan from talking such nonsense."

The young man, knowing nothing as yet of the child-like obedience paid to the King of Borva by his islanders, thought to himself, "Well, you are a very strong and self-willed old gentleman, but if I were you I should not meddle much with that tall keeper with the eagle beak and the gray eyes. I should not like to be a stag, and know that that fellow was watching me somewhere with a rifle in his hands."

At length they came upon the brow of the hill overlooking Garra-na-hina* and the panorama of the western lochs and mountains. Down there on the side of the hill was the small inn, with its little patch of garden; then a few moist meadows leading over to the estuary of the Black River; and beyond that an illimitable prospect of heathy undulations rising into the mighty peaks of Cracabhal, Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. Then on the right, leading away out to the as yet invisible Atlantic, lay the blue plain of Loch Roag, with a margin of yellow seaweed along its shores, where the rocks revealed themselves at low water, and with a multitude of large, variegated and verdant islands which hid from sight the still greater Borva beyond.

They stopped to have a glass of whisky at Garra-na-hina, and Mackenzie got down from the wagonette and went into the inn.

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* Literally, *Gearaidh-na'h-Aimhne*—"the cutting of the river."

"And this is a Highland loch!" said Lavender, turning to his companion from the South. "It is an enchanted sea: you could fancy yourself in the Pacific, if only there were some palm trees on the shores of the islands. No wonder you took for an Eve any sort of woman you met in such a paradise!"

"You seem to be thinking a good deal about that young lady."

"Well, who would not wish to make the acquaintance of a pretty girl, especially when you have plenty of time on your hands, and nothing to do but pay her little attentions, you know, and so forth, as being the daughter of your host?"

There was no particular answer to such an incoherent question, but Ingram did not seem so well pleased as he had been with the prospect of introducing his friend to the young Highland girl whose praises he had been reciting for many a day.

However, they drank their whisky, drove on to Callernish, and here paused for a minute or two to show the stranger a series of large so-called Druidical stones which occupy a small station overlooking the loch. Could anything have been more impressive than the sight of these solitary gray pillars placed on this bit of table-land high over the sea, and telling of a race that vanished ages ago, and left the surrounding plains and hills and shores a wild and untenanted solitude? But, somehow Lavender did not care to remain among those voiceless monuments of a forgotten past. He said he would come and sketch them some other day. He praised the picture all around, and then came back to the stretch of ruffled blue water lying at the base of the hill. "Where was Mr. Mackenzie's boat?" he asked.

They left the high plain, with its *Tuirsachan*,* or Stones of Mourning, and descended to the side of the loch. In a few moments, Duncan, who had been disposing of the horses and the wagonette, overtook them, got ready the boat, and presently they were cutting asunder the bright blue plain of summer waves.

At last they were nearing the King of Borva's home, and Ingram began to study the appearance of the neighboring shores, as if he would pick out some feature of the island he remembered. The white foam hissed down the side of the open boat. The sun burned hot on the brown sail. Far away over the shining plain the salmon were leaping into the air, catching a quick glint of silver on their scales before they splashed again into the water. Half a dozen sea-pyes, with their beautiful black and white plumage and scarlet beaks and feet, flew screaming out from the rocks and swept in rapid circles above the boat. A long flight of solan geese could just be seen slowly sailing along the western horizon. As the small craft got out toward the sea the breeze freshened slightly, and she lay over somewhat as the brine-laden winds caught her and tingled on the cheeks of her passengers from the softer South. Finally, as the great channel widened out, and the various smaller islands disappeared behind, Ingram touched his companion on the shoulder, looked over to a long and low line of rock and hill, and said, "Borva!"

And this was Borva!—nothing visible but an indefinite extent of rocky shore, with here and there a bay of white sand, and over that a table-land of green pasture, apparently uninhabited.

"There are not many people on the island," said Lavender, who seemed rather disappointed with the look of the place.

"There are three hundred," said Mackenzie with the air of one who had experienced the difficulties of ruling over three hundred islanders.

He had scarcely spoken when his attention was called by Duncan to some object that the gillie had been regarding for some minutes back.

"Yes, it iss Miss Sheila," said Duncan.

A sort of flush of expectation passed over Lavender's face, and he sprang to his feet. Ingram laughed. Did the

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*Another name given by the islanders to these stones is *Fir-bhreige*, "false men." Both names, False Men and the Mourners, should be of some interest to antiquarians, for they will suit pretty nearly any theory.

foolish youth fancy he could see half as far as this gray-eyed, eagle-faced man, who had now sunk into his accustomed seat by the mast? There was nothing visible to ordinary eyes but a speck of a boat, with a single sail up, which was apparently, in the distance, running in for Borva.

"Ay, ay, ay," said Mackenzie in a vexed way, "it is Sheila, true enough; and what will she do out in the boat at this time, when she wass to be at home to receive the gentlemen that hef come all the way from London?"

"Well, Mr. Mackenzie," said Lavender, "I should be sorry to think that our coming had interfered in any way whatever with your daughter's amusements."

"Amusements!" said the old man with a look of surprise. "It iss not amusements she will go for: that is no amusements for her. It is for some teffle of a purpose she will go, when it iss the house that is the proper place for her, with friends coming from so great a journey."

Presently it became clear that a race between the two boats was inevitable, both of them making for the same point. Mackenzie would take no notice of such a thing, but there was a grave smile on Duncan's face, and something like a look of pride in his keen eyes.

"There iss no one, not one," he said, almost to himself, "will take her in better than Miss Sheila—not one in ta island. And it wass me tat learnt her every bit o' ta steering about Borva."

The strangers could now make out that in the other boat there were two girls—one seated in the stern, the other by the mast. Ingram took out his handkerchief and waved it: a similar token of recognition was floated out from the other vessel. But Mackenzie's boat presently had the better of the wind, and slowly drew on ahead, until, when her passengers landed on the rude stone quay, they found the other and smaller craft still some little distance off.

Lavender paid little attention to his luggage. He let Duncan do with it what he liked. He was watching the small boat coming in, and getting a little impatient, and perhaps a little nervous, in waiting for a glimpse of the young lady in the stern. He could vaguely make out that she had an abundance of dark hair looped up; that she wore a small straw hat with a short white feather in it; and that, for the rest, she seemed to be habited entirely in some rough and close-fitting costume of dark blue. Or was there a glimmer of a band of rose-red round her neck?

The small boat was cleverly run alongside the jetty: Duncan caught her bow and held her fast, and Miss Sheila, with a heavy string of lythe in her right hand, stepped, laughing and blushing, on to the quay. Ingram was there. She dropped the fish on the stones and took his two hands in hers, and without uttering a word looked a glad welcome into his face. It was a face capable of saying unwritten things—fine and delicate in form, and yet full of an abundance of health and good spirits that shone in the deep gray-blue eyes. Lavender's first emotion was one of surprise that he should have heard this handsome, well-knit and proud-featured girl called "little Sheila," and spoken of in a pretty and caressing way. He thought there was something almost majestic in her figure, in the poising of her head and the outline of her face. But presently he began to perceive some singular suggestions of sensitiveness and meekness in the low, sweet brow, in the short and exquisitely-curved upper lip, and in the look of the tender blue eyes, which had long black eyelashes to give them a peculiar and indefinable charm. All this he noticed hastily and timidly as he heard Ingram, who still held the girl's hands in his, saying, "Well, Sheila, and you haven't quite forgotten me? And you are grown such a woman now: why, I mustn't call you Sheila any more, I think. But let me introduce to you my friend, who has come all the way from London to see all the wonderful things of Borva."

If there was any embarrassment or blushing during that simple ceremony, it was not on the side of the Highland girl, for she frankly shook hands with him, and said, "And are you very well?"

The second impression which Lavender gathered from her was, that nowhere in the world was English pronounced so beautifully as in the island of Lewis. The gentle intonation with which she spoke was so tender and touching—the slight dwelling on the *e* in "very" and "well" seemed to have such a sound of sincerity about it, that he could have fancied he had been a friend of hers for a lifetime. And if she said "ferry" for "very," what then? It was the most beautiful English he had ever heard.

The party now moved off toward the shore, above the long white curve of which Mackenzie's house was visible. The old man himself led the way, and had, by his silence, apparently not quite forgiven his daughter for having been absent from home when his guests arrived.

"Now, Sheila," said Ingram, "tell me all about yourself: what have you been doing?"

"This morning?" said the girl, walking beside him with her hand laid on his arm, and with the happiest look on her face.

"This morning, to begin with. Did you catch those fish yourself?"

"Oh no, there was no time for that. And it was Mairi and I saw a boat coming in, and it was going to Mevaig, but we overtook it, and got some of the fish, and we thought we should be back before you came. However, it is no matter, since you are here. And you have been very well? And did you see any difference in Stornoway when you came over?"

Lavender began to think that Styornoway sounded ever so much more pleasant than mere Stornoway.

"We had not a minute to wait in Stornoway. But tell me, Sheila, all about Borva and yourself: that is better than Stornoway. How are your schools getting on? And have you bribed or frightened all the children into giving up Gaelic yet? How is John the Piper? and does the Free Church minister still complain of him? And have you caught any more wild-ducks and tamed them? And are there any gray geese up at Loch-an-Eilean?"

"Oh, that is too many at once," said Sheila, laughing. "But I am afraid your friend will find Borva very lonely and dull. There is not much there at all, for all the lads are away at the Caithness fishing. And you should have shown him all about Stornoway, and taken him up to the castle and the beautiful gardens."

"He has seen all sorts of castles, Sheila, and all sorts of gardens in every part of the world. He has seen everything to be seen in the great cities and countries that are only names to you. He has traveled in France, Italy, Russia, Germany, and seen all the big towns that you hear of in history."

"That is what I should like to do if I were a man," said Sheila; "and many and many a time I wish I had been a man, that I could go to the fishing and work in the fields, and then, when I had enough money, go away and see other countries and strange people."

"But if you were a man, I should not have come all the way from London to see you," said Ingram, patting the hand that lay on his arm.

"But if I were a man," said the girl, quite frankly, "I should go up to London to see you."

Mackenzie smiled grimly, and said, "Sheila, it is nonsense you will talk."

At this moment Sheila turned round and said, "Oh, we have forgotten poor Mairi. Mairi, why did you not leave the fish for Duncan? They are too heavy for you. I will carry them to the house?"

But Lavender sprang forward, and insisted on taking possession of the thick cord with its considerable weight of lythe.

"This is my cousin Mairi," said Sheila; and forthwith the young, fair-faced, timid-eyed girl shook hands with the gentlemen, and said, just as if she had been watching Sheila, "And are you ferry well, sir?"

For the rest of the way up to the house Lavender walked by the side of Sheila; and as the string of lythe had formed the introduction to their talk, it ran pretty much upon natural history. In about five minutes she had told him more about sea-birds and fish than ever he knew in his life; and she wound up this information by offering to take him out on the following morning, that he might himself catch some lythe.

"But I am a wretchedly bad fisherman, Miss Mackenzie," he said. "It is some years since I tried to throw a fly."

"Oh, there is no need for good fishing when you catch lythe," she said earnestly. "You will see Mr. Ingram catch them. It is only a big white fly you will need, and a long line, and when the fish takes the fly, down he goes — a great depth. Then when you have got him and he is killed, you must cut the sides, as you see that is done, and string him to a rope and trail him behind the boat all the way home. If you do not do that, it iss no use at all to eat. But if you like the salmon-fishing, my papa will teach you that. There is no one," she added proudly, "can catch salmon like my papa—not even Duncan—and the gentlemen who come in the autumn to Stornoway, they are quite surprised when my papa goes to fish with them."

"I suppose he is a good shot too," said the young man, amused to notice the proud way in which the girl spoke of her father.

"Oh, he can shoot anything. He will shoot a seal if he comes up but for one moment above the water; and all the birds — he will get you all the birds if you will wish to take any away with you. We have no deer on the island—it is too small for that—but in the Lewis and in Harris there are many, many thousands of deer, and my papa has many invitations when the gentlemen come up in the autumn; and if you look in the game-book of the lodges, you will see there is not any one who has shot so many deer as my papa—not any one whatever."

At length they reached the building of dark and rude stone-work, with its red coping, its spacious porch and its small enclosure of garden in front. Lavender praised the flowers in this enclosure: he guessed they were Sheila's particular care; but in truth there was nothing rare or delicate among the plants growing in this exposed situation. There were a few clusters of large yellow pansies, a calceolaria or two, plenty of wallflower, some clove-pinks, and an abundance of sweet-william in all manner of colors. But the chief beauty of the small garden was a magnificent tree-fuchsia which grew in front of one of the windows, and was covered with deep rose-red flowers set amid its small and deep-green leaves. For the rest, a bit of honeysuckle was trained up one side of the porch, and at the small wooden gate there were two bushes of sweetbrier that filled the warm air with fragrance.

Just before entering the house the two strangers turned to have a look at the spacious landscape lying all around in the perfect calm of a summer day. And lo! before them there was but a blinding mass of white that glared upon their eyes, and caused them to see the far sea and the shores and the hills as but faint shadows appearing through a silvery haze. A thin fleece of cloud lay across the sun, but the light was nevertheless so intense that the objects near at hand—a disused boat lying bottom upward, an immense anchor of foreign make, and some such things—seemed to be as black as night as they lay on the warm road. But when the eye got beyond the house and the garden, and the rough hillside leading down to Loch Roag, all the world appeared to be a blaze of calm, silent and luminous heat. Suainabhal and its brother mountains were only as clouds in the south. Along the western horizon the portion of the Atlantic that could be seen lay like a silent lake under a white sky. To get any touch of color, they had to turn eastward, and there the sunlight faintly fell on the green shores of Borva, on the narrows of Loch Roag, and the loose red sail of a solitary smack that was slowly coming round a headland. They could hear the sound of the long oars. A pale line of shadow lay in the wake of the boat, but otherwise the black hull and the red sail seemed to be coming through a plain of molten silver. When the young men turned to go into the house the hall seemed a cavern of impenetrable darkness, and there was a flush of crimson light dancing before their eyes.

When Ingram had had his room pointed out, Lavender followed him into it and shut the door.

"By Jove, Ingram," he said, with a singular light of enthusiasm on his handsome face, "what a beautiful voice that girl has! I have never heard anything so soft and musical in all my life; and then when she smiles what perfect teeth she has! And then, you know, there is an appearance, a style, a grace about her figure— But, I say, do you seriously mean to tell me you are not in love with her?"

"Of course I am not," said the other impatiently, as he was busily engaged with his portmanteau.

"Then let me give you a word of information," said the younger man, with an air of profound shrewdness: "she is in love with you."

Ingram rose with some little touch of vexation on his face: "Look here, Lavender: I am going to talk to you seriously. I wish you wouldn't fancy that every one is in that condition of simmering love-making you delight in. You never were in love, I believe—I doubt whether you ever will be—but you are always fancying yourself in love, and writing very pretty verses about it, and painting very pretty heads. I like the verses and the paintings well enough, however they are come by; but don't mislead yourself into believing that you know anything whatever of a real and serious passion by having engaged in all sorts of imaginative and semi-poetical dreams. It is a much more serious thing than that, mind you, when it comes to a man. And, for Heaven's sake, don't attribute any of that sort of sentimental make-believe to either Sheila Mackenzie or myself. We are not romantic folks. We have no imaginative gifts whatever, but we are very glad, you know, to be attentive and grateful to those who have. The fact is, I don't think it quite fair—"

"Let us suppose I am lectured enough" said the other, somewhat stiffly. "I suppose I am as good a judge of the character of a woman as most other men, although I am no great student, and have no hard and dried rules of philosophy at my fingers' ends. Perhaps, however, one may learn more by mixing with other people and going out into the world than by sitting in a room with a dozen of books, and persuading one's self that men and women are to be studied in that fashion."

"Go away, you stupid boy, and unpack your portmanteau, and don't quarrel with me," said Ingram, putting out on the table some things he had brought for Sheila; "and if you are friendly with Sheila and treat her like a human being, instead of trying to put a lot of romance and sentiment about her, she will teach you more than you could learn in a hundred drawing-rooms in a thousand years."

## CHAPTER III.

### THERE WAS A KING IN THULE.

He never took that advice. He had already transformed Sheila into a heroine during the half hour of their stroll from the beach and around the house. Not that he fell in love with her at first sight, or anything even approaching to that. He merely made her the central figure of a little speculative romance, as he had made many another woman before. Of course, in these little fanciful dramas, written along the sky-line, as it were, of his life, he invariably pictured himself as the fitting companion of the fair creature he saw there. Who but himself could understand the sentiment of her eyes, and teach her little love-ways, and express unbounded admiration of her? More than one practical young woman, indeed, in certain circles of London society, had been informed by her friends that Mr. Lavender was dreadfully in love with her; and had been much surprised, after this confirmation of her suspicions, that he sought no means of bringing the affair to a reasonable and sensible issue. He did not even amuse himself by flirting with her, as men would willingly do who could not be charged with any serious purpose whatever. His devotion was more mysterious and remote. A rumor would get about that Mr. Lavender had finished another of those charming heads in pastel, which, at a distance, reminded one of Greuze, and that Lady So-and-so, who had bought it forthwith, had declared that it was the image of this young lady who was partly puzzled and partly vexed by the incomprehensible conduct of her reputed admirer. It was the fashion, in these social circles, to buy those heads of Lavender when he chose to paint them. He had achieved a great reputation by them. The good people liked to have a genius in their own set whom they had discovered, and who was only to be appreciated by persons of exceptional taste and penetration. Lavender, the uninitiated were assured, was a most cultivated and brilliant young man. He had composed some charming songs. He had written, from time to time, some quite delightful little poems, over which fair eyes had grown full and liquid. Who had not heard of the face that he painted for a certain young lady whom every one expected him to marry?

The young man escaped a great deal of the ordinary consequences of this petting, but not all. He was at bottom really true-hearted, frank and generous—generous even to an extreme—but he had acquired a habit of producing striking impressions which dogged and perverted his every action and speech. He disliked losing a few shilling at billiards, but he did not mind losing a few pounds: the latter was good for a story. Had he possessed any money to invest in shares, he would have been irritated by small rises or small falls; but he would have been vain of a big rise, and he would have regarded a big fall with equanimity, as placing him in a dramatic light. The exaggerations produced by this habit of his fostered strange delusions in the minds of people who did not know him very well: and sometimes the practical results, in the way of expected charities or what not, amazed him. He could not understand why people should have made such mistakes, and resented them as an injustice.

And as they sat at dinner on this still, brilliant evening in summer, it was Sheila's turn to be clothed in the garments of romance. Her father, with his great gray beard and heavy brow, became the King of Thule, living in this solitary house overlooking the sea, and having memories of a dead sweetheart. His daughter, the princess, had the glamour of a thousand legends dwelling in her beautiful eyes; and when she walked by the shores of the Atlantic, that were now getting yellow under the sunset, what strange and unutterable thoughts must appear in the wonder of her face! He remembered no more how he had pulled to pieces Ingram's praises of Sheila. What had become of the "ordinary young lady, who would be a little interesting, if a little stupid, before marriage, and after marriage sink into the dull, domestic hind"? There could be no doubt that Sheila often sat silent for a considerable time, with her eyes fixed on her father's face when he spoke, or turning to look at some other speaker. Had Lavender now been asked if this silence had not a trifle of dullness in it, he would have replied by asking if there were dullness in the stillness and the silence of the sea. He grew to regard her calm and thoughtful look as a sort of spell; and if you had asked him what Sheila was like, he would have answered by saying that there was moonlight in her face.

The room, too, in which this mystic princess sat was strange and wonderful. There were no doors visible, for the four walls were throughout covered by a paper of foreign manufacture, representing spacious Tyrolese landscapes and incidents of the chase. When Lavender had first entered this chamber his eye had been shocked by these coarse and prominent pictures—by the green rivers, the blue lakes and the snow-peaks that rose above certain ruddy chalets. Here a chamois was stumbling down a ravine, and there an operatic peasant, some eight or ten inches in actual length, was pointing a gun. The large figures, the coarse colors, the impossible scenes—all this looked, at first sight, to be in the worst possible taste; and Lavender was convinced that Sheila had nothing to do with the introduction of this abominable decoration. But somehow, when he turned to the line of ocean that was visible from the window, to the lonely shores of the island and the monotony of colors showing in the still picture without, he began to fancy that there might be a craving up in these latitudes for some presentation, however rude and glaring, of the richer and more variegated life of the South. The figures and mountains on the walls became less prominent. He saw no incongruity in a whole chalet giving way, and allowing Duncan, who waited at table, to bring forth from this aperture to the kitchen a steaming dish of salmon, while he spoke some words in Gaelic to the servants at the other end of the tube. He even forgot to be surprised at the appearance of little Mairi, with whom he had shaken hands a little while before, coming round the table with potatoes. He did not, as a rule, shake hands with servant-maids, but was not this fair-haired, wistful-eyed girl some relative, friend or companion of Shiela's? and had he not already begun to lose all perception of the incongruous or the absurd in the strange pervading charm with which Sheila's presence filled the place?

He suddenly found Mackenzie's deep-set eyes fixed upon him, and became aware that the old man had been mysteriously announcing to Ingram that there were more political movements abroad than people fancied. Sheila sat still and listened to her father as he expounded these things, and showed that, although at a distance, he could perceive the signs of the times. Was it not incumbent, moreover, on a man who had to look after a number of poor and simple folks, that he should be on the alert?

"It iss not bekass you will live in London you will know everything," said the King of Borva, with a certain significance in his tone. "There iss many things a man does not see at his feet that another man will see who is a good way off. The International, now—"

He glanced furtively at Lavender.

"—I hef been told there will be agents going out every day to all parts of this country and other countries, and they will hef plenty of money to live like gentlemen, and get among the poor people, and fill their minds with foolish nonsense about a revolution. Oh yes, I hear about it all, and there iss many members of Parliament in it; and it iss every day they will get farther and farther, all working hard, though no one sees them who does not understand to be on the watch."

Here again the young man received a quiet, scrutinizing glance; and it began to dawn upon him, to his infinite astonishment, that Mackenzie half suspected him of being an emissary of the International. In the case of any other man he would have laughed and paid no heed, but how could he permit Sheila's father to regard him with any such suspicion?

"Don't you think, sir," he said boldly, "that those Internationalists are a lot of incorrigible idiots?"

As if a shrewd observer of men and motives were to be deceived by such a protest! Mackenzie regarded him with increased suspicion, although he endeavored to conceal the fact that he was watching the young man from time to time. Lavender saw all the favor he had won during the day disappearing, and moodily wondered when he should have a chance of explanation.

After dinner they went outside and sat down on a bench in the garden, and the men lit their cigars. It was a cool and pleasant evening. The sun had gone down in red fire behind the Atlantic, and there was still left a rich glow of crimson in the west, while overhead, in the pale yellow of the sky, some filmy clouds of rose-color lay motionless. How calm was the sea out there, and the whiter stretch of water coming into Loch Roag! The cool air of the twilight was scented with sweetbrier. The wash of the ripples along the coast could be heard in the stillness. It was a time for lovers to sit by the sea, careless of the future or the past.

But why would this old man keep prating of his political prophecies? Lavender asked of himself. Sheila had spoken scarcely a word all the evening;

and of what interest could it be to her to listen to theories of revolution and the dangers besetting our hot-headed youth? She merely stood by the side of her father, with her hand on his shoulder. He noticed, however, that she paid particular attention whenever Ingram spoke; and he wondered whether she perceived that Ingram was partly humoring the old man, at the same time that he was pleasing himself with a series of monologues, interrupted only by his cigar.

"That is true enough, Mr. Mackenzie," Ingram would say, lying back with his two hands clasped round his knee, as usual: "you've got to be careful of the opinions that are spread abroad, even in Borva, where not much danger is to be expected. But I don't suppose our young men are more destructive in their notions than young men always have been. You know every young fellow starts in life by knocking down all the beliefs he finds before him, and then he spends the rest of his life in setting them up again. It is only after some years he gets to know that all the wisdom of the world lies in the old commonplaces he once despised. He finds that the old familiar ways are the best, and he sinks into being a commonplace person, with much satisfaction to himself. My friend Lavender, now, is continually charging me with being commonplace. I admit the charge. I have drifted back into all the old ways and beliefs—about religion and marriage and patriotism, and what not—that ten years ago I should have treated with ridicule."

"Suppose the process continues?" suggested Lavender, with some evidence of pique.

"Suppose it does," continued Ingram carelessly. "Ten years hence I may be proud to become a vestryman, and have the most anxious care about the administration of the rates. I shall be looking after the drainage of houses and the treatment of paupers and the management of Sunday schools— But all this is an invasion of your province, Sheila," he suddenly added, looking up to her.

The girl laughed, and said, "Then I have been commonplace from the beginning?"

Ingram was about to make all manner of protests and apologies, when Mackenzie said, "Sheila, it wass time you will go in-doors, if you have nothing about your head. Go in and sing a song to us, and we will listen to you; and not a sad song, but a good merry song. These teffles of the fishermen, it iss always drownings they will sing about from the morning till the night."

Was Sheila about to sing in this clear, strange twilight, while they sat there and watched the yellow moon come up behind the southern hills? Lavender had heard so much of her singing of those fishermen's ballads that he could think of nothing more to add to the enchantment of this wonderful night. But he was disappointed. The girl put her hand on her father's head, and reminded him that she had had her big greyhound Bras imprisoned all the afternoon, that she had to go down to Borvabost with a message for some people who were leaving by the boat in the morning, and would the gentlemen therefore excuse her not singing to them for this one evening?

"But you cannot go away down to Borvabost by yourself, Sheila," said Ingram. "It will be dark before you return."

"It will not be darker than this all the night through," said the girl.

"But I hope you will let us go with you," said Lavender, rather anxiously; and she assented with a gracious smile, and went to fetch the great deerhound that was her constant companion.

And lo! he found himself walking with a princess in this wonder-land through that magic twilight that prevails in northern latitudes. Mackenzie and Ingram had gone on in front. The large deerhound, after regarding him attentively, had gone to its mistress's side, and remained closely there. Lavender could scarcely believe his ears that the girl was talking to him lightly and frankly, as though she had known him for years, and was telling him of all her troubles with the folks at Borvabost, and of those poor people whom she was now going to see. No sooner did he understand that they were emigrants, and that they were going to Glasgow before leaving finally for America, than in quite an honest and enthusiastic fashion he began to bewail the sad fate of such poor wretches as have to forsake their native land, and to accuse the aristocracy of the country of every act of selfishness, and to charge the government with a shameful indifference. But Sheila brought him up suddenly. In the gentlest fashion she told him what she knew of these poor people, and how emigration affected them, and so forth, until he was ready to curse the hour in which he had blundered into taking a side on a question about which he cared nothing and knew less.

"But some other time," continued Sheila, "I will tell you what we do here, and I will show you a great many letters I have from friends of mine who have gone to Greenock and to New York and Canada. Oh yes, it is very bad for the old people: they never get reconciled to the change—never; but it is very good for the young people, and they are glad of it, and are much better off than they were here. You will see how proud they are of the better clothes they have, and of good food, and of money to put in the bank; and how could they get that in the Highlands, where the land is so poor that a small piece is of no use, and they have not money to rent the large sheep-farms? It is very bad to have people go away—it is very hard on many of them—but what can they do? The piece of ground that was very good for the one family, that is expected to keep the daughters when they marry, and the sons when they marry, and then there are five or six families to live on it. And hard work—that will not do much with very bad land and the bad weather we have here. The people get downhearted when they have their crops spoiled by the long rain, and they cannot get their peats dried; and very often the fishing turns out bad, and they have no money at all to carry on the farm. But now you will see Borvabost."

Lavender had to confess that this wonderful princess would persist in talking in a very matter-of-fact way. All the afternoon, while he was weaving a luminous web of imagination around her, she was continually cutting it asunder, and stepping forth as an authority on the growing of some wretched plants or the means by which rain was to be excluded from window-sills. And now, in this strange twilight, when she ought to have been singing of the cruelties of the sea or listening to half-forgotten legends of mermaids, she was engaged with the petty fortunes of men and girls who were pleased to find themselves prospering in the Glasgow police-force or educating themselves in a milliner's shop in Edinburgh. She did not appear conscious that she was a princess. Indeed, she seemed to have no consciousness of herself at all, and was altogether occupied in giving him information about practical subjects in which he professed a profound interest he certainly did not feel.

But even Sheila, when they had reached the loftiest part of their route, and could see beneath them the island and the water surrounding it, was struck by the exceeding beauty of the twilight; and as for her companion, he remembered it many a time thereafter as if it were a dream of the sea. Before them lay the Atlantic—a pale line of blue, still, silent and remote. Overhead, the sky was of a clear, pale gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as they got near to the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of huts and houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat-smoke that did not move in the still air. Then they saw the bay into which the White Water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away, toward the east, lay the bulk of the island—dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the south-east, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in color, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag, and touched the black hull and spars of the boat in which Sheila had been sailing in the morning. That bay down there, with its white sands and massive rocks, its still expanse of water, and its background of mountain-peaks palely colored by the yellow moonlight, seemed really a home for a magic princess who was shut off from all the world. But here, in front of them, was another sort of sea and another sort of life—a small fishing-village hidden under a cloud of pale peat-smoke, and fronting the great waters of the Atlantic itself, which lay under a gloom of violet clouds.

"Now," said Sheila with a smile, "we have not always weather as good as this in the island. Will you not sit on the bench over there with Mr. Ingram, and wait until my papa and I come up from the village again?"

"May not I go down with you?"

"No. The dogs would learn you were a stranger, and there would be a great deal of noise, and there will be many of the poor people asleep."

So Sheila had her way; and she and her father went down the hillside into the gloom of the village, while Lavender went to join his friend Ingram, who was sitting on the wooden bench, silently smoking a clay pipe.

"Well, I have never seen the like of this," said Lavender in his impetuous way: "it is worth going a thousand miles to see. Such colors and such clearness! and then the splendid outlines of those mountains, and the grand sweep of this loch! This is the sort of thing that drives me to despair, and might make one vow never to touch a brush again. And Sheila says it will be like this all the night through."

He was unaware that he had spoken of her in a very familiar way, but Ingram noticed it.

"Ingram," he said suddenly, "that is the first girl I have ever seen whom I should like to marry."

"Stuff!"

"But it is true. I have never seen any one like her—so handsome, so gentle, and yet so very frank in setting you right. And then she is so sensible, you know, and not too proud to have much interest in all sorts of common affairs—"

There was a smile in Ingram's face, and his companion stopped in some vexation: "You are not a very sympathetic confidant."

"Because I know the story of old. You have told it me about twenty women, and it is always the same. I tell you, you don't know anything at all about Sheila Mackenzie yet: perhaps you never may. I suppose you will make a heroine of her, and fall in love with her for a fortnight, and then go back to London and get cured by listening to the witticisms of Mrs. Lorraine."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you. Some day, no doubt, you will love a woman for what she is, not for what you fancy her to be; but that is a piece of good-fortune that seldom occurs to a youth of your age. To marry in a dream, and wake up six months afterward—that is the fate of ingenuous twenty-three. But don't you let Mackenzie hear you talk of marrying Sheila, or he'll have some of his fishermen throw you into Loch Roag."

"There, now, that *is* one point I can't understand about her," said Lavender eagerly. "How can a girl of her shrewdness and good sense have such a belief in that humbugging old idiot of a father of hers, who fancies me a political emissary, and plays small tricks to look like diplomacy? It is always 'My papa can do this,' and 'My papa can do that,' and 'There is no one at all like my papa.' And she is continually fondling him, and giving little demonstrations of affection, of which he takes no more notice than if he were an Arctic bear."

Ingram looked up with some surprise in his face. "You don't mean to say, Lavender," he said slowly, "that you are already jealous of the girl's own father?"

He could not answer, for at this moment Sheila, her father and the big greyhound came up the hill. And again it was Lavender's good fortune to walk with Sheila across the moorland path they had traversed some little time before. And now the moon was still higher in the heavens, and the yellow lane of light that crossed the violet waters of Loch Roag quivered in a deeper gold. The night-air was scented with the Dutch clover growing down by the shore. They could hear the curlew whistling and the plover calling amid that monotonous plash of the waves that murmured all around the coast. When they returned to the house the darker waters of the Atlantic and the purple clouds of the west were shut out from sight, and before them there was only the liquid plain of Loch Roag, with its pathway of yellow fire, and far away on the other side the shoulders and peaks of the southern mountains, that had grown gray and clear and sharp in the beautiful twilight. And this was Sheila's home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WINTER.

THE golden sunshine has fled away,
The clouds o'erhead hang heavy and gray,
The world is woefully sad to-day;

And I am thinking of you, dear, you.
The cold clay hides from the rain and dew
The tenderest heart that the world e'er knew.

Why should I think of you when the rain
Smiteth so sharply the window-pane,
And the wild winds round the old house 'plain?

You were so sweet and sunny and bright,
Ever your presence brought life and light,
And I recall you in storm and night.

When snow-shrouds hang on the corpse-cold trees,
When sharp frosts sting and the north winds freeze,
What has your mem'ry to do with these?

O fair lost love! O love that is dead!
The pleasant days from my life are fled,
The rosy morns and the sunsets red.

The light has faded from out my life,
Leaving the clouds and the stormy strife,
And the keen sharp cold that cuts like a knife.

The days and the months, how slow they glide,
Gray-robed and cold-breathed and frozen-eyed!
The summer died for me when you died.

O world of woe and of want and pain!
O heaven of clouds and storm and rain!
When shall I find my summer again?

LUCY H. HOOPER.

# NEW WASHINGTON.

A STRANGER visiting the national capital should begin by leaving it. He should cross the Anacostia River at the Navy-yard, climb the heights behind the village of Uniontown, be careful to find exactly the right path, and seat himself on the parapet of old Fort Stanton. His feeling of fatigue will be overcome by one of astonishment that the scene should contain so much that is beautiful in nature, so much that is exceedingly novel if not very good in art, and so much that has the deepest historical interest. From the blue hills of Prince George's county in Maryland winds the Anacostia, whose waters at his feet float all but the very largest vessels of our navy, while but six miles above they float nothing larger than a Bladensburg goose. To the left flows the Potomac, a mile wide. Between the rivers lies Washington. A vast amphitheatre, its green or gray walls cloven only by the two rivers, appears to surround the city. "Amphitheatre" is the word, for within the great circle, proportioned to it in size and magnificence, dwarfing all other objects, stands the veritable arena where our public gladiators and wild beasts hold their combats. This of course is the Capitol, whose white dome rises like a blossoming lily from the dark expanse below.

Along these summits are the remains of a chain of earthworks that completely enveloped the capital. They are all overgrown by verdure, and are fast disappearing; but whenever the site of one is relieved against the clear sky a grassy embrasure or a bit of rampart may yet be seen from a distance. Here stretched

> The watchfires of a hundred circling camps,

whose light is in the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," for it was a personal view of them, and of these altars built in the evening dews and damps, which gave form to the great lyric. Here in a few years, when more of the business-men of Washington shall have learned how to do business, or when her social development shall have detained the cultured and wealthy who now come and go, will be found a circle of beautiful villas and nearly all the luxuries of summer life.

Below the high bank opposite, where the Congressional Cemetery skirts the city, where some famous men are actually buried, and where Congress places cenotaphs that look like long rows of antiquated beehives for all who die while members of that body, a line of black dots crosses the Anacostia like the corks of a fisherman's seine. They are the piles that upheld a bridge in the summer of 1814. On the hills to the right the little army of five thousand redcoats made a feint toward this bridge, and caused the Americans to burn it. Away to the left, across the Potomac, stretches Long Bridge, which was also fired the next night by the British and by the fleeing inhabitants of the captured town.

The eight miles of Virginia shore visible from Washington contain really but three objects. Two or three dark chimneys and steeples and a few misty outlines are all one needs to see of Alexandria, which is six miles down the river, and appears about as ancient as its Egyptian namesake. Nearer, the monotony is broken by the tower of Fairfax Seminary: nearer still, among the oaks of Arlington, by the mansion of Custis-Lee, imposing, pillared and cream-colored; or it was the last in the days when cream had a color.

Descending from the old fort, the stranger should go at once to Georgetown and climb up into the little burying-ground of Holyrood. The view thence will give him all that was excluded from the other. He will now be prepared to examine Washington in detail, and as this is not a guide-book he shall go his way alone. But the "gentle reader" is requested to linger an hour longer upon the natural walls and look down with me on the dark city.

Below is such a growth of beautiful and strange that we can understand it only by remembering that we look down on all the United States. Into that problem of squares and circles and triangles wise men from the East plunge and see Beacon street; wise men from the West plunge and see Poker Flat; and from the highest ground we can find we will try to see the whole of Washington. We cannot distinguish a friend's house from an enemy's. The lines are mingled and the colors blended by our distance. Individuals are lost to sight entirely. What would be such a conflict of sounds down there that we should never be certain of what we heard, is now so faint a hum that it does not disturb us or affect our speech. We have risen into a better atmosphere, and find that some things which were ugly have grown good and graceful.

To allude to all the noted and novel things in this complicated scene would be to fill a book, and enough pre-Raphaelites are already browsing there. Giving due attention to particulars in their places, we must yet give effects in sweeping strokes, steering as best we can between the Scylla of didactic details and the Charybdis of glittering generalities.

The candid observer wonders not that Washington is so far below what it ought to be, but that it exists as a city at all. It has suffered calamities that would have extinguished any other place. The vitality that could survive them would seem capable of surviving anything. Other towns have had to contend against natural disadvantages, but they have had the aid of citizens who knew what they wanted, and who used the public money and energy and brains for the public good. But here has been the novel sight of a city having every natural advantage, yet compelled to fight its own citizens for life; to see the public money and energy and brains—what little there were—used to kill not only the town, but the people in it; to support men of weight in the community who really did not want it polluted by trade or manufactures or any such vulgar things.

The Capitol, which now, like the Irishman's shanty, has the front door on the back side, was made to face the east because in that direction lay as fine a site as ever a town possessed, and there the city was to be built. To the westward the ground was such that men are living who as boys waded for reed-birds and caught catfish where now is the centre of business. The necessity of transforming this tract in the very beginning of trade retarded the general growth incalculably. The owners of the good ground didn't want to do anything themselves, and were too greedy to let anybody else. The Executive Mansion, a mile to the westward, attracted other public buildings about it; the people who had to support themselves bought real estate in the swamps; those who lived without business of their own followed them of course; and the fine plateau prepared by Nature has been touched only so far as improvement has been compelled by forces radiating from the other side of the Capitol. The life and trade that tend to crystallize around one centre are still much dissipated by the policy that ruined Capitol Hill; but as this can no longer endanger the general prosperity, it is now more a blessing than a calamity. It makes sure and speedy the reclamation of the waste places, while the improvement of all the good ones must take place at last. The owners of the barren sites which yet break the continuity of blocks in good localities can sit still and "hold on" if they please, but they must expect to see the "worthless" tracts—Swampoodle, Murder Bay and Hell's Bottom—fill with life and rise in value faster than their own.

Another calamity, which has grown with the city instead of being outgrown, is the changes that have been permitted to take place in the Potomac. Long Bridge, instead of being built so as to permit an uninterrupted flow of the stream, was composed for a great distance of an earthen road—a dam—arresting half the water of the river. This temporarily benefited the Georgetown channel, no doubt, by forcing all the water into it. But a marsh is rising in the middle of the stream, creeping rapidly up to the Washington wharves, threatening the health of the city, and so crippling its commerce that an expensive remedy must be speedily applied. There is some difference of opinion as to the comparative injuries and benefits arising from the bridge, but the fact remains clear that this important river has suffered needless injury to a degree that is deplorable. In the past, however, the fault has been as much with the city as with Congress. That body cannot improve rivers where there is no commerce to be benefited, nor give new facilities to towns that do not make the most of what they have. But the gazer from Fort Stanton—glancing beyond the Navy-yard and the shot-battered monitors that lie there, across Greenleaf's Point and the Arsenal, made tragic by the death of many a British soldier and of the Lincoln-Seward assassins half a century later—overlooking the wharves of Washington and dimly descrying the masts at Georgetown, now sees a traffic that has earned a consideration it has not received. A few weeks ago we paused in an after-dinner walk, down there on the Arsenal boulevard, to watch the troubles of a crew and the labors of a tug which were altogether too suggestive. A senseless fellow of a captain came sailing up the river from a foreign port, his vessel laden with a valuable cargo, and attempted a landing at Washington. He knew no better than to suppose that the capital of this nation, on one of our finest rivers, possessing all its days a navy-yard, would permit itself to be approached by a merchantman. He stuck in the mud within a hundred yards of the wharf. There he spent three or four days in anxiety and chagrin, and finally got a tug to pull him back into navigable water. He swung about, made haste down the river and took his vessel to another port, uttering some natural oaths, no doubt, and wondering what kind of country he had got into. A small vessel going from Washington to Georgetown heads for Chesapeake Bay, passes up around the island of filth accumulated by the bridge, and sails four miles in ascending two.

Bordering the broad belt of grass and trees which we see sweeping gracefully through the heart of the city from the Capitol to the President's, where rise the towers of the Smithsonian, the roof of the Agricultural Bureau, and all that is built of the Washington Monument, there stretched another calamity, which existed some fifty years, which was at last extinguished during 1872 at an immense cost to the city, which was one of the "improvements" of the past, which once employed the public money and energy—we cannot repeat brains—to kill not only the town, but the people in it. This was the great pestiferous open sewer that stole into a filthy existence under the name of the Washington Canal.

But there was a greater misfortune than any of these. Slavery need only be mentioned. More of Washington's present defects are attributable to it in one way or another than to all else. Yet under this crowning calamity, added to the others, the undulating plain before us, which appears so sluggish from the height to which we have climbed, has within seventy-five years passed from a wilderness into a city of one hundred and eleven thousand inhabitants. Although the general government kept the breath of life in it during a period when perhaps nothing else could have done so, yet such a growth, under all the circumstances, cannot be accounted for without recognizing an inherent strength that has never been acknowledged by the multitudes who come to "see" Washington. It proves that she may have a significance of her own. The visitor should remember that New York and Boston are enjoying, and Philadelphia has nearly reached, the third century of their lives.

This scene from the heights is a fascinating one for the day-dreamer. Everything is in harmony with the past character of the capital. Everything is misty, vast, uncertain, grand and ill-defined. One does not see clearly the boundaries—the city and country are one. Every street we trace in the distance, almost every building, almost every foot of ground, has gathered something of tradition from the lives of the statesmen, generals, jurists, diplomates who have lived and wrought here for three-quarters of a century. The visions that passed before the eyes of Washington as he stood on the Observatory Hill there, a subaltern under Braddock, contemplating the wilderness about him and imagining the future; the pictures that filled the fancy of the intractable L'Enfant as he defined the great mall and thought of the gardens between the Tuileries and the Chamber of Deputies; Andrew J. Downing giving his last days to such an arrangement of the trees and grass as would be worthy of the design; President Madison and his cabinet, with a useless little army at their heels, flying in despair from yonder bloody hillside; Admiral Cockburn derisively riding an old mare up Pennsylvania Avenue; the burning Capitol and White House lighting up the gloom of that hideous night; Stephen Decatur shot to death just round the bend of the Anacostia there; the conflicts by tongue and pen that have again and again gone on here till the whole country swayed; Gamaliel Bailey silencing a mob at his door; the histories that lie buried under the thirty thousand headboards that gleam like an army of ghosts among the trees of Arlington; Abraham Lincoln gasping his life away in that little Tenth street house; his assassin dashing in darkness across the bridge at our feet, over which we have just passed, and spurring almost into the shadow of the parapet where we stand;—all these things, and a hundred more as tempting to the dreamer, come crowding on the mind at every glance. Yet who stops to call Washington a romantic city? When the White House, just visible from those tree-tops, shall have ceased, as it soon must do, to be the home of the chief magistrate, what future magician shall summon down those cheerless stairways the ghostly procession of dead Presidents, as our first literary necromancer marshaled the shades of royal governors across the threshold of the Province House? We turn from all this to speak of the practical affairs of to-day which await us in the city, with a reluctance that delays our feet as we descend.

A phrase applied, we believe, by Dickens, when writing of the avenues here many years ago, and illustrating his remarkable faculty of telling the most truth when he exaggerated most, rises so constantly to mind when one considers what Washington has been, that we are tempted to make it a kind of text. He described the great houseless thoroughfares as "beginning nowhere and ending in nothing." That phrase sets old Washington before the reader as the literal truth could never do.

But the reader must now remember that old Washington is going—that a new Washington has come. The city is no longer disposed to make apologies, wait for generosity or beg for patronage. It is disposed—and has proved its disposition—to take off its seedy coat and go to work in its own way. Its waiting is now only for enlightened judgment from others, and its begging is only for justice.

The change of local government in 1871, when Congress gave the District of Columbia a legislature and a representative, was the particular event from which may be dated such innovations as make necessary a revision of the popular opinion. The visitors who come this month, and who have not been here since the last inauguration, will have to learn the capital anew. While the establishment of the territorial government and the organization of its outgrowths—particularly the Board of Public Works—mark the new departure by physical changes, all will understand that it was the first gun at Charleston, startling the stagnant pool here, which set in motion the successive waves that carried the city up to this departure. The public affairs of the city became practically unmanageable. A joint-stock company could not organize for the most trifling business without depending on the slow and uncertain action of Congress for a charter. A few active men, who saw that the old order of things could be endured no longer, met quietly in 1870 at the house of an honored citizen on K street to see what further they could see. They continued to meet at each other's homes, lightening their interchange of thought for the public by such an extension of hospitality as drew into their circle many influential Congressmen, and converted them to the new idea that there was something in Washington besides the national service. The result was, that the city government was abolished; a legislative assembly was created; a governor was appointed by the President of the United States; and a delegate was sent to Congress, instead of a crowd of lobbyists, to represent the District of Columbia. This delegate is always to be a member of the committee on the District, Congress has the constitutional right of exclusive legislation, and the Assembly cannot impose taxes of any consequence without especial authority from the people.

The wisdom of the change was doubted at first by many real friends of progress, who thought they saw grave legal complications arising; who knew what popular government in a large city, with no restriction of the election franchise, might mean; who at times thought of New York with a shudder; who knew that as Washington was the centre of everything political, it was necessarily the centre of political corruption; that her alleys were crowded with ignorant freedmen; that her ward politicians were as unscrupulous and skillful as the same class in other cities; and who thought it safer to trust the average Congressman than the small political trader and his chattels. But Congress sits as a perpetual court of appeal on the spot where its members can judge from personal knowledge, ready to overrule any act of the Assembly that can be shown to be a bad one; and one house of the Assembly, with the governor and executive boards, is appointed by the President. The election of the larger house and of the delegate to Congress is sufficient security to the people, and Washington is to-day in most respects the best-governed city of its size in the United States. The powers of the little Assembly are very limited: the governor can veto its measures; Congress can override them both; the President can veto the acts of Congress; two-thirds of Congress can still surmount this veto. This complicated system may retard good measures, but it is not probable that any very bad one can long survive under it.

The Baron Haussmann here is the Board of Public Works. It is grading, filling, paving, planting, fencing, parking, and making the thoroughfares what they would never have become by ordinary means. At last we see what Washingtonians never saw before—vast public operations having a consistent and tangible shape; obeying a purpose that can be understood, defined and executed; beginning somewhere and ending in something. Within its sphere this Board has despotic power: it would be worthless with any less. It dares to strike without fear or favor, and hit whoever stands in the way: the way would never be cleared if it did not. It makes bitter enemies by its inexorable exactions: the public cannot be served except at the expense of the individual. A strong party has fought it by injunctions and failed: the same persons will no doubt continue to fight, while the Board will no doubt continue to vindicate itself and go on with its work. It made some mistakes which wrought hardships to individuals who wished it well, but such were the difficulties before it at the outset that it might have made greater mistakes and still been forgiven. It is to be hoped that it will have enemies enough to watch it closely, criticise it sharply and hold it to a strict accountability; but should it have enough to really interfere with its present course, then we shall have to add one more, and a great one, to the list of Washington's calamities. The new blood that created it is able to sustain it, while the air it has done so much to purify is already laden with blessings from the lips of strangers.

In the matter of public improvements an equitable adjustment of relations—

always heretofore uncertain and unsatisfactory—between the District and the general government still remains to be accomplished, and at this writing is impatiently awaited by the city. Congress should explicitly define for itself a course that can be depended upon, so that the city can go ahead and know what it ought to do. The general government, promising great things which began nowhere and ended in nothing, laid out the city for its own use, and gave more space to streets and ornamental grounds than to buildings. The plan was wise and good, but did not appear so until the liberal citizens, unable to endure the disgrace of such a city as the nation thrust upon them, taxing themselves six millions of dollars for street purposes, went generously to work, with their own money improved the immense fronts of the government property, which pays no taxes, evolved something tangible out of the old cloudy-magnificent plan, and gave the country, so far as they could, a decent capital.

There is another important matter for adjustment. The city has left nothing undone that money and labor could do to make the public schools the best in the United States. It is doubtful whether there has ever before been seen in any city or State an expenditure for public schools so generous, under all the circumstances, as that of Washington within the past few years. The best school-houses here are the best the Prussian commissioners, who lately came to inspect them, had ever seen. A very great number of the pupils educated by the city are the children of government servants whose homes are in the States, and who pay no considerable taxes here. Every State and Territory has received a liberal allotment of public land for school-purposes except the District of Columbia, which has probably done more for schools without the endowment, considering the time and taxable property at command, than any State has ever done with it.

Of course the city has received many benefits from the general government, but the considerable ones have been indirect. The excellent water-works, for instance, costing about three millions of dollars, were built with the nation's money and by army engineers, because the nation needed them, and show how entirely identical are the interests of both parties. Their respective duties, while they need defining anew, are so wedded that there is no room for serious difference. It is really a matter for congratulation that the general government held back and did not take more of the improvements into its own hands. The city's present claims are by so much stronger: the two governments can work in harmony, and any efforts that are now made will not be thrown away. Had Congress acted sooner we might have had more Washington canals, and Washington and Georgetown street-cars, and similar Congressional "improvements," beginning nowhere but in ignorance or selfishness, and ending in nothing but nuisances. The improvement of the interiors of the national grounds, however, by the general government, is now keeping pace with that of the exteriors by the city as nearly as is possible under present legislation, and their superintendence has become at last an office of some practical consequence to Washington. The general government owns about one-half of the property in the District, and during seventy years has expended for the improvement of the thoroughfares a little over one million of dollars. The city during the same time has expended for the same purpose nearly fourteen millions of dollars.

The old Washington idea seems to have consisted in finishing a city before it was begun. To use an architectural figure, the capital of the column has been well designed and partly carved, but the base is not yet laid. Those characteristics which the builders thought would be a sure foundation of greatness have proved insufficient in the past and will prove so in the future. The infusion of new blood has done wonders within ten years, but there is still needed the admixture of another current. Wealth and ideality—supposed to be possessed by all who are attracted hither—do not raise a man above material wants or fail to multiply them. When Washington shall give her utmost attention to satisfying the vulgarest common wants of common people, she will have taken her first real step toward—anything. She has had enough of fog and moonshine. She wants for a proper period the most unmitigated materiality—not as an end, of course, but as the first means of making something else possible. She will be made our republican Paris, if made so at all, by the aid of the shops, the wonderful skilled labor, the economical living of poor people, on which rested, as well as on higher things, the splendors of the imperial Paris. The average American lady goes to that city to buy "things," as well as to visit the Louvre, and while the late emperor endeavored to make his capital the social centre of the world, he did not scorn to make it a fashionable market and foster a Palace of Industry.

That Washington is an admirable place for manufactures is clear to all who have sought the facts. Whether she will ever become a manufacturing city is a question that must be settled by the citizens themselves. Whoever doubts that the growth of skilled labor here will be an indispensable condition of the higher growth that is sought fails to understand modern civilization, and should not have survived the days when things began nowhere and ended in nothing. The old thoroughbred Washingtonian will never invest a dollar to build a railroad or a modern workshop, of course. He does not know anything about them, and does not want to. His idea of business is to get real estate, and "hold on" till somebody else makes it valuable. Gentlemen of new Washington, Hercules will stand idle till he sees your own shoulders at the wheel. When you shall have the faithful, enlightened manual labor of New England, you may expect such flowers as Yale and Harvard and the æsthetic fruits they enfold. You may be unable to see any intimate connection between such labor and such culture, but nevertheless it exists. Old Washington could not see it, and now you are compelled to bury old Washington out of sight. It is time for Mohammed to start if he wants his mountain.

There are a few business-men in Washington who are as enlightened, as liberal, as trustworthy as any in the country; and abundant is their reward. There are a few who deal only in good wares, who always sell them at a reasonable profit, who believe that any kind of deception is a blunder, who manage their establishments with economy, who are aware that the more money they permit their customers to make the more they will ultimately make themselves,—who, in short, have learned the principles of business and have the character to stand by them. But so many fall short—often through ignorance—in one or more of these respects that the average business character is low. If a lady wishes to spend twenty-five dollars in shopping, she can generally travel eighty miles—to Baltimore and back—and save enough of that small sum to pay her for going, besides being sure of finding what she wants. The Washington shopkeepers may really think that they cannot help this. They *must* help it, or consent to be soon shoved aside by those who can. Instead of being troubled by the sight of his best customers going as far as New York whenever they have anything of consequence to buy, the genuine old Washington retailer seems to take a calm satisfaction in putting such fastidious buyers to so much inconvenience. Here it is rather the exception than the rule for the man of small business to do just what he promises to do. He don't know the value of another's time, is used to disappointments himself, and somehow or other will manage to disarrange your most careful calculations. Unable himself to meet an engagement thoroughly and exactly, he seems determined that nobody else shall.

But you cease censuring the average business-man when you begin to deal with the average Washington mechanic. There are some good ones, but they are absorbed by the large and experienced dealers in labor, and are beyond the knowledge or reach of ordinary mortals.

You want a little job done at your house; you call on a "boss;" certainly—it shall be done instantly; a workman will be sent in a few minutes; two days afterward he comes and "looks at it;" the next day he returns with another man and they both look at it; another day passes, and an apprentice-boy, with a lame negro to wait on him, comes and makes your home hideous by pretending to begin; when they have given your family a proper amount of information, and torn things to pieces sufficiently, they go away. Two more days elapse, and you go again to the boss; he is surprised—he supposed the work had been done, for he had given "orders;" at the end of a week perhaps the job that should have consumed two hours of honest work is done; then, if you pay the boss no more than the work actually cost him, you know that the sum is twice as much as it should have cost him. As a generalization this is a true picture of Washington labor.

These things are trifles? They are just what determine the permanent residence of multitudes of valuable citizens. They are the trifles that in the aggregate make the difference between civilization and barbarism. For every broken promise or slighted piece of work the city suffers. Civilized people like to live smoothly and comfortably. Washington, thinking of something besides hotels and boarding-houses, and the people of leisure who come once a year to fill them for a few weeks, must provide for a permanent population of moderately poor people. The word of a merchant or banker is supposed to be as good as his bond; his occupation is gone when this ceases to be the case; his standing is reported in a business guide-book, and dealers with him act accordingly. Cannot some of the methods that enforce integrity in higher branches of business be more systematically applied by dealers in manual labor? The men who are reforming the city's outward appearance have an opportunity of doing something in this direction. A Northern mechanic who reverences his conscience, and makes the most of his opportunities to gain knowledge and character, cannot emigrate to a better place than Washington.

Yet when one looks into the past he thinks that perhaps labor is improving as fast as other things here. He is inclined to admire it when he remembers how much worse it used to be. John Adams was the first occupant of the White House, and this is what his wife said in a private letter just after moving into it: "To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. If they put me up bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. But, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it?" Seventy-two years ago the President's wife could get nothing but promises toward hanging a servant's bell! Washington was in a forest and couldn't furnish wood enough to warm the presidential hearthstone! The forests and people of that day are gone, but those eternal "promises" remain.

The recent building in Washington has been mostly that of dwellings, which the ordinary visitor, following the old routes between the Capitol and West End, will hardly notice, although they have covered many acres within the past four years. Since the Board of Public Works has settled—some would say unsettled—the foundations of things, we may expect to see the heavy building for business purposes, which must soon take place even if there be no change in the character of business, conducted with a little system and uniformity. The streets themselves have been made so fine that it will require some moral courage—a thing for which Washington is not noted—to disfigure them by the hideous jumbles that accorded so well with the old ways. Such splendid monstrosities as the Treasury—as a whole, the worst public building in the city, although good in parts, so situated that one must go down stairs from Pennsylvania Avenue to get into the grand north entrance, without proportion, completeness or consistency—it will be impossible even for Congress to build.

Both the physical and moral appearance of Washington truly represent the civilization of the nation as a whole. Such is, after all, the only description that can be given; and so vast and heterogeneous is the nation that to many readers this will be no description at all. A farmer measures out a half bushel of wheat, "levels" it, and tells you truly that the only difference is in quantity between that in the measure and that which it came from in the bin: take the architecture, the people, the ideas of all these States, shake them together in a half bushel, "level" them, and you can truly say you have Washington. Any noteworthy character of its own is still lacking. So long as it is nothing more than a representative of the whole country, it will in many desirable things fall far below a dozen other cities, whose independence has enabled them to reach excellences toward which Washington vaguely aspires. As the capital it will not be the best and most enlightened, but will be the "average" city. As an independent one its destiny is now in its own hands, and facilities are thrown at its feet such as no other can hope to have. There have been good excuses for its shortcomings in the past. There are none now. Two years ago, Washington was a great boy who had grown up under the repressive guardianship of his Uncle Samuel; he had not been permitted to do anything for himself; he had no money except the few pennies which the old gentleman had grudgingly given him for menial services. He needed higher culture and better business habits than his uncle exhibited: the leading-strings were at last sufficiently cut. His guardian, still exercising a good deal of authority, has permitted him to go into business for himself; given him the use of the greatest library in the United States; surrounded him with specimens of architecture invaluable as models or as warnings; opened to him the treasures of the Smithsonian, the Coast Survey and a unique medical museum; given him the benefit of a fine observatory; placed at his disposal magnificent pleasure-grounds; set before him a botanical garden; put up for him some good statues and pictures; shown him models of all the mechanical inventions of the age; sent to him as associates the first statesmen, jurists and captains of the land; and brought to his door as guests the polished representatives of all civilized countries. What more does the boy want that he may make a man of himself? Nothing but a will of his own so to develop his natural resources that he can use these things. Will he now refuse to earn the necessary money to enjoy them, and insist on living, in shabby-genteel ignorance and idleness, exclusively on the pocket-money of the visitors to whom his uncle introduces him? If he does, shall we call him a gentleman?

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

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# IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

FORTY days in the great desert of the sea—forty nights camped under cloud-canopies, with the salt dust of the waves drifting over us. Sometimes a Bedouin sail flashed for an hour upon the distant horizon, and then faded, and we were alone again; sometimes the west, at sunset, looked like a city with towers, and we bore down upon its glorified walls, seeking a haven; but a cold gray morning dispelled the illusion, and our hearts sank back into the illimitable sea, breathing a long prayer for deliverance.

Once a green oasis blossomed before us — a garden in perfect bloom, girded about with creaming waves; within its coral cincture pendulous boughs trailed in the glassy waters; from its hidden bowers spiced airs stole down upon us; above all, the triumphant palm trees clashed their melodious branches like a chorus with cymbals; yet from the very gates of this paradise a changeful current swept us onward, and the happy isle was buried in night and distance.

In many volumes of adventure I had read of sea-perils: I was at last to learn the full interpretation of their picturesque horrors. Our little craft, the Petrel, had buffeted the boisterous waves for five long weeks. Fortunately, the bulk of her cargo was edible: we feared neither famine nor thirst. Moreover, in spite of the continuous gale that swept us out of our reckoning, the Petrel was in excellent condition, and, as far as we could judge, we had no reason to lose confidence in her. It was the gray weather that tried our patience and found us wanting: it was the unparalleled pitching of the ninety-ton schooner that disheartened and almost dismembered us. And then it was wasting time at sea. Why were we not long before at our journey's end? Why were we not threading the vales of some savage island, reaping our rich reward of ferns and shells and gorgeous butterflies?

The sea rang its monotonous changes —fair weather and foul, days like death itself, followed by days full of the revelations of new life, but mostly days of deadly dullness, when the sea was as unpoetical as an eternity of cold suds and blueing.

I cannot always understand the logical fitness of things, or, rather, I am at a loss to know why some things in life are so unfit and illogical. Of course, in our darkest hour, when we were gathered in the confines of the Petrel's diminutive cabin, it was our duty to sing psalms of hope and cheer, but we didn't. It was a time for mutual encouragement: very few of us were self-sustaining, and what was to be gained by our combining in unanimous despair?

Our weatherbeaten skipper—a thing of clay that seemed utterly incapable of any expression whatever, save in the slight facial contortion consequent to the mechanical movement of his lower jaw—the skipper sat, with barometer in hand, eyeing the fatal finger that pointed to our doom: the rest of us were lashed to the legs of the centre-table, glad of any object to fix our eyes upon, and nervously awaiting a turn in the state of affairs, that was then by no means encouraging.

I happened to remember that there were some sealed letters to be read from time to time on the passage out, and it occurred to me that one of the times had come, perhaps the last and only, wherein I might break the remaining seals and receive a sort of parting visit from the fortunate friends on shore.

I opened one letter and read these prophetic lines: "Dear child"—she was twice my age, and privileged to make a pet of me—"Dear child, I have a presentiment that we shall never meet again in the flesh."

That dear girl's intuition came near to being the death of me: I shuddered where I sat, overcome with remorse. It was enough that I had turned my back on her and sought consolation in the treacherous bosom of the ocean—that, having failed to find the spring of immortal life in human affection, I had packed up and emigrated, content to fly the ills I had in search of change; but that parting shot, below the water-line as it were, that was more than I asked for, and something more than I could stomach. I returned to watch with the rest of our little company, who clung about the table with a pitiful sense of momentary security, and an expression of pathetic condolence on every countenance, as though each were sitting out the last hours of the others.

Our particular bane that night was a crusty old sea-dog whose memory of wrecks and marine disasters of every conceivable nature was as complete as an encyclopædia. This "old man of the sea" spun his tempestuous yarn with fascinating composure, and the whole company was awed into silence with the haggard realism of his narrative. The cabin must have been air-tight—it was as close as possible—yet we heard the shrieking of the wind as it tore through the rigging, and the long hiss of the waves rushing past us with lightning speed. Sometimes an avalanche of foam buried us for a moment, and the Petrel trembled like a living thing stricken with sudden fear: we seemed to be hanging on the crust of a great bubble that was, sooner or later, certain to burst and let us drop into its vast, black chasm, where in Cimmerian darkness we should be entombed for ever.

The scenic effect, as I then considered, was unnecessarily vivid: as I now recall it, it seems to me strictly in keeping and thoroughly dramatic. At any rate, you might have told us a dreadful story with almost fatal success.

I had still one letter left—one bearing this suggestive legend: "To be read in the saddest hour." Now, if there is a sadder hour in all time than the hour of hopeless and friendless death, I care not to know of it. I broke the seal of my letter, feeling that something charitable and cheering would give me strength. A few dried leaves were stored within it. The faint fragrance of summer bowers reassured me: somewhere in the blank world of waters there was land, and there Nature was kind and fruitful: out over the fearful deluge this leaf was borne to me in the return of the invisible dove my heart had sent forth in its extremity. A song was written therein, perhaps a song of triumph: I could now silence the clamorous tongue of our sea-monster, who was glutting us with tales of horror, for a jubilee was at hand, and here was the first note of its trumpets.

I read:

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

I paused. A night black with croaking ravens, brooding over a slimy hulk, through whose warped timbers the sea oozed—that was the sort of picture that arose before me. I looked farther for a crumb of comfort:

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon:
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

A tide of ice-water seemed rippling up and down my spinal column: the marrow congealed within my bones. But I recovered. When a man has supped full of horror, and there is no immediate climax, he can collect himself and be comparatively brave. A reaction restored my soul.

Once more the melancholy chronicler of the ill-fated Petrel resumed his lugubrious narrative. I resolved to listen, while the skipper eyed the barometer, and we all rocked back and forth in search of the centre of gravity, looking like a troupe of mechanical blockheads nodding in idiotic unison. All this time the little craft drifted helplessly, "hove to" in the teeth of the gale.

The sea-dog's yarn was something like this: He once knew a lonesome man who floated about in a waterlogged hulk for three months—who saw all his comrades starve and die, one after another, and at last kept watch alone, craving and beseeching death. It was the staunch French brig La Perle, bound south into the equatorial seas. She had seen rough weather from the first: day after day the winds increased, and finally a cyclone burst upon her with insupportable fury. The brig was thrown upon her beam-ends, and began to fill rapidly. With much difficulty her masts were cut away, she righted, and lay in the trough of the sea rolling like a log. Gradually the gale subsided, but the hull of the brig was swept continually by the tremendous swell, and the men were driven into the foretop cross-trees, where they rigged a tent for shelter and gathered what few stores were left them from the wreck. A dozen wretched souls lay in their stormy nest for three whole days in silence and despair. By this time their scanty stores were exhausted, and not a drop of water remained: then their tongues were loosened, and they railed at the Almighty. Some wept like children, some cursed their fate: one man alone was speechless—a Spaniard with a wicked light in his eye, and a repulsive manner that had made trouble in the forecastle more than once.

When hunger had driven them nearly to madness they were fed in an almost miraculous manner. Several enormous sharks had been swimming about the brig for some hours, and the hungry sailors were planning various projects for the capture of them: tough as a shark is, they would willingly have risked life for a few raw mouthfuls of the same. Somehow, though the sea was still and the wind light, the brig gave a sudden lurch and dipped up one of the monsters, who was quite secure in the shallow aquarium between the gunwales. He was soon despatched, and divided equally among the crew: some ate a little, and reserved the rest for another day; some ate till they were sick, and had little left for the next meal. The Spaniard with the evil eye greedily devoured his portion, and then grew moody again, refusing to speak with the others, who were striving to be cheerful, though it was sad enough work.

When the food was all gone save a few mouthfuls that one meagre eater had hoarded to the last, the Spaniard resolved to secure a morsel at the risk of his life. It had been a point of honor with the men to observe sacredly the right of ownership, and any breach of confidence would have been considered unpardonable. At night, when the watch was sleeping, the Spaniard cautiously removed the last mouthful of shark hidden in the pocket of his mate, but was immediately detected and accused of theft. He at once grew desperate, struck at the poor wretch whom he had robbed, missed his blow, and fell headlong from the narrow platform in the foretop, and was lost in the sea. It was the first scene in the mournful tragedy about to be enacted on that limited stage.

There was less disturbance after the disappearance of the Spaniard: the spirits of the doomed sailors seemed broken: in fact, the captain was the only one whose courage was noteworthy, and it was his indomitable will that ultimately saved him.

One by one the minds of the miserable men gave way: they became peevish or delirious, and then died horribly. Two, who had been mates for many voyages in the seas north and south, vanished mysteriously in the night: no one could tell where they went nor in what manner, though they seemed to have gone together.

Somehow, these famishing sailors seemed to feel assured that their captain would be saved: they were as confident of their own doom, and to him they entrusted a thousand messages of love. They would lie around him—for few of them had strength to assume a sitting posture—and reveal to him the story of their lives. It was most pitiful to hear the confessions of these dying men. One said: "I wronged my friend; I was unkind to this one or to that one; I deserve the heaviest punishment God can inflict upon me;" and then he paused, overcome with emotion. But another took up the refrain: "I could have done much good, but I would not, and now it is too late." And a third cried out in his despair: "I have committed unpardonable sins, and there is no hope for me. Lord Jesus, have mercy!" The youngest of these perishing souls was a mere lad: he too accused himself bitterly. He began his story at the beginning, and continued it from time to time as the spirit of revelation moved him: scarcely an incident, however insignificant, escaped him in his pitiless retrospect. Oh the keen agony of that boy's recital! more cruel than hunger or thirst, and in comparison with which physical torture would have seemed merciful and any death a blessing.

While the luckless Perle drifted aimlessly about, driven slowly onward by varying winds under a cheerless sky, sickness visited them: some were stricken with scurvy; some had lost the use of their limbs and lay helpless, moaning and weeping hour after hour, vermin devoured them, and when their garments were removed and cleansed in the salt water, there was scarcely sunshine enough to dry them before night, and they were put on again, damp, stiffened with salt, and shrunken so as to cripple the wearers, who were all blistered and covered with boils. The nights were bitter cold: sometimes the icy moon looked down upon them; sometimes the bosom of an electric cloud burst over them, and they were enveloped for a moment in a sheet of flame. Sharks lingered about them, waiting to feed upon the unhappy ones who fell into the sea overcome with physical exhaustion, or who cast themselves from that dizzy scaffold, unable longer to endure the horrors of lingering death. Flocks of sea-fowl hovered over them; the hull of the Perle was crusted with barnacles; long skeins of sea-grass knotted themselves in her gaping seams; myriads of fish darted in and out among the clinging weeds, sporting gleefully; schools of porpoises leaped about them, lashing the sea into foam; sometimes a whale blew his long breath close under them. Everywhere was the stir of jubilant life —everywhere but under the tattered awning stretched in the foretop of the Perle.

Days and weeks dragged on. When the captain would waken from his sleep —which was not always at night, however, for the nights were miserably cold and sleepless — when he wakened he would call the roll: perhaps some one made no answer; then he would reach forth and touch the speechless body and find it dead. He had not strength now to bury the corpses in the sea's sepulchre; he had not strength even to partake of the unholy feast of the inanimate flesh: he lay there in the midst of pestilence, and at night, under the merciful veil of darkness, the fowls of the air gathered about him and bore away their trophy of corruption.

By and by there were but two left of all that suffering crew—the captain and the boy—and these two clung together like ghosts, defying mortality. They strove to be patient and hopeful: if they could not eat, they could drink, for the nights were dewy, and sometimes a mist covered them—a mist so dense it seemed almost to drip from the rags that poorly sheltered them. A cord was attached to the shrouds, the end of it carefully laid in the mouth of a bottle slung in the rigging. Down the thin cord slid occasional drops: one by one they stole into the bottle, and by morning there was a spoonful of water to moisten those parched lips—sweet, crystal drops, more blessed than tears, for *they* are salt—more precious than pearls. A thousand prayers of gratitude seemed hardly to quiet the souls of the lingering ones for that great charity of Heaven.

There came a day when the hearts of God's angels must have bled for the suffering ones. The breeze was fresh and fair; the sea tossed gayly its foam-crested waves; sea-birds soared in wider circles, and the clouds shook out their fleecy folds, through which the sunlight streamed in grateful warmth: the two ghosts were talking, as ever, of home, of earth, of land. Land — land anywhere, so that it were solid and broad. Oh, to pace again a whole league without turning! Oh, to pause in the shadow of some living tree! — to drink of some stream whose waters flowed continually — flowed, though you drank of them with the awful thirst of one who has been denied water for weeks, and weeks, and weeks! — for three whole months — an eternity, as it seemed to them!

Then they pictured life as it might be if God permitted them to return to earth once more. They would pace K—— street at noon, and revisit that capital restaurant where many a time they had feasted, though in those days they were unknown to one another; they would call for coffee, and this dish and that dish, and a whole bill of fare, the thought of which made their feverish palates grow moist again. They would meet friends whom they had never loved as they now loved them; they would reconcile old feuds and forgive everybody everything; they held imaginary conversations, and found life very beautiful and greatly to be desired; and somehow they would get back to the little *café* and there begin eating again, and with a relish that brought the savory tastes and smells vividly before them, and their lips would move and the impalpable morsels roll sweetly over their tongues.

It had become a second nature to scour the horizon with jealous eyes: never for a moment during their long martyrdom had their covetous sight fixed upon a stationary object. But it came at last. Out of a cloud a sail burst like a flickering flame. What an age it was a-coming! how it budded and blossomed like a glorious white flower, that was transformed suddenly into a barque bearing down upon them! Almost within hail it stayed its course, the canvas fluttered in the wind; the dark hull slowly rose and fell upon the water; figures moved to and fro—men, living and breathing men! Then the ghosts staggered to their feet and cried to God for mercy. Then they waved their arms, and beat their breasts, and lifted up their imploring voices, beseeching deliverance out of that horrible bondage. Tears coursed down their hollow cheeks, their limbs quaked, their breath failed them: they sank back in despair, speechless and forsaken.

Why did they faint in the hour of deliverance when that narrow chasm was all that separated them from renewed life? Because the barque spread out her great white wings and soared away, hearing not the faint voices, seeing not the thin shadows that haunted that drifting wreck. The forsaken ones looked out from their eyrie, and watched the lessening sail until sight failed them, and then the lad with one wild cry leaped toward the speeding barque, and was swallowed up in the sea.

Alone in a wilderness of waters! Alone, without compass or rudder, borne on by relentless winds into the lonesome, dreary, shoreless ocean of despair, within whose blank and forbidding sphere no voyager ventures; across whose desolate waste dawn sends no signal and night brings no reprieve; but whose sun is cold, and whose moon is clouded, and whose stars withdraw into space, and where the insufferable silence of vacancy shall not be broken for all time.

O pitiless Nature! thy irrevocable laws argue rare sacrifice in the waste places of God's universe! . . .

The Petrel gave a tremendous lurch, that sent two or three of us into the lee corners of the cabin; a sea broke over us, bursting in the companion-hatch, and half filling our small and insecure retreat; the swinging lamp was thrown from its socket and extinguished; we were enveloped in pitch-darkness, up to our knees in salt water. There was a moment of awful silence: we could not tell whether the light of day would ever visit us again; we thought perhaps it wouldn't. But the Petrel rose once more upon the watery hilltops and shook herself free of the cumbersome deluge; and at that point, when she seemed to be riding more easily than usual, some one broke the silence: "Well, did the captain of the Perle live to tell the tale?"

Yes, he did. God sent a messenger into the lonesome deep, where the miserable man was found insensible, with eyes wide open against the sunlight, and lips shrunken apart—a hideous breathing corpse. When he was lifted in the arms of the brave fellows who had gone to his rescue, he cried "Great God! am I saved?" as though he couldn't believe it when it was true: then he fainted, and was nursed through a long delirium, and was at last restored to health and home and happiness.

Our cabin-boy managed to fish up the lamp, and after a little we were illuminated: the agile swab soon sponged out the cabin, and we resumed our tedious watch for dawn and fairer weather.

Somehow, my mind brooded over the solitary wreck that was drifting about the sea: I could fancy the rotten timbers of the Perle clinging together, by a miracle, until the Ancient Mariner was taken away from her, and then, when she was alone again, with nothing whatever in sight but blank blue sea and blank blue sky, she lay for an hour or so, bearded with shaggy sea-moss and looking about a thousand years old. Suddenly it occurred to her that her time had come—that she had outlived her usefulness, and might as well go to pieces at once. So she yawned in all her timbers, and the sea reached up over her, and laid hold of her masts, and seemed to be slowly drawing her down into its bosom. There was not an audible sound, and scarcely a ripple upon the water, but when the waves had climbed into the foretop, there was a clamor of affrighted birds, and a myriad bubbles shot up to the surface, where a few waifs floated and whirled about for a moment. It was all that marked the spot where the Perle went down to her eternal rest.

"Ha, ha!" cried our skipper, with something almost like a change of expression on his mahogany countenance, "the barometer is rising!" and sure enough it was. In two hours the Petrel acted like a different craft entirely, and by and by came daybreak, and after that the sea went down, down, down, into a deep, dead calm, when all the elements seemed to have gone to sleep after their furious warfare. Like half-drowned flies we crawled out of the close, ill-smelling cabin to dry ourselves in the sun: there, on the steaming deck of the schooner, we found new life, and in the hope that dawned with it we grew lusty and jovial.

Such a flat, oily sea as it was then! So transparent that we saw great fish swimming about, full fathom five under us. A monstrous shark drifted lazily past, his dorsal fin now and then cutting the surface like a knife and glistening like polished steel, his brace of pilot-fish darting hither and thither, striped like little one-legged harlequins.

Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty: one after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back on the sea, feet foremost, and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as it slid over the water.

The exquisite nautilus floated past us, with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice out of a soap-bubble; the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the wave and panted in ecstasy: the Petrel rocked softly, swinging her idle canvas in the sun; we heard the click of the anchor-chain in the forecastle, the blessedest sea-sound I wot of; a sailor sang while he hung in the ratlines and tossed down the salt-stained shrouds. The afternoon waned: the man at the wheel struck two bells—it was the delectable dog-watch. Down went the swarthy sun into his tent of clouds; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it looked as though something splendid were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight; and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them; and I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray; I saw the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired heavenward, while I lay dreaming my sea-dream in the cradle of the deep.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

# HER CHANCE.

MARY TRIGILLGUS tucked the money away in her purse. It was a very small sum, but it was the utmost that could be spared for the evening outfit: she and her mother had talked it all over, and such was the decision.

"Now, Mary," said her mother, "don't get a tarletan, or anything exclusively for evening wear: you so seldom go to parties that you can't afford such a dress. I would try to get a nice silk. Something that's a little out of style by being made up fashionably might answer very well."

Mary gave a sigh and turned her face toward the shops, feeling how difficult it would be to purchase a fashionable outfit with the scanty sum in her purse. And she sighed many another time that afternoon as she went from shop to shop. The goods were too expensive for her slender purse, or they were poor or old-fashioned. Twilight was settling down on the gay streets; window after window was flashing into light, revealing misty laces with gay ribbons and silks streaming like banners; the lamplighters on every hand were building their walls of flame; and yet Mary wandered from store to store, each moment more bewildered and undecided as to the best investment for her money.

She approached a brilliant store, passed it with lingering step, then paused, turned back, and stood looking down the glittering aisle. The large mirror at the farther end seemed scarcely broader than the little cracked bureau-glass in her humble room before which she dressed her hair in the mornings. The clerks were hurrying to and fro, eager and business-like, while fine ladies were coming and going, jostling her as she stood just outside the door. Among the hurrying forms her eye sought one familiar and loved: not a woman's, I need scarcely say, else why does she stand in the shadow there, with her veil half drawn over her face, trembling and frightened? Why else does her cheek glow with shame?

Poor Mary! You feel like a guilty thing in thus seeking a man who has never declared his love; but let me whisper a word in your ear: True love is woman's blue ribbon of honor: without it her nature is the rose tree without the rose—the dead egg among the cliffs: quickened by the grand passion, it is the eagle soaring to the stars. Your heart is a grander thing now than ever before. Next to loving God, the best thing for woman is to love a good man. Take the comfort of this thought, and leave the humiliation to the heart too hard or too light for loving.

Were I looking into your eyes, my reader, telling my story by word of mouth, I can fancy we might hold something like this dialogue: "Whom was Mary Trigillgus, this keeper of a small day-school — whom was she seeking in this brilliant store? One of the under-clerks, perhaps?" "No." "The bookkeeper?" "No." "The confidential clerk?" "You must guess again." "The junior partner?" "No, it was Christian Van Pelt, the sole proprietor of that fine establishment, one of the merchant princes of the city." "But what right had Mary Trigillgus, this obscure school-teacher, to love this man of fortune? How did she ever come to his acquaintance?" And then I should tell you a very long story, and a tedious one perhaps, of two Hollanders, close friends, who settled in New Amsterdam; of how fortune had prospered the one until Christian Van Pelt, his lineal descendant, was among the leaders in the dry-goods trade of New York City; of how various disasters had befallen the family of the other, until the daughter of the house, and its only lineal descendant, Mary Trigillgus's mother, had married an intemperate spendthrift, who had at his death left her penniless, though the grandchild, Mary Trigillgus, had inherited the small house in which mother and daughter found a home.

In the back parlor Mary kept a school for small children: the front chamber was let to a quiet man, who went down town at eight and returned at five, and whom they seldom saw except when he rapped at the sitting-room door on the first day of every month to hand in the three five-dollar bills which covered his rent. Besides these sources of revenue there were a few day-boarders, who sometimes paid for their keeping and sometimes did not.

An intercourse and a show of friendship had all along been maintained between the families of these Hollanders; and now Mrs. Van Pelt, the young merchant's mother, was to give a large party. Mary Trigillgus had been invited, and her mother had insisted on an acceptance of the invitation.

"They are quite friendly to you, Mary, and you can't afford to throw away such friends," the mother said.

So it was for Christian Van Pelt's broad, square figure that Mary's eager eyes were seeking; but in vain they sought: it was nowhere to be seen. A choking feeling of disappointment rose in her heart—a disappointment very unequal to the occasion, since she had meant nothing more than to get a sight of the loved figure and then to go on her way. Having satisfied herself that he was not in the store, a yearning desire possessed her to enter the place where he every day walked—a place to her invested with romance, haunted by his presence—a place to which her thoughts often wandered as some stupid child stood by her side in the little schoolroom spelling out his reading-lesson. She had not for months entered the store—not since that evening when, in her poor parlor, Christian Van Pelt, the rich young merchant, had looked into her eyes with a look that thrilled her for many a day, and spoken some nothings in tones that set her heart throbbing. Indeed, since that day she had avoided passing the store, lest she might seem, even to herself, to be seeking him. And yet her poor eyes and heart were ever seeking him in the countless throngs that passed up and down the busy streets.

"I'll get my dress from his store," she said mentally. "I shall wear it with the greater pleasure that he has handled it. My patronage will be to him but as the drop to the ocean," she said with a little bitterness, "but it will be a sweet thought to me that I have contributed even one drop to the flood of his prosperity."

So she entered Christian Van Pelt's trade-palace, and said, in answer to the smart clerk's look of inquiry, "I am looking for a silk that will do for the evening and also for the street—something a little out of style, perhaps, might answer."

"We have some bargains in such silks—elegant dress-patterns at a third of what they cost us in Paris. Step this way;" and Mary found herself going back and back through the spacious building, with her image advancing to meet her.

In a few seconds the counter was strewn with silks at most enticing figures, and the clerk showed them off to such advantage, gathering them so dexterously into elegant folds, shifting them so skillfully in the brilliant gas-light, persuading the lady, in the mean while, in such a clever, lawyer-like way: "These cost us in Paris three times the money I am offering them for, and they are but very little *passé;* there is an extraordinary demand for them; they are going like wildfire; country merchants are ordering them by the score; we sent eighty pieces to Chicago, to one house, yesterday, and fifty patterns to Omaha this morning; one hundred and ten we last week shipped to the South; the whole lot will perhaps be sold by to-morrow," etc.—that poor Mary felt like a speculator on the verge of a great chance. So she decided on a light-green brocade, and could not gainsay the smooth-tongued clerk as he assured her, while tying the bundle, that she had secured a very handsome and elegant dress at a great bargain.

The next day Mary and her mother spent in studying and discussing the latest fashion-plates, but the elaborate descrip tions of expensive costumes plunged the girl into another state of bewilderment and slough of despond. She heartily regretted having accepted the invitation. She began to dread the party as an execution—to shrink from exhibiting herself to Christian with the fine ladies and gentlemen who would form the company at Mrs. Van Pelt's. However, the dress was cut and made, and in this there was a fair degree of success, for necessity had taught these women considerable skill in the use of the scissors and needle. The dress was trimmed with some handsome old lace that had been in the mother's family for years. Mrs. Trigillgus pronounced the dress very handsome as she spread it on the bed and stepped off to survey it, and even the despondent Mary took heart, and as she surveyed her image in the mirror at the conclusion of her toilet for the important evening, she felt a degree of complacency toward herself—a feeling of admiration even.

"You look like a snowdrop, dear," said the mother fondly; and the comparison was not inapt, for the young girl's Saxon complexion and fair hair were in pretty contrast with the lace-decked silk of delicate green falling about her.

As she had no attendant, she went early to Mrs. Van Pelt's, feeling at liberty to be unceremonious; and she thought, with a beating heart, that Christian would be her escort home. Mrs. Van Pelt was not in the parlor when Mary entered, but Christian received her kindly, though with a slight embarrassment that embarrassed her. She tried to keep the love-flicker from her eyes and the love-tremor from her voice as she sat there alone with the man she loved, trying to reply indifferently to his indifferent remarks, and wondering if he could not hear the beating of her heart. She was greatly relieved at the entrance of Mrs. Van Pelt. When this lady had kissed her guest, she stepped off a few paces and looked the girl over.

"Your dress is very becoming, my dear," she said, "but why did you get a brocade? Don't you know that brocades are out of style? Nobody wears brocades; and they are not trimming with lace at all. I wish you had advised with me."

The blood rushed to Mary's face. Though she did not turn her eyes to Christian's, she knew that they were looking at her—that he was noting her confusion and comprehending its cause. "He knows why I have bought this brocade," was her thought, "and he knows that I am humiliated in having my poverty held up to his view. Of course Christian knows that I am poor, and he must know, as a consequence, that I wear poor clothes. I can endure that he should know this in a general way, while I shrink from having the details of my poverty revealed to him. I would not wish my patched gaiters and darned stockings held up for his inspection."

Mary hesitated a moment before replying to Mrs. Van Pelt's criticism. Then, with a feeling that it was better to acknowledge a poverty of which both her companions were cognizant than an ignorance of style, she said, with a slight kindling of the eye, "I decided on this dress from economical considerations, and the lace is some which my mother's great-grandmother brought from Holland.—I have reminded them, at least, that I had a grandfather," she thought.

As she finished speaking she lifted her eyes to Christian's. She could not understand the expression she saw there. But the poor girl's satisfaction in her dress was all gone. She was ready to reproach her mother for the reassuring words that had helped to generate it. "What if it is pretty? it is old-fashioned. No matter that the lace is rich, when nobody wears it. I must look as though I were dressed in my grandmother's clothes. I wish I was back in my poor home. There I am at least sheltered from criticism. I am a fool in daring to face fashion: I am the silly moth in the candle."

If these were Mary's thoughts as she sat there with her two friends, what must they have become as the regally-dressed ladies, one after another, were announced? There were the majestic sweep of velvet, the floating of cloudlike gossamer, the flashing diamond, the starry pearl, the flaming ruby, the blazing carbuncle. There were marvelous toilets where contrast and harmony and picturesqueness—the effect of every color and ornament—had been patiently studied as the artist studies each shade and line on his canvas. And when the laugh and the jest and the wit were sounding all about her, and the intoxicating music came sweeping in from the dancing-room, there came over Mary a lost feeling amid the strange faces and voices—a bewildered, dizzy feeling, such as the semi-conscious opium-eater might have, half real, half dreaming. It was all so strange, so separate from her, as though, herself invisible, she was watching a festival among a different order of beings. Everybody was coming and going, continually varying his pastime, while she sat as unobserved as though invisible. Occasionally an eye-glass was leveled at her, or some lady accidentally placed beside her superciliously inspected the lace and green brocade.

Mrs. Van Pelt found her in the course of the evening, and insisted that she should go to the dancing-room and see the dancing. Mary begged to remain seated where she was. She dreaded any move that would render her more conspicuous, and dreaded especially being recalled to Christian's mind. But the hostess insisted, so the wretched girl crept out of her retreat, and with a dizzy step traversed the parlors and halls to the dancing-rooms. The band was playing a delicious waltz, and graceful ladies and elegant gentlemen were moving to its measures. Mary's eyes soon discovered Christian waltzing with a young girl in a rose-colored silk. She was not a marked beauty, but the face was refined and pretty, and was uplifted to Christian's with a look of listening interest. A pang of jealousy shot through Mary's heart as she saw this and noted the close embrace in which Christian held his partner, with his face bent down to hers. Soon they came whirling by.

"There is Christian with Miss Jerome," said Mrs. Van Pelt. "Her father is said to be worth four millions."

The next moment Mrs. Van Pelt was called away, and Mary was again left to her isolation. With a dread of having Christian see her there, old-fashioned and neglected, a stranger to every individual in the assemblage of wealth and fashion, she slipped quietly away into the library, where some elderly people were playing whist. She would have gone home, but she lived in an obscure street some distance away. With a sense of suffocation she now remembered that she would have to recall herself to Christian's mind, for she must depend upon him to see her home. "He has not thought of me once this evening," she said bitterly. Soon supper was announced. Gentlemen and ladies began to pair off, not one mindful of her. She was hesitating between remaining there in the library and going unattended to the refreshment-room, when a white-haired gentleman entered from the parlor. He glanced at Mary, and was passing on when he paused and looked again. A moment of hesitation ensued while the young girl and the old gentleman gazed at each other.

"Miss Trigillgus, I believe?" he said, finally. "My name is Ten Eyck. I knew your mother when she was a girl, and I knew her father. Allow me the pleasure of escorting you to supper."

Mary took the proffered arm with the feeling of one who unexpectedly encounters a friend in a foreign land.

As he reseated her in the library after supper he said, "Present me kindly to your mother: if ever I can serve her, I should be glad to do so."

At length the party was ended. Every guest had gone except Miss Trigillgus.

"I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to see me home, Mr. Van Pelt," she said to Christian with a burning at her heart.

"Allow me the pleasure, you mean to say," replied Christian with a bow.

This was but a passing pleasantry, and Mary should not have allowed it to bring the color to her cheek, and that peculiar, half-disdainful look to her eye and lip.

"I fear you haven't had a pleasant

evening," said Mrs. Van Pelt as Mary took leave of her hostess.

"It was not to be expected that I should, being an entire stranger."

"Well, dear, come and spend a quiet evening with me soon; and give my love to your mother."

Mary went up to the dressing-room, and soon reappeared, looking demure and nun-like in her white hood and black-and-white plaid shawl. How she dreaded the ride home with Christian! and yet for a whole week she had been longing for this very thing. The thought of the party had always brought the throbbing anticipation of the ride with Christian after the party. How near he had seemed then, and ever since the memorable evening when they had sat together over that book of engravings! How happy she had been then! how hopeful of his love! But now, what a gulf there seemed between them! What had she to do with this atmosphere of wealth and luxury and fashion where Christian dwelt? He had been pleased to amuse himself for a brief space with looking into her eyes, with making some silly speeches, which he had straightway forgotten, but which she—poor fool!—had laid away in her heart.

Thus she was thinking as Christian handed her into the carriage. She wondered what he would talk about. For a time there was a constrained and painful silence, and Mary tried to think of something to say, that she might hide her aching heart from his merciless gaze. Finally she remarked that the streets were quiet, and he that the night was fine; and in such commonplaces the ride was passed.

Mary found her mother up, eager to learn her impressions of the first large party she had ever attended.

"I am very tired, mother," she said, determined to end the torturing inquisition, "and am aching to get to bed. I'll tell you about the party to-morrow. Don't call me early: let me have a good sleep."

With a feeling of sickening disgust she laid off the silk and lace and flowers which a few hours before had so pleased her. The pale face which met her as she stood before her mirror was very unlike the happy, expectant face she had seen there in the early evening. Turning from the piteous image, she hurriedly put the mean dress away, longing to have the sheltering darkness about her. Soon she had laid her head on the pillow, where, with eyes staring into the darkness, it throbbed for a weary while. "What am I to Christian Van Pelt?" This was the question the poor heart argued and re-argued. One sweet delicious evening stood over against this last, so full of heartache.

The next morning Mary felt weary with all the world. Her home seemed poorer and meaner than ever; the boarders disgusted her with their coarseness; teaching was unrelieved drudgery; everything was distasteful. To her mother's renewed inquiries about the party she replied wearily, "My dress was poor and mean, mother; and had I spent our year's income on my toilet, it would have still been poor, compared with those I saw last night. For such as I there is nothing in fashionable life but heart-burning and humiliation."

A few days after this there came from Mrs. Van Pelt to Miss Trigillgus an invitation to tea. She at once longed and dreaded to meet Christian; so the invitation was declined on the plea of indisposition. It was renewed two evenings later, and she was obliged to accept it. Mary never looked better than on that evening. She wore a blue empress-cloth, which heightened the fairness of her complexion and of her bright hair. After tea she and Mrs. Van Pelt were looking at some old pictures. They were discussing an ambrotype of herself, taken when she was thirteen, when a servant announced guests in the parlor.

"You were a pretty child, my dear," said Mrs. Van Pelt, rising to go to the parlor, "and you are a handsome woman—a beautiful woman, I may say—your beauty ought to be a fortune to you—but you lack style. I must take you in hand," she continued, talking all the way to the door. "I shall need some amusement after Christian's marriage, to keep me from being jealous of his little wife;" and she disappeared through the door, little dreaming of the arrow she had sent to the poor heart.

Mary caught her breath, and Christian saw her stagger at the shot. Taken by surprise, completely off his guard, he opened his arms and received the stricken girl in his bosom, and pressed his lips to hers. But Mary had not lost her consciousness. Quickly recovering, she disengaged herself and reached a chair. She was more self-possessed than he. He sat down beside her, quivering in every fibre.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried in passionate beseechment, "I never meant to win your love to betray it. We have both been surprised into a confession of our love for each other, and now let me lay open my heart to you. I do love you, as you must have seen, for I have not been always able to keep the love out of my eyes and voice. You will recall one evening—I know you must remember it — when I was near declaring my love and asking you to be my wife. I don't know why I did not — why I left my story but half told. I sometimes wish that I had declared myself fully, and that we were now pledged to each other. But the very next morning I sustained heavy losses in my business, and others soon followed, and to-day I am threatened with utter ruin. If I cannot raise a hundred thousand dollars this week, and as much in another week, I am a bankrupt. And now you will understand why in two days I am to marry Miss Jerome."

Mary started again. Was the execution, then, so near? She drew a long breath, as though gathering her strength for a hard struggle. "Christian," she said in a low tone that trembled with the energy underlying it, "my poor Christian, you are bewildered. These troubles have shut the light away from your path, and you have lost your way in the darkness. If this is true which you have told me, do you not see that when you have delivered yourself from this threatened bankruptcy, you are yet a bankrupt — a bankrupt in heart and happiness? How can you weigh wealth and position against the best good than can ever come to either of us? I am not afraid of poverty, for I have known nothing else; and surely you do not dread it for yourself. This love is the one good thing which God has permitted in my pitiless destiny. Am I unwomanly? If I plead for my life, who can blame me? And shall that which is more than life go from me without a word? Oh, I cannot smile and look cold as though I was not hurt: I am pierced and torn. Yet, Christian, for your sake, rather than for mine, I entreat. You would bring desolation into both our lives. I might endure it, but how could you bear through the years the memory of your deed? You are trampling on your manhood. You are giving to this woman's hungry heart a stone: you are buying with a lie the holiest thing in her womanhood."

"For four generations my house has withstood every financial storm. The honorable name which my ancestors bequeathed to me I will maintain at every hazard," Christian replied with gloomy energy.

"And you will marry Miss Jerome?"

"Yes: it is my only hope."

"Then God help you, Christian. Your lot is harder than mine. At the worst, my life shall be true: I shall hide no lie in my heart, to fester there." Her words, begun in tenderness, ended in a tone of scorn. "And now I must ask you to see me home."

She left the room, and soon returned cloaked and hooded, to find Christian waiting in overcoat and gloves and with hat in hand. With her arm in his they walked in perfect silence through the gay, bustling streets, passing God knows how many other spirits as sad as their own. When they came to the humble little house which was Mary's home, Christian stopped on the step as though he would say something, but Mary said "Good-night," and passed into the hall.

We magazine-writers have no chance in the space allotted to a short story for a quantitative analysis of emotions and situations, or for following the processes by which marked changes come about in the human heart. We must content ourselves with informing the reader that certain changes or modifications ensued, trusting that he will receive the statement without requiring reasons or the *modus operandi.*

For a time it seemed to Mary Trigillgus that the sun would never shine for her again, but a certain admixture in her feeling of scorn and contempt for Christian prevented her from sinking into a total despondency. As she revolved day after day the strange separation of two lives which should have flowed on together, there grew in her heart a kind of bitterness toward the society which had demanded the separation. And then the diffused bitterness gathered, and was concentrated on the woman and the man who had robbed her of her happiness. Especially did her heart rise against Christian Van Pelt. Gold had won him from her: he had made his choice between gold and her love; and then she would chafe against the poverty which from her earliest recollection had fettered her tastes and aspirations, and at every step had been her humiliation. And then she would feel a wild, unreasoning longing to win gold. What a triumph to earn gold beyond what his wife had brought him—beyond what they would together possess! From the time this thought first occurred to her it never left her except for brief intervals. Day after day, hour after hour, it recurred to her, until she became possessed with it. It was in her dreams by night, and with the day she seized and revolved it, until her brain whirled with delirium. A hundred wild schemes and projects came and went in scurrying confusion. With hungry eyes she read the daily advertisements of "Business Chances," "Partners Wanted," etc., and in answering some of these was led into some strange discoveries and adventures.

"I am mad! I am losing my reason! More gold than their millions! I cannot even make a living for myself, lunatic!" she would say; and straightway in fancy would read in the papers the announcement of a fortune being left to Mary Trigillgus—of great and marvelous riches coming to her—and would thrill with her triumph over Christian Van Pelt. She would even pen these announcements to see how they looked, and read them aloud to study their sound.

Mrs. Trigillgus grew alarmed at her daughter's unaccountable moods. A physician was summoned, who decided that she was overworked, and advised a few months in the country. But Mary refused to leave the city, and continued to search for her "chance."

One day she was reading the New York *Tribune*, when her eye caught a little paragraph in relation to the eclipse of the sun which was to occur on the twentieth of August, and of the preparations that were being made in the scientific world for its observance—of the universal interest it was exciting, etc. etc.

Mary thought of the amount of smoked glass which would be prepared for the day, then of the soiled fingers, then of a remedy for this, and then—her chance flashed upon her.

For a time she sat there, with kindled eyes, with throbbing heart and brain, revolving and shaping her thought. Then she put on her hat and took the omnibus for Mr. Ten Eyck's office.

"Mr. Ten Eyck," she said, after the customary commonplaces, "you once said that you would be glad to serve my mother. Are you as willing to serve her daughter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Ten Eyck, growing a little uneasy; "that is, if I can, you understand."

"I have urgent need for money."

Mr. Ten Eyck began to fidget visibly.

"I own a house and lot on Thirty-second street. How much money can you lend me on it? It is a house of seven rooms."

"I know the house," answered Mr. Ten Eyck. "Your mother's father left it to you. There is no encumbrance on it?"

"None."

"Allow me to suggest, Miss Trigillgus,

as your mother's old friend, that this step should be well considered before it is decided upon. The necessity should be very urgent before you mortgage your home. As your mother's old friend, may I inquire how you intend using this money? Do not answer me if you have any hesitancy in giving me your confidence."

The old gentleman looked at her with such kindly, fatherly solicitude that, after a moment of confused hesitation, she answered: "I will give the confidence you invite, Mr. Ten Eyck. I have a plan by which I can make a fortune in a few days. I propose to manufacture glasses for the great eclipse—say three millions of eclipse-glasses—and distribute them throughout the United States and the Canadas."

Mr. Ten Eyck stared at her through his golden-bowed glasses: "What kind of glasses? Explain yourself more fully."

"I shall buy up all the common glass in New York and Pittsburg, and in other cities perhaps, at the lowest possible figure. Much of the refuse glass will answer my purpose. I shall have it cut three inches by five, stain it, put two stained surfaces together, and bind with paper. At ten cents apiece the gross proceeds of three millions will be three hundred thousand dollars."

"And how will you distribute them?"

"Through the news agents," she answered promptly, "and on the same terms at which they push the newspapers. By this great system I shall secure a simultaneous distribution throughout the whole country."

Mr. Ten Eyck had laid off his glasses and assumed an attitude of deep attention: "Suppose it should rain on eclipse-day?"

"I have thought of that contingency. I should anticipate it by having the glasses in the market for two or three days preceding the eclipse. To give the glass additional value, I should paste on it a printed slip stating the hour when the eclipse will begin, the period of its duration, and the moment of total obscuration." Then she started and glowed with a sudden revelation that came flashing through her brain. "I will make the glasses an advertising medium," she continued eagerly. "I will make the advertisements pay all the expenses, and much more. Can I not find a man in New York City, or somewhere in the United States, who would pay a hundred thousand dollars to have three millions of people reading in one moment the merits of his wares or of his remedies! And if such a man cannot be found, one who will purchase the exclusive right to advertise with me, I'll parcel it out. Yes, I can pay all expenses with the advertisements; but I must have some ready money to begin with—to initiate the enterprise. Will you lend me the money on my house and lot?"

Mr. Ten Eyck resumed his glasses, and sat for a long time staring into a pigeon-hole of his desk in profound meditation.

"My dear Miss Trigillgus, allow me, as your mother's old friend, to speak plainly to you. You are planning an enterprise of such proportions that no woman could go through with it. In the most skillful hands great risk would attend it, even with abundance of money to back it; and let me assure you that a woman without business education and with cramped means could have no chance whatever in the arena of experts. Her defeat would be inevitable. I would gladly serve you, Miss Trigillgus, and I think, pardon me, that my surest way of doing this is to decline making the loan you ask, and to advise you, as your mother's old friend, to abandon this scheme."

"I shall consider your advice, Mr. Ten Eyck," said Miss Trigillgus, "and I thank you for it, whether I act upon it or not;" and she gave a cold bow that contradicted her words.

Mary made many other attempts to raise money, but all were unsuccessful. A few mornings after this her advertisement appeared in the *Tribune*, calling for a partner with ten thousand dollars to take a half interest in an enterprise which was sure to net a quarter of a million within a month. It had such an extravagant sound that it was set down as a humbug, and few answered it. She had interviews with two young men of such suspicious appearance that she did not dare reveal her scheme to them. Day after day the card appeared with no satisfactory result; and Mary perceived with a kind of frenzy the short time in which her great work was to be accomplished growing shorter and shorter. She moved cautiously, lest her grand idea should be appropriated, but she left no stone unturned for raising the money. Finally, on the ninth of August, impatient, anxious, nervous, she had six thousand dollars in hand, and only ten days intervened before the day of the eclipse. She went immediately to an eminent solicitor of patents, who had influence at Washington, and made application for a patent for advertising on eclipse-glasses. The solicitor thought there was no doubt but that the patent could be secured, so that she might freely proceed with her enterprise. She next contracted with a glass-factory for five thousand dollars' worth of glass, and engaged one hundred men to cut and stain it and put up the eclipse-glasses. Then she made several endeavors to see the president of the news agency, and after repeated failures she opened a correspondence by letter with him, briefly outlining her plan, and asking him to undertake through the news agents the distribution of the glasses. The next morning she received in response, through the post-office, these lines:

"MISS TRIGILLGUS: You have been anticipated in your enterprise. We are engaged to distribute eclipse-glasses for another party."

As Mary read the cruel words that ended all her hopes, she fell lifeless to the floor, and was thus discovered by her mother.

The following day there came a confirmatory note from the solicitor of patents, stating that she had been anticipated also in her application for a patent.

From this period Mary's moods became indescribable. From a state of unrelieved despondency she issued so merry, in such exhilaration, that her mother was glad to welcome back the shadowed mood which soon succeeded. The sagacity of physicians, of her most familiar acquaintances, of her mother, was all at fault. No one could decide whether or not her mind was unhinged, whether or not Mary Trigillgus was insane; for it must be remembered that her friends were ignorant of the events we have been narrating—her love for Christian Van Pelt, her disappointment, her grand scheme, the sacrifice of her home and the failure of her enterprise.

The nineteenth of August came, the day preceding the grand event of the century. Mary Trigillgus and her mother were lingering at the breakfast-table. The girl seemed wild and hawk-like, startling her mother with her unnatural merriment, commenting with weird brilliancy and grotesqueness and sparkle on the various items as Mrs. Trigillgus read them. At length she read a paragraph about the eclipse. "'And we would advise every reader,'" she continued, "'to furnish himself with an eclipse-glass, which he can procure at any of the news dépôts for the sum of ten cents. The glass is nicely finished, and is very perfect for the purpose intended. We understand that five millions of these glasses have been put into the market, for which the country is indebted to the genius and enterprise of our young fellow-citizen, Mr. Christian Van Pelt, assisted by Mr. W. V. Ten Eyck.'"

"He has done it! he has again stabbed me!" cried Mary Trigillgus, with the maniac's glare in her eyes. "The gold is his—his and hers! Piles of gold! and they have cut it out of my heart, dug it out of my brain! I have nothing left! Don't you see, mother, I am only an empty shell? Stab me here in the heart, where he has stabbed me: it won't hurt. There's nothing there! nothing! it's all hollow." There was no longer any doubt that Mary Trigillgus's mind was unhinged.

During all that day men and children were crying the eclipse-glasses in the street, selling them at every door.

"Hear them! hear them!" the poor

maniac would cry. "They are selling millions of them! they are piling the gold all about him and her! They are to have a palace of gold, and Mary's to have only the ashes. Poor Mary! poor Mary! All the good's for them, all the pain's for Mary!" and then she would weep herself into a quiet mood of despondency.

The next day, the day of the eclipse, Mary demanded one of the glasses, and would not be diverted from her desire. She read the advertisement on the eclipse-glass: "Babcock's Fire-Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!"

"Mother, get me one: I have a fire here;" and she pressed her hand to her brow. She examined the glass again and again, looking it over and over, and reading the advertisement aloud: "Babcock's Fire-Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!" All day long, at short intervals, she was running to the window and looking through the glass at the sun.

And when the grand hour arrived for the wonderful phenomenon, when the five million glasses were raised to witness the obscuration, and the weird twilight had settled over all nature, this young life too had passed into a total eclipse, from which it has never for a moment emerged.

The poor lunatic never rages. She is sweet and harmless as a child. She makes frequent visits to the glass-factories and to the news-rooms to inquire after the progress of her enterprise, and over and over again makes her contract to advertise the "Babcock Fire-Extinguisher," and comes back with promises to her mother of the boundless riches which are to flow in upon them.

As for Christian Van Pelt, his wrong to Mary had been unintentional, as he was ignorant of her connection with the eclipse-glass scheme. Though Mr. Ten Eyck had been honest in advising Miss Trigillgus to abandon her plans, under the persuasion that with her limited means and want of business training the result could not fail to be disastrous, he yet saw that with capital and energy to push it a grand success might be achieved. Having little loose capital, and his time being well occupied, he unfolded the scheme to Christian Van Pelt, and together they put the enterprise through. Mr. Ten Eyck argued that since Miss Trigillgus had abandoned the plan, as he really supposed had been the case, he was not wronging her by prosecuting it himself. He was one of that numerous class who fail to perceive that *ideas* have commercial value.

S. W. KELLOGG.

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# CUBA.

"IF," wrote Franklin, "you wish a separation to be always possible, take the utmost pains that the colonies shall never be incorporated with the mother-country. Do not let them share your liberties. Make use of their commerce, regulate their industry, tax them at your will, and spend at your caprice the wealth thus drawn from them, which costs you nothing. Take care to invest the general in charge of them with despotic power, and at the same time give him immunity from all colonial control. If the colonists protest, do not listen to them, but reply by charges of high treason and rebellion. Say that all such complaints are the invention of certain demagogues, and that if one could catch and hang these wretched fellows all would go well. If need be, arrest and hang them. By continuing such a policy you will infallibly arrive at your goal, and to a certainty be in a brief time disembarrassed of your colonies."

The above, wrote an accomplished Spaniard a few years ago, applies as exactly to the Spanish colonies to-day as it did to those of England at the time of our struggle with her. In fact, the misrule in Cuba has been fifty times worse than the worst Anglo-Saxon misrule ever known. The island has been used by Spain simply as a gold-mine.* So far as those toiling in it are concerned, she has displayed an indifference similar to that which resulted in the destruction of her West Indian population three centuries ago. The Cubans have been taxed without representation, shot down if they remonstrated, and mocked by acts of the Cortes, granting relief which it was never intended to afford to them, but which for a time served in some degree to throw dust in the eyes of Europe.

And thus it came to pass that on the 10th of October, 1868, the Cubans, recognizing the truth of the poetic axiom, that

> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow,

and that Spain's difficulty should be Cuba's opportunity, issued a Declaration of Independence. The document, dated from Manzanillo, thus stated the case: "In arming ourselves against the tyrannical government of Spain, we must, according to precedent in all civilized countries, proclaim before the world the cause that impels us to take this step, which, though likely to entail considerable disturbance now, will ensure future happiness. It is well known that Spain governs this island with an iron and blood-stained hand, holding its inhabitants deprived of political, civil and religious liberty. Hence the unfortunate Cubans, illegally prosecuted, sent into exile and executed in time of peace by military commissions. Hence their being prohibited from attending public meetings, and forbidden to speak or write on affairs of state. Hence their remonstrances against the evils that afflict them being regarded as the proceedings of rebels, from the fact that they are expected to keep silent and obey. Hence the never-ending plague of hungry officials from Spain to devour the product of their industry and labor. Hence the restrictions to which public instruction with them is subjected, in order to keep them so ignorant as to render them unable to know and enforce their rights in any shape or form. Hence the navy and standing army kept in and about their country at an enormous expense (paid out of taxes levied on Cuba), to make them submit to the terrible yoke imposed. . . .

"As we are in danger of losing our property, our lives and our honor under further Spanish domination; as we have reached a depth of degradation revolting to manhood; as great nations have sprung from revolt against a similar disgrace after exhausted pleadings for relief; as we despair of justice from Spain through reasoning, and cannot longer live deprived of the rights which other people enjoy,—we are constrained to appeal to arms, to assert our rights in the battle-field, cherishing the hope that our grievances will be a sufficient excuse for this last resort to redress them and secure our future welfare."

Ten days later the Cuban insurgent general Cespedes asked our own government to recognize the belligerent rights of his party, in a letter which detailed the rapid success of the movement. On the 27th of December, 1868, Cespedes issued a proclamation of emancipation. In January, 1869, it would appear that Spain, herself in a very critical condition under a provisional government, thought that a sop must be thrown to Cuba, and accordingly the captain-general of Cuba issued one of those highflown addresses which come with such readiness from Spanish bureaus. Said this gallant and noble-minded governor: "I will brave every danger, accept every responsibility, for your welfare. The revolution has swept away the Bourbon dynasty, tearing up by the roots a plant so poisonous that it putrefied the air we breathe. To the citizen shall be returned his rights, to man his dignity." [An admission, by the way, that they had been bereft of both.] "You will receive all the reforms which you require. Cubans and Spaniards are all brothers. From this day Cuba will be considered as a province of Spain. Freedom of the press, the right of meeting in public, and representation in the national Cortes—the three fundamental principles of true liberty—are granted you. Speaking in the name of our mother, Spain, I adjure you to forget the past, hope for the future and establish union and fraternity."

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* In September, 1872, Senator Benot made a remarkable speech in the Cortes in reference to the treatment of Cuba. "It is," he said, "the Spanish peninsula alone that is ignorant of events in Cuba. But it is not ignorance only of which I complain. From those remote possessions comes the blood of the negro converted into gold to pervert the public mind."

Referring to the horrid massacre of students in 1871, Senator Benot said: "Spain does not rule Cuba: if she did, innocent children would not be executed at the instance of the Spanish clique in Havana. Senators, you are parents. Suppose that your boys in the professors' absence were to run out to play in the adjoining cemetery. Suppose that for this lack of reverence a ferocious mob seized your sons, subjected them to a court-martial, charged them falsely with the demolition of sepulchres—sepulchres whose crystals are untouched even now. Imagine them brought before a court-martial and absolved, and then imagine these children dragged by the mob, disappointed of their prey, before another military council, who under terror condemned eight to death and the remainder to the galleys. There were forty-four children, and the kind council drew lots to decide which of them should be shot. Two brothers were drawn, but even the stony hearts of the so-called judges thought that it would be going rather too far to rob one father of his two sons; so one was discharged, and another substituted because older than the rest. This incredible, unprecedented crime yet goes unpunished."

These very fine words, however, seem to have utterly failed in buttering the Cuban parsnips. They were, in truth, calculated to carry about as much conviction to the mind of Cubans as Joseph Surface's sentiments after the discovery of Lady Teazle behind the screen do to her ladyship's husband.

The insurrection saw no abatement. A reinforcement of fifteen hundred men came from Spain, and within six weeks of all these blessings being promised by the captain-general, freedom of the press was abolished and trial by military commission established. On the 3d of March came a second reinforcement of a thousand men from Spain.

Meanwhile, Cespedes, the Cuban general, found his only available policy to be a sort of guerilla warfare until he could rally a sufficient force and collect arms for an encounter with the Spanish army; and on March 1, 1869, he again addressed our President, asking for the recognition of belligerent rights.

Up to this date no civil organization had existed among the insurgents, but in April, 1869, representatives from the several anti-Spanish districts met at Guaymazo, in the province of Puerto Principe, when Cespedes formally resigned his power into the hands of the House of Representatives, who thereupon proclaimed him president of the Cuban republic, and General Quesada commander of the forces.

During the summer of 1869 the war was carried on with indifferent success by the Spaniards; and in June General Dulce, captain-general, went home,* being, in fact, virtually deposed by the "volunteers," who were supposed to support the Spanish interest. These latter are, for the most part, a set of worthless men, the scum of Spain and other countries, who, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, consented to enlist in the service of the Spanish slave-dealing clique in Havana, and were furious at what they deemed too great clemency on the part of the captain-general.

Dulce was succeeded by De Rodas, who announced "a vigorous policy." During the autumn of 1869 no decisive step was taken on either side, but the insurgents, careful to prevent the enemy profiting by the confiscated property of the Cubans who had been compelled to abandon their plantations, set fire to the cane, and hundreds of valuable crops were thus destroyed. The year 1870 saw no abatement of the struggle.

Meanwhile, Peru and Chili formally and cordially recognized the independence of the insurgents, toward whom still warmer symptoms of sympathy from this quarter have been lately evinced, and widespread sympathy has also been expressed toward them in the United States; but the President in his message of December, 1869, intimated that he did not consider the position of the insurgents such as to warrant him in recognizing their belligerent rights.

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* He died in the following November at Madrid.

And thus matters have continued till to-day. For more than four years Cuba has been the scene of bloodshed, misery and ruin. Notwithstanding the strong feeling for Cuba in this country, it would appear that even now our cabinet deems it undesirable to recognize belligerent rights on the part of the Cubans, but at the same time Mr. Fish's letter to Mr. Sickles of the 29th of October last is couched in terms which clearly indicate a limit to this forbearance, when he says: "Sustained, as is the present ministry, by the large popular vote which has recently returned to the Cortes an overwhelming majority in its support, there can be no more room to doubt their ability to carry into operation the reforms of which they have given promise than there can be justification to question the sincerity with which the assurance was given. It seems, therefore, to be a fitting occasion to look back upon the relations between the United States and Spain, and to mark the progress which may have been made in accomplishing those objects in which we have been promised her co-operation. It must be acknowledged with regret that little or no advance has been made. The tardiness in this respect, however, cannot be said to be in any way imputable to a want of diligence, zeal or ability in the legation of the United States at Madrid. The department is persuaded that no person, however gifted with those qualities and faculties, could have better succeeded against the apparent apathy or indifference of the Spanish authorities, if, indeed, their past omission to do what we have expected should not be ascribable to other causes.

"The Spanish government, partly at our instance, passed a law providing for the gradual emancipation of slaves in the West India colonies. This law, so far as this department is aware, remains unexecuted, and it is feared that the recently-issued regulations, professedly for its execution, are wholly inadequate to any practical result in favor of emancipation, if they be not really in the interest of the slaveholder and of the continuance of the institution of slavery."

And after various stringent comments he concludes: "It is hoped that you will present the views above set forth, and the present grievances of which this government so justly complains, to the government to which you are accredited, in a way which, without giving offence, will leave a conviction that we are in earnest in the expression of those views, and that we expect redress; and that if it should not soon be afforded Spain must not be surprised to find, as the inevitable result of the delay, a marked change in the feeling and in the temper of the people and of the government of the United States. Believing that the present ministry of Spain is in a sufficiently confirmed position of power to carry out the measures which it announces and the reforms which have been promised, and to do justice by the removal of the causes of our well-founded complaints, and not doubting the sincerity of the assurances which have been given, the United States look confidently for the realization of those hopes, which have been encouraged by repeated promises, that all causes for estrangement or for the interruption of those friendly feelings which are traditional, as they are sincere, on the part of this government toward Spain, will be speedily and for ever removed."

The cry is now loudly raised for recognition of belligerent rights, with a view to independence and annexation by the United States. But, as we have said, the government of this country does not—wisely for American interests, in our opinion—appear inclined to hurry toward such a course, and we should like to see the experiment first tried of active mediation on its part between Spain and Cuba. A meeting of leading representatives of both parties of the island under a distinguished jurist at Washington might not impossibly assist the solution of the difficulty.

Although many Cubans, despairing of reconciliation, are disposed at this moment to declare that the time has quite gone by for a compromise, it is doubtful whether this be really the case. Cuba and Spain have been united for centuries, and notwithstanding fierce animosities have yet many common ties. There are, too, not a few prudent men who, whilst strongly in favor of abolition, dread the sudden adoption of such a course, which would be the inevitable result of an entire break with Spain. They see in it nothing but ruin to the majority of whites, without corresponding advantage to the blacks. "Let abolition come," they say, "by all means, but not all at once. Look at Jamaica, look at your own South! Would it not have really been better for all parties if the abolition had been more gradual, or at least attended by such conditions as would have ensured less immediate depreciation of property?"

We believe that our government could not more effectually serve the interests of the Cubans than by a vigorous intercession * to secure them an independent government on the Anglo-colonial system, accompanied by the passage of an act of the Cortes freeing every slave within five years; and meantime enforcing rigorously protective measures for the enslaved, including payment of wages.

There seems no reason why a legislative system on the plan of the Australian colonies of Great Britain should not be attempted. Its failure in Jamaica is not sufficient ground against it. In Jamaica there were a few grains of whites to bushels of blacks: in Cuba there are some seven hundred thousand colored —of whom only four hundred thousand are slaves — to about one million four hundred thousand whites.

We can scarcely doubt that the Spanish government will feel constrained to hearken to the remonstrances of that of the United States. Spain is to-day in all but extent of territory a fourth-rate rather than a second-rate power. Her government is the least stable in Europe, except possibly that of France. Her exchequer is exhausted. Her credit is utterly gone. Assume a war: where is she to get money? There is not a people in Europe, save the Dutch and the English, who at this moment have anything to lend, and neither Dutch nor English are likely at present to send more money to Madrid. Spain has too amply proved herself the defaulter *par excellence* of the world.

Now, therefore, is the time for American mediation; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Fish will not let it pass, but will follow up vigorously his admirable despatch, and thus secure to Cubans the blessings of a free country.

For years Spain has been promising, and not performing. Performance seems with her the result only of compulsion; and if this really be so, she must be compelled. So far as Cuban affairs are concerned, she has had ample indulgence at the hands of ourselves and Great Britain. Every reasonable chance has been given her to mend her ways. She has failed to avail herself of her opportunities, and cannot complain if she suffer accordingly. It is not in the nature of things that this country should look calmly for all time on the just struggles of an enthralled and trodden-down people dwelling within a few hours of our own mainland.

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* "I have, since the beginning of the present session of Congress, communicated to the House of Representatives, upon their request, an account of the steps which I had taken in the hope of securing to the people of Cuba the blessings and the right of independent self-government. These efforts failed, but not without an assurance from Spain that the good offices of this government might still avail for the objects to which they had been addressed. It is stated, on what I believe to be good authority, that Cuban bonds have been prepared to a large amount, whose payment is made dependent upon the recognition by the United States of either Cuban belligerency or independence. The object of making their value thus contingent upon the action of this government is a subject for serious reflection." (*President Grant's message, June*, 1870.) Suggestive statements, indicating how powerful the interference of our government may be! It would more than aught else give the Spanish cabinet strength in inducing the Cortes to endorse it in high-handed measures against the moneyed slave-holding, slave-dealing clique in Havana, which is the root of all evil there.

# PROBATIONER LEONHARD;

## OR, THREE NIGHTS IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

### CHAPTER X.

### THE ADVANTAGE OF A DEBTOR.

THE house to which Spener's steps now turned was the sixth one below Loretz's, on the same narrow street facing the stream—the long white house with a deep porch in which young men might often be seen smoking. Spener had given it the name of "Brethren's House," rather in remembrance of the custom still existing in Moravian villages than because it was strictly the abode of unmarried men who sought there a home. It was the fact that many unmarried men did dwell there, but also it was true that the house was the one inn of the place, and at this time it was well filled, as Loretz had said to Leonhard when he opened for him his hospitable gate.

At the head of the long dining-table Albert Spener took his place, and room was made beside him for his guest; and truly it was a company of cheerful-hearted workers, on whom no director might look without a thrill of satisfaction.

"Stay a month with us as a probationer," said Spener suddenly, bringing his eyes to bear upon Leonhard, and there was kindly and powerful persuasion in them. "We can make you comfortable at least, and perhaps you may be brought to like us. I want to have a school-house built here: it is getting to be a necessity. You shall give us something ornamental in spite of ourselves, if you insist upon it. And it may be no difficult thing to compel me to put up houses on both those sites. But you are settled already, I suppose?"

"No," answered Leonhard: "I am much more unsettled than any man of my years ought to be. I am so unfortunate as to have two professions."

"Get into debt, and that will straighten you for a while," said Spener, laughing heartily. "When I had fairly left my employer and set this enterprise afoot, I gave up my sleeping habits. You will be obliged to part with something in order to convince yourself that you are in earnest. If you give up sleep, you will soon come to decisions."

"I owe enough," said Leonhard.

"I should not have guessed it. You sleep yet, though."

"Because I can't help it. Yes, I sleep."

"Then you will have to part with something of your free will—one of the professions, I suppose: you can't follow two very well. It is astonishing," Spener continued, not averse to talking about himself just now, when he was so much occupied with thoughts which concerned himself chiefly—"it is astonishing how different things look from the two sides of an action. Do your best, you cannot tell before you have taken a step how you will feel after it." On that remark he paused for a moment. Then he went on. It was a relief to talk with this young stranger: he had this advantage in the talk—it relieved him, and what he said, much or little, did not affect in the least the more that was left unsaid. There was nobody in Spenersberg to whom he could say as much as he was saying to Marten. Any Spenersberger would immediately proceed with the clew to the end. "My employer," he continued, "was a very cautious man, and I believe he thought me crazy when I told him what I was going to do, and asked him to lend me the money. Not a dollar would he lend, and I thank him for it. Go to the bank if you can find an endorser: it is best to feel that an institution is at your heels, and will be down on you if you are not up to time. An avalanche is a thing anybody in his senses will keep clear of."

"True," said Leonhard; and Spener went on eating his dinner, without suspecting that his talk had entirely appeased his companion's hunger.

The young men spent a part of the

afternoon walking about the garden alluded to where the willows were under cultivation. A scene of thrift and industry of which the eye could not soon tire was presented by these products of careful labor in every stage of growth.

At length Spener came to Leonhard and told him that he should be obliged to leave him till the next day. "I find that I must go to town this afternoon," he said, "but you are to stay until after the festival. That is decided. I must talk with you again, and arrange about those buildings."

It was easy now for Leonhard to decide that he would stay till after the festival—there was reason good why he should — and he promised to do so. Spener was so desirous that he should stay that after he had left the field he came back to urge it. But when he had looked again at Leonhard, he did not urge it in the way he had intended to do: "You must think whether it will be worth your while to stay or not. What is the profession you spoke about that keeps you unsettled, did you say?"

"Music."

"Ah!"

"But I am a builder of course—an architect and a builder," said poor Leonhard hurriedly.

"I like you," said Spener, drawing Leonhard's arm within his. "If you could make up your mind to stay, we might make it your interest to do so. As a probationer, you understand. There is a good deal to be done here, and I may throw open the farm up there to purchasers. The only difficulty is, that our people here might object. But it is quite clear to me—quite clear—that a little daylight wouldn't do any of us harm if it could be had, you know, by merely cutting away the dead underbrush and worthless timber."

He shook hands again with Leonhard, who said, "I will think about what you have said: I like the sound of it."

"There will be no end of work here for a skillful man of your business if the land is sold in lots. I have had a great many applications. I don't know of any such building-sites anywhere. My house will have to be over there on the slope, I think—a sort of guard to the valley and an assurance to Spenersbergers."

He now went away, looking back and nodding at Leonhard, confident that they understood each other.

"There's a man to envy!" thought our explorer; and he felt as if a strong staff had been wrenched out of his hand.

But the thoughts with which Albert Spener strode toward the station, a mile away, were not enviable thoughts. For a little while he went on thinking about Leonhard with great satisfaction, and he made many plans based on ground-lines traced for his new acquaintance; but as he went his way he passed first Mr. Wenck's small abode, and farther on the house where Elise lived, and his indignation was not lessened when he thought how trivial was the part he had allowed himself to act in the play which might end as a tragedy if Elise should prove obstinate.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LORETZ ON THE TROMBONE.

LATER in the afternoon, toward sunset, Leonhard left the gardens and walked slowly down the street, taking cognizance of all things in his way. He noticed that Taste had taken Haste in hand in many a place, and that already attempts were evident to repair and amend or construct anew. What might not be done toward making a paradise of such a place under the encouragement of a man like Albert Spener? But a probationer! That meant, Say that you will present yourself to Moravian brethren as a candidate for admission to their fellowship. He smiled at the thought, but when he considered the opportunities of work Spener would put in his way, he began to look grave. Of course he must give up his music: it was no profession for him, and he saw that it was folly and weakness to attempt the service of two masters; and yet he will go back and talk with Mrs. Anna about Herrnhut and old Leonhard Marten. Just here comes the sound of a trombone cleaving the air.

It startles him, and it startles others also. "Who is gone?" he hears one man ask another from his place in the garden; and he understands that the trombone has made an announcement to the people of Spenersberg. How the notes wind along, a noble stream of solemn sound!

"Who is gone home?" he hears another ask, but again there is no answer.

He sees a group of children stopping in the midst of their play and looking at each other with scared faces—one little one suddenly hiding its face in its mother's apron, as if in the shrinking shyness and awe of apprehension.

As he approaches his destination a ghostlike face and figure startles Leonhard: he looks back and sees it is "our little minister, Wenck," whom Spener had pointed out to him in their morning walk. He is hurrying down the street, and it is not likely that any one will stop a man proceeding at such a rate, with questions.

Loretz stands on his piazza with his trombone in his hand: it is he who blows that blast which echoes through Spenersberg, announcing a death.

Doubting what the signal means, Leonhard, with a little hesitation, approaches his host and looks for the information he does not ask. Is it a calamity that has overtaken the house? One could hardly gather from a glance at Mr. Loretz. Evidently the stout little man has been moved by some powerful surprise: his eyes are full of agitation; his dress betokens it; he has been driven to and fro, distracted, within the hour. When he sees Leonhard his excitement exhibits itself in a new form: he lifts the trombone to his lips, and taking another key he sounds again; it is a note of solemn triumph, so prolonged that it would seem as if the desire was that all space should be filled with the echoes thereof.

Leonhard sits down on one of the large wooden chairs in the piazza to enjoy the music: then Loretz comes to him and says, "You have heard it?"

"I have heard it?" repeated Leonhard, interrogatively.

"Sister Benigna—"

"What is it, sir?" exclaimed Leonhard, starting to his feet.

"She has gone home."

"Good God!" exclaimed Leonhard. "Do you mean to say that she is dead?"

"We call it going home," answered Loretz.

"But gone home! When, why, how did she go?"

"It shocks you," said Loretz, finding perhaps not a little satisfaction in seeing this stranger so moved. He had himself been so horrified by Benigna's silent, unlooked-for departure, and to be shocked and horrified by death was so undesirable and so fought against among good Moravians, that Leonhard's emotion, and much more than emotion, seemed a real solace for the moment. "We don't know how it was," he continued. "My daughter was to go to practice the music with her in the hall after school, and when she went into the school-room she found Sister Benigna sitting at her desk with *The Messiah* open. But she was gone. We had in Doctor Hummel, and he says it was the heart. He has thought, he says, for a year or so, that there must be some feeble action of the valves. She went to him a twelvemonth since about it, and he told her his opinion; but he told her she might live fifty years yet, though she *might* go any day. She never mentioned it to us. But Hummel says when he told her she said it was good news. Yet, sir, you never saw a happier creature. You saw her last night and this morning. Well, sir, that's a fair sample—busy all the time, and happy as happy."

"But are you sure that nothing could be done for her?" exclaimed Leonhard, to whom the quiet and calm into which Loretz had talked himself was anything but composing.

"Perfectly sure. If you should look at her once you would see. But I must go back to my women. Will you make yourself at home within? We shall all be back in an hour or so."

Leonhard said he would go to the Brethren's House and spend the night there, but Loretz said hastily, "I was afraid you would be thinking of that, sir. Stay with us: we want your company. We shall not bring Sister Benigna here. If she had—had died here, we should have carried her to the corpse-house this evening. It is but a short distance from the factory, and she will lie there to-night. And—I have been thinking—to-morrow evening we must celebrate our congregation festival with her funeral."

"Then if I had not come just when I did," thought Leonhard, "I should never have seen Sister Benigna. If the truth could be known, I don't believe the woman has known any greater pleasure in a long time than I gave her when I made those suggestions last evening. Only twenty-four hours, and it might be a year! She ought to have lived until after the festival. How she would have enjoyed it! I should like to look at Spener when he hears that the woman is actually out of the world. It would be a bad job for him if it had happened to be the other one. Jupiter! wouldn't I like to know whether it is better to be lamented by the community, so far as the community's principles will allow it to lament, or to spread devastation all around in the way this little Miss Elise couldn't help doing if she should be 'called home,' as they say! Musician answers one way, architect the other. Have you the nerve to go in and touch that piano, Probationer Marten?"

Rex tremendæ Majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons Pietatis!

What voice was this which made the house resound, and thrilled the hearts of the listeners at the gate as they stood there for a moment in the moonlight?

"I left Mr. Marten within," said Loretz to his wife and daughter.

"He is singing the Requiem," said Elise. They waited a moment longer, but just then Leonhard stepped over the window-sill, and began pacing the piazza with his arms folded on his breast, his head bent. The words he sang in fact had electrified him, and the rush of thoughts had driven him from the piano.

Salva me, Fons Pietatis!

## CHAPTER XII.

### PREPARATIONS FOR THE FESTIVAL.

LATER in the evening, Mr. Wenck came to the house, not to talk about the event, but the funeral. In spite of the hint Loretz had dropped when talking with Leonhard, he seemed somewhat surprised when the minister proposed that the funeral should take place on the following evening. The good man made this proposal in the fewest words possible: it had evidently cost him a good deal to make it. He perhaps felt himself under constraint in the midst of this very select audience.

Loretz said, "I don't know that we can decide till Mr. Spener gets back. He went to town this afternoon."

"When will he come?" asked the minister.

"Some time to-morrow—toward night: he usually comes up at six or seven, unless he is detained."

"We might fix the funeral at six: the concert was to begin at seven. I think we may take it for granted that the hours would meet his approval. He would say, if he were here, that we had better decide on the hour ourselves."

"Yes, yes, he would say so, of course," said Loretz quickly, "and he would mean what he said, sir," he added, argumentatively. "Of course: let us then say at six o'clock the procession will move from —from the corpse-house to the church. She has been taken away just as she was in the midst of preparation for the festival: let us therefore observe it even as it would have been observed."

The voice which spoke these words was altogether under the speaker's control, but the pathos in it so moved the heart of dear little Dame Loretz that she exclaimed, "Let it be so, father: certainly, it must be. It would please Sister Benigna beyond anything to have all the little children there just as she had arranged. And who has done for the church more than she has? I am sure it is what—what *everybody* must see is the right thing. Mr. Wenck, I am very glad you came to talk about it: we were all beside ourselves — we didn't know what to think or what to do."

"Shall it be so, Elise?" asked Loretz, turning to his daughter quietly after his wife had concluded her animated speech.

"I know it would be what she would wish," said Elise.

"Then it shall be. I have a mind to go to town for Mr. Spener. But he will come: he is always on time. He knows when he means to be here, if we don't, and we can't change that."

So it was decided, and Mr. Wenck went away, having declined the entreaty of Mrs. Loretz to fill a seat at their supper-table.

Slowly walking back to his lonely house, which had never seemed so lonely, so desolate to him, Mr. Wenck saw little Charles Hummel, who was going in the same direction and homeward. He had been looking for Charley, for he had heard one of the children say that he was in the school-room with the teacher last, and so he took the boy's hand, and they walked along together.

"Are you all prepared with your pieces, Charley?" the minister asked.

"Oh yes, sir, but now we shall not sing them."

"And why will you not sing them, my boy?"

"Because there will not be any celebration—will there, sir?"

"Certainly: why should there not?"

"What, sir! to-morrow night, just the same?"

"Do you think that Sister Benigna would approve of our having no congregation festival?"

"Why, sir, you know — don't you know? I saw them carrying her from the school-room. She—she—"

"Yes, I know all," said the minister: "she is gone home. But then she will know about our celebration: oh yes, just the same: it must be that she will hear all the sweet voices. It seems far away to us where she is: perhaps it has seemed so, but she brings heaven nearer: it is surely but a step to the Better Land."

It had appeared almost impossible for Mr. Wenck to speak in Loretz's house, but now words came so freely to his lips that he seemed even to find comfort in speech.

The boy had now reached his father's house, and would have gone in, but the minister with gentle force retained the small hand he held, and said, "Let us walk on a little farther, Charley. How beautiful the moon is to-night! Were you in the school-room to-day, my boy?"

"I was there this afternoon, sir," said the little lad, awed by the sound of his own voice's gentleness—so gently the minister spoke he could himself speak in no other way. But he would not have liked the boys to hear him, and he looked around as if to see if any one followed, and was a little startled when he saw his shadow and the shadow of Mr. Wenck following so close.

"When I come to speak to the congregation about her I shall want to tell them all about to-day," said Mr. Wenck, "if there is anything it would be pleasant for them to know. Do you remember anything she — she said or did, Charley?"

The boy thought a moment. "It was just the same as always," said he.

"Did you practice your songs this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir, we practiced them."

"For the last time, and you did not know it!" Would that little lad remember, when he came to manhood, this hour and these words? Would he from that noonday sun receive a light that could enlighten the mystery of this pallid, shadowy hour which filled his little being with such awe?

"But she said we sang beautifully," he said, moved by the spirit of obedience to stay and answer, and not shake off the hand that held him and run home affrighted, and dream of spirits and Mr. Wenck's pale face and his strange voice.

"Oh, then you pleased her?"

"She said it was the best singing, sir, she had ever heard, and that she was glad we had worked so hard and had been so attentive and patient. That was what she said, I remember now," said the little lad with spirit: "I thought there was something I forgot. She said when we sang our part in the festival all the people would know how hard we had tried to learn."

"And when she dismissed you, was there anything more?"

"She—she kissed us: she always did," said the little fellow, bursting into sudden crying.

"Oh, Charley," said the minister—and he bent down and kissed the little boy, whose face was wet with tears—"we must not cry for her—not any of us. And God himself has wiped away *her* tears."

"And then when I was going out," said Charley, rallying again, "she asked me to bring her a pitcher of water from the spring before I went home. When I took it in she was reading her music, and she had some flowers in a glass. And I filled it with fresh water for her," he said proudly. And that was all he had to tell.

"You are a good boy to remember so much," said Mr. Wenck; and now he walked back with Charley to the doctor's gate, and kissing him again bade him "Good-night."

Long after every light was extinguished in Spenersberg homes, Mr. Wenck was walking up and down in front of his own house beneath the trees, pacing the grass, a noiseless sentinel. He had no duties now to perform: undisturbed his thoughts might wander whither they would. They could not wander far—too near was the magnet. The day had begun in a manner which he could not but think remarkable: the shadow of approaching calamity had disturbed him until the horror appeared. For, accustomed as he had been to teach and preach and to think of death as a friend, the conductor to a happier world, the enlightener and the life-giver, he could not regard the departure of Sister Benigna in such light. The loss to the community was almost irreparable, he began by saying to himself, but he ended by saying, "Hypocrite! do you mourn the community's loss, or your own?"

The tower-clock struck twelve as in his walk he approached the gate to his little garden: he hesitated, and then noiselessly opened it. Here were various fragrant flowers in blossom, and roses innumerable on the well-cared-for bushes, but he passed these, and gathered from the house wall a few ivy leaves, and climbing the fence in the rear of his house began to ascend the slope that led to the cemetery, that place of the people's constant resort. He did not enter it, but stood a long while on the peaceful plain, which was filled with moonlight. At last he slowly turned away and walked across the wooded knolls and fields until he came to the corpse-house, which only yesterday he had garnished with fresh boughs. He knew whither he went, and yet when he had come to the door of that resting-place the external calm disappeared—the props of consolation, the support of faith, gave way. He opened the door, entered, closed it behind him, and by the light of the lamp suspended from the whitewashed rafters saw Sister Benigna lying on the bier, dressed in white garments, with a rose in one white hand.

When he came forth again a cold fog was filling the valley, and morning approached. Who will wish to dwell even in imagination on the hours he had passed in that silent house, or care to guess the battle which perchance had been fought there, or the wild flow of tears which had for years been pent, or the groans which could not be uttered, which at last had utterance; or how at last the man died there, and the victor, as one who had been slain, came forth?

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE MOTHER CONFESSOR.

So the day passed in preparation for Sister Benigna's funeral, as well as for the congregation festival.

Mr. Spener had given out yesterday that the workers in the factory should have a half holiday, and, in conformity to his orders, at twelve o'clock Loretz dismissed the weavers for the day. The various performers met in the hall and rehearsed their several parts, and the programme, it was decided, should be carried out precisely as Sister Benigna had designed.

Leonhard looked on and listened, wondering. Mrs. Loretz, who had only to sing in the choruses, had a little time on her hands during the day, and was glad that the young man was there to be talked to. True, he was busily at work over his drawing, which he wished to have ready to show Mr. Spener in the morning, but he was glad to listen, and the talk was in itself not uninteresting. Dame Anna had a great deal to say about Sister Benigna—not much to tell, really: the facts of her life as they were known to Mrs. Loretz were few. Benigna had come six years ago to Spenersberg, and had been an active member of the church there since that day. What everybody said was true: she had been the Genius of Music there, and in the true Moravian spirit had rallied every musical thought and all musical skill to the standard of religion. At first there had been a good deal of talk about founding a Sisters' House, but that had been given up: it was thought that the ends to be accomplished by it could be obtained at less cost and with less labor. She had lived in their house since the day she came: she was like a daughter to them, and a sister and more to Elise.

Then by and by the communicativeness of the good woman, as well as her confidence in Leonhard, increasing with her speech, she began to talk about Mr. Spener, and to hint his "intentions;" and she ended by telling this stranger what was not known outside her own family except to the minister. And when she had explained all it became clear to her that she must justify the method of proceeding in matrimonial affairs which had given to herself a good husband, and had been the means of establishing many happy households which she could name.

The only trouble that could possibly arise from the turn affairs had taken was a trouble that did look rather threatening, Leonhard thought. Spener had consented to abide by the decision of the lot, but now—would he?

After she had told all this, Mrs. Loretz asked Leonhard what he thought about it. He said he thought it was a hard case: he could feel for Mr. Spener. He was afraid that under the circumstances he should not behave well.

The good woman nodded her head as if she quite understood the force of his remarks, but, though it seemed hard, wasn't it better to be disappointed before marriage than after? Undoubtedly, he answered, yet he should prefer to feel that in an affair like that he could make his own choice, with consent of the lady.

Mrs. Loretz thought to herself he spoke as if he had already chosen for himself, and knew what he was talking about; and the cheerful fancies which she had entertained last night with regard to the beneficent care of Providence in sending Leonhard to Spenersberg disappeared like a wreath of mist. She must now mourn the loss of Sister Benigna more heavily than before, since she found herself without support on the highway of sorrow.

Had an unhappy marriage never come within her knowledge, Leonhard asked, which the lot had seemed to sanction?

She had been thinking of that, Mistress Anna acknowledged. There had, certainly—she could not deny it. But it was where the parties had not seriously tried to make the best of everything.

Was it necessary, then, he asked—even when the lot decided favorably—that people should *put up* with each other, and find it not easy to keep back sharp words which would edge their way out into hearing in spite of all efforts to keep them back? Must people providentially yoked together find themselves called upon, just like others, to make sacrifices of temper and taste and opinion all through life?

Wasn't that going on everywhere? she asked. Did he know of any people anywhere who agreed so well about everything that there was never a chance of dispute? And where was there such an abundance of everything that there was no occasion for self-sacrifice?

Leonhard laughed at these questions, and Mistress Anna looked wise, but she did not laugh. Leonhard might not be the providential substitute for a lover providentially removed, but at least he was a pleasant companion for a troubled hour. He had thought so much on this subject, possibly he had some experimental knowledge. Had he a wife?—Not yet, he said. But he would have.—Oh, of course: what would a man do in this world without a wife? Perhaps it would not trouble him to think of the one he would like to marry if he might.—No, not in the least.—And he would be satisfied to decide for himself, and not ask any counsel?—Was he not the one who must live with the lady? and was it likely that anybody would know as well as himself what he wanted?—Only, she suggested, how could he feel certain that he would have what he wanted, after all?—What! hadn't a man eyes?—That can be trusted, my dear?—If he can't trust his own, will he trust another man's?—But can he feel sure that what he wants would be best for him?—Is the best he can imagine any too good for a man, if he can get it?

But she has been thinking, How happened it that father should have found his very name in the birthday book? She has been thinking of it nearly all the morning. When she first set eyes on him—did he know?—she felt sure that he belonged to them.

Leonhard did not know about the name. He felt very grateful to her for her kindness. He hoped the book had shown him the writing of his ancestor, but he did not know. His parents died when he was a little boy, and if he had any relatives alive, they were unknown to him. He should be glad to believe that the Herrnhuter was his grandfather or great-grandfather. But they must not ask him to run the risk of losing his chance if there should be a young lady whom he might wish to marry: he could not trust any voice in such a matter except hers.

"Loretz and I have had our share of trials," she answered solemnly. "It has helped us to bear them, I am sure, dear youth, to think that God had brought us together and united us, for the lot decided how it should be. There have been times when I knew not how I could have endured what was put upon me but for remembering—remembering that in the counsels of a better world our marriage was decreed. See, Sister Benigna brought the ink home with her this noon! Now write your name in Frederick's book, and think whether it would not be best to stay with us."

Leonhard appeared to be intent on his drawings: he bent over his work, but in truth his eyes could not see quite distinctly the lines which he drew. "I will not forget the book," he said: "as to staying in Spenersberg, I am only a probationer wherever I am."

"And who knows how happy you might be among us!" said Dame Anna, who was quite clear now on a point somewhat cloudy before. The stranger had brought with him some secret sorrow and trouble, poor dear!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CONGREGATION FESTIVAL.

As the day passed on, all thoughts were evidently directed toward the solemn scenes with which it was to close. It was pleasant to our friend to walk along the street toward the end of the afternoon, and look at the pretty cottages, each with its garden of flowers in front and its vine-encased windows and doors. Now and then he saw at door or window or in little garden young girls with flowers in their hands: were they weaving them into emblematic devices for the coffin and the grave? This little hamlet seemed to be the sanctuary of beautiful thoughts and things. Music was loved and served here, and he had never seen so many flowers as were crowded into these gardens.

Instead of entering the church at the hour appointed for the funeral, as Mrs. Loretz had advised him to do, Leonhard merely ascended the steps and looked within on the neat edifice, all the architectural points of which could be surveyed at a glance, for there was neither pulpit nor altar within, nor pointed window nor arched roof to gaze at, but merely a large square room well furnished with benches, and a table and the minister's chair; and then descending the steps, he retired to a group of trees in the distance, beneath which he sat down to await the procession. He had not to wait long. Soon the sound of trombones came floating upon, encompassing, filling the air. A slight breeze was stirring; the sun was going down; the willow-covered plain was aglow with its golden light; among the hills the evening shadows were already gathering. Night was only awaiting its swift-coming opportunity.

A small company gathered around the corpse-house, the body was brought forth upon the bier, and the procession, which had silently and quickly gathered at the signal of the trombones, started on foot for the church.

When all had entered the edifice, Leonhard went in and sat down near the door. It was but his third night in Spenersberg, yet he was not among strangers, and how his heart was moved by all he saw and heard! An influence prevailed in this place which was fast mastering him.

As he sat down and looked upon the faces of the elders, the faces of the men and the women — of the people who had toiled, and whose toil had been blessed to them — who had suffered, and whose suffering had been sanctified to them— his heart was like wax. In the drive and hurry of life he had never seen such faces. When he watched the troop of children, dressed in white and walking hand in hand, he thought of his own lonely childhood, and sighed to think that he had come here too late. And the minister, whom Spener had spoken about with patronizing contempt—looking at him, Leonhard said to himself, "Here is a man who could counsel me. He has fought his fight, and for him there is a crown of victory and rejoicing."

The impression he had received when he glanced toward the minister's place was deepened as the services went forward, and he saw Mr. Wenck stand looking down upon the coffin, and from it toward the people.

The music for the congregation festival was sung. It was all as Benigna had arranged it: there was no omission of parts except her own and Elise's. Such voices, such trained voices, and such instrumental performances, Leonhard said to himself, and could say truly, he had never heard. He was dumb with wonder, and because he loved music he wept as though he had loved Benigna. It seemed indeed that the mourners — and the church was filled with mourners in spite of all the words of resignation and immortal hope upon their tongues—were all intent on doing honor to the woman whose life among them would never be forgotten.

In accordance with the usual custom— nothing could he omit that would do honor to her memory—the minister gave a slight biographical sketch of Benigna. He spoke of her childhood, and told the children that there was not one of them who had not been born in a happier home and to better fortunes than she. She had served music well because she loved it well, and they were all witnesses whether she had received any reward for faithfulness in that service. She had served her Master well because to her His service was the highest freedom, and she found in it the greatest joy. They had but to think upon, to look upon, her beautiful face if they would know whether she could have chosen another service in which she would have found such joy. Did she not appear to them—not because she had departed: would she not if she were still among them?—the most complete in excellences and virtues of any character they had known? Was she not farther on in the perfect life than any one of them? And how happy her life in Spenersberg had been! "Surely, surely," he concluded, "this heroic example of constancy to duty, of struggle against weakness, will not be lost on us! Never, on any battle-field of faith, fought a braver soldier. God has given her the victory. In a moment, at the close of a day of labor, in her school-room, right there in that blessed, that sacred place— just there where she would have chosen, with the kisses of her children on her face—just there she heard the summons. Can we doubt, O friends! that when our day of labor is ended we shall see Sister Benigna again? Not if we resolve that with God's help we will prove ourselves worthy of the high honor of being called her friends on earth."

The silence which filled the house after the minister sat down was broken by the sounding of the trombones: then from beneath the trees Leonhard saw the beautiful procession again following the bier; and as he watched the flutter of garments between the dark-green cedar walls, it had been no difficult thing to see in that company not a company of mourners, but the ransomed sons and daughters of the New Jerusalem.

After the services at the grave the people assembled in the church again to partake of the love-feast. Leonhard still followed. No wonder if he walked as in a dream, and at times stood to ask himself where he was, and what all this might mean. A month ago, a week ago, he might have seen half his acquaintances hid away in darkness, and such feelings not have been stirred, such thoughts suggested, as were stirred and suggested here. So much human kindness he had never heard in human voices or seen in human faces. The fierce grasping at opportunity, the wild struggle for place, which his short experience had shown him was the world's way of living, made him wonder if it was possible that mortals could live so near heaven as these people lived. In that hour the sharp strain of life relaxed—his disappointments ceased to torment him—he almost forgot that he stood in the attitude of an absconding debtor. Around him flowed the isolating, soothing, life-renewing waters. He had passed rapids and cataract: could his humbled head receive the benediction of the hour? Could he drop his burdens here, and go forward on a new path and with a new ambition? What were all the honors of the world, its rewards, its pride, compared with the peace and satisfaction of this people? Home, work, friendship, holiness—could so much content him? All were to be had here. But why might he not find the same elsewhere—home, work, friendship, uprightness, honor, success—patience to do the work that offered and to wait for the ripening of the harvest which should rightfully be his? While the people sat at their love-feast, exchanging the grasp of friendship and the kiss of peace, these questions waited upon him. Then came thoughts that were like answers. He would write to Wilberforce: if Spener had spoken seriously he would undertake those buildings; and then he looked around, and his imagination transformed this room of the worshiping congregation into a temple all beautiful within; and somehow into tint and form the character of the Spenersbergers seemed so to enter that over the people as well as the house of worship he saw the wings of the Angel of the Covenant outspread.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### LEONHARD'S THIRD NIGHT IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

LORETZ invited Mr. Wenck to go home with him after the services: there was something he wished to speak about, he said. Mr. Wenck needed no urging: he wanted to see Elise one moment alone. But he did not find that moment, for while Loretz was talking about the work which should be done without delay in the cemetery, and saying that there could be no better time to call attention to it than the present, when so many would be going to visit Sister Benigna's grave, Spener came in. He had heard already all that could be told him with regard to Benigna's death, but his surprise had brought him straight to Loretz, and what he said was creditable to him, although he had made certain statements to Leonhard yesterday concerning Sister Benigna which neither of them would be likely to forget. It was perhaps the recollection of them just now which made him look at Leonhard and say, "I have been speaking to Mr. Marten about a school-building, and he has promised to give me a design for one. Shall we not call it Sister Benigna's monument?"

"Sister Benigna's monument should

be erected by the people," said the minister instantly. "She is in such regard among them all that it would be a most beautiful memorial."

"We will consider that," said Spener. He was not very well pleased by Wenck's remark, and perhaps there could be no better time than the present to express his thought in regard to such assistance as he would be likely to receive from Spenersberg in erecting a monument. "I dare say the parents would be pleased to contribute their mite, and the children also; but no doubt in the end it would be my lookout. And it would be my pleasure, certainly, to see that there was no debt on the building."

"Then, sir, pray do not call it her monument," said Mr. Wenck.

When Spener had spoken he felt a slight misgiving, as one who should look pitifully on the moth which he had crushed. The minister's words now amazed him, but he restrained his rising anger. Wenck must have something else to say: let him say it then.

"I judged the people by myself," Wenck said. "And that is saying a great deal more than I can express. It would be no pleasure, certainly, to see that her friends bore the least share in such expenses."

"But, dear Brother Wenck, we are all Sister Benigna's friends," said Spener with the expostulation of a master in his voice.

"Could we praise ourselves more highly, sir, than to say we are her friends? For myself, I feel that the glory of Spenersberg has passed away. I came here, Brother Loretz, to speak to you about her."

Loretz nodded: he was too much surprised by the minister's remarks to speak. They all seemed to feel that the only thing asked of them was a hearing.

"One week ago," Mr. Wenck continued, "I did not suppose that I could speak to you with such freedom as I feel I may use now. If I had said then what I now must, I might not have been able to convince anybody except of one thing. Perhaps I could not have felt certain about my own motives. But now I am above suspicion: I cannot suspect myself. *She* will not doubt my secret thought, and you will all bear me witness." The minister looked around him as he spoke, and Spener would never point him out to man again as yesterday he had called Leonhard's attention to the little minister. Leonhard sat uneasily on his chair, doubting whether to go or stay, but nobody thought of him, and he felt himself to be in the centre of a charmed circle, out of which he could not remove himself. Every one was looking at Mr. Wenck, who, pausing a second as if to assure himself again that all to whom he would speak were before him, went on, his voice becoming more calm and strong, and his whole bearing witnessing for him in his speech. "Before I heard of Spenersberg," he said—"before it had existence even in the brain of its honored founder—my acquaintance with Benigna began."

"Is it possible, Mr. Wenck?" exclaimed Dame Loretz, her voice breaking under the weight of her sympathy.

"Yes, and I was hoping that she and I were to spend our lives together. Dear Sister Loretz, you understand now why I could not take a wife."

"Why—why is that so, sir?" asked Loretz, doubting, and not very well pleased: "that's news, I'm sure."

"It is, I know. And the story would never be told by me but for—for your sake, my friends."

"Well, well, but—" said Loretz, afraid to hear what was coming; not that he guessed, but because Spener sat there with a face so—so inexplicable. Loretz could not make out its meaning when just now he glanced that way; and the face was full of meaning. What was passing in his mind?

"Let me tell the story, Mr. Loretz. I want you to know it. It will not take long. May I not go on?"

"Go on, sir, by all means!" exclaimed Spener. "Say what you have to say, and—" His voice sunk: he did not finish the sentence, audibly at least.

But Wenck still waited until Mrs. Loretz said, "Husband, surely you would like to know about dear Sister Benigna?"

"Well," said Loretz, reluctant still because of his misgivings, "go on. It will be a comfort to you, I dare say, Mr. Wenck, to talk about her here."

"It is my duty, sir, to talk about her here, and my privilege. We were both toiling in our way to reach the time when our love for each other might be spoken and shown to be something short of unreasonable. When that time did come we were led to ascertain whether our union would be in accordance with the Divine will, in the manner of our fathers, which had been adhered to for generations in the village where we lived. We found that, according to the lot, our lives must be lived apart. It did not appear to me then that we did right to give each other up. But I did not attempt to persuade her—or—to assure myself that I had not made a mistake when I loved her."

"I believe that," was the comment on this statement which appeared on the scornful face of Spener.

"But I have often asked myself whether I should not have performed my duty in a better way, a more enlightened way, if I had tried to persuade Benigna to a step which has been taken by many of the most devout, God-fearing brethren."

"What! what!" exclaimed Loretz, aghast. This was the very thing he had feared from some quarter, and now he heard it whence he had least expected it to come.

"I told you before you resorted to the lot—and my inmost hope was that you would act upon it—that the lot is not now considered among the brethren essential in the decision of questions of this kind. Surely you have not forgotten."

"You mentioned it," said Spener reluctantly, in most ungenerous acknowledgment. "I recollect wishing that you would make a point of it."

"It was impossible," replied the minister. "But now I can speak. If I understand you, my friends, there is none of you that feels ready to resign his own will in this matter. In your own secret hearts you understand there is no submission. With such sacrifice God is not well pleased. Do you think He can be? You have but followed a fashion. It is a vain oblation. But"—he went on hurriedly, for he did not wish to provoke discussion, at least until he had told the brief tale to the end—"Benigna and I accepted the decision as final. When I came to Spenersberg and found her here, it was a great, an overwhelming surprise. Brother Loretz, you know by whose request I came."

"I have always felt proud of having brought you here, Brother Wenck: I stand by it yet. You have done the right thing always, so far as I know. Surely it was well to bring you here."

"When I found her here I thought I could not stay, but I finally accepted that too as a dispensation of the Divine will, thankful, sir, thankful that I might have the woman for my friend and co-worker. Has she worked with me? Oh, Benigna, thou art still and for ever my friend——for ever!—and the thought of thee will be an inspiration to my work till my work too is done! But, Mr. Spener, I do not think that this trial is set for you and Elise. Brother Loretz, I feel called upon to testify that I do not believe that this trial is appointed to Brother Spener and Elise. Think of it, and give me your consent, all of you, and I will immediately, with devout thanksgiving, in the presence of God, join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

Spener was first to break the silence which bound each amazed soul of this little company when Mr. Wenck ceased to speak. His face shone, he looked as if he could have embraced "our little minister" then and there. He had been, in spite of his pride and prejudice, converted wholly into faith in Wenck, but instead of manifesting his conversion at once, he strode across the room to Elise's mother. "This is a house of mourning," said he, "otherwise I would never consent that Elise's marriage should be a private one. I would wish all Spenersberg to see my bride: I would like all the people to see our happiness. But let it be now, let it be now, Loretz. Elise, let it be now. Surely you see the wisdom of it. Such a compliance as ours to a mere custom would be an insult to our Father in heaven. Common sense is against it."

His voice was tremulous with emotion: he took Elise's hand. Who could stand against him? Her eyes were lifted as to the hills whence help had come to them.

Loretz was sadly disconcerted. Spener's instant acceptance of the minister's proposal completed the overthrow occasioned by Mr. Wenck's astonishing words. How true what he was always saying, that nobody could stand against that man!

"Surely, father, surely," said Spener, approaching him, and drawing Elise along with him—"surely you cannot fail to feel the force of what our good brother has said."

Loretz looked at his wife: it was not merely Albert, the man he revered most, but the child—yes, the child of his heart also was arrayed against him. How was it with Anna?

"Listen to the minister," said she. "He knows what is right."

"I have spoken in the fear of God," said Mr. Wenck. "I call no man master."

Spener looked down at these words: he understood their significance. The interview he had returned home intending to ask of Wenck was of a different character from this. "I think that no one could suspect you, sir, of tampering with another man's destiny or his conscience," he said. "I have never understood you till now, and for my misunderstanding I humbly ask your pardon." And indeed who that looked at him could suppose that this was a moment of proud rejoicing over a success won in spite of Church and household?

The minister silently gave him his hand. Spener did himself justice when he took the extended palm and held it a moment reverently in his.

"Father, we await your decision," he said to Loretz. He still held Elise's hand, and she would not have flown away had he held it less firmly.

Leonhard, quite forgotten, just here accidentally touched the piano with his elbow, and the sound that came forth was the keynote to Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Forthwith he began to play it. Loretz looked at him, and seemed to feel suddenly reassured. A wavering light fell around him: he beckoned to the minister. "Do any of the folks around here know?" he asked.

"About the lot? Who would have told them? I should say no one."

"Then 'twill do them no harm: I am my brother's keeper. Go on. We won't make a balk of it this time."

"What, father!" exclaimed Dame Loretz. "How! Now?" It was her turn to offer herself as a stumbling-block, but, dear soul! she must always make poor work of such endeavor.

"If they are agreed, let it be. Albert Spener never gave his consent out and out to the testing; and look at our girl here! The Lord have mercy on us! If I can understand, though, it isn't Albert's doing."

"It is wholly Brother Wenck's," said Spener.

"It is Benigna's," said the minister. "Let us therefore celebrate this day of sorrow by a concluding special service;" and he drew from his pocket the manual from which he had read the burial service over Sister Benigna. "We will rejoice together, as she will rejoice if it is given her to know what the friends she loved do on the earth. Is it not as if she had given her life for her friends?"

When Leonhard took up the interrupted strain of the "Wedding March," bridegroom had saluted bride, and Loretz, by the light of his daughter's eyes, had taken one decided step toward conviction that he had consented in that hour not to the furtherance of his own will, but the will of Heaven.

Have we permitted Miss Elise to figure almost as a mute on this momentous occasion? But does the reader think it likely that she had much to say? She might perhaps have uttered one word that would have proved insurmountable, but Mr. Wenck had spoken as it were with Benigna's authority, and so to yield now was the most obvious duty.

The next morning saw Leonhard Marten on his way back to A——. He had submitted to Spener his designs for the monument to be erected among the living to the memory of Sister Benigna, and for the houses to be built on those elected sites; and these all accepted, he had said to himself, "I am an architect and a builder as long as I live," though Spener had embraced him when he said, "I never heard such music, sir—never—as you gave us last night!"

He went away, promising to come back and bring with him a young lady to study music of the Spenersbergers, so soon as he should have despatched a letter to a friend who was about to travel abroad.

He promised with a young man's audacity, but he performed it all. If Marion was not to be abandoned at once and for ever to a false style of music and a false way of living, she must be converted, as he had been, out of all patience with the foolish falseness of their life. And then everything seemed so easy to him, and really was so easy, after he had decided that he could write his name down in that birthday book sacred to friendship in which Loretz had offered him a place.

And here is explanation ample of the fact that Wilberforce, about to travel abroad and in sore need of money, found a thousand dollars deposited to his credit when he expected five thousand, and in due time received a letter which satisfied him, in spite of its surprise, that Leonhard was the best friend he had and the most trustworthy man living, and that whoever she might be whom he had taken in holy matrimony for his life-companion, he was worthy of her.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

# UNSETTLED POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

In England the higher the rank the more affable and kind I found them. It is only the little people climbing up who are disagreeable.—SULLY.

NOT alone of English people can this be said. In "society" all over the world it is the same; for everywhere men and women born and bred ladies and gentlemen value their reputation as such too highly to risk it by any rudeness or uncourteousness. They may upon occasion be frigidly polite, but polite they will always be. But customs vary so much that some things which would be considered polite in one country would be looked upon in another as rude or intrusive. Take, for instance, one illustration among many which might be cited. A foreigner sent on a diplomatic mission to this country brought with him letters of introduction to several members of a large family. Having affairs of importance to attend to, he was remiss about delivering these letters on this occasion, but on a second visit, having more leisure, he made it a point to have himself presented at a ball to every member of the family who was present. After the ball he told a lady of the trouble he had given himself, and asked her congratulations upon having accomplished so much in one evening. She, being upon intimate terms with him, assured him that his politeness was not only unnecessary, but would in all probability be misunderstood. "According to the customs of our country," said the lady, "you ought to have waited until they asked to be presented to you." "How could I do that," he inquired indignantly, "when it was my duty to make myself known to them, out of respect for the writer of the letters as well as for those to whom she had written? Besides, one can never be too civil to ladies and gentlemen." The lady replied, "True; only you must first be sure that you are dealing with ladies and gentlemen who understand all points of etiquette as you do." Before his return to his own country he learned his error by the result, for during a stay of some months he never received an invitation from any of the family. By following the customs of his own country, instead of adopting those of the country he was in, he had subjected himself to being looked upon as "a pushing foreigner," who valued their acquaintance so highly that he was determined to gain it, even at the sacrifice of the customs of good society.

Americans when abroad, unless in an official position, have very little opportunity of gaining a knowledge of such requirements of etiquette as had influenced this gentleman in making the overtures he had thought necessary; nor can we be expected to be acquainted with them. The rules of social etiquette are all so well understood and practiced in Europe that no opportunity presents itself for the miscomprehensions as to one's duties in society which prevail with us. There every detail is prescribed by the codes and usages of courts; and one might as well pass an acquaintance in the street without the usual salutation as neglect any one of these forms. Again to illustrate: A gentleman belonging at one time to the English legation in Washington passed a summer at one of our fashionable watering-places. His official position would have secured him the consideration to which he was entitled, even had he not been the general favorite that he was; but the men who left their cards from time to time upon him were not always particular in having themselves presented the first time they met him afterward at the club or at dinners; and looking upon this omission as he had been trained to do, it could not but seem to him an intentional rudeness on their part. The consequence was, he avoided the watering-place thereafter, and sought his summer recreation where there was less pretension at least, and where he doubtless became less exacting or more accustomed to such trifling breaches of etiquette.

For want of an exact code many points of etiquette are with us left open to discussion, and this without reference to foreign ideas. Thus the custom of inviting gentlemen to call when a married lady wishes to give them the entrée to her house seems to have become an obsolete one with a great many. Quite recently a discussion took place as to its propriety between several ladies of distinction in this city. One lady said that it was the Philadelphia custom for gentlemen to call where they wished, without waiting for an invitation, after they had made the acquaintance of any lady in the family; and more than one married woman asserted that they had never yet asked a gentleman to come to see them; while another insisted that gentlemen generally would not venture to make a call upon any married lady unless she had invited them, or they had first asked her permission. As a difference of opinion exists on this point, it would be well if it could be an under stood thing that any gentleman wishing to make the acquaintance of a lady could, after having himself presented to her, leave his card at her house with his address upon it. Of course this applies only to comparative strangers, for any young man can commit his card to his mother or sister to leave for him at a house where either visits, if he wishes to be included in invitations. Unless his card is left in this way or in person, how can he expect to be remembered? Some years ago, a lady who gave a ball during the winter after her return from a residence abroad, omitted to send invitations to the young men who, having previously visited at her house, had not left their cards at her door since her arrival home, preferring to substitute gentlemen who had never been entertained by her to inviting those who were so remiss. For this reason she gave permission to several young ladies to name gentlemen among their friends whom they would like to have invited; and so agreeable to the hostess was the selection thus made that she placed permanently upon her inviting list the names of those who sufficiently appreciated her courtesy to remember afterward the slight duties which their acceptance of her hospitality imposed upon them.

Still another illustration will show what unsettled ideas many hold in regard to points of etiquette which ought not to admit of any diversity of opinion. Ladies sometimes say to each other, after having been in the habit of meeting for years without exchanging visits, "I hope you will come and see me," and almost as frequently the answer is made, "Oh, you must come and see me first." One moment of reflection would prevent a lady from making that answer, unless she were much the older of the two, when she could with propriety give that as the reason. The lady who extends the invitation makes the first advance, and the one who receives it should at least say, "I thank you—you are very kind," even if she has no intention of availing herself of it. A lady in the fashionable circles of our largest metropolis once boasted that she had never made a first visit. She was not aware, probably, that in the opinion of those conversant with the duties of her position she stamped herself as being just as underbred as if she had announced that she did not wait for any one to call upon her. No lady surely is of so little importance in the circle in which she moves as never to be placed in circumstances where a first visit is requisite from her; nor does any one in our land so nearly approach the position of a reigning monarch as to decree that all, irrespective of age or priority of residence, should make the first call upon her.

One of the most reasonable rules of etiquette is that which requires prompt replies to invitations. The reason why an invitation to dine or to an opera-box should be answered as soon as received is so evident that it will not admit of questioning; but many who are punctilious in these particulars are remiss in sending promptly their acceptances or regrets for parties and balls. Most of those who neglect this duty do so from thoughtlessness or carelessness, but there are some who have the idea that it increases their importance to delay their reply, or that promptness gives evidence of eagerness to accept or to refuse. Others, again, are prevented from paying that direct attention to an invitation which politeness requires by the inconvenience of sending a special messenger with their notes. Where any doubt exists in reference to the ability of the person invited to be present at a soirée or ball, an acceptance should be sent at once; and if afterward prevented from going a short note of explanation or regret should be despatched. It is well known that a few words make all the difference between a polite and an impolite regret. "Mrs. Gordon regrets that she cannot accept Mrs. Sydney's invitation for Tuesday evening," is not only curt, but would be considered by many positively rude. The mistake arises, however, more frequently from ignorance than from intentional rudeness. "Mrs. Gordon regrets extremely that she cannot accept Mrs. Sydney's kind invitation for Tuesday evening," is all that is necessary. All answers to invitations given in the name of the lady and gentleman of the house are generally acknowledged to both in the answer, and the envelope addressed to the lady alone.

Some persons are in the habit of sending acceptances to invitations for balls even when they know that they are not going; but this is very unfair to the hostess, not only because she orders her supper for all who accept, but because she may wish to invite others in their places if she knows in time that they are not to be present. No house is so large but it has a limit to the number of people that can be comfortably entertained; and some ladies are compelled by the length of their visiting-list to give two or three entertainments in order to include all whom they wish to invite. When the invitations are sent out ten days in advance, if answered within three days the hostess is enabled to select from her other lists such of her friends as she would like to pay the compliment of inviting twice, in case the number of regrets which she receives will permit her to do so; but delaying the answers or accepting with no intention of going puts it out of her power to send other invitations.

An invitation once given cannot be recalled, even from the best motives, without subjecting the one who recalls it to the charge of being either ignorant or regardless of all conventional rules of politeness. Some years ago a lady who had been invited with her husband to a musical entertainment given at the house of an acquaintance for a mutual friend of the inviter and the invited, received, after having accepted the invitation, a note requesting her not to come, on the ground that she had spoken slanderously of the lady for whom the soirée was to be given. Entirely innocent of the charge, she demanded an explanation, which resulted in completely exonerating her. The invitation was then repeated, but of course, as the withdrawal of it had been intended as a punishment, the rudeness was of too flagrant a character to overlook, and all visiting between the parties ceased from that day. The rule would not apply to a more recent case, where a lady gave a ball, and, in endeavoring to avoid a crush and make it agreeable for her guests, left out all young men under twenty-one years of age; but finding that she had received wrong information concerning the age of one whom she had invited, and that this one exception was much commented upon, causing her to appear inconsistent, she wrote a note asking permission to recall the invitation (having received no answer to it), and expressing her regret that she should be made to appear rude where no rudeness was intended. In this case the gentleman could, without compromising his dignity, have sent a courteous reply, assuring the lady that he perfectly understood her motives, and begging her not to give herself any uneasiness upon his account in having felt compelled to withdraw the invitation. By doing so he would have made the lady his firm friend, and had she appreciated his politeness as it would have deserved to be appreciated, she would have lost no opportunity of showing her sense of it.

There is no better test of ladies and gentlemen than the manner in which they receive being left out of a general invitation. They may feel ever so keenly the omission, but it should never betray itself in a shadow of change either in look or in tone. If the invitation is not a general one, why should any one feel hurt by being omitted? No one but the entertainer can know all the motives that influence her in her selections. And here might be mentioned several reasonable points of etiquette which may control her. When a first invitation has not been accepted, it is to be supposed that no other will be expected until the recipient of the invitation has returned the courtesy in some way, be it ever so simple. In cases where previous invitations have been accepted, even those who are not in the habit of balancing the exchange of hospitalities cannot continue to extend them year after year, however much they may wish to do so, when not the slightest disposition is shown to make any return. Then, too, many ladies are not willing to overlook the omission of leaving cards after their entertainments, and they very naturally feel that a distinction should be made between such young men as have shown an appreciation of their past courtesies and those who have not. And again, a lady may often be deterred from sending invitations to those whom she heartily wishes to invite, from her dislike of making any advance to persons who are older residents, or from a fear of being considered pushing or patronizing. A lady who never makes first calls upon those who have lived longer than herself in the city where she resides (unless in cases where age or infirmities upon the part of those inviting her makes it her province to do so), learned just before giving an entertainment that the wife of a gentleman from whom she had received assistance in the charitable labors which occupied some of her leisure hours was a native of another city; and in writing a note upon business to the gentleman she expressed her intention of calling upon his wife, explaining why she had not sooner done so. She received an immediate reply from the husband, in which, after the business had been attended to, he informed her that he and his wife selected their own circle of friends, which was quite as large as they desired to make it. The lady as promptly sent back a note in answer, in which she expressed her regret for the mistake she had made, and thanked him for having corrected the impression which she had formed of him as a gentleman in her acquaintance with him solely in business relations. Such an experience would prevent a sensitive woman from ever placing herself in a position to receive such a rudeness again from any one; and therefore no one whose duty it is to make a first call, and who has not made it, should ever feel hurt or offended at not being invited by such an acquaintance, no matter how general may have been the invitation.

Ladies who are the most apt to give offence are those who divide their lists, giving two parties in the course of the year, instead of the grand crush which is more popular. Some feel aggrieved because they are not invited to both, fancying that there are reasons why an exception should be made in their favor; while others prefer the party for which no invitation was sent. Those who send regrets for the first party sometimes expect to be invited to the second, but this in no way changes the relation between the inviter and the invited. It is the misfortune and not the fault of the lady who invites that such regrets are sent; and if she is able to repeat her invitations to any upon her first list, it will surely be to those who gave such reasons for regretting as illness or absence from the city. Certainly the entertainer must desire to make both parties equally pleasant, and must select her guests to this end; and yet there are those who, when left out, do not hesitate to show her by the change in their manner that they consider themselves more capable than she is of selecting her guests.

The question is frequently asked whether replies should be sent to invitations to wedding and other receptions, and to "at-home" cards. If one receives the great compliment of being invited to a marriage ceremony (not at church), an acceptance or regret would of course be immediately sent, for it is only in the case of the reception following that any doubt seems to exist. It is generally understood that no answers are expected; but as it is certainly very polite to send a regret when one is unable to accept, why is it not equally polite to send an acceptance? After receptions it is not considered necessary for those who have been present to call, but those who are prevented from going call in person as soon as is convenient. Sometimes, as in the case of wedding receptions, many are invited for the occasion, friends either of the bride or groom, whom the relative who gives the reception has never visited, and does not wish to visit in the future. Of course the visiting then ends with the call made after the reception; for if the cards left at the reception or afterward are not returned by those of the host or hostess, no matter how desirous the recipient of the civility may be to extend her hospitality in return, she ought not to do so unless under corresponding circumstances. Frequently those who are prevented from attending wedding-receptions send their cards, and these are returned by those of the bride and groom when they make their round of visits, except in cases where, after the reception, their cards are sent with a new address. Then, of course, those who receive them always pay the first visit. The gentleman sends his card alone (when there has been no reception) where he wishes to have his wife make the acquaintance of his friends whom she has not previously visited; and the sooner the call is made under such circumstances the more polite it is considered.

The reason why an invitation to an opera-box, like an invitation to dine, must be answered immediately is because the number of seats being limited it is necessary, when regrets are received, to send out other invitations at once, in order that all may be complimented alike by receiving them upon the same day. Gentleman not receiving any special invitation to a box, who chance to be in the opera-house in a dress-suit, often pay visits of ten or fifteen minutes to the box of any lady with whom they are well acquainted. If a gentleman wishes to enter the box of some chaperone with whom he is not acquainted, he always requests some mutual acquaintance in the box to present him to the chaperone immediately upon entering. Unless invited by her to remain, he is careful not to prolong his visit beyond the time allowed. Young ladies are sometimes very thoughtless in urging young gentlemen to stay during an entire act, or even longer; but when the party is made up by the chaperone, she does not like to see the gentlemen whom she has invited incommoded by one whom she has not asked to her box.

The diversity of opinion that exists with us in reference to many points of etiquette is unfortunate; for where no fixed rules exist there must always be misapprehensions and misunderstandings; rudenesses suspected where none are intended, and sometimes resented, to the great perplexity of the offender as to the cause of the offence. It is not every one who knows how rude a thing people of the old school consider it to make use of a lady's house in calling upon a guest staying with her, and leaving no card for the hostess. This simple act of courtesy does not necessitate a continuance of visiting, inasmuch as the lady only feels obliged to return her card through her friend, leaving it to after circumstances to decide whether it will be mutually agreeable to make the acquaintance. To call upon strangers for whom dinners are given when invited to meet them is very polite, but it should not be construed into any intended impoliteness in this country if the call is not made; and it may even happen that one is unable to be presented to such guests where the dinner is large, though one should at least make the attempt. Nor is it generally understood how great is the discourtesy of permitting any person who has been shown into a house through the mistake of a servant when the ladies are engaged, to be shown out again without seeing any member of the family. The mistake having occurred, if no member of the family is able to make her appearance without considerable delay, a message should be sent down with an explanation, inquiring if the visitor will wait until one of the ladies can come down. The lady who finds herself admitted when out upon a round of calls will be without doubt only too glad of the excuse for departure; and even if calling upon matters that require an answer, her *savoir faire* would prevent her from waiting under such circumstances. Any hesitation upon the part of the servant who answers the bell, as to whether the ladies are at home or engaged, authorizes the persons calling to leave their cards without waiting to ascertain.

The etiquette in regard to bowing is so simple and reasonable that one would scarcely suppose it possible that any differences of opinion could exist, and yet there are some who think it a breach of politeness if one neglect to bow, although meeting half a dozen times on a promenade or in driving. Custom has made it necessary to bow only the first time in passing: after that exchange of salutations it is very properly not expected. The difference between a courteous and a familiar bow should be remembered by gentlemen who wish to make a favorable impression. A lady dislikes to receive from a man with whom she has but a slight acquaintance a bow accompanied by a broad smile, as though he were on the most familiar terms with her. It is far better to err on the other side, and to give one of those stiff, ungracious bows which some men indulge in. Those gentlemen who smile with their eyes instead of their mouths give the most charming bows. As for men who bow charmingly at one time, and with excessive hauteur at others, according as they feel in a good or bad humor, they need never be surprised if the person thus treated should cease speaking altogether; nor can any man who does not lift, or at least touch, his hat in speaking to a lady expect that she will continue her salutations.

The rules to which allusion has been made are all reasonable, but there are others which, having only an imaginary foundation in the requirements of true politeness, might be disregarded with advantage. Such, for example, as that of sending answers to invitations by a special messenger. It is equally convenient to employ a man to deliver invitations or to send them by post. With the reply it is different. Each family receiving an invitation has to send out a servant with the answer. This not being always convenient, the reply is frequently delayed—sometimes until it is forgotten. But if the foreign custom of sending acceptances and regrets by post could be brought into general use, how much more sensible it would be! It was the occasion of many comments when a few years since some cards, not invitations, were thus sent by mistake, the servant posting those which he had forgotten to deliver before the wedding had taken place. But it only needs a few resolute persons to set the example, and persist in it, to have it as generally adopted as it is abroad.

## THE HERMIT'S VIGIL.

HERE is the ancient legend I was reading
From the black-letter vellum page last night:
Its yellow husk holds lessons worth the heeding,
If we unfold it right.

The tome is musty with dank superstition
From which we shrink recoiling, to th' extreme
Of an unfaith that with material vision,
Accounts as myth or dream

Problems too subtle for our clumsy fingers—
High truths that stretch beyond our reach as far
As o'er the fire-fly in the grass that lingers
Stretches yon quenchless star.

Give rather back the old hallucinations—
The visible spirits—the rapture, terror, grief
Of faith so human, than the drear negations
Of dumb, dead unbelief!

—But will you hear the story?
—In a forest,
Girt round by blacken'd tarns, a hermit dwelt:
And as one midnight, when the storm raged sorest,
Within his hut he knelt

In ghostly penance, sounds of fiendish laughter
Smote on the tempest's lull with sudden jar,
That sent the gibbering echoes shrilling after,
O'er weir and wold afar.

"Christ ban ye now!"—he cried, the door wide flinging,
"Fare ye some whither with perdition's dole?"
—"We go"—out from the wrack a shriek came ringing—
"To seize the emperor's soul,

"Who lies this hour death-smitten." Execration
Thereat still fouler filled the sulphurous air:
Before the rood the hermit sank:—"Salvation
Grant, Lord! in his despair!"

And agonizing thus, with lips all ashen,
He prayed—till back, with ghastlier rage and roar,
The demon rout rushed, strung to fiercer passion,
And crashed his osier door.

"Speak, fiend!—I do adjure thee!—Came repentance
Too late?"—With wrathful curse was answer made:
—"Heaped high within the Judgment Scales for sentence,
The emperor's sins were laid;

"And downward, downward, with a plunge descended
*Our* scale, till we exulted!—when a moan,
—'*Save, Christ, O save me!*'—from his lips was rended
Out with his dying groan.

"Quick in the other scale did Mercy lay it,
*Lo! it outweighed his guilt*—"
—"Ha,—baffled! braved!"—
The hermit cried;—"Hence, fiends! nor dare gainsay it,
*The emperor's soul is saved!*"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## CHATEAUBRIAND'S DUCKS.

FRANÇOIS-AUGUSTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, the illustrious author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, the poet, statesman, diplomatist, soldier, and traveler in the Old World and the New, was one of the two or three human beings who, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, disputed with the emperor Napoleon the attention of Europe. Sprung from an old family of the Breton nobility—a race preserving longer perhaps than any other in France the traditions of the monarchy—he reluctantly gave in his adhesion to the *de facto* government of Napoleon; but the execution of the duc d'Enghien outraged him profoundly, and sending back to Napoleon his commission as foreign minister, he abjured him for ever. Napoleon probably regretted the fact seriously. "Chateaubriand," said the emperor, "has received from Nature the sacred fire: his works attest it. His style is that of a prophet, and all that is grand and national appertains to his genius."

It would be out of place in the brief sketch here given to trace his long and adventurous career. By turns author, minister, ambassador, soldier, he saw, like his famous contemporary and associate, Talleyrand, revolution after revolution, dynasty after dynasty, Bonapartist, Bourbon and Orleanist, pass before him; and having in this long career enjoyed or suffered all the splendors and all the woes of life—now at the height of wealth and power, now a penniless and homeless wanderer—he came at the age of eighty, in 1848, to Paris to die, in wellnigh abject poverty.

Among the personal delineations of this celebrated man, the most characteristic and entertaining perhaps are those presented by Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas in their respective memoirs. Chateaubriand is there shown in undress, and the portrait drawn of him is vivid and interesting. Victor Hugo describes him as he appeared in 1819 at his fine hôtel in Paris, wealthy, influential and renowned. The author-to-be of *Les Misèrables* was then a mere youth, and his budding glories as an ultra-royalist poet conferred upon him the honor of an introduction to the great man. Hugo was ushered in, and saw before him, leaning in a stately attitude against the mantelpiece, the illustrious individual. M. de Chateaubriand, says Hugo, affected the bearing of a soldier: the man of the pen remembered the man of the sword. His neck was encircled by a black cravat, which hid the collar of his shirt: a black frockcoat, buttoned to the top, encased his small, bent body. The fine part about him was his head—out of proportion with his figure, but grave and noble. The nose was firm and imperious in outline, the eye proud, the smile charming; but this smile was a sudden flash, the mouth quickly resuming its severe and haughty expression.

"Monsieur Hugo," said Chateaubriand without moving, "I am delighted to see you. I have read your verses on La Vendeé and the death of the duc de Berri; and there are things in the latter more especially which no other poet of this age could have written. My years and experience give me, unfortunately, the right to be frank, and I say candidly that there are passages which I like less; but what is good in your poems is very good."

In the attitude, inflections of voice and intonation of the speaker's phrases there was something sovereign, which rather diminished than exalted the young writer in his own eyes. Night came and lights were brought. The master of the mansion permitted the conversation to languish, and Hugo was much relieved when the friend who had introduced him rose to go. Chateaubriand, seeing them about to take their leave, invited Hugo to come and see him on any day between seven and nine in the morning, and the youth gained the street, where he drew a long breath.

"Well," said his friend, "I hope you are content?"

"Yes—to be out!"

"How! Why, M. de Chateaubriand was charming! He talked a great deal to you. You don't know him: he passes four or five hours sometimes without saying a word. If you are not satisfied, you are hard to please."

In response to Chateaubriand's general invitation, Hugo went soon afterward, at an early hour of the morning, to repeat his visit. He was shown into Chateaubriand's chamber, and found the illustrious personage in his shirt-sleeves, with a handkerchief tied around his head, seated at a table and looking over some papers. He turned round cordially, and said, "Ah! good-day, Monsieur Victor Hugo. I expected you. Sit down. Have you been working since I saw you? have you made many verses?"

Hugo replied that he wrote a few every day.

"You are right," said Chateaubriand. "Verses! make verses! 'Tis the highest department of literature. You are on higher ground than mine: the true writer is the poet. I have made verses, too, and am sorry I did not continue to do so, as my verses were worth more than my prose. Do you know that I have written a tragedy? I must read you a scene. Pilorge! come here: I want you."

An individual with red face, hair and moustaches entered.

"Go and find the manuscript of *Moses*," said Chateaubriand.

Pilorge was Chateaubriand's secretary, and the place was no sinecure. Besides manuscripts and letters which his master signed, Pilorge copied everything. The illustrious author, attentive to the demands of posterity, preserved with religious care copies of his most trifling notes. The tragedy which Chateaubriand read from with pomp and emphasis did not immensely impress Hugo, and the scene was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with an enormous vessel full of water for the bath. Chateaubriand proceeded to take off his head handkerchief and green slippers, and seeing Hugo about to retire, motioned to him to remain. He then continued to disrobe without ceremony, took off his gray pantaloons, shirt and flannel undershirt, and went into the bath, where his servant washed and rubbed him. He then resumed his clothes, brushed his teeth, which were beautiful, and of which he evidently took great care; and during this process talked with animation.

This morning seems to have been a fortunate exception, as Hugo declares that he found Chateaubriand on other occasions a man of freezing politeness, stiff, arousing rather respect than sympathy—a genius rather than a man. The royal carelessness of his character was shown in his financial affairs. He kept always on his mantelpiece piles of five-franc pieces, and when his servant brought him begging letters—a thing which took place constantly—he took a piece from the pile, wrapped it in the letter and sent it out by the servant. Money ran through his fingers. When he went to see Charles X. at Prague, and the king questioned him in reference to his affairs, his response was, "I am as poor as a rat."

"That will not do," said the king. "Come, Chateaubriand, how much would make you rich?"

"Sire," was the reply, "you are throwing away your time. If you gave me four millions this morning, I should not have a penny this evening."

It must be conceded that there was something imposing in this refusal of royal generosity; but the poet seems to have passed through life thus, with his head carried superbly aloft, and his "grand air" ready on all occasions.

Hugo draws him at fifty, in his fine hôtel at Paris—a celebrity in politics and society. Dumas shows him in his old age, poor, self-exiled, and wellnigh forgotten by the world in which he had played so great a part. The brilliant and eccentric author of *Henry III.* was traveling in Switzerland in 1834, and on reaching Lucerne was informed that the hotel of The Eagle had the honor of sheltering no less a personage than one of his own literary idols—the great, the famous, the imposing M. de Chateaubriand. Dumas declares that genius in misfortune was always dearer to him than in its hours of greatest splendor, and the statement seems to have been honest. He determined to call and pay his respects to the great poet. He accordingly repaired to the hotel of The Eagle, asked for M. de Chateaubriand, and was informed by the waiter in a matter-of-fact voice that M. de Chateaubriand was not then at the hotel, as he had "gone to feed his ducks."

At this strange announcement Dumas stared. He suppressed his curiosity, nevertheless, left his name and address, and duly received on the next morning a polite note from Chateaubriand inviting him to come and breakfast with him at ten.

The invitation was gladly accepted, not, however, without a tremor of awe on the part of the youthful author. Even in old age, poverty, exile and forgotten by the world, Chateaubriand was to him the impersonation of grandeur. He trembled at the very thought of approaching this "mighty rock upon which the waves of envy had in vain beaten for fifty years"—this grand genius whose "immense superiority wellnigh crushed him." His demeanor, therefore, he declares, when shown into Chateaubriand's presence, must have appeared exceedingly awkward. Nevertheless, the cordial courtesy of the exile speedily restored his self-possession, and they proceeded to breakfast, conversing meanwhile upon political affairs, the news from France, and other topics of national interest to the old poet. Dumas represents him as simple, cordial, grave, yet unreserved. He was gray, but preserved his imposing carriage.

When breakfast was over, and they had conversed for some time upon French affairs, Chateaubriand rose and said with great simplicity, "Now let us go and feed my ducks."

At these words Dumas looked with surprise at his host, and after hesitating an instant essayed to reach a solution of the mystery.

"The waiter informed me yesterday," he said, "that you had gone out for that purpose. May I ask if you propose in your retirement to become a farmer?"

In reply to this question Chateaubriand said in his tranquil voice, "Why not? A man whose life has been, like mine, driven by caprice, adventure, revolutions and exile toward the four quarters of the world, would be happy, I think, to possess, not a chalet in these mountains — I do not like the Alps — but a country-place in Normandy or Brittany. Really, I think that this is the resource of my old age."

"Permit me to doubt it," returned Dumas. "You remember Charles V. at Yuste. You do not belong to the class of emperors who abdicate or kings who are dethroned, but to those princes who die under a canopy, and who are buried, like Charlemagne, their feet in their bucklers, swords at their sides, crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands."

"Take care!" replied Chateaubriand. "It is long since I have been flattered, and it may overcome me. Come and feed my ducks."

The impressible visitor declares that he felt disposed to fall upon his knees before this grand and simple human being, but refrained. They went to the middle of a bridge thrown across an arm of the lake, and Chateaubriand drew from his pocket a piece of bread which he had placed there after breakfast. This he began to throw into the lake, when a dozen ducks darted forth from a sort of isle formed of reeds, and hastened to dispute the repast prepared for them by the hand which had written *René*, *The Genius of Christianity* and *The Martyrs*. Whilst thus engaged, Chateaubriand leaned upon the parapet of the bridge, his lips contracted by a smile, but his eyes grave and sad. Gradually his movements became mechanical, his face assumed an expression of profound melancholy, the shadow of his thoughts passed across his large forehead like clouds of heaven; and there were among them recollections of his country, his family and his tender friendships, more sorrowful than all others. He moved, sighed, and, recalling the presence of his visitor, turned round.

"If you regret Paris," said Dumas, "why not return? Nothing exiles you —all recalls you."

"What could I do?" said Chateaubriand. "I was at Cauterets when the revolution of July took place. I returned to Paris. I saw one throne in blood, and another in the mud—lawyers making a constitution—a king shaking hands with rag-pickers: that was mortally sad; above all, when a man is filled as I am with the great traditions of the monarchy."

"I thought you recognized popular sovereignty?"

"Well, kings should go back from time to time to the source of their authority — election; but this time they have cut a branch from the tree, a link from the chain. They should have elected Henry V., not Louis Philippe."

"A sad wish for the poor child! The Henrys are unfortunate: they have been poisoned or assassinated."

"Well," said Chateaubriand, "it is better to die by the poniard than from exile: it is quicker, and you suffer less."

"You will not return to France?"

"Possibly, to defend the duchess de Berri if she is tried."

"And if not?"

"Then," said Chateaubriand, throwing bread into the water, "I shall continue to feed my ducks."

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

CAL. ORNIA

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## BACONS AND BARONETS.

THERE died in November last a gentleman who, though not remarkable himself, was the head and representative of so famous a family and order that his death is an event deserving of some notice. This was Sir Henry Hickman Bacon, premier baronet of England. This gentleman was not the descendant of the great Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, but head of the family whence that eminent man, a cadet of the house, sprung.

The origin* of this family is lost in the obscurity of centuries. Sir Nicholas, an eminent lawyer of England in the reign of Queen Mary, succeeded, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, to the lord-keepership of the great seal. He married twice, and had a numerous issue, and the baronet lately deceased is the direct representative of the lord-keeper's eldest son by his first marriage, who was the first person created—by James I., on May 22, 1611—a baronet.

And it is not a little remarkable that whilst of the baronetcies since created an immense percentage have become extinct, and only some half dozen of those created in 1611 remain, the first ever created has survived, and bids fair to do so for some time to come. The baronetcy of Hobart (earl of Buckinghamshire)—whose ancestral seat of Blickling, in Norfolk, passed some time since, with its magnificent collection of books, by marriage, into the Scotch family of Ker, and now belongs to the marquis of Lothian—and that of Shirley (held by Earl Ferrers), seem to be the only baronetcies now extant whose patents bear date the same day as that of Bacon.

The others left of the same year are Mordaunt, of which we heard so much in a trial in 1870; Gerard, an ancient Lancashire Catholic house; Monson (Lord Monson); Musgrave of Edenhall ("the luck of Edenhall" is the subject of one of Longfellow's poems); Gresley, Twysden, Temple and Houghton. The last became well known a few years ago in this country as the largest holder of Confederate bonds.

Francis Bacon, familiarly known as Lord Bacon, though in fact he never enjoyed that honor, his titles being Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Alban's, was second son of his father's second marriage, his mother being one of three sisters, the most eminent blue-stockings of the period, daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, of Gidea Hall, Essex.

Another of Sir Anthony Cooke's daughters was Lady Burleigh, who had been governess to Edward VI., second wife of the famous lord-treasurer, and direct ancestress of the present talented marquis of Salisbury, vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford, whose sister, Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, wife of the well-known son of the author of *Anastasius*, bears the same name (Mildred) as her ancestress. Indeed, names are thus frequently transmitted for centuries in English families, and often thus serve as links in genealogical research. The Cooke family has long been extinct, and their stately seat was pulled down by a London alderman in the eighteenth century.

Another sister, Lady Hobby—whose husband resided at Bisham Abbey, a fine old place, maintained in admirable repair, near Windsor—was a terrible disciplinarian, and there is an ugly story of her having whipped a wretched son of hers into his grave, from exasperation at his inability to make his "pothooks," when she was teaching him writing, without blots. Curiously enough, when, some years ago, improvements were being made at the Abbey, a number of copy-books of the style of writing common at the period in which Lady Hobby lived were discovered behind wainscoting, and all were blotted.

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*The origin of the name of Bacon is thus explained by Richard Verstegan, famous for Saxon lore and historical research:

"Bacon, that is, 'of the beechen tree,' anciently called Bucon; and whereas swines' flesh is now called by the name of bacon, it grew only at the first unto such as were fatted with Bucon or beech-mast."

It is, as a writer in *Notes and Queries* points out, a curious authentication of this derivation that Collins, in his *Baronetage*, mentions that the first man of the name of Bacon of whom there is record in the Herald's College, bore for his arms "argent, a beech tree proper." Additional confirmation seems afforded by the fact that in certain places in England boys call beechen tops "bacons."

The manor of Gorhambury, the great Bacon's seat, was purchased by his father, whose other seat was Redgrave in Suffolk. Gorhambury is near the town of St. Alban's, renowned for its abbey, now in course of splendid rehabilitation.

Not far from St. Alban's once stood the celebrated Roman city of Verulam, called by Tacitus *Verulamium*, which Bacon, deeply imbued with Latin learning, appropriately selected for his first title. The plough has now for many centuries made furrows over it, and the only vestiges remaining are a few detached masses of the wall. Verulam was bounded on the south-west by the Roman Watling Street. Gorhambury was built by Sir Nicholas, and in the archbishop of Canterbury's library at Lambeth may be seen an interesting account of the expenses. It need scarcely be added that Queen Elizabeth paid her lord-keeper a visit there. Sir Nicholas Bacon left Gorhambury to Mr. Anthony Bacon, the eldest son of his second marriage, and he, dying unmarried, left the estate to his brother Francis.

Gorhambury now belongs to the earl of Verulam, whose family name is Grimston. It was left by the great Bacon to his friend, Sir Thomas Meautys, and thence, by a course of intricate successions, came to the present proprietor.

Bacon, like so many other famous men, had no children. He died in Lord Arundel's house at Highgate in 1626.

Sir Robert Bacon, fifth baronet, sold Redgrave, the family seat in Suffolk, to Lord Chief-Justice Holt toward the end of the seventeenth century. Holt, who died in London 5th of March, 1710, was buried there, and a grand monument to his memory may be seen in the church. It was erected by his brother and heir, for, like Bacon, he was childless.

Redgrave Hall, eighty-seven miles from London by the coach-road, is a large square mansion. The male line of the Holt family has long been extinct, but the present owner of the estate is descended from the great lord chief-justice's niece, who married Mr. Wilson, a younger son of an ancient Westmoreland family.

But to pass to the origin of the order of baronets. After one of the almost chronic Irish insurrections against British rule, James I. conceived in 1609 the idea of offering to English and Scotch settlers, known to be possessed of capital, a large portion of the forfeited estates in Ulster. The supposed necessity of a military force for the protection of the colonists suggested to Sir Antony Shirley a project of raising money for the king. He proposed the creation of a new honor, between those of knight and baron, and that it be conferred by patent at a fixed price for the support of the army in Ulster—that it should descend to heirs male, and be confined to two hundred gentlemen of three descents in actual possession of lands worth one thousand pounds a year—a sum equal to five thousand now.*

James I. approved of the scheme, as he would have done of any which seemed feasible for raising the wind, and the patents were offered at the price of ten hundred and ninety-five pounds, the estimated amount of the charge of thirty soldiers during three years. The purchasers did not prove so numerous as had been expected. In the first six years ninety-three patents were sold at £101,835. "It is unnecessary to add," says Doctor Lingard, "that the money never found its way to Ireland" in the shape of forces paid for by this process.

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* "My father," says Thomas Shirley to the king, "being a man of excellent and working wit, did find out the device of making baronets, which brought to Your Majesty's coffers wellnigh one hundred thousand pounds, for which he was promised by the late Lord Salisbury (son of Miss Cooke, Bacon's aunt), lord-treasurer, a good recompense, which he never had." Ninety-three patents were sold within six years. It was promised in the patents that no new title of honor should be created between barons and baronets, and that when the number of two hundred had been filled up, no more should ever after be added. The first promise has been kept.

There have been three or four creations of baronetesses in their own right, but nearly two centuries have elapsed since such a creation. James II. made a curious remainder clause in a patent, by creating a Dutchman a baronet with remainder to his mother. It has been a mooted question whether baronets are not entitled to a coronet, and a certain Sir Charles Lamb, who died a few years ago, was so determined to uphold their privileges on this score that he had this ensign worked into the ornamentation of his entrance gates at Beaufort, near Battle Abbey, Sussex; but he met with small encouragement in such notions from his brother-baronets. An old English gentleman was wont to declare that more of disagreeable eccentricity is to be found amongst members of the baronetage than amongst those of any other order of men. He chanced to be thrown early in life amongst several eccentric beings of the class, and took his ideas accordingly; but it is a fact that a very large number of stories about eccentric baronets are in circulation. A marked man of the kind was early in the last century an individual who, in consequence of his height, was called Long Sir Thomas Robinson. It was in allusion to him that the lines were penned:

Unlike to Robinson shall be my song—
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long.

This was the man to whom a Russian nobleman displayed the greatest anxiety to be introduced, under the impression that he was the real identical and unadulterated Robinson Crusoe.

Sir Thomas was a bore of the first magnitude, and an inveterate hanger-on about cabinet-ministers and other prominent persons. He was constantly worrying Lord Burlington and Lord Burlington's servants by his Paul-pry-like presence. On calling at Burlington House, and being told that his lordship had gone out, he would desire to be let in to look at the clock or to play with a monkey which was kept in the hall, and so at length get into his lordship's room. The servants, exasperated, preconcerted a scheme to be rid of the nuisance. So, one day, as soon as the porter opened the gate and found Sir Thomas outside, he said, "His lordship is gone out, the clock has stopped, the monkey is dead." *

### MISS NEILSON.

THE story of *La Giulietta* was told, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza who had served in the army, and to whom it was narrated by one of his archers to beguile a solitary night-march. After passing through various translations the story was taken by Shakespeare as the groundwork of his wonderful tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, one of his earliest plays, and one of the most varied in passion and sentiment. Schlegel says of it: "It shines with the colors of the dawn of morning, but a dawn whose purple clouds already announce the thunder of a sultry day."

The stormy acting of the elder Kean in *Richard III.*—that epitome of ambition and bloodshed—was said to produce the effect of reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning: in *Romeo and Juliet* the first two acts are illumined only by the soft moonlight of love, and we are not startled by the lightning of tragedy until it gleams upon the bloody blade of Tybalt in the beginning of the third act: then Love and Death join hands, and move for a time with equal step across the stage. Finally come the poisoning and self-slaughters, and in the representation the curtain falls upon a corse-strewn graveyard, where Death reigns alone. Sad contrast to the lighted ball-room where the lovers first looked into each other's eyes—to the fair garden that lay at midnight "all Danaë to the stars"—to the moon-silvered balcony from which Juliet leaned in her loveliness as she exchanged with Romeo her earliest vows!

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* This recalls a story of the Marquis of L——, Sydney Smith's friend, grandfather of the present peer. His lordship's gallantries were notorious, though most carefully concealed. On one occasion he went to visit a lady with whom he maintained very intimate relations. Not chosing to take a groom on such an occasion, he gave his horse to a boy in the street to hold. On coming out he looked up and down the street, but in vain, and at length had to go home steedless. On reaching L—— House, the groom, waiting at the door for his return, said, "Shall I go for the horse, my lord?" "The horse is dead," was the brief response. "Where shall I send for the saddle and bridle, my lord?" "Oh—a—a—h" (and then with emphasis), "they're dead too!"

Beneath Italian skies girls spring with sudden leap to womanhood, and the seed of the tender passion hardly drops into the heart before it buds and blooms, a perfect flower. Though the actual lapse of time represented in the play occupies only a few days, Juliet in that brief period must assume several distinct characters. We see her first the coy, heart-whole maiden, the cherished heiress of a patrician house: soon the blind bow-boy launches his shaft, and, quick as thought, she is passionately, impulsively, enduringly in love; then we see her but a few hours a bride, with black sorrow creeping already to darken her happiness; her kinsman is slain, Romeo banished, and the coy maiden is changed at once to the devoted wife, capable of any sacrifice that will enable her to rejoin her husband, then follow the fearful drinking of the philter, the miscarriage of the Friar's scheme, and the death of the lovers, who seek in the grave that union denied them on earth. What varied qualities and acts are clustered here!—simplicity, love, hope, fear, courage, despair, suicide. In the whole range of Shakespeare's female characters there is none so difficult to portray—none requiring such a combination of beauty and talent; and we need not marvel that the part of Juliet is rarely attempted, and still more rarely with success.

That Miss Neilson was successful during her recent short engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre may be inferred, not alone from the great audiences that thronged the theatre night after night—for people will often throng to see a very unworthy performance—but from the intellectual character of those audiences, and the manifest pleasure they derived from seeing the fair English actress.

In every criticism it should be borne in mind that she played under great disadvantage. She was unfortunately, with some few exceptions, very badly supported. It seems ungracious, therefore, to search for any flaw in the performance of such an admirable actress, who has left behind her so many charming memories; yet it must be admitted that her acting is not always as faultless as her face. In her Juliet there are striking inequalities perceptible: sometimes she seems to have just grasped perfection, then again she makes one wonder that she does no better. In portraying love-scenes she is unsurpassed: she is graceful and beautiful, has studied her parts thoroughly, has a sweet, penetrating voice, and seems herself to feel the sentiments she would convey to others. Her enunciation is remarkably distinct, and she has the power of mingling more or less pathos with the tones to express sorrow in greater or less degree: in one scene, where she thinks that Romeo has been murdered, her cheeks are wet with actual tears. At the close of the ball, when she learns that the fascinating young pilgrim is a Montague, the hereditary enemy of her house, she gives her first touch of pathos to the words—

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

But it is a pathos entirely different from that which later tinges her sad good-night to her mother and nurse when she has determined to counterfeit death:

Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

Miss Neilson also possesses, in an eminent degree, the power to portray that sly humor without malice known as *archness*. In the earlier phases of Juliet's career, and throughout the whole impersonation of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, this accomplishment stands the actress in good stead: she undoubtedly owes to it much of her power to charm. It strikes one when she first comes on the stage as Juliet and gently checks the garrulous old Nurse, taking up the thread of the discourse—

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I·

again, in her witty word-fencing with the mock palmer at the ball—

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss;

so too in the garden-scene, when she half rebukes herself, and all encourages her lover—

> O gentle Romeo,
> If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
> Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
> I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
> So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

And she shows it wonderfully in her coaxing, half-pettish behavior to the provoking old woman—talkative and reticent by fits and starts, now whining and now laughing—who has been to seek out Romeo, and brought back news of him. In *As You Like It*, Rosalind's bright humor ripples and laughs like a silver brook through the glades of Ardennes, and trickles gently even into the epilogue: in this lively comedy—so much lighter and easier than the heavy tragedy we are discussing too—love and despair never come to overlay and destroy the arch humor. If there be any defect in the performance of the banished princess, it must still remain, like Orlando's verses, tacked to some tree in the forest, but, unlike those verses, still unseen.

To return to the tragedy—for in the discussion of two plays in which the same faculties are exhibited by the same actress it is most convenient to pass at times from one play to the other—who that has seen Miss Neilson tread the stately *minuet de la cour* at the ball given in the palace of the Capulets will deny her the possession of marvelous grace? The long floating robe and abundant train, the high-heeled, pointed shoe of the period, instead of embarrassing her, seem but to give additional opportunity for displaying elegance of pose and gesture. In the garden-scene, when nightingales are whist, bright moonlight falls upon the balcony, and lights up the face of Juliet who leans there, certainly the fairest flower in that scenic paradise. As yet the course of love runs smooth for her: she does not dream of the dreadful gulf down which she is about to plunge, and her happy tones fall musically upon the air, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." This happiness continues till her speedy and clandestine marriage. Soon after the Nurse comes home, and by her incoherent mutterings leads Juliet to suppose that Romeo is slain: then we have the first display of grief, but it is a grief so sudden and so violent that the blow stuns and almost silences the young wife. She is roused from this by learning at last that it is Tybalt who is dead, and that Romeo is exiled; which last causes her far greater grief than the loss of her cousin. Her sorrow, however, is at once displaced by rage when the Nurse speaks against her husband—

> Shame come to Romeo!—
> Blistered be thy tongue,
> For such a wish! he was not born to shame.

The sorrow and anger here are well enacted, being neither overdone nor forced. It is here at least shown that Miss Neilson can, when she pleases, express great passions with that suppressed vehemence which carries the cultivated spectator away far more than violence of voice and gesture. Such suppression, with a view to producing greater effect by leaving much to the excited imagination of the beholder, is not practiced only by the tactful histrionic artist—it pervades all art. To take a single brief example: the greatest sculptors, knowing that the chisel could produce form, not color, have shrunk from indicating the pupil of the eye in their statues, and left the eyeball smooth, because the imagination was more pleased with entire absence of the organ than with its imperfect representation. So with ultra-clamorous passion and wild melodramatic action on the stage: both are better omitted than expressed. These remarks are made here in connection with Miss Neilson's first fair displays of passionate sorrow and sorrowful passion: presently they may be applied again, less favorably, to her Juliet. In her Rosalind, however—to refer to *As You Like It* once more—she gives another fine example of the power of suppressed, suggestive action accompanying the expression of hot wrath. When the tyrant duke informs her that she is banished from his court, she kneels before him in supplication and begs to know the reason of his harsh decree. But the instant he intimates that her father is a traitor, and she another as his daughter, she springs to her feet, and in an attitude of intense defiance, but without a motion of her folded arms, flings back her scornful retort:

> So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
> So was I when your highness banished him:
> Treason is not inherited, my lord;
> Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
> What's that to me? my father was no traitor.

Here again is a display of power without distortion or over-acting, such as must give the actress fair title to celebrity.

Let us return now to Juliet and her approaching doom. There is a sad scene in her chamber at early daybreak, for banished Romeo must leave her and haste to Mantua, lest sunrise betray him still lingering in Verona. Juliet at first lovingly detains him, then fearfully urges him to fly; then as he descends from the balcony would fain recall him, and sinks in a swoon when she finds he is really gone. The parents come in and announce their determination that she must marry Paris forthwith: finding her unwilling to comply, they leave her with fierce threats in case she continue disobedient, and even the time-serving, timid old Nurse, though aware of her marriage with Romeo, urges her to comply with their wishes. Thus left entirely to herself, Juliet determines to die rather than prove false to her husband. She hastens to the Friar who married them, and he gives her the philter, which she accepts joyfully and carries home in her bosom. Up to this point her acting is good, because it is natural. Love, grief, stern determination are here successively and skillfully developed by Miss Neilson. But in the next act, just before she drinks the philter alone in her chamber, she oversteps the modesty of nature. In her attempt to express extreme terror at the fearful visions that her excited imagination conjures up, she loses herself in a wild whirlwind of vociferation, accompanied by frantic looks and gestures. All the loud artillery of old melodrama seems at once to be unlimbered and brought into action, with so much noise and smoke that one can neither hear the signals of the bugle nor see the manœuvring of the guns. Of course, even to this part a superior actress like Miss Neilson can impart a certain dignity and interest which would be lacking in an inferior performer. She strikes a certain horror to the spectator by the very hideousness of her terror displayed. It is natural that a young girl about to be laid out alive in a tomb should be tormented with fearful imaginings; but then that young girl cherishes an all-pervading love for a living husband, whom she hopes to rejoin by means of her entombment: she expects that the gates of the mausoleum will open to admit her to life, not death, and she is urged by fear of a hateful second marriage; therefore it is unlikely —no matter what gloomy, blood-stained phantoms she may see—that she should shriek out her fears with such appalling clamor as would arouse any well-organized household, and thus defeat her prospects of success. As Miss Neilson has shown in former instances, a less violent announcement of her feelings would be far more forcible and far more natural. Besides, the actress has not yet reached the time when she wishes to depict her greatest misery: that climax is reached when she wakes in the vault and finds not only Tybalt "festering in his shroud," but her Romeo, her husband, a bloody corpse at her feet. If ever the ungovernable shriek of dying despair be allowable on the stage, it must be at such a time, when Juliet falls upon the still warm body. Even the effect of such a wild performance at the very climax and end of a tragedy may be questioned; but there can be little doubt that the great violence exerted before in describing her horrible suspicions merely, deprives the actress of power to throw increased stress into her performance as the play moves to its close, and she is confronted with a far more horrible reality.

As though she feels that her power of melodramatic declamation has been weakened, Miss Neilson in the graveyard seems to rely more on melodramatic action. And it is very melodramatic. She rises from Romeo's body, where she has flung herself, where it would be natural she should remain to kill herself, and standing at some distance from the corpse, stabs herself openly with a stage dagger, then falling, drags herself slowly, accompanied by soft music, back to the body, and there at last expires. How much more effective would this part become if more were left to the beholder's imagination! Great artists generally avoid open stabbing on the stage, as it almost invariably produces the impression of trickery. We may see the gleaming blade and the arm descending to strike the blow, but it is best not to see the weapon pretending to enter the victim's body; and this can always be avoided by proper management. When Ristori as Medea murdered her children at the base of Saturn's statue, the other actors grouped around and screened the act from the view of the audience: when the crowd opened again, the bodies were discovered lying on the steps of the pedestal. The death of Juliet, instead of bringing tears to all eyes, as Miss Neilson undoubtedly could make it do, is thus rendered ineffective by over-acting; and when she drags herself six or eight feet along the stage, prostrate and stabbed,

> Oh, 'tis dreadful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she,
> Beautiful, exceedingly!

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On the last evening of her engagement Miss Neilson appeared in the *Lady of Lyons*, and after the performance recited the following epilogue, suggested by Lord Lytton's recent death:

Fair Ladies and good Sirs: Since last this play
Was acted on this stage, has passed away
Its noble author from the gaze of men,
No more, alas! to wield his facile pen.
In Knebworth's ancient park, across the sea,
Lord Lytton sleeps, but not his witchery.
The dramatist, romancer, poet, still
Can touch our hearts and captivate our will;
For laureled genius has the power to brave
Death's fell advance, and lives beyond the grave:
Bear witness, this grand audience clustered here.
Your plaudits cannot reach dead Lytton's ear,
But no more sweet libation can you pour
To Lytton's memory, on this distant shore,
Than your prolonged applause, which now proclaims,
Though the great author's gone, his fame remains.

M. M.

### GENERAL LEE CONVULSED.

An old lady who knew General R. E. Lee almost from childhood declared that when he was a young man he enjoyed fun and indulged in harmless frolics as much as anybody. Later in life, and after his sons became stout lads, it is said that he was fond of sleeping with them, in order that he might in the morning engage in a regular old-fashioned romp and pillow-fight with the boys. During the war, though habitually grave, as befitted a commanding officer, he relished an occasional joke very highly. When some of his staff mistook a jug of buttermilk that had been sent him for "good old apple-jack," and made wry faces in gulping it down, he did not attempt to conceal his merriment. So, too, when inquiring into the nature of "this new game, 'chuck-a-buck,' I think they call it," which had been introduced into his army, there was a sly twinkle in his eye that showed how shrewdly he guessed its real purport as a gambling game. So, again, it is reported that he appreciated fully the "sell" which a wag on his staff palmed off upon a reporter, who promptly inserted it in the papers. The reporter wanted to know General Lee's hour for dining.

"Six o'clock—exactly at six," was the reply.

"I infer, then, that it is rather a formal meal?"

"Decidedly formal—in fact, I may say it is a rigidly military dinner."

"Military! how military?"

"Well, you see General Lee sits at the head of the table, and Colonel Chilton at the foot, and everything is done in red-tape style."

"Red tape at table! I don't understand you. Please explain."

"Certainly. General Lee never carves and never helps—all that is left to Colonel Chilton—but General Lee asks the guests what they will have: they tell him, then he issues his orders, and Colonel Chilton executes them. That's all."

"Go on, go on!" opening his note-book: "give me an example—tell me exactly how it is done."

"Suppose, then, that we have beef—we generally have beef. Grace is said by the chaplain, then General Lee raps on the table with the handle of his knife and says, 'Attention!' Everybody is silent. Every eye is turned toward General Lee. He looks at one of us—me, for example—and I rise and make a military salute. 'Captain C——, what will you be helped to?' says General Lee. I say 'Beef,' make another salute, and sit down. General Lee, fixing his eye on Colonel Chilton, says, 'Beef, for Captain C——.' My plate is passed, helped, and then Colonel Chilton, handing it to the servant, says,

'Beef for Captain C——,
By order of General Lee.
R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G.'"

And this absurd story went the round of the Southern papers.

After the war, General Lee rarely smiled, and one may say never laughed outright. Yet he was neither sad nor unsociable. But there was that about him which made it wellnigh impossible to believe that he could ever have given completely away to feelings of mirth and indulged in a real fit of cachinnation. Such, however, was the fact, and it occurred at a time when, of all others, one would have least expected it—in the retreat to Appomattox—and General Henry A. Wise was the occasion of it.

On the second or third day of the retreat, General Wise, who had long desired an interview with General Lee, discovered him at a distance, and immediately hastened toward him. While he was yet a great way off, General Lee, who happened at the time to be alone, turned and began to stare in a way that was most unusual with him. As Wise drew nearer the stare became intense and mixed with wonderment. A few steps more, and still General Lee gazed and gazed wonderingly, as if he had never seen Wise in his life. Amazed and puzzled at General Lee's unmistakable ignorance of his identity, Wise advanced quite close to him and said rather stiffly, "Good-morning, General Lee." It was very early and very cool, too—a sharp spring morning.

As he said this, General Lee's intense gaze relaxed, a smile appeared in its place, the smile deepened, broadened, and, spreading from feature to feature, ended at last in a fit of the most immoderate and uncontrollable laughter.

Astounded beyond words, and indignant beyond measure at such a reception, it was some time before General Wise could demand an explanation. During all this time General Lee laughed as a mature man rarely ever laughs.

The explanation, given through tears of laughter not yet dried, was simple enough. General Lee had mistaken the general for a Comanche Indian. He had lost his hat or cap, a dirty blanket was thrown over his shoulders to protect him from the keen morning air, and his face, washed in a mud-puddle and hastily wiped, retained a ring of red mud around the borders, which made the resemblance to an Indian as exact as well could be — all the more so in consequence of Wise's strong features.

Barely sufficient at the time (so incensed was Wise), the explanation eventually proved ample, for General Wise now laughs at this incident as heartily as any one, and often relates it himself, while it may well be doubted whether ever again in life General Lee found either the occasion or the disposition to relax his wonted gravity.

### FUNERALS vs. PARTIES.

A SOUTHERN correspondent sends the following incident from real life, which illustrates the well-known negro fondness for so-called lugubrious festivals:

A lady friend of mine was much beset a few days ago by her cook for permission to attend the funeral of some relative. The *res angustæ* forbade her leaving just at that time, but, to compensate her for the deprivation, her mistress said, "Rose, I really feel very sorry for you, but you shall lose nothing by staying at home. I promise that you shall go to the first party that is given by any of your friends, and stay all night long."

Rose, tossing her head, replied, "Law! Miss Susan, how kin you talk like dat? You know I don't set no vally on parties. *Forty parties couldn't pay me for de sight of one corp!*" She saw the "corp."

### NOTES.

As a knowledge of the circumstances under which a work of art is composed occasionally gives a clearer insight into certain of its peculiarities, so perhaps an analysis of the individual elements which go to make up the present Assembly of Versailles may give the reader a clue to the reason of some of its legislative measures, as well as to its possibilities for the future and its political tendencies. Such an analysis is made by the *Rappel* of Paris in an elaborate article, from which we must only cite a few points. The Assembly, then, contains, it appears, 2 princes (the princes d'Orléans), 7 dukes, 30 marquises, 52 counts, 17 viscounts, 18 barons and 97 untitled nobles, or those "*n'ayant que la particule;*" which last phrase we may explain to mean having the *de* prefixed to their names, without other titular distinction. Next, it contains 163 great landed proprietors, including the richest in France; 155 advocates; 48 leading manufacturers; 45 officers or ex-officers of the army, chiefly of high rank; 35 magistrates or ex-magistrates; 25 engineers; 23 physicians; 21 professors; 19 notaries or ex-notaries; 16 wholesale merchants; 14 officers or ex-officers of the navy; 10 attorneys; 5 bankers; 2 druggists; 1 bishop; 1 curate; 1 Protestant minister; and 10 others of sundry occupations. The difference in composition between this republican Assembly and our own Congresses is in some respects remarkable; for, independently of the very large and indeed altogether disproportionate representation of the nobility or titled classes, we observe a very great preponderance of rich land-owners, representing in their own persons the agricultural and vine-growing interests. Very singular, also, is the small proportion of lawyers, only 155 being classed as advocates, and the magistrates and attorneys swelling the number only to 200. In an ordinary American Congress at least one-half, and usually two-thirds, of the members are or have been lawyers by profession. The clerical representation seems to reach a total of three, all told, Catholic and Protestant; and as trivial is that of the retail traders and mechanics, of whom there are but two or three in all. We may add that a full-blooded negro member, M. Pory-Papy, came as deputy from Martinique. The standard of intelligence and political experience is rather high: it is said, for example, that no less than 33 members have been ministers. Altogether, the Assembly may be considered as rather fortunately constituted.

DURING the session of the medical congress at Lyons one day was set apart for the study of alcoholic stimulants. On that occasion the physician of Sainte-Anne asylum, Dr. Magnan, comparing the chemical action of alcohol and absinthe on man, drew the conclusion that the former acts more slowly, gradually provoking delirium and digestive derangement, while absinthe rapidly results in epilepsy. Then, producing a couple of dogs, he treated one with alcohol and the other with essence of absinthe, this latter being the active principle of the absinthe liquor which is commonly drunk. The alcoholized brute could not stand up, became sleepy and stupid, and, when set on his legs, trembled in an inert mass: the other dog experienced at once frightful attacks of epilepsy. Analogous effects are produced in mankind. Surely the "absinthe duel" which is said to have taken place at Cannes, when both the combatants perished after drinking an extraordinary quantity, may be strictly denominated a duel with deadly weapons. In the south of France, it is said, one person sometimes invites another to partake of absinthe by the slang phrase, "Take a shovelful of earth;" as if an American bar-room lounger, recognizing with grim humor the deadly quality of his liquor, should say, "Come and get measured for your coffin." The French expression has certainly, in view of Dr. Magnan's disclosures, a melancholy picturesqueness. This subject has to France a national importance, since, if the recent report of Dr. Bergeron does not exaggerate, the *absintism* introduced amongst the French army in general by the Algerian officers did its part toward producing that inertness and lack of vigor which generals often complained of in their subordinates during the disastrous invasion of 1870.

RICHARD II., in the play of that name, disheartened by his calamities, responds to all the encouraging words of his lords and followers with a bitter satire on the wretchedness of royalty:

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murther'd; for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court.

The unhappy monarch was destined to furnish in his own tragic fate one more illustration of his homily. His words come vividly to mind in reviewing the curious catalogue which a European statistician lately furnished of the number of sovereigns who have perished by violent deaths or been discrowned by disaster. The list, which must perforce be incomplete, embraces 2540 emperors or kings, who have ruled over 64 nations. Of these, 299 were dethroned; 151 were assassinated; 123 died in captivity; 108 were formally condemned and executed; 100 were killed in battle; 64 abdicated; 62 were poisoned; 25 died the death of martyrs; 20 committed suicide; and 11 died insane. Even these lists do not probably include all the unnatural deaths and dethronements that have occurred among the 2540 rulers thus tabulated, for it was often deemed politic to conceal the circumstances of a monarch's death, and history mentions many such instances in which the cause of death is doubtful; so that, for example, the 11 insane and the 20 suicides and the 62 poisoned doubtless do not comprise the whole number of deaths which ought to be included under those descriptions. Nevertheless, taking these figures as they are, they furnish a striking comment on King Richard's melancholy words; which, by the way, Richard's own conqueror and successor almost paralleled in his lamentations over the anxieties and perils that encompass the kingly state. We may add that the death of Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst has now, by one more name, increased the number of sovereigns dying in exile, while giving the whole subject a fresh interest.

THE authority of Professor Godebski of St. Petersburg is given for the extraordinary statement that the Russian authorities in Poland have prohibited the contemplated erection of a monument to Chopin in his native Warsaw, on the ground that it might become an occasion for a political manifestation. M. Godebski was to have executed the statue, a plan had been submitted and accepted, musical admirers of Chopin had favored the project, Prince Orloff, Princess Czartoryska and many ladies of the Polish nobility had contributed the necessary funds, when the whole scheme was vetoed by Count von Berg, on the pretext already stated. Surely this was pushing caution to extremes, even in Poland. It was Chopin's fate to be driven from his country in 1836 by revolutionary disorders; but the very composition of the monumental committee, which was under the direction of Madame Mouchanoff, an ardent admirer of the master, indicated that the enterprise was an artistic, not a political one. Chopin, reposing between Bellini and Cherubini in the Père la Chaise, his chosen burial-place, has long since passed from the narrow confines of his Polish nationality to the worldwide and immortal realm of art. In pretending, thirty years after his death, that the genius of the artist is of less account than the accident of his birthplace, and in reviving against this memorial project the entirely secondary facts of the revolutionary epoch (when Chopin's career was not in politics, but in art), the Russian authorities are wondrously sensitive, to say the least. A chagrined friend of the sculptor has proposed that a piece of ground should be bought, a temporary wooden house built on it, the statue set up as if in a private courtyard or gallery, and the doors then thrown open to the public, while, after some days or months, the building could be taken down, leaving the statue substantially on a public square. But the prohibition which vetoed the original project would of course cover this stratagem also, and besides, it would be rather too petty a device to engage in.

# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

As a "study of provincial life" *Middlemarch* appeals to a class of readers who might have little taste for the psychological studies in which the book abounds, and which give it a much deeper import. Its variety, spirit and truth of local color are Hogarthian, while it shows a figure, in the heroine, of far higher beauty and belonging to the great circle of epic characters. Dorothea, with her loveliness and her history of divine blunders, is fit to stand with any queen of song or story. This volume begins with the closing scenes in her scholar-husband's life. The character is a curious, and, after all, a pathetic one. What Philadelphia reader, at least, can pursue the narrative of poor Casaubon's misplaced study and ill-judged bequest without being reminded of another career of futile scholarship near home? Like him, as it will seem to the curious annalist, Richard Rush was a student without an audience, and like him a mistaken testator. Locking up his mind from the public amidst a company of ideas imbibed in the day when his city was the great book-producing city of the country, Rush prosecuted his barren researches in a moral prison, saw domestic life only through a grating woven from his own prejudices, and died in the confidence falsely sustaining him that the inefficiency of a lifetime would be amended by the bequests of an impracticable will. Rush, too, was wealthy, of influential family, studious, sterile, and apt to put off present action in the hope that the grave would one day co-operate with his motives; and Rush, like the imagined author of the *Key to all Mythologies*, finds the grave a treacherous trustee. The heroine of *Middlemarch*, in her action over her husband's testament, behaves as every true and lovable woman, obeying the emotions, will behave while the world lasts: a flippant, easy, youthful censor has told her, in a boudoir in the Via Sistina at Rome, that her husband's labor was thrown away because the Germans had taken the lead in historical inquiries, and that they laughed at those who groped about in woods where they had made good roads. The censor is agreeable, curly, and has engaging ways of lying about on hearth-rugs and giving his arm to quaint old maids: his criticism is therefore securely effective against all the conclusions of a life of dry labor; and so it comes that Dorothea writes on her husband's posthumous schedule: "*I could not use it. Do you not see now that I could not submit my soul to yours by working hopelessly at what I have no belief in?*" That is the way in which schemes of more or less erudition will for ever be lost to the world when entrusted to those who reason as Nature imperiously teaches them to do, through their affinity with blooming cheeks, curled locks and versatile intellects. It is inevitable that Dorothea must sink, from her dreams of emulating Saint Theresa, to comradeship with the glossy occupant of the hearth-rug. George Eliot, as a true artist, sees what is faulty in the catastrophe, but she will not unsex her creation. Another of her characters, Rosamond, she pursues with a minute, withering, one would say vindictive, contempt. It is the beautiful, distinguished young creature who marries Lydgate on account of his high connections, and who trains him to do up her plaits of hair for her, and allows him to talk the "little language" of affection, which Rosamond, though not returning it, "accepted as if she had been a serene and lovely image, now and then miraculously dimpling toward her votary." How such a creature can become the cool blighting Nemesis of a hopeful home, ruining it by extravagance, and taking credit to herself for every act of calm revolt, until her wretched husband, who had meant to be another Vesalius, compares her to Boccaccio's basil, that flourished upon the brains of a massacred man, the author sees only too plainly, and shows forth in some of the most cutting scenes she has ever written. Her "Study of Provincial Life," while it reveals her warm poet's love for a lofty nature defeated by its conditions, shows still plainer her intimate and personal dread of the cold thin nature that kills by its commonplace. The last she rewards contemptuously with a carriage in the Park and a rich second match: the first she punishes with exquisite Junonine tenderness by giving her a little boy in the bride-chamber of the home of the clever young politician whom the local editor has called a "violent energumen."

In laying down the book the reader is conscious of a different feeling from that with which he ordinarily parts with a work of fiction which has gratified his artistic tastes and furnished him with a high intellectual pleasure. Comparing the productions of George Eliot with those of other novelists, we are tempted to think of these as trivial fond records, which might well be blotted from the tablets of the memory, leaving the inscription she has placed there to live alone in ineffaceable characters. It is not that they show her to be endowed with a larger measure of those gifts which constitute the artist. In each of these she has perhaps been equaled or surpassed by one or another of her predecessors. As a painter of manners, of all that belongs to the surface of life, she is rivaled in fidelity, if not in breadth and force, by Fielding, Thackeray and Miss Austen. Her observation is less keen than theirs, her portraiture less vivid, her humor less cordial and abundant. Her conceptions have not the intensity of Charlotte Brontë's, nor her great scenes the dramatic fire of Scott's. In the minor matters of invention and plot she sometimes has recourse to shifts that betray the deficiencies they are intended to conceal. The quality in which she is supreme is one that lies beyond the strict domain of art. It is the power of penetrating to the roots of human character and action—a power which seems to be something more than insight, but for which sympathy would be a still less adequate term, indicating as it does a nature harmonious and complete, one in which intellect and feeling are resolved into an element that overflows and envelops its object without effort or repulsion. In other novelists we admire a subtlety that winds through the intricacies of motives, unmasking deceptions, revealing weaknesses and flaws but half suspected, or delicacies and beauties but half appreciated: George Eliot drops a plummet that sinks straight and steadily, through turbid waves and calm under-current, reaching depths before unexplored. We can claim no part in her discoveries, however our faculties may be exercised in grasping or in testing them. They more often correct than confirm our impressions; they make large additions to our knowledge; they suggest the necessity of reconstructing our theories and placing them on a new and wider base.

A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary. By Mary Clemmer Ames. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Alice Cary was a poetess of feeling, tender, prolific, overworked, unhealthy, and cooked to desiccation in a New York "elegant residence" that was but one enormous stove. Phœbe, working less, was amusing, plump, gay and original. Alice, obediently grinding out her sweet morning poem for the *Ledger* before she went to market, died at her desk, and then Phœbe died of loneliness. It is a gentle and a thoroughly American history. In the eyes of both these Ohio women, New York was the market where they could easiest sell their wares, and their poems were commodities from which they were determined to derive as comfortable an existence as possible. Any strict idea of duty to their art, as the responsibility committed to them above all things on earth, seems never to have crossed the mind of either sister, though Alice, who wrote a great many volumes, would occasionally complain—not, however, more feelingly than all sincere authors do—that she knew her labors were overtaxing her faculty. They arranged, at their handsome residence on Twentieth street, a *salon* of Sunday evenings, where Mr. Greeley, Robert Bonner and Whitelaw Reid used to meet and converse kindly with the minor literati, and which were believed to have much of the pleasantness and life of French conversaziones. Alice Cary has left a profusion of pensive poetry: the following is the most beautiful extract she affords:

> The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
>   And a hundred streams are the same as one;
> And the maiden dreameth her lovelit dream;
>   And what is it all when all is done?
> The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
> And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

Phœbe, who was reckoned less clever than Alice, excites a great deal more sympathy, quietly accepting a position of admiring secondariness, and yielding occasional good things in wit or poetry: she was famed among her friends as a punster and parodist, and once answered at a dinner to a question what wine they used, "Oh, we drink Heidsick, but we keep mum." An irresistibly taking and womanly remark of hers, disposing in its own way of whole schemes of Calvinistic theology, was her reply to the argument for endless punishment: "Well, if God ever sends me into such misery, I know He will give me a constitution to bear it." Again, as the least laborious of the sisters, her talent had moments of greater felicity than that of Alice, and she has left one hymn which has all the promise of a lasting favorite. The sacred lyric, "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er," is sung, as it deserves to be, wherever Christianity is known, and there is an attested story of its having aroused a pair of gamblers in China to repentance and permanent reform. It is imprudent to predict a permanent place for even the best of Alice Carey's gentle songs; but Phœbe's utterance may very possibly be quoted, from her unpretending station as adviser and alleviator of every-day life, after her name shall be forgotten and her religion shall have become impersonal.

How I Found Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book, the circumstances of its writing considered, is a literary curiosity. It contains seven hundred and twenty pages octavo, and it was composed in an incredibly short time, while the stomach of its author was digesting a series of stout English dinners, and his attention dissipating among speech-makings and speech-listenings, feasts, meetings and visits. Only a New York reporter could have achieved the feat. The faculty acquired by men of Mr. Stanley's trade, of acting with the intense decision and energy of great military captains, and then relating the action with the voluble unction of bar-rooms or political stumps, is a strange mixed faculty, and is found to perfection in the reporters' rooms of the New York *Herald*. The tale has the *Herald's* well-known style, and is a correspondent's letter in a state of amplification. It is always energetic, often tinged with real heroism and romance, and adorned sometimes with an ambition of classical allusions that resemble Egyptian jewels worn by a Nubian savage. It has not the least self-restraint or good taste, but it sounds fresh, genuine and sincere. It brings out with fine distinctness the feudal fidelity of a reporter-errant, whose whole soul is dyed with belief in the great establishment whose behest he obeys—one of the last refuges in which mediæval humility is to be found. As a part of the same habit of mind, Mr. Stanley shows a fine, literal, unquestioning championship of the object of his quest, Dr. Livingstone; but he seems to admire the doctor, after all, rather as an ornamental possession of the New York *Herald*. The great traveler's good-nature to Mr. Bennett, as a voluntary correspondent and coadjutor by brevet with the journal, disarms and enchants him: beginning with a prejudice, he ends by saying, "I grant he is not an angel, but he approaches to that being as near as the nature of a living man will allow." In every trait Stanley shows himself whole-souled, ignorant of half measures, unscrupulous, cruel on occasion, driving, positive, and furnished with a sure instinct of success. The book, from its hasty construction, admits many inconsistencies, the worst of which is its long tirade against the Geographical Society, nullified finally by gracious thanks for their medal; but it has the energetic virtue of a book written while memory was fresh, and is often truly dramatic and pictorial. It is the garrulous appendage of a strange and solid achievement, the feather-end of the arrow, which advertises the hit of the steel.

The Minnesinger of Germany. By A. E. Kroeger. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Mr. Kroeger appears to have an antiquarian's thoroughness in his subject, and he has made it an interesting one to Western readers. But he has not succeeded in his translations, partly because he does not respect the usage and associations of the English words he rivets incompatibly together, and partly because success, even for a more poetical translator, is impossible in the premises. The authors of the Minnelay, in their elaborate rhyme-caprice, must have remained harmonious and lyrical, which is not the case with a version like this:

I look so Esau-like, perdu,
My hair hangs rough and unkempt. Hu!
Gentle Summer, where are you?
Ah, were the world no more so dhu!
Rather than bide in this purlieu,
Longer to stay I'll say, Adieu!
And go as monk to Toberlu.

Or like this, which Mr. Kroeger, without the fear of *Maud's* author before his eyes, compares to Tennyson:

Rosy-colored meadows
To shadows we see vanish everywhere,
Wood-birds' warbling dieth,
Sore-trieth them the snow of wintry year.
Woe, woe! what red mouth's glow
Hovers now o'er the valley?
Ah, ah, the hours of woe!
Lovers it doth rally
No more; yet its caress seems cosy.

These studies of intricate rhymes concealed in and terminating the lines are at least as hard for the reader as for the writer; yet we hope Mr. Kroeger will not lose his readers before they arrive at the historical and critical parts of the work, which are really valuable. The narrative of Ulrich von Lichtenstein of the thirteenth century, who sent one of his fingers to an exacting lady-love, and paraded through Europe on her quests disguised variously as King Arthur, Queen Venus or as a leper, is one which makes the maddest deeds of Quixote seem sane, although he was a true singer and an admired chevalier of his period. Gottfried von Strassburg, whose excellent poem of *Tristan and Isolde* inspires the writer with his least unhappy translation, leads the subject away from the mere love-carolers toward the authors of the metrical romances, the bards of Germany. It is at this point that he introduces some forcible criticisms on Tennyson's poetry of that character, and makes it evident that the Laureate might have improved his Idyls by extending his readings among the German chanters of Arthurian legend. The following seems practical and just: "If Tennyson was determined to make the love-passion the chief theme of his work, rather than the religious element of the St. Graal, he had at hand in one of his legends that very same relation between the sexes which existed between Queen Guinevere and Launcelot, and yet deprived in the essential point of all disgusting characteristics. It seems strange that the impropriety of making this adulterous connection between the king and queen the chief theme of his song should not have struck Tennyson when he dedicated his legends to the husband of Queen Victoria, even in that dedication drawing comparisons: strange that he should have taken no means to hide it, by at least bringing the king into some position of interest, whereas he is made so little of that he seems a mild, inoffensive, gentle soul, who is ready even to shake hands with the seducer of his wife." In this connection it will repay the reader to peruse, even if the version has not much charm, the long extract from Gottfried's *Tristan*, with an eye to the noble and knightly way in which the legend is conceived and taken up. Mr. Kroeger, who can give it no grace in translation, is a warm partisan in matters of melody and rhythm, appreciating Coleridge and Swinburne. Altogether, he is a sincere and useful interpreter between our public—rather careless of musty poetry—and the fine old German singers.

## *Books Received.*

History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Abridged from the translation of H. van Laun, by John Fiske, Assistant Librarian of Harvard University. New York: Holt & Williams.

The Polytechnic: A Collection of Music for Schools, Classes and Clubs. Arranged and Written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn.

The Athenæum: A Collection of Part.Songs. Arranged and Written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

Joseph Noirel's Revenge. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated from the French by William F. West, A. M. New York: Holt & Williams.

A New Theory of the Origin of Species. By B. G. Ferris. New Haven, Connecticut: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

Johnson's Natural Philosophy. By Frank G. Johnson, A. M., M. D. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

The Ordeal for Wives. By the author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Higher Ministry of Nature. By John Leifchild, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

A Manual of Pottery and Porcelain. By John H. Treadwell. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The Outcast, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Catholic Family Almanac for 1873. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Off the Skelligs. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

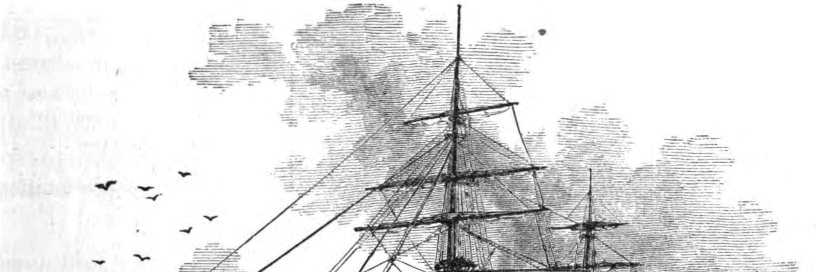
# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

# *POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

APRIL, 1873.

## WILMINGTON AND ITS INDUSTRIES.



SHIP IN DRY-DOCK: HARLAN & HOLLINGSWORTH COMPANY.

SLEEPY travelers on the great route to Washington, having passed Philadelphia and expecting Baltimore, are attracted, if it is a way-train, by a phenomenon. The engine is observed to slacken, and a little elderly man with a

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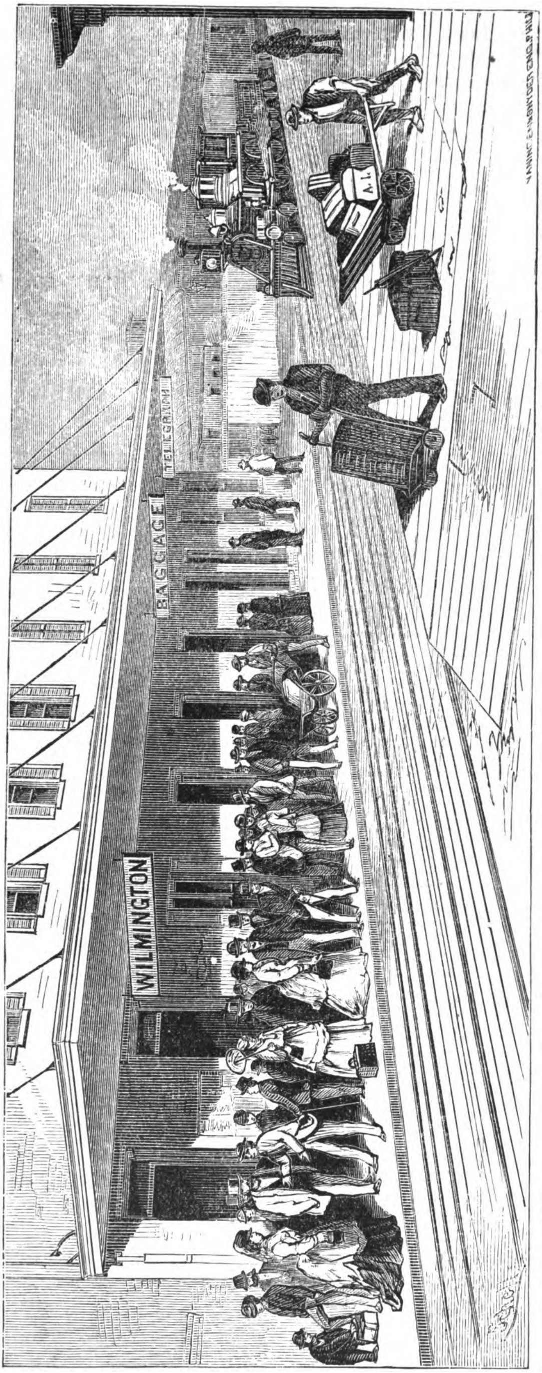
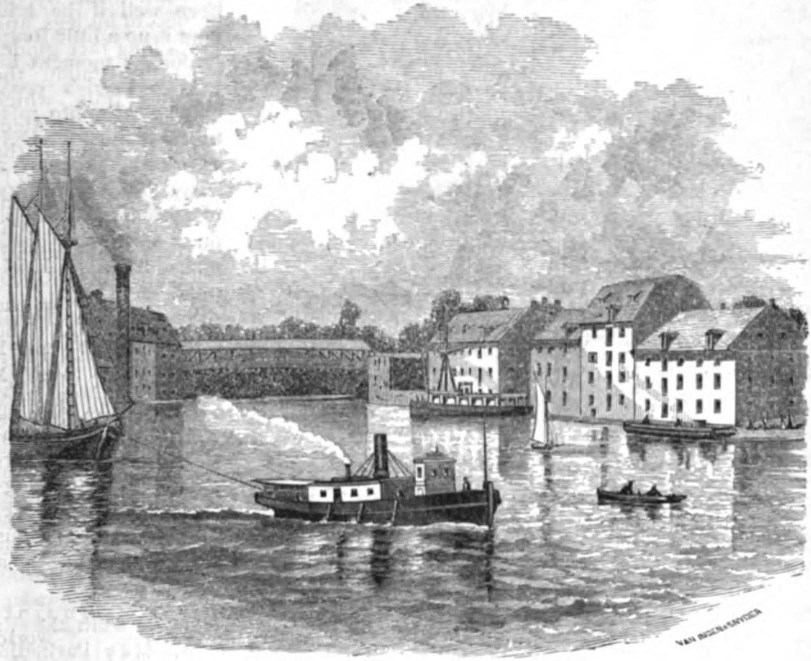


WILMINGTON DÉPÔT OF THE PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD.

lantern, looking in the twilight like an Arabian Night's phantom with one red eye in the middle of its body, places himself just in advance of the locomotive. He trots nimbly along, defending himself from incessant death by the sureness of his legs, and after a long race guides up to the station the clattering train, which is all the time threatening to catch him by the heel. "Wilmington!" shouts the brakesman. Every train into Wilmington is thus attended, as the palfrey of an Eastern pasha by the running footman. The man's life is passed in a perpetual race with destruction, and having beaten innumerable locomotives, he still survives, contentedly wagging his crimson eye, and hardly conscious that his existence is a perpetual escape.

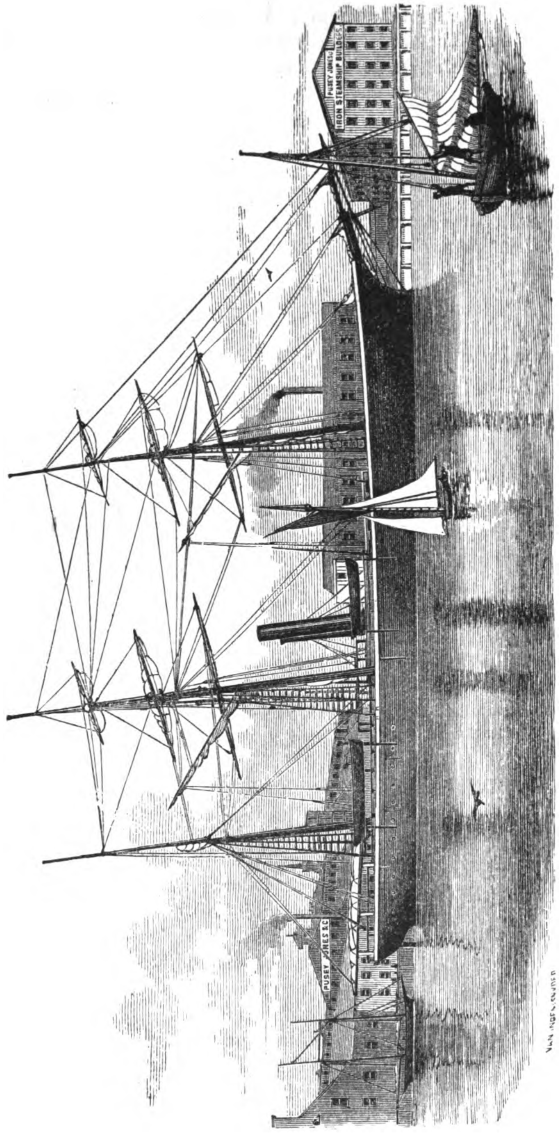
Something quaint, peremptory, old-world and feudal strikes the traveler as adhering in this custom, by which Wilmington constantly pays for the general safety of her promenaders with the offering of a citizen's life and limbs. This impression is right. The city is the best-defined spot on the American map where the South begins and the North ends. Wilmington is, for its own part, a perfect crystal of Yankee grit, run out and fixed in a country which in the highest degree represents the soft, contented, lazy, incoherent Bourbon temper. We select it for our subject because it is so complete a terminal image. There is no other instance in the country of such sharp, close contrast. A man might step out to the city limit, and stand with one leg in full Yankeeland, thrilling with enterprise and emulation, and the other planted, as it were, in the "Patriarchal Times." Elsewhere along the effaced line of Mason and Dixon the sections die away into each other: here they stand face to face, and stare.

Wilmington's legend belongs to the general story of the settlements along the Delaware. The discoveries of its site overlapped each other, the Quakers discovering the Swedes, who had discovered the Dutch, who had discovered the Indians. It was first called Willing's Town, from a settler, and then Wilmington, from the earl of that name in England, to whom Thomson dedicated his poem of *Winter*. But the spirit of enterprise—the spirit whose results we are now to chronicle—came in only with William Shipley, for whose story we must refer the reader, strange as it may seem, to the latest novel of the first living master of English fiction.



THE BRANDYWINE, AND LEA'S MILLS.

This introduces to our notice the most singular literary partnership that ever was or ever will be. Dumas used to be helped out in his splendid fictions by Maquet, but Dumas and Maquet were Frenchmen, and had plenty of sympathies in common. Charles Reade, however, in his romance of *The Wandering Heir*, written to minister to the Tichborne excitement, takes for his helper the most unlikely colleague in nature—a grave, tranquil, intensely respectable Friend, a writer of colonial histories in a far pastoral retreat by the Delaware. Such workmen were never matched before; yet the words of Benjamin Ferris, the Wilmington antiquarian, form a part, and a telling part, of the exciting romance signed by Charles Reade. The words of Ferris, unexpectedly earning renown in a work of imagination, trace the true tale of the Quaker prophetess, Elizabeth Shipley, who brought her practical husband to Wilmington through the influence of a brilliant dream. The words of Ferris, adopted and sold to the publishers by Reade, describe the terrestrial Paradise now known as Wilmington in just those glowing and golden terms we should have needed for the prologue to this article if we had not been so anticipated. Reade, so long as he keeps up his partnership with Ferris, is safe, sane and true. It would have been well if he had kept it up a little longer, for the moment he lets go Ferris's coat-cuff he falls into mistakes—calling the Delaware hereabouts a "bay," and speaking of a prickly-pear hedge on a farm only sixty miles from Philadelphia.

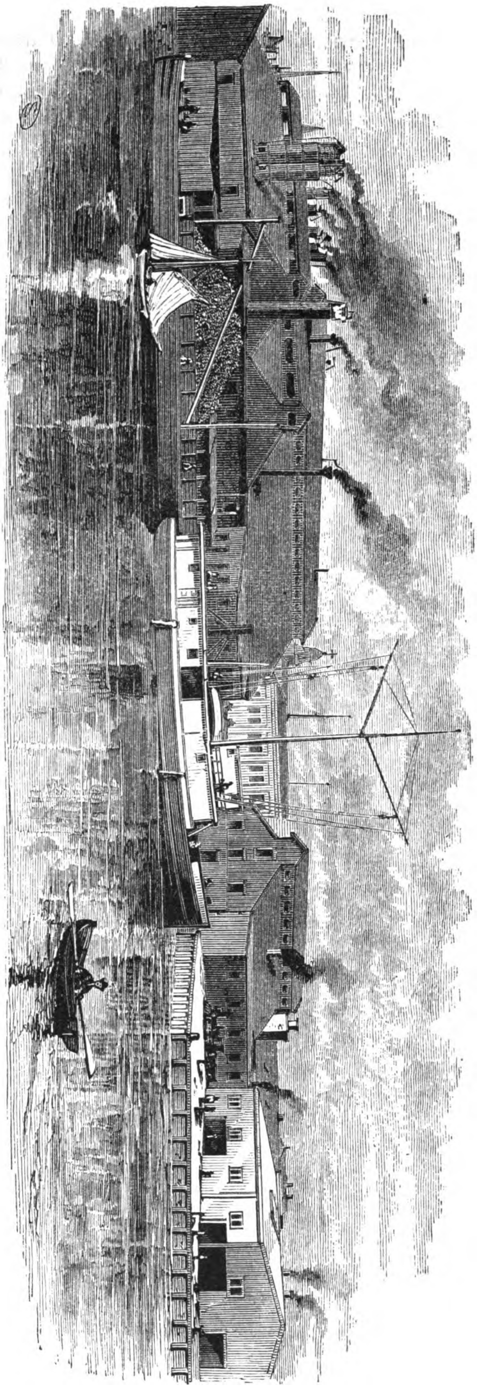


IRON SHIPBUILDING AND MACHINE-WORKS.—P. 378.

The Reade-Ferris legend, precluding any necessity of a story from us, brings good Elizabeth Shipley into Wilmington, which was then a garden and is now a mart, from her former home at Ridley, which was then a forest-clearing and is now a garden, being in truth the site of Ridley Park, the landscape-city which was described in this Magazine last September. The legend gives all proper emphasis to the location, endowing it with beauty enough to tempt a celestial guide from heaven for the meek Quakeress's benefit, and with practical advantages enough to tempt the worldly-minded husband. To get a high idea of the natural attractions of Wilmington, therefore, read *The Wandering Heir*, thus advertised gratuitously.

Wilmington lies, says the author of

*Peg Woffington*, "between the finger and thumb of two rivers," and also upon the broad palm of the Delaware. The two minor streams which embrace it are entirely different in character: one is a picturesque torrent, named by the Dutch Brand-wijn (Brandywine), from the circumstance of a ship loaded with brandy having foundered at its mouth; the other, serene and navigable, is the Christine, named by the Swedes from Christina, their favorite princess. Hereabouts George Fox, the first Quaker, built a fire in 1672 to dry his immortal leather breeches. "We came to Christian River," he says, "where we swam over our horses." The stream in that day, before the destruction of inland forests, had about six times its present volume, but it is still good for vessels of considerable burden. The thriving settlers made it carry down the harvests of the interior, and then made the Brandywine grind them. The focus of the rivers became a rich milling centre, and was also a post for whaling-ships. The Otaheitan prince stepped from the deck of the whaler to court with gifts of shells the demure Quaker maidens of Wilmington, and Kanaka sailors were almost as familiar on its wharves as Indian chiefs. About the time of the Revolution the town became a well-known station for the export of quercitron bark, and all the while the clacking mills were busy along the uneasy rapids of the Brandywine.



CHRISTINE CREEK, WITH THE DIAMOND STATE WORKS.

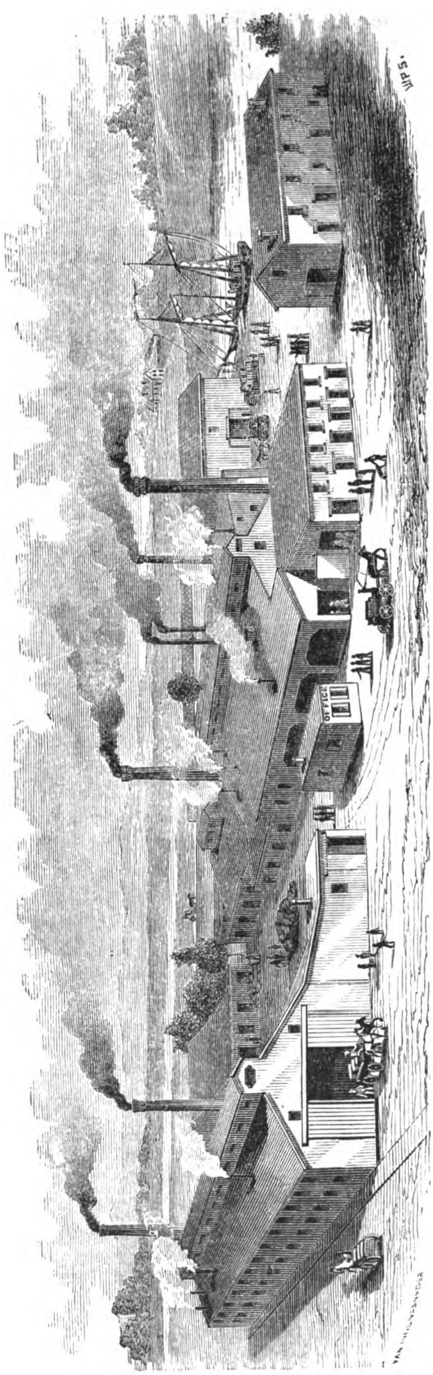


PLATE-IRON ROLLING-MILLS.—P. 379.

Shall we take a glance at a historic mill? The best location for such a structure where water-power just met tide-water, and shallops drawing eight feet could load up at the shore, was selected in 1762 for mill-buildings which still stand, and which were for many years the most famous in the country, regulating the price of grain for the United States. The business soon overflowed, and necessitated the building, in 1770, of the structures represented in the engraving on page 371, the whole group, on the two sides of the stream, being under one ownership, and known as "Lea's Brandywine Mills." Hither would come the long lines of Conestoga wagons, from distant counties, such as Dauphin and Berks, with fat horses, and wagoners persuading them by means of biblical oaths jabbered in Pennsylvania Dutch. From these mills Washington removed the runners (or upper stones), lest they should be seized and used by the British, hauling them up into Chester county. When independence was secured the State of Delaware hastened to pass laws putting foreign trade on a more liberal footing than the neighbor commonwealths, thus securing for her mills the enviable commerce with the West Indies. Much shipping was thus attracted to Wilmington, and the trade with Cuba in corn-meal was particularly large. It was found, however, that the flour of maize invariably rotted in a tropical voyage, and thereupon the commodity known as kiln-dried corn was invented at the Brandywine Mills: two hundred bushels would be dried per day on brick floors, and be thought a large amount, though the "pan-kiln" now in use dries two thousand in the same time. The dried meal was delivered at Havana perfectly fresh, and pay received, in those good old days of barter, in Jamaica rum, sugar and coffees. In the old times flour was heaped in the barrels and patted down with wooden shovels: then, when full, a cloth was laid over the top, and the fattest journeyman on the premises clambered up to a seat on the heap, to "cheese it down" and imprint his callipyge upon it. Flour thus made and branded was always safe to bring a high price, but never so high as in the short epoch of the Continental currency, when the old entries of the Brandywine Mill books show (1780) wheat bought at twenty-four pounds a bushel, a pair of the miller's leather small-clothes at eighty pounds, and some three or four hundred barrels of his flour charged at a gross sum of twenty-one thousand pounds.

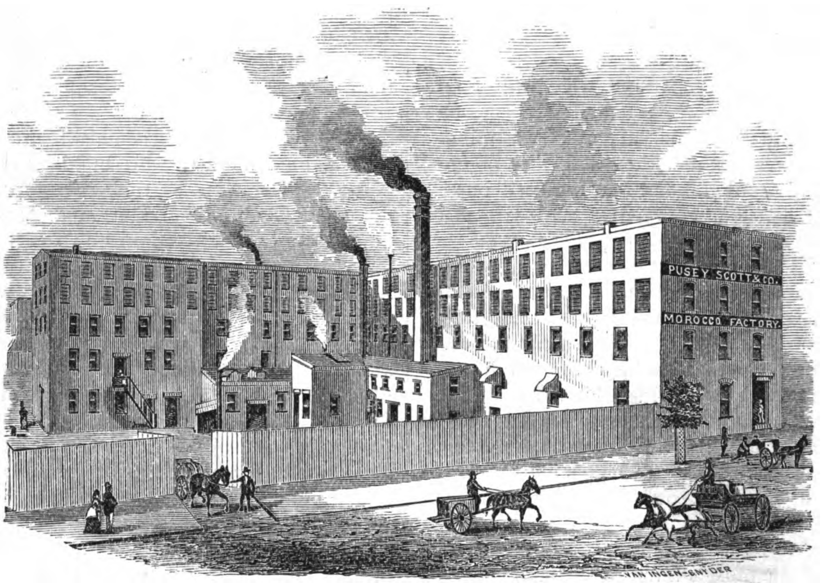
The fine old mills are still in lively operation, manufacturing into meal about a million bushels of wheat and Indian corn every year. The principal proprietor receives us in his domain, the living image of easy, old-fashioned prosperity, and narrates the long history of the structures, showing his little museum of curiosities—now a whale's jaw bequeathed from the old fishing days, now a Revolutionary cannon-ball—and helps us to realize the ancient times by means of the music of the mill, which is loquacious now as it was under George III.

Such is a specimen of one of the stout old industries of a hundred years ago, still surviving and hale as ever, though out of its former proportion amongst the immense enterprises of modern days. This article, however, must pass out of the atmosphere of ancient tradition as quickly as possible, being intended to show the handsome city of Wilmington with its sleeves rolled up as it were, and in the thick of the hardest work belonging to the nineteenth century. When steam was introduced to revolutionize labor, and railroads came to supplement water-transport, they found the manufacturers of this prosperous town ready to avail themselves of every improvement, and pass at once from the chrysalis state into the soaring development of modern enterprise.

That is a feature the citizens point out with a good deal of honest pride—the prosperity of the old families, enabling them at once to invest in the most enormous of modern mechanical applications. The wealthy companies now found here did not go to work by calling for capital from the large cities: they went to the old stocking, and found it there. The manufacturers show you, reared in a back office or sticking on a wall, the ancient family sign, which Washington and La Fayette regarded at the time of their disasters along the Brandywine. It is one continuity of thrift.

Take, for instance, some of these Lairds of America, who build ships along the Delaware as their prototypes upon the Clyde. The Harlan & Hollingsworth Company claims to be the oldest iron shipbuilding establishment in America. The money in this concern was local. The partners were old neighbors, relatives or friends. They worked along as a firm until 1868, when the huge proportions of their business induced them to incorporate themselves as a company, still distinguished by the good old proper names. We stroll into their domain by the river-side, and if we previously cherished any notion that shipbuilding was a decayed institution in America, the lively tumult here will effectually drive the insulting thought out of our heads. Among a shoal of leviathans stretched out beside the waters there is the iron steamer Acapulco, waiting for her compound engines from John Elder & Co. of Glasgow: she is three hundred feet long (and that is a dimension that looks almost immeasurable when dry on land), forty feet beam and twenty-five hundred tons burden. Another, of similar dimensions, is building beside her, and they are both intended for the Pacific Mail Company's line, and will ply between California and China. The various operations going on upon the ground—the laying of an iron keel three hundred feet long, the modeling into true and fine curves the enormous plates for a ship's side, the joining of these so neatly that the rivets are not visible, and the bending of stout iron timbers on vast iron floors — are interesting even as a mere spectacle;

and the trains of men who go about to minister to the various great machines seem like races of beings suddenly diminished in the scale of magnitude, and to be so many wise Liliputians attending around the bodies of creatures of Brobdingnag. It is true that neat mechanical contrivances save their muscle wherever it is possible. A great plate of iron or a bundle of deck flooring is picked up, by a hand which swings down from aloft, like a visiting-card by a lady: a single man turning a windlass, it sails into the air, gets up as high as it chooses to, and drops delicately just where it is wanted along the length of the structure. Out on the wharf a double "hoister," working by steam, and able to pick up and swing a hundred tons, is used in handling the materials of the works. The dry-docks are, in winter, a singular spectacle. They are a vast hospital of interesting invalids, the patients being steamers, barges and canal-boats. For instance, the old Edwin Forrest, which has paddled up the Delaware with excursionists since a time whereof the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, comes up into the dry-dock complaining of its bunions. The dry-dock accommodates a ship as long as three hundred and forty feet, and is one hundred feet across. The gouty steamer potters comfortably in, and lays up its tired keel, while the dock is being discharged, as serenely as a patient who lays his foot on the knee of a corn-doctor: in due time, relieved and sound, the invalid is ready to take the stage of life again. Another boat comes in to be lengthened: it has growing-pains, and wants assistance. The stern is sliced off, the keel is spliced, and the adolescent leaves the docks longer by twenty feet. On the steamers that are being finished we notice the extreme beauty of the upholstery and of the engraved, inlaid and polished woodwork: it is all done on the spot, and before we leave Wilmington we shall have many occasions to admire the luxury with which the higher kinds of joinery are prepared for the various structures made there. On our way to the car-works—for this versatile corporation is a great manufacturer of railway-carriages too—we notice the throngs of

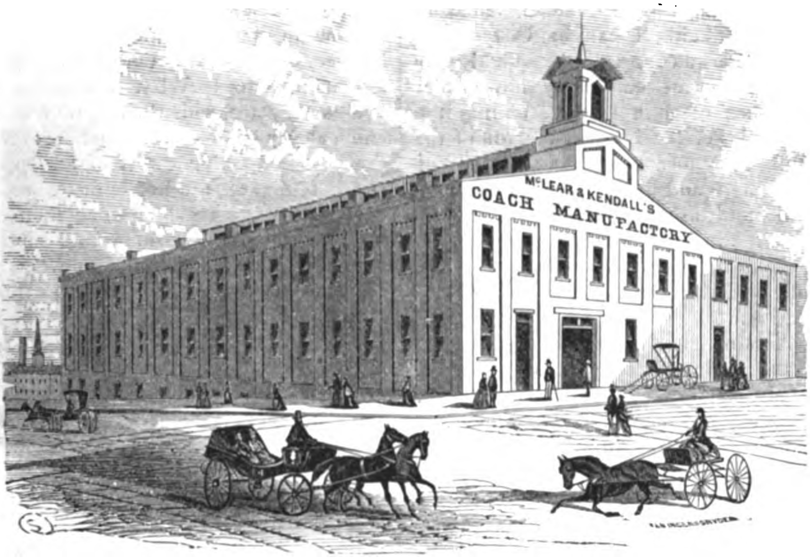


MOROCCO-MAKING FACTORY.—P. 381.

workers scattered like ants over every part of the huge area, and it occurs to us to ask if there are any strikes. Our conductor is Mr. J. Taylor Gause, a big, hearty, shrewd man, who knows every bolt and rivet on the whole premises as Bunyan knew the words of his Bible.

"We never have any trouble," replies Mr. Gause; "and it is owing to a way we have of nipping sea-lawyers in the bud."

And what, may we ask, are sea-lawyers?



COACH-BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT.—P. 381.

"Sea-lawyer is a workman's term. The sea-lawyer is the calculating, dissatisfied, eloquent man. He is the Henri Rochefort of their assemblies. A supposed grievance arises, the men have a meeting, and the sea-lawyer begins to stir them up, big in his opportunity. We find who he is, pay him on the instant, and send him away. The men run about for a while with their complaints in their heads, but with nobody to utter them by. It ends by their coming to us in a body to receive back the mischief-maker, by this time repentant. This we generally do, getting a friend converted from an enemy."

In fact, the workmen of this city do not strike. The principal remedy for the disease is a simple one. They are householders, being aided to own their own houses. They are therefore committed to the interests of the place, and do not deal in revolutions which would make wandering Ishmaelites of them.

The Harlan & Hollingsworth Company makes great numbers of railway-cars, from the ordinary kind to the most luxurious saloon-cars, and the examination of the shops is entertaining enough. Pullman, in fact, is said to have had more of his luxurious parlor-cars built in Wilmington than in any other city. As we are going, however, to see these carriages constructed where their manufacture is a specialty, we will not linger here, where they occupy but a part of an enormous establishment.

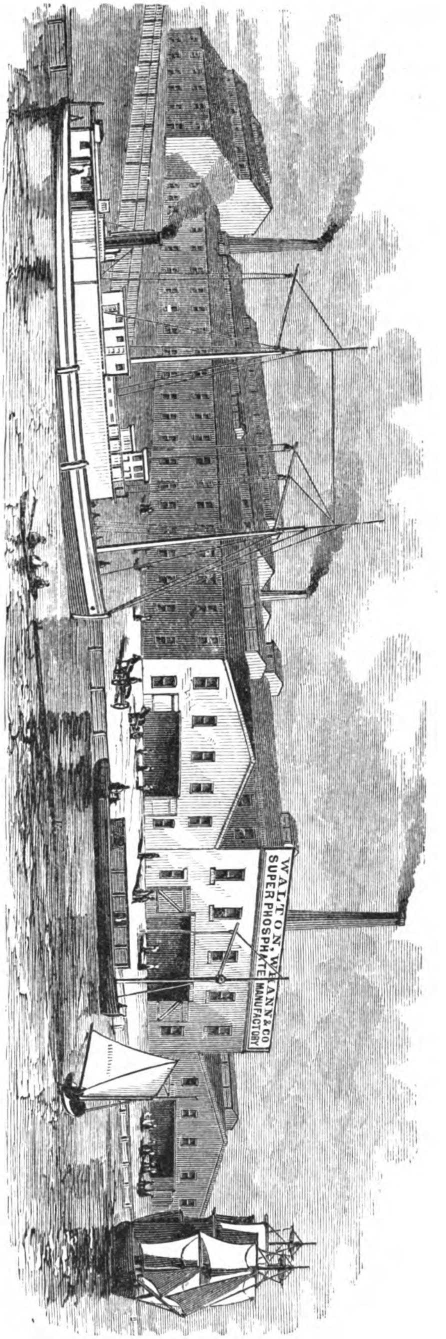
We will visit some more of the American Lairds. Pusey, Jones & Co. show you the vast extent of their premises, occupying ten acres and extending along the water in a thousand feet of wharfage. Their iron ships—one of which the artist has caught just after its completion—and other boats are moving to-day on nearly every river emptying into our Atlantic coast or the Gulf of Mexico. Steamboats of their build are now troubling the more distant waters of the Atrato, Magdalena, Orinoco, Amazon, Purus, Madeira, Tocantins, Ucayali, La Plata, Parana and Guayaquil Rivers of South America. They have other branches of manufacture, uniting the industries of the land to the toil of the sea. They turn out great quantities of machinery and many engines for paper-mills and iron-rolling mills, either of which they supply in every detail. This is an old and experienced firm, fully settled in character, credit and reputation.

Another great industrial combination is the Diamond State Works, established in 1853, occupying a whole block, and enjoying a frontage of three hundred and fifty feet on the Christine. Here are made the vast variety of things into which iron can be rolled or pinched. The eye is puzzled and pleased at the groups of intelligent machines standing up in their places and moulding with their steel fingers the rivets and the bolts; the railroad spikes, washers and fish-joints; the nuts, whether hot-pressed or cold-pressed; the lag-screws and the bolt-ends. Bars of all sizes and for an endless number of uses are pressed out like dough, and stored for sale in enormous warehouses. Mr. Mendinhall and Mr. Clement B. Smyth, the president and vice-president of this company, are of long experience in the management of their business; and the business of the company increases from year to year, demanding all the room in its commodious location, and necessitating an office in New York, where, at No. 71 Broadway, the large disbursing interests of the works are partly attended to.

Such are the bare commercial facts. But stand in one of these noisy working-grounds of a manufacturing place like Wilmington, or ride up to the top of one of their buildings on the steam-elevators which some of them employ. Think how these men of iron are changing the surface of the earth, spiking rails to the prairie in distant territories, or sending into Polynesian archipelagoes the rivet on whose integrity depends the safety of the iron ship. How needful to human progress is the conscientious perfection of their work! What tact they must employ in dealing with phalanxes of laborers of different nations and imperfect intelligence! What a stimulus to genius they are, with their readiness to catch at any labor-saving machine! See that astute-looking dwarf of an apparatus, biting off red-hot ends of rods, closing its jaws together upon them in such a way as to form a four-square mould, then smartly hitting one end so as to make a projecting head: a railroad spike is turned off in a moment. See this other making "nuts" as smartly as a baker makes ginger-nuts: some are raw and some are cooked—that is, some are punched hot and some cold, sufficing for different purposes: the cold are the softer, and the easier to "tap" or perforate with the screw-thread. Other machines are scissors trimming plates of iron like cardboard; others, in a careless kind of way, spend all their time in nipping off whatever bolts and bars are presented to them; and others make pretty rows of rivet-holes all along the edges of huge iron plates. These animated creatures of the mill, performing their tasks like child's play, are efforts of intellectual genius as truly as are the dramas of Shakespeare. And busy talents are growing up in our manufacturing centres as in hotbeds, each one trying to carry the domain of mechanical substitution a little farther, and so escape the necessity, so costly in America, of paying for man-power. In several ways a grand manufactory is a college, stimulating the human minds engaged there in the highest degree, setting a premium on intellect and culture, and reminding us that whoever caused some idea to take shape that never had an existence before, was called by the ancients a "*poeta*."

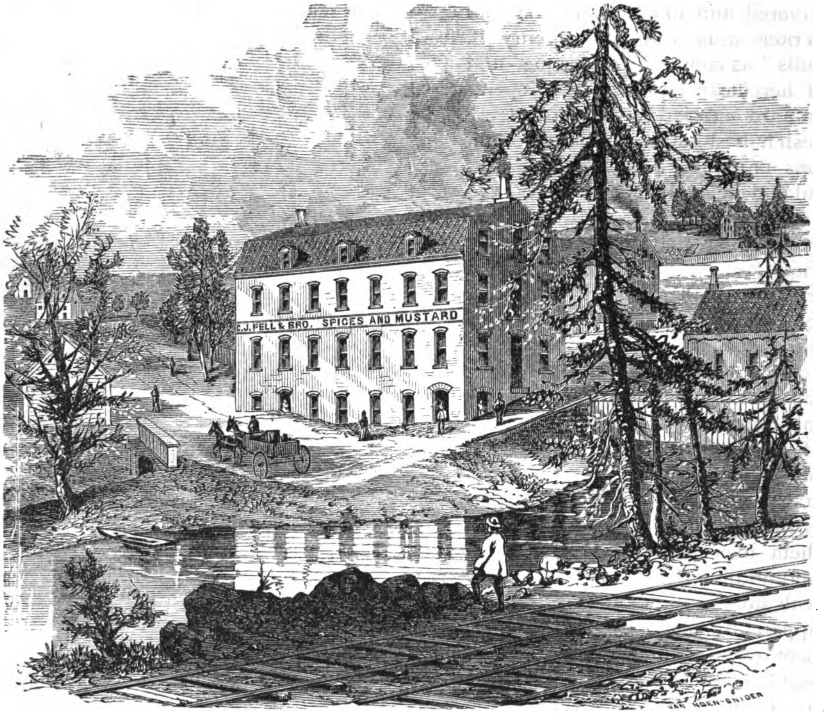
We will explore another of these great working-places—this time, a group of mills as large as a modest village, yet devoted to one special product. In 1864, Mr. Henry B. Seidel purchased a rolling-mill which had already been in operation with varied success for eighty years, and established the manufacture of large plates for iron ships and boilers. In a few years, associating with himself his superintendent, Mr. Hastings, he greatly enlarged his operations, and the firm found their edifice too small. An ample new one, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, was put up in 1870, upon the Church street side of their property, and with the introduction of all the new machines became capable of the quickest and completest operations. Seidel & Hastings now run both mills, and turn out, when working night and day, at the rate of between five and six thousand tons of plate iron per annum. They prepare their own "blooms" of charcoal iron at a great forge erected on their premises: this forge has five fires, and is provided with the engines and blowing-cylinders for the manufacture of boiler iron, and the monster steam-hammers necessary in its preparation. Nature's products are here taught manners with a witness: whatever shape they enter in, they leave in the form of pie-crust. The tough old genius of iron, which has been trying since the creation to build itself into mountains or dissipate itself in bogs, is taught by the powerful persuasions of these gentlemen to pack and toughen itself into cards, and is only recognized by the foreman when he takes count of stock as "plate inch and a half" or "plate one-eighth."

But the reader has had enough of iron. We will relieve him—though



STEAM MANUFACTORY OF SUPERPHOSPHATES.

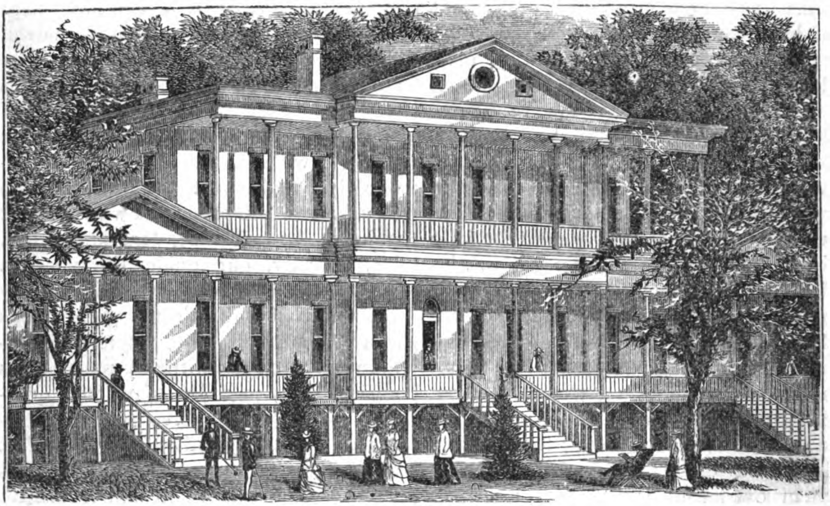
we cannot promise not to revert to the metals—with a glimpse of some different kinds of employment. Nothing, now, can be softer than kid, nothing more scholarly than a morocco book-binding, nothing is more brilliant in the autumn woods than sumach, nothing is more graceful than the pet goat of Esmeralda. We will pay a visit to one of the morocco-factories, premising that our independent little city of Wilmington has a wide reputation in the trade for her excellence in this special article, and that her product in morocco is actually the largest single item of her trade, the production last year having exceeded two million dollars' worth. We will enter a specimen factory, where the tame African goats playing about the yard, by putting their skins into contact with the powdered sumach lying up stairs in the bags, are to yield us specimens of about the best American morocco known to commerce. The superiority of the Wilmington product is attributed by buyers to something in the quality of the Brandywine water, but probably the high condition and tone of the workmen has more to do with it. In Wilmington, where a workman finds that a given rate of wages represents better living and more happiness than in any large city, the labor obtainable for the pay is naturally of a higher character; and this, in a business where everything depends upon hand manipulation, is a controlling influence. The factory we select is that of Pusey, Scott & Co., at Madison and Third streets, five stories high and a hundred and sixty feet deep. Over this scented labyrinth we go, up stairs and down; now among the slippery vats, where the hides are deprived of their hair; now into a bright room, where half a dozen pretty sewing-machine girls are stitching the wet, slimy


C.J. FELL & BRO. SPICES AND MUSTARD
VAN INGEN-SNYDER

FAUKLAND, THE SITE OF OLIVER EVANS'S MILL.

skins into bags; now into gloomy cellars, where these bags are filled with sumach-dust and water. The scene in these dark apartments, where many of the workmen are negroes, is especially high-flavored and like a chapter in *Vathek*. Writers usually talk of "life in the iron-mills" as conducing to the development of herculean strength. But iron-workers are apt to be dry and wiry, their flesh half sweated off and their complexions unnaturally pale. For true muscular development, rather Flemish and beefy in quality, we would instance the workmen in this department of a morocco-factory. The skins when filled with water are very heavy, and the jolly fellows who play at aquatic games with them, now ducking into the tanks, now holding a bag under the hopper whence the sumach descends, and anon stirring, manipulating and inspecting the mass of floating pillows, are true heroes out of Rubens' pictures. The scenes up stairs again, where young Swedes and Irish boys dress the dry skins, painting them over with black, and polishing and graining them by rubbing them with stones (a back-breaking operation, apparently, in the attitude of laundresses bent over an eternal washboard), are all highly entertaining. In the store-rooms we see the handsome sheets of morocco, including the kangaroo skins from Australia, perforated here and there with the hunter's shot, and distinguishable by the enormous flap which has, in the creature's life, encased the tail. Among them all the little orphaned kid skins, clothed in mourning colors and so soft and small, look very innocent and interesting. The distinguishing claim of Wilmington is that of having been the pioneer to introduce machinery into this as into other kinds of business. Several kinds of labor-saving apparatus are explained to us, and the foresight in building the apartments so that the skins travel from stage to stage with the least possible lifting is pointed out. These economies are said to be unmatched in the world. In this manufacture the relations of employers with employed, and amongst each other, would appear to be particularly happy. The morocco-makers of Wilmington seem to believe that worth makes the man, that readiness to do a favor to fellow-manufacturers is what shows the true "grain," and that "the rest is naught but leather and prunello." In dealing with their men, Messrs. Pusey, Scott & Co. have kept up the best relations, and have solved the difficult, the crucial problem in these latitudes, of inducing whites and negroes to labor side by side at the same task in harmony. We believe that this one fact alone, if we were able to develop it eloquently, would be found to stamp the character of the principals with the best traits of benevolence, tact and sense. Mr. Warner, our guide through the premises, concludes the exhibition by showing us a curious set of great books in the counting-house, where the foreman of each department records his answer daily to a list of printed questions, stating his figures, his ideas, reports, suggestions and complaints. This diurnal inquisition, which morally gives ventilation to the whole establishment, and relieves difficulties at their start, seems to be another indication of an enviable relationship, keeping up an excellent, old-fashioned sympathy between employers and operatives.

From morocco-dressing to carriages, which are curtained and cushioned with morocco, is not a difficult step. La Bruyère, who wrote a whole book without making any transitions, would have passed without effort from the establishment of Pusey, Scott & Co. to the coach-factory of McLear & Kendall. It should be premised that coach-building is another of the very special successes of Wilmington. She produced last year an amount, in cash value, of carriages greater than her iron ships, greater than her cotton fabrics, being one million four hundred thousand dollars. The engraving shows the outside magnitude of McLear & Kendall's factory, the largest in the city, but cannot show the curious effect of the great show-room, filled with rockaways, buggies of all kinds, and park phaetons. The building, which was put up in 1865, is on Ninth, King and French streets, and is two hundred and eighteen feet in length. These makers produce annually fifteen hundred vehicles, which are shipped to all parts of the United States. An engine of forty horse-power assists the workmen, of whom a hundred and seventy-five are kept in employment, earning the high wages commanded by skilled labor, or, on an average throughout the factory, twenty dollars per week.



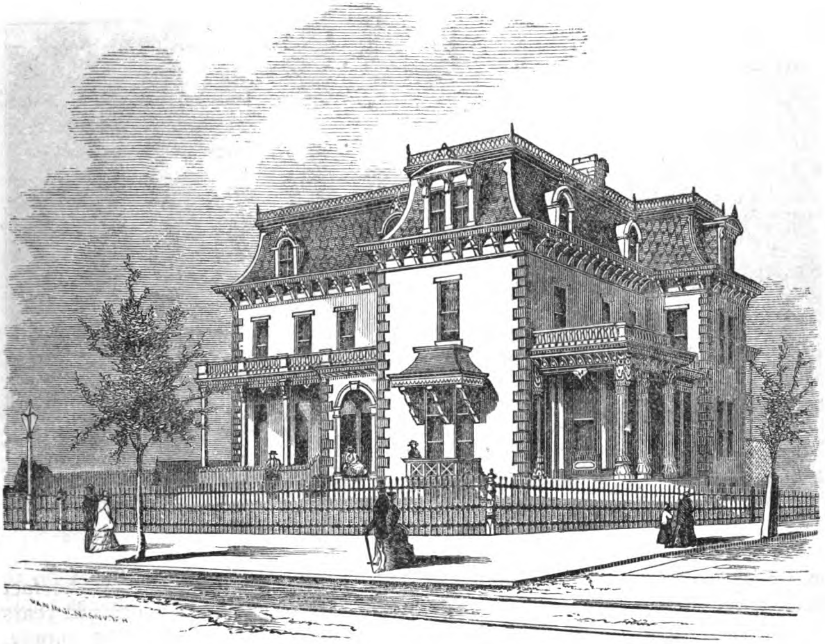
BRANDYWINE SPRINGS, ON REDCLAY CREEK.

After the ponderous establishments near the mouth of the Christine, and the neater sorts of industries which can be carried on within the city, we come to notice some of the mills and factories up stream. Many of these are of great antiquity.

Walton, Whann & Co. boast that fully one-half the arrivals and departures of shipping at Wilmington are in connection with their business. What is that business? Why, it is the revival of the fertility of the South, exhausted by the land-murdering agriculture of slavery. The demand from the cotton regions since the war has been enormous for the best artificial fertilizers, and the appreciation of the particular kind made by Walton, Whann & Co. is very marked. Planters have learned the fact, which science and experience demonstrate, that a reliable compost must be now used for the remunerative culture of cotton, as well as of their corn and other staples; and their preference for the superphosphate prepared by this firm over most other fertilizers is evinced by the fact that their demand has for several years been largely in excess of the supply. We need not wonder, then, at the formidable preparations made for this mighty overdriven business. The cargoes discharging by means of steam-power into the barges proceed from mills covering several acres of ground, and worked by three engines, aggregating one hundred horse-power. Think of it! the strength of one hundred horses overtasked day by day to provide this magic powder, through which the tired *real* horse is to drag the plough in so many thousands of distant acres! The machinery for grinding the organic materials is of the most approved excellence, and is tested by the turning out, with the power stated, of full fifteen hundred tons of the phosphate per month. A visit to the storehouse of this factory is a strange sight, reminding the tourist of the open-air cemetery of the Capuchins at Rome. It is a realm of bones. Bones from the

South American pampas, bones from the pork-packing houses of Cincinnati, bones from the grazing plains of Texas, come here to mingle. The skeletons of half a continent meet in these whirling mills for a prodigious Dance of Death, being most emphatically denied what is the last wish of all sentient creatures—rest for their bones.

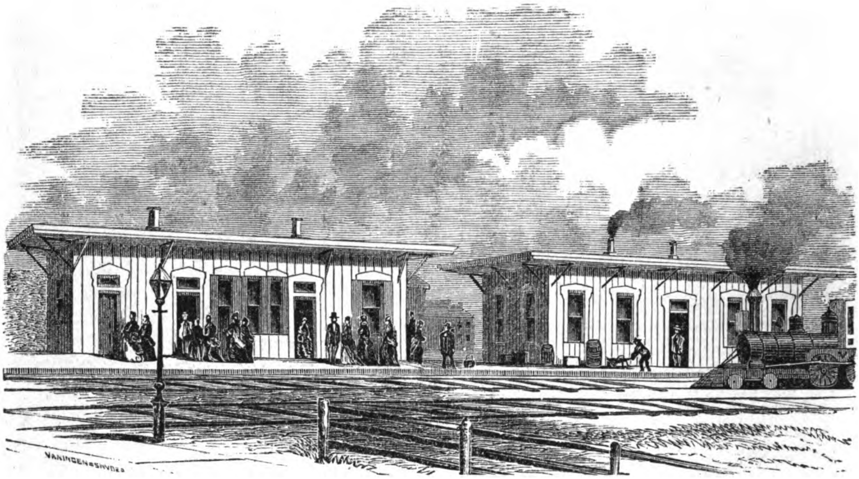
This factory is on the Christine River, just outside the limit of the city. On Redclay Creek—a tributary to the Christine, running into it parallel with the Brandywine—a number of mills have seated themselves, attracted by its swift torrent, amid scenery of steeps and rapids comparable to that on the Lehigh about Mauch Chunk. Of these the most interesting traditions attach to the Faulkland Mills. Their name may remind the reader of the first novel of the late Lord Lytton—*Falkland*, written in 1828—but it was given to the spot long before in designation of a primitive settlement, Faulk's Land. The association with this site is that of Oliver Evans, the true inventor of the locomotive, who here worked and dreamed in a mill enriched with his contrivances.



HOUSE OF MR. J. T. HEALD.

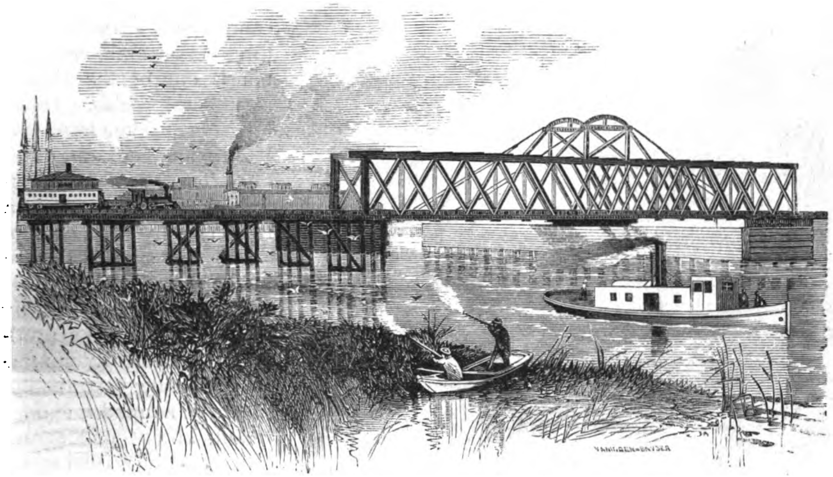
Evans, like Fitch, is one of the world's lost renowns. Had the legislators of his time possessed sagacity enough to endow his inventions, the advantages of steam-transport would have been anticipated by several years, and the glory would have radiated from the Delaware River instead of from the Hudson. His design for a locomotive was sent to England in 1787, disputing priority with the "steam-wagons" of James Watt. He built steamboats at Philadelphia in 1802 and 1803, and ran them successfully, antedating by five years the Clermont of Robert Fulton—Fulton, whom people are beginning to regard, with Mr. Stone, author of the recent *History of New York*, as the man who has received the greatest quantity of undeserved praise of all who ever lived. Oliver Evans, born in 1755 of a respectable family, was a miller at Faulkland, where his smaller inventions were first put in use.

The plank just under the apex of the roof, which he used to retire to as his private study, was shown until 1867, when the old mill was burned. Up among the swallows, as he lay on the board—to which, as Beecher expresses it, he "brought the softness"—the children of his genius were conceived and delivered. The mill was full of his labor-saving machines, which clattered to the babbling Redclay. One of his notions was the mill-"elevator" (an improvement of something he had seen in Marshall's mill at Stanton), by which grain was raised to the top of the building in buckets set along a revolving belt which passed from the roof to the bottom, distributing the wheat with spouts to the bolt. This was set up, by contributions among the millers, at Shipley's great mill in Wilmington, and also introduced into his own, where his other inventions of the "conveyer" and the "hopper-boy" attracted the stares of the rival millwrights. Poor Oliver was known to the fat millers of this neighborhood as the inconvenient person who was always wanting the loan of a thousand dollars to carry out a new invention. The "thinking men" among them sagely argued that his improvements would benefit the consumer, by increasing the supply of flour and making it cheap—a clear detriment to the interests of capital. Then Oliver plunged desperately into his idea of steam-motion, losing the faint vestiges of his repute for wit, and died poor and heartbroken in 1819, the hero of an unwritten tragedy. The happy hours of his life were the hours on the dusty plank in the mill-gable at Faulkland.



DÉPÔT OF THE WILMINGTON AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Evans's mill was bought in 1828 by Mr. Jonathan Fell, and turned into the spice-grinding establishment which is still operated by his descendants on the same ground. But Fell's business was much older than that purchase, being a good representative of the ancestral industries that exist in such numbers among Penn's settlers. Early in this century the passengers in Front street in Philadelphia laughed at the juxtaposition of a sign just put up with an older one, the two reading thus: "James *Schott*—Jonathan *Fell*." He had purchased the spice-grinding business of an English immigrant on that site, and now the same business is carried on at Faulkland, one hundred and seven years from its commencement, in the thirteenth generation of Fell's descendants, after a career of accumulated and undeviating success. Moving the factory to Faulkland, and retaining the Philadelphia situation as a warehouse, the family have kept the old system unchanged, served by employés as steady as themselves, two of the latter having died of old age after forty years in their service. The present works of C. J. Fell & Brother, combining steam and turbine-wheel power, are represented as the most complete in America, and produce a great variety of condiments, which season the traveler's meal in whatever State or Territory of the Union he may visit.



CHRISTINE RIVER, WITH WILMINGTON AND WESTERN RAILROAD BRIDGE.

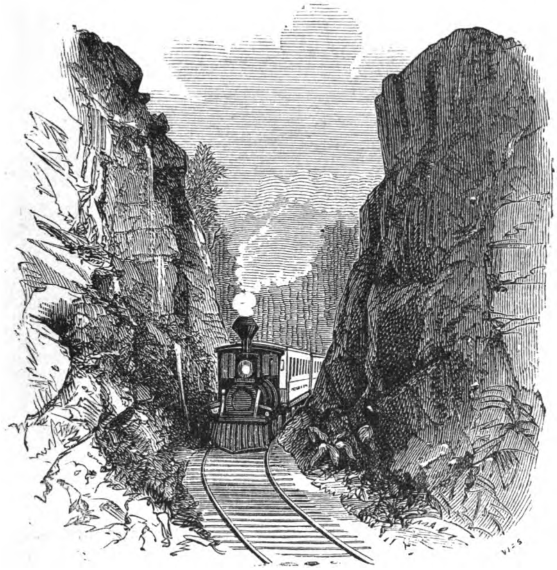
A chalybeate spring at Faulkland, formerly much resorted to, is now in railway communication with Wilmington, and will recover its ancient prestige. Under the ownership of Mr. Matthew Newkirk, the late railway manager of Philadelphia, a large hotel at the Brandywine Springs was filled with rich Southerners for many summers, but the house was destroyed by fire, and the flow of visitors turned aside. One of the smaller houses, with accommodation for two hundred guests, is the present claimant for watering-place custom. Its situation, with the fine water-scenery, and a natural coliseum of wooded hills, is very attractive, and the restorative properties of the spring are proved and valuable.

One more interest attaches to Faulkland. Close by were the earthworks where Washington protected his army, expecting the British attack, but, drawn from his intrenchments by a flank movement, was tempted on, to sustain disaster at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine.

We have just mentioned the site as in railway communication with the city of Wilmington. It is time to speak of the town in its relation to means of transport and as a railroad centre.

The location of the burgh, so near the ocean, on the beach of an immense river, and in the clasp of two smaller but partly navigable streams, kept it, in the old times, outside the latitude of railway improvement. Its naval facilities were thought to be sufficient for what business it had. The Baltimore line from Philadelphia passed through it, and could move its freight either north or south. With the development of its iron manufactures, however, the necessity of other connections became pressing, and in 1869 a road was opened to the coal-regions at Reading, crossing the Pennsylvania Central at Coatesville. Another road leads to New Castle. And now a short road has been opened to the westward, through a very rich region for way-freight; and with some notice of this, an artery for various mines and quarries, we finish our duty toward Wilmington as a railway nucleus.

The Wilmington and Western Railroad has not yet got over the excitement of being constructed. The creative spirit, it may be said, was Mr. Joshua T. Heald, an enterprising Wilmingtonian, already a director of the Wilmington and Reading line. It was he who drummed up the stock-subscriptions among his fellow-townsmen. On July 8, 1871, he struck the first pick into the line as president, and in October, 1872, the road was opened for travel as far as Landenberg in Pennsylvania. The Wilmington and Western Road crosses Christine River in the suburbs, then follows the valley of Redclay Creek, past all its mills and local improvements, sends visitors to Brandywine Springs, and passes the birthplace of the inventor Oliver Evans, while its contemplated extension will pass it close to the birthplace of Robert Fulton, in the Peachbottom slate-region of Pennsylvania. No bad omen for a steam-road, to have had its ground first broken at the cradle of one steam inventor and to lead to the cradle of another!

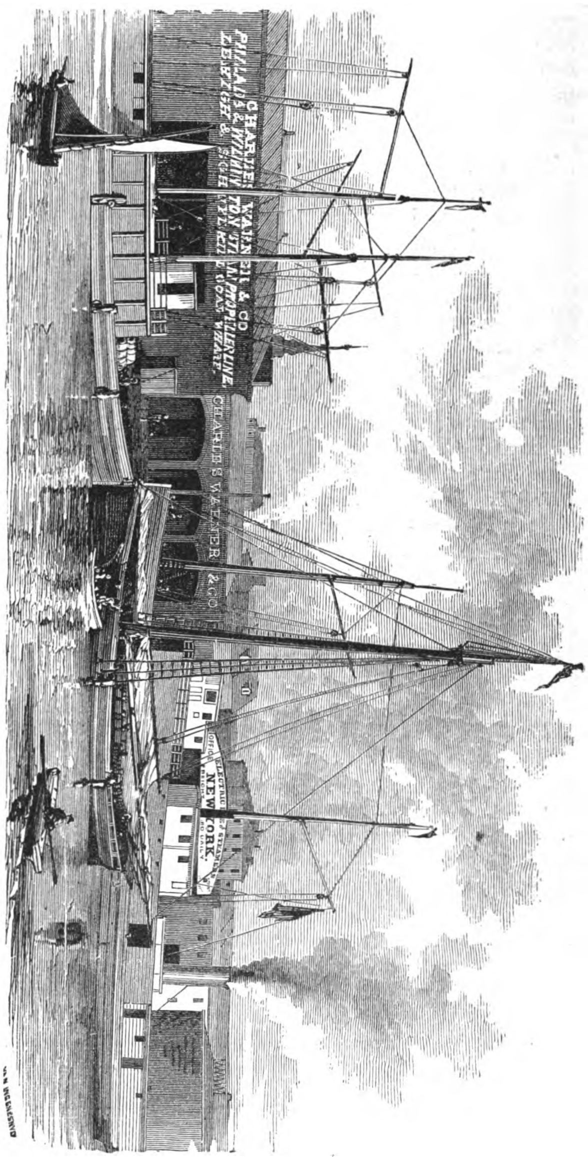


CUTTING THROUGH CUBA HILL RIDGE.

Regarding a map, to the west of Wilmington we see that there is a continuous tier of counties, from one extremity of Pennsylvania to the other, which has no great railway running east and west. A few of these counties are penetrated by feeders to the Pennsylvania Railroad or by other lateral roads, but they are not opened by any general comprehensive system; yet this section of Pennsylvania is one of the richest in mineral wealth. It has limestone, slate, iron ore, bituminous coal and other deposits. From one extremity to the other it is a region well worth development, and sure to reward by a large and valuable traffic the line of railway which will carry its products to the tide-water markets for sale or transhipment. The road is still an infant, but a good symptom is, that within six weeks of its opening the gross earnings of the company had reached a sum more than equal to the weekly interest on its bonded debt. Its extension to Oxford and the Susquehanna River is a matter for the immediate future.

So much for the facilities of moving Wilmington's many products by railway. It would be too unjust, however, to pay court to these roads, which are matters of yesterday, and show no attention to the system of water-transport for the sake of which her site was chosen two hundred years since.

Long years ago, Wilmington millers, wishing to ship flour to Philadelphia, used to walk down to Market street wharf, and pulling a bellcord that hung outside a little brick office by the river, summon to his duty the easy-going and cheerful freight-clerk of the transport line. The old sign, with the name of "Warner" upon it, is still upon the office, but the bell is gone, and the premises of Charles Warner & Co. have blossomed out into store-sheds and coal-sheds beyond all calculation. The guiding instinct of the firm was found to be concentrated in the handsome head of Mr. E. Tatnall Warner, a son and now a partner; and it was he who sketched out the amplitude of the store-houses, and determined to bring the line into victorious competition with the rail for all the freight of the port that would bear slow moving. The wharves of Warner & Co. now extend from Water street to the Christine River, and from Market to King streets. There are three communications daily with Philadelphia, and tri-weekly ones with New York and Boston. Their Philadelphia line consists of two steam-barges of one hundred and fifty tons, and they are constructing a third at a shipyard we have yet to examine — that of the Jackson & Sharp Company — of two hundred and fifty tons burden. The four railroads of Wilmington — the Baltimore line, the Wilmington and Reading, the Western, and the Delaware Road—all run their cars by continuous rails to the wharves of Warner & Co., where freight is transferred from cars to steamers with extreme rapidity, by four steam-hoisters placed on the ground for the purpose. A stationary engine also takes hold of the cars, and moves them from place to place on the rail as wanted. The handling by steam-power—a great change from the days of the old bell under the eaves!—of course reduces greatly the


CHARLES WARNER & CO
PHILA & WILMINGTON STEAM PROPELLER LINE
LEHIGH & SCHUYLKILL COAL WHARF
CHARLES WARNER & CO
NEW YORK

VIEW OF THE WILMINGTON WHARVES.

necessity for mere human porters. The steamers ply to a wharf at Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and also, as aforesaid, to New York. In respect to the latter port, the Messrs. Warner anticipate an early day when various novel manufactures established at Wilmington will demand new freights from the New York market, and to hasten that day they offer very strong inducements for return cargoes. Such is a specimen of a transport-office, transformed from old-fashioned ideas to the newest ambitions of the time. While the iron road will always collect a large portion of moving merchandise, there will still be another large portion for which the superior cheapness of water-transport will be a successful inducement.

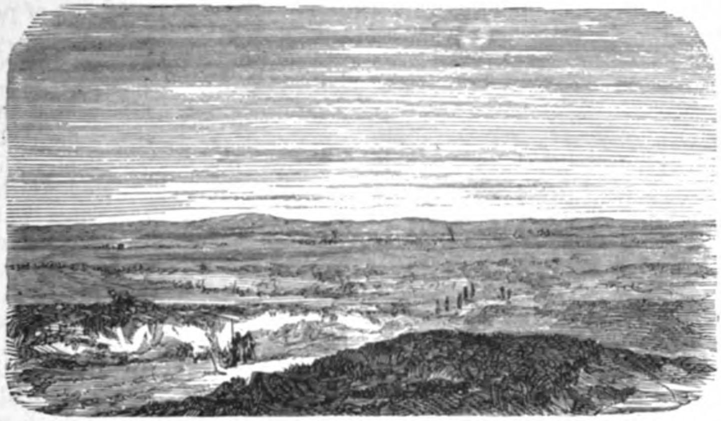
An immense bid which Wilmington makes for future greatness is in the excellence of her harbor. Shipping there is at once safe and unimpeded in its exit. The Delaware and its bay below the city are broad and without sudden bends. Ice does not gather, and the influence of the ocean, by its tidal movement and salt water, makes the breaking of a channel comparatively easy. The Christine harbor, from any point near its mouth, can be kept open to the sea in all ordinary winters by a stout and well-built tug. The Christine is much wider—probably by three times—than the Chicago River, upon which every ton of the magnificent commerce of that great city is delivered. It has a better entrance and deeper water, as well as greater breadth. Wilmington believes she has a better issue for her manufactures in the Christine and Delaware than Glasgow possesses in the Clyde. The Clyde is narrower and more difficult to keep in order than the Christine, and Glasgow's facilities for getting materials for shipbuilding are not as great as Wilmington's.

The difference in the cost of production of iron ships in Wilmington and on the Clyde, exclusive of the premium on gold, is at this time about ten per cent. only. Taking the present price of gold (fourteen), this increases the difference to about twenty-four per cent. The falling off in the price of gold, which is so generally expected, together with the advance in labor in Great Britain, and the consequent advance in the price of iron there, will soon bring the cost nearly equal in both countries. Indeed, if our shipbuilders would use the light and inferior iron in their ships that is used on the Clyde, the cost would not now materially differ. This will not be done, however, for reasons that are too evident to need stating; and by waiting until the prices have adjusted themselves naturally and permanently, a more lasting and desirable prosperity will be gained. Meditating these considerations, Wilmington is quite serene and fearless under the present temporary depression of American shipbuilding.

There are some features connected with the life and education of the operatives so abundant in this town, some additional industries, a few items of religious history, and a few evidences of modern taste or luxury, that we wish to consider; but these must be reserved for a second paper.

# THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

## SECOND PAPER.

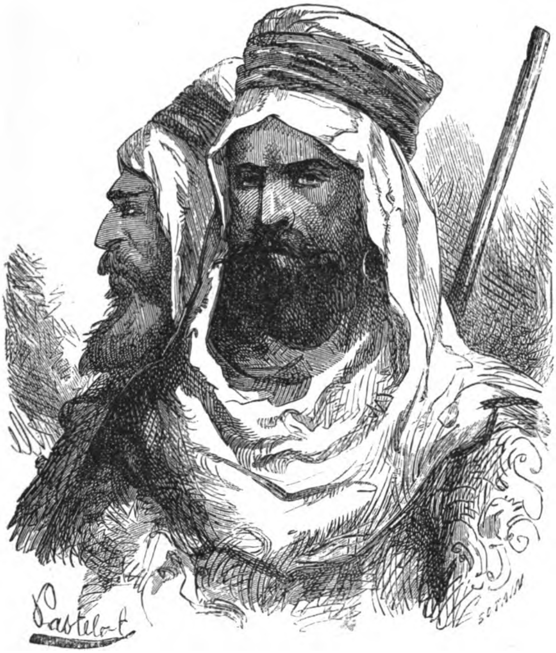


FROM CONSTANTINA TO SETIF.

THE Roumi who leaves Constantina for Setif has a choice of two routes—one picturesque, lively and covered with Roman remains; the other perfectly arid, and distinguished by the fact that in five miles there are just four trees.

He turns, however, as he settles himself in his stirrup amongst the interested Arab population of Constantina, to cast a last look at the ugly French streets in which, as a tourist, his lot was cast. The Arab quarters, where life still flows on in the old African style, have seized his attention exclusively, and he remembers with a kind of contemptuous remorse that he has paid no regard to the smart modern edifices and offices that belong to French occupation. Yet one of these, at least, the staring Napoleonic Palais de Justice, would yield him a romance from time to time.

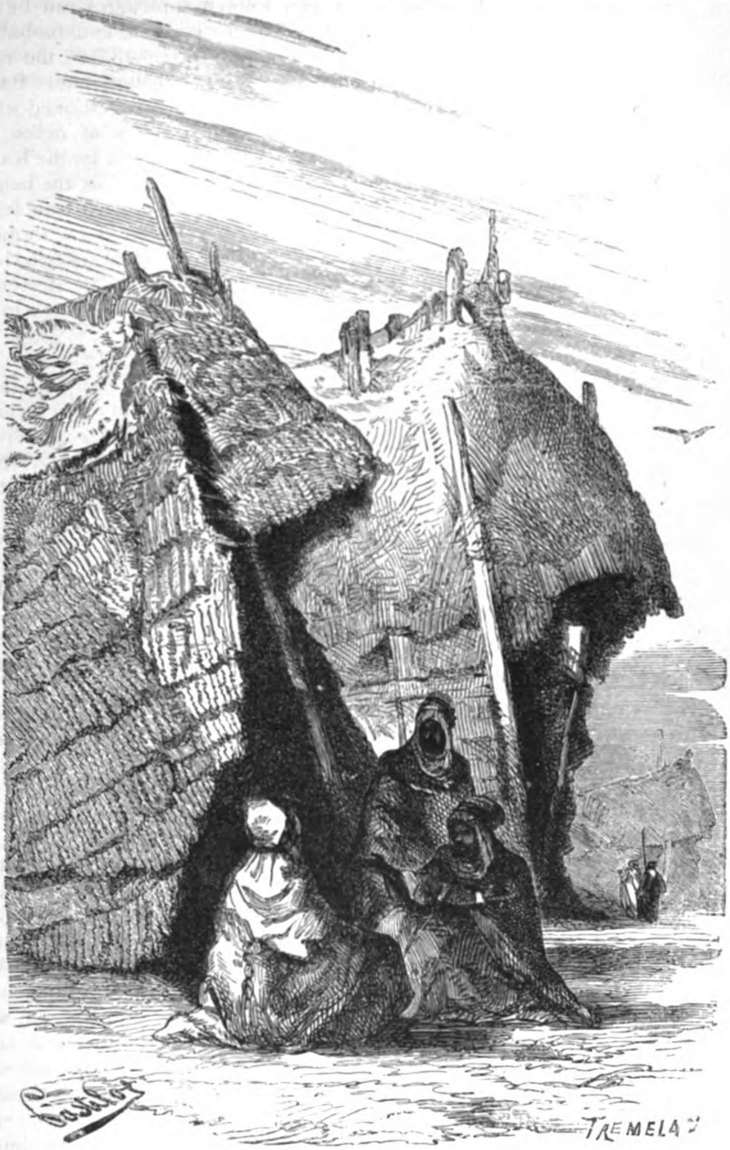
Here, in December, 1872, twenty-one natives of the Belezma were tried at a court of assizes for the massacre, last April, of twelve French colonists. The affair was a sequel of the French-Prussian war. The natives, for a long time past on good terms with strangers, became insolent, boasting that France was ruined, and that all the French would soon disappear from Algeria. Some of the tribes, however, remained, if not friendly, at least less hostile. The revolt had become almost general, and on the 21st of April the sheikh Brahim of the Halymias informed the little colony near Batna that they were no longer safe in the forest, and offered to escort them into Batna. These colonists were the workmen at the saw-mills of a M. Prudhomme, about ten miles out of the town. The Europeans, consisting of thirteen men, one woman named Dorliat and her four children, set out the next morning, accompanied by Brahim and about forty of his men. On arriving in a ravine they were suddenly attacked by a large body of the rebels. Six of the party, who were in the rear, succeeded in escaping, but twelve of the men were massacred. Madame Dorliat, it is said, owed her life to a native named Abdallah at the saw-mills, who, on seeing her in tears before starting, said to her: "Woman, you have nothing to fear: no harm will be done to you or to your children. As for the men, I will not answer for them." As she continued to weep, he added: "Listen! When you see the guns pointed at your breast, say this prayer: 'Allah! Allah! Mohammed racoul Allah!' and you will be saved." He also taught the same prayer to her children. In the midst of the slaughter several Arabs had leveled their firearms at her to shoot her, when she remembered Abdallah's lesson, and throwing herself on her knees to them repeated the invocation. The murderers stopped, made her say it over again, and asked, "Do you mean it?" On her replying in the affirmative they spared her, but stripped her entirely naked, and took from her three of her children: she only recovered them thirty-two days later, and one of them died from a sabre-cut in the head, received during the fight. The woman's husband was among the killed, and so was the proprietor of the mill, M. Prudhomme. Of the twenty accused brought to trial at Constantina, twelve were condemned to death and three to hard labor; the others, among whom was the sheikh Brahim, being acquitted.



MOUNTAIN ARABS.

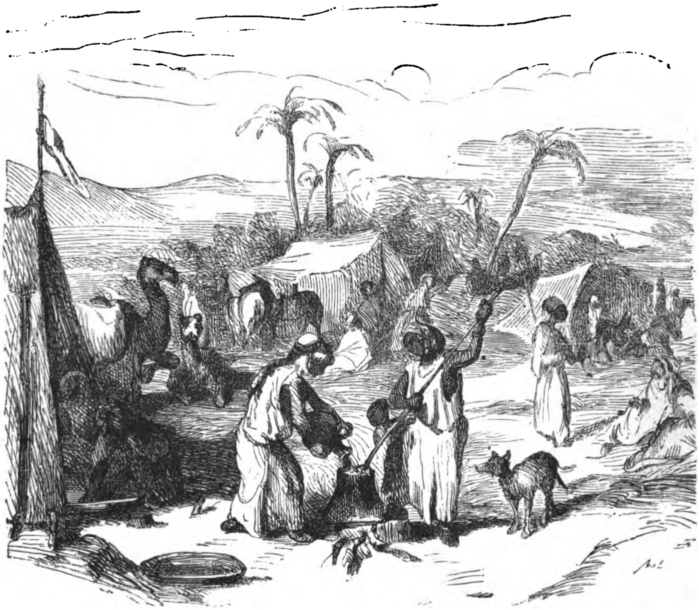
Severe justice is the only condition on which French supremacy can be maintained in the country, and probably for the general Arab populace the rule of the Gauls is a judicious one. But it is to be questioned whether the rule of *talion* is the right one for the Kabyles. In 1871, at the height of the French troubles with the Commune, formidable revolts were going on among the descendants of those untamable wretches whom Saint Arnaud smoked out in a cave. In July the garrison at Setif heard the plaint of a friendly cadi, named D'joudi, who had been wantonly attacked for his loyalty to the French by some organized mutineers under Mohammed Ben-Hadad. The poor wretch had been obliged to flee, with his women and his flocks, into the protection of his country's oppressors. Since the chassepot has succeeded in reducing the Kabyles once more to a superficial obedience, the courts have been busy with the sentences of their insubordinate leaders. France imitates England's sanguinary policy in her treatment of rebellious and semi-civilized tribes. Eight of the leaders of the Kabyle revolt of 1871 have been condemned to death, and a number of others have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The Kabyles will take their revenge when another European war places the Algiers colonists at their mercy.

The guides who accompany the traveler serve, in the absence of the trees, to attract his scrutiny. These mountain Arabs are superb fellows. Lips almost black, and shaded with lustrous beards, set off their perfect teeth, white, small, and separated like those of a young dog. Their black eyes are soft or stern at will. They are usually of middle size, large-chested, as befits Arabs from the hills, with small heads and finely-tapered wrists and ankles. They are dressed in red, with a covering of two bornouses—a white one beneath, and a black one fastened over. Long iron spurs are attached to their boots of red morocco, which come up to the knee; for the Algerian Arab, a bare-legged animal



AN ARAB DOUAR.

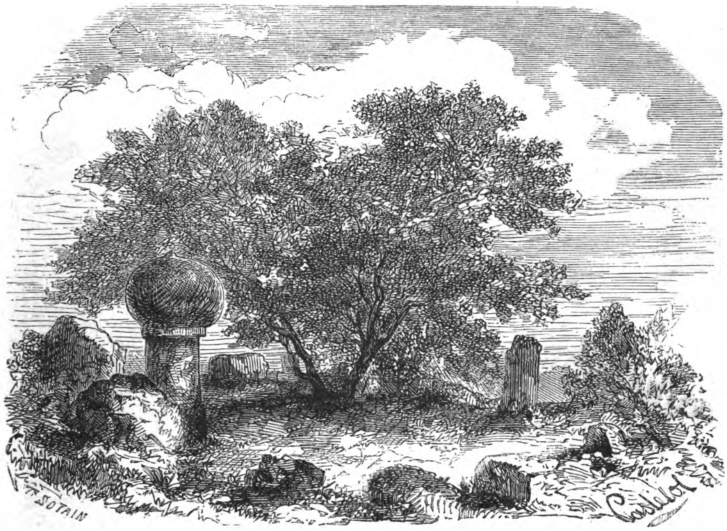
when walking, is a booted cavalier when mounted. The white haik, or toga, is fastened around the temples. The horse of the principal guide is a fine iron-gray, with an enormous tail of black—high-stepping, and carrying his elaborately-draped burden as proudly as a banner. In contrast to this imposing guard of honor, the traveler minces along on a dumb, timid mule, who smells the ground in a sordid and vulgar manner, and is guided by a pitiful rope bridle. Such are the hackneys and the guides, engaged on the recommendation of the commandant of Constantina, who undertake to carry us to Setif and on to Bou-Kteun in Kabylia.


THE WASHERWOMEN.

Setif, the ancient metropolis of this part of Mauritania, and celebrated for a brave defence against the invading Saracens, is now the healthiest spot occupied by the French in all Algeria. It lies on a great table a mile above the sea, is fortified, and has four good streets, but pays for its salubrity by the extreme outspokenness of the climate. It is subject to snow for six months, and is enveloped in a cloud of dust the other six. It is in the midst of a great grain-producing country, and is famed for its market, held every Sabbath. The surrounding folk dress for market, instead of dressing for Sunday, and exhibit the whitest of bornouses above the dustiest of legs as they sit crooning over trays of eggs or onions, brought far on foot through the powdery roads.

As we leave Setif we are overtaken by the lumbering stage-coach, which plunges and jolts over the road to Sibou-Areridj—a coach apparently about the age of the carriage of General Washington, for Algeria is the infirmary of all the worn-out French diligences. Sibou-Areridj is reached and passed, and a few miles farther on is encountered an Arab douar, or assemblage of tents forming a tribal fraction. This woven village, although we have attained the limits of Kabylia, reminds us that we have not yet reached the Kabylian abodes: an Arab lives in a tent in all localities outside the great cities—a Kabyle, never. However poor the hut in which the

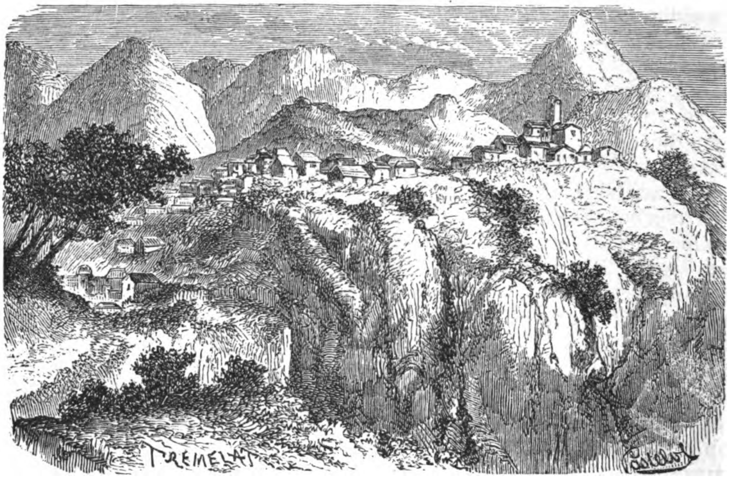
Kabylian artisan starves and labors, it must be a solid mansion founded upon the soil, and its master must feel himself a householder. Our douar proves to be an encampment belonging to the marabouts, or high religious orders, situated on a large plot of ground in the ownership of the saints, and extending up to the limits of Kabylia. Composed of a circle of tents numbering about fifty, and exhibiting numbers of fine horses picketed near the tent-doors, it is as fine a specimen as we shall see of the patriarchal life inherited from the unfatherly father of Ishmael. The pavilions are of a thick camel's hair stuff, very laboriously made by the women, which swells up in the rain and completely excludes moisture. They are striped brown and yellow, but a splendid tabernacle in the centre, of richer colors and finer fabric, bears at the apex a golden ball with plumes of ostrich feathers, the sign of authority. This tent is oval in form, resembling an overturned ship. It is the residence and office of the sheikh, or chief of the douar: several douars united form a tribe, governed by a caid. We venture to visit the sheikh, assured by our spahi guides that we shall be welcome. We are received blandly by the officer, offensively by his dogs, a throng of veritable jackals who scream around our feet as we enter. The interior, rich and severe at once, exhibits saddles and arms, gilded boxes and silken curtains, without a single article of furniture. The sheikh treats us to mild tobacco in chiboukhs—another sign that we are not yet in Kabylia: never is a Kabyle seen smoking. We reciprocate by offering coffee, made on the spot over our spirit-lamp—a process which the venerable sheikh watches as a piece of jugglery, and then dismisses us on our way with the polite but final air which Sarah may be supposed to have used in dismissing Hagar.



THE STONE TURBAN.

The douar, like a city, has suburbs of greater squalor than its interior, and among them, under the palm trees, we see women washing clothes or engaged in the manufacture of couscoussou, a dish common to the Arab, the Kabyle and the traveler hereabouts, and so important that a description of its preparation may be acceptable.

In the opening of a small tent, then, we paused to watch an old moukere (or daughter of Araby), whose hands look as if she had been stirring up the compost-heap of bones, pickings and dirt before the door. With these hands she rolls dexterously a quantity of moistened flour upon a plate. Long habit has made it easy to her, and in an incredibly short time she has formed a multitude of small grains—her hands, it must be said, looking a great deal cleaner after the process. On the fire is a pot of water, just placed. She interrupts her labor to throw in a piece of kid, which, with a quantity of spices, she stirs around with her callous hand, almost to the boiling-pitch of the water. She then addicts herself once more to the manufacture of the flour-grains, of which she has directly made a perfect mountain. The water now boiling, she places the granulated paste in a second earthen pot or vase, whose bottom, pierced like a colander with holes, fits like a cover upon that in which the meat is boiling. The steam cooks the grains, which are afterward served upon a platter, with the meat on top and the soup poured over. All travelers agree that, when you do not witness the preparation, couscoussou is a toothsome and attractive dish, fit to be set beside the maccaroni of Rossini.



BOU-KTEUN.

On the plateau outside the douar we find the cemetery, with its tombs; for the Arab, content to sleep under tissue while he lives, must needs sleep under mason-work after he is dead. Under the koubba, or dome, is seen a sarcophagus covered with a crimson pall, the tomb of a dead marabout: banners of yellow or green silk, the testimony of so many pilgrimages to Mecca, hang over the dead. In the graveyard round about are tombstones roughly sculptured, and the stone turbans indicating the cranium of a Mussulman; the Arab, again, after building his house of camel's hair, ordering his last turban to be woven by the stone-mason!

We pass along a sterile country, with chalky rocks cropping from the ground and making our way increasingly difficult. All is dry as a lime-basket. The climate here, completely wanting in the sense of a just medium, knows no resource between the utter desiccation of all the water-courses in summer and an outpouring in winter which carries away trees, crops and arable earth, presenting the farmer with a result of boulders and sand. The rocks sound beneath our animals' feet for an hour or two: we dip into a ravine and attain Bou-Kteun, our first Kabylian town.

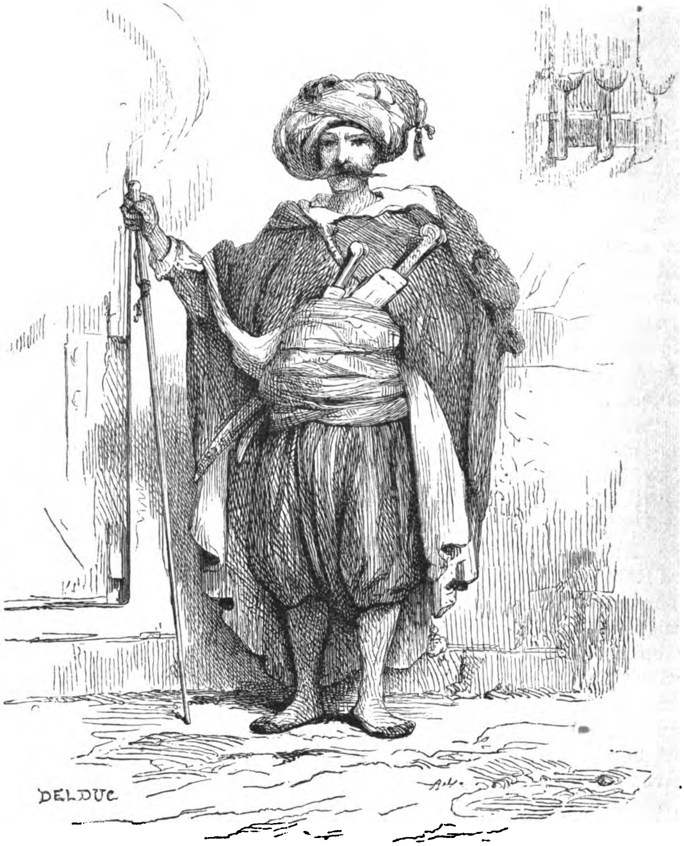
It is night, and we invoke the hospitality of the village chief, called by the Kabyles the amin. Our prayers are not refused. The amin receives the strangers, not so much from a feeling of social etiquette, of which he knows little, as from his religion, which commands him to receive the guest as the messenger of God. He comes to the threshold, kisses our hands without servility, waits on us at a supper which he is too polite to share, and presents us with a prayer at our bedside. Bou-Kteun, situated halfway up the "Red Plateau," guards the pass called the Gates of Iron. It is an uninteresting village, the official house being alone respectable amidst a town of huts. As the amin accompanies us a little way outside the burgh, we remark, among the young orchards, stumps of olive and fig trees sawn away at the base. The amin shows them with sad satire, saying in explanation, "French Roumi:" it was the Christian French.

That is the term, meaning no compliment, which the Kabyle fits to all Europeans alike. In vain the Frenchman, writhing with intellectual repugnance, explains that he is not a Christian—that he is a Voltairean, a creature of reason, an *illuminé*. The Kabyle continues to call him a Roumi, which will bear to be translated Romanist, being imitated from the word Rome and applied to all Catholics. These same tribes doubtless called Saint Augustine a Roumi, and he returned the epithet Barbari or Berbers—a name which the emperors applied with vast contempt to the hordes and mongrel population of exiles and convicts that peopled Mauritania, and which the natives retained until the Arab invasion, when they changed Berber for Kebaïle.

The Romans conquered the shores and the plains. You find none of their ruins among the mountains, where the Berbers, from the Roman occupation to the French, have preserved an independence never completely subdued.

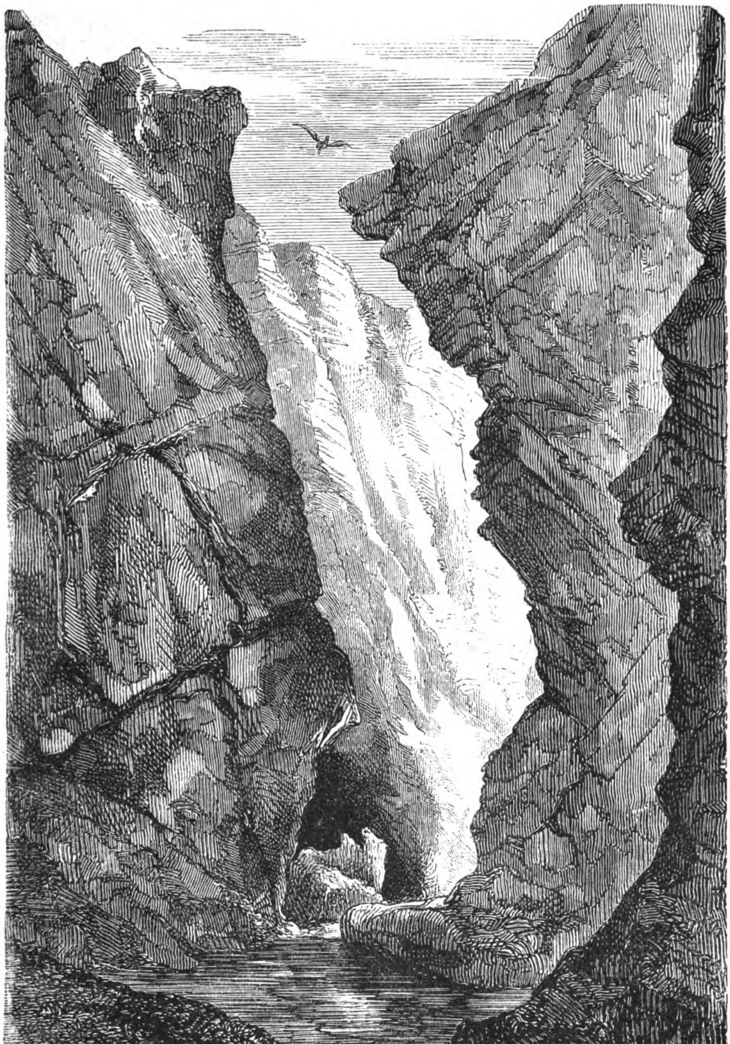
The Kabyle villages are united into federations. If these federations engage in quarrels—which is by no means rare—or if a village is menaced by an enemy, signals are placed in the minarets to appeal to the towns of the same party. These are easily seen, for all the villages are on hilly crests and visible from a distance. From the summit of Taourit el Embrank we can count more than twenty of these Kabyle towns, perched on the peaks around us, and separated by profound chasms.

Every trait points out the distinction between the Kabyles and the surrounding Arabs. The Arabs seek laziness as a sovereign good; the Kabyles are great artificers. The Arabs imprison their wives; the Kabyle women are almost as free as our own. The Kabylian adherence to the Mohammedan faith is but partial, and is variegated by a quantity of superstitions and articles of belief indicating quite another origin. While the Koran proclaims the law of retaliation, eye for eye and tooth for tooth, the more humane Kabyle law simply exiles the criminal for ever, confiscating his goods to the community. It is true, the family of a murdered person are expected to pursue the homicide with all the tenacity of a Corsican vendetta, but the tribal laws are kept singularly clean from the ferocity of individual habits. A strange thing, indicating probably a derivation from times at least as early as Augustine, is that the Kabyle code (a mixture, like all primitive codes, of law and religion) is called by the Greek term canon (*kanoun*). An institution of great protective use, in practice, is the safe-conduct, or *anaya*, a token given to a guest, traveler or proscript, and which protects the bearer as far as the acquaintance of the giver extends: it may be a gun, a stick, a bornouse or a letter. The *anaya* is the sultan of the Kabyles, doing charity and raising no taxes—"the finest sultan in the world," says the native proverb. The Kabyles press into all the towns and seaports for employment with the same independence as if they were a neighboring nationality. They build houses, they work in carpentry, they forge weapons, gun-barrels and locks, swords, knives, pickaxes, cards for wool, ploughshares, gun-stocks, shovels, wooden shoes, and frames for weaving. They weave neatly, and their earthenware is renowned. In addition, they are expert and shameless counter-feiters. Yes, the fact must be admitted: these rugged mountaineers, so proud, and, according to their own code, so honorable, never blush to prepare imitations of the circulating medium, which they only know as an appurtenance and invention of their civilized conquerors. In his rude hovel, with all the sublimities of Nature around him, this child of the wilderness looks up to the summits of the Atlas, "with peaky tops engrailed," and immediately thereafter looks down again to attend to the engrailing of his neat five-franc pieces, which can hardly be told from the genuine. This multiplication of finance was punished under the beys with death. The bey of Constantina arrested in one day the men of three tribes notorious for counterfeiting, and decapitated a hundred of them. There was lately to be seen at Constantina the executioner who was charged with this punishment, the very individual who cut off the ingenious heads of all these poor money-makers, and did not "cut them off with a shilling." He appeared to modern visitors as a modest coffee-house keeper in the Arab quarters, who would serve you, for two cents, a cup of coffee with the hand that had wielded the yataghan. He was an old Turk, with wide gray moustaches, dressed in a remarkable and theatrical fashion. He wore a yellow turban of colossal size, and an ample orange girdle over a dress of light green. Poor Tobriz—that



TOBRIZ, AN ENEMY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

was his name—was violently opposed to the introduction of the guillotine in Algeria. In the days of his prosperity an enormous sabre was passed through his flaming girdle. In the early years of the French conquest Tobriz was employed in the decapitations, which were executed with a saw, and must have been a horrible spectacle. He remembered well the execution of the hundred counter-



THE IRON GATES.

feiters in one night, and their heads exposed in the market.

A rapid descent from Bou-Kteun to the bed of a river of the same name, and a pursuit of the latter to its confluence with the river Biban, lead through impressive ravines to the Iron Gates. The waters of the Biban, impregnated with magnesia, leave their white traces on the bottoms of the precipices which enclose them. The mules pick their way over paths of terrible inclination. At length, at a turn in the overhanging reddish cliffs, where a hundred men could hold in check an entire army, we find ourselves in front of the first gate. It is a round arch four yards in width, pierced by Nature between the rocks. The second is at twenty paces off, and two others are found at a short distance. Between the first and second we observe, chiseled in the stone above the reach of the water, "*L'Armée Française*, 1839," engraved by the sappers attached to the army of the duke of Orleans on the passage of the expedition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# A CHINESE STORY.

NONE are so wise as they who make pretence
To know what fate conceals from mortal sense.
This moral from a tale of Ho-hang-ho
Might have been drawn a thousand years ago,
Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses,
When men were left to their unaided senses.

Two young short-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best:
At last they agreed to put it to the test.
Said Chang: "A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it (since you boast your optics so),
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace.
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching; "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

"Nay, not so soon," said Chang: "I'm bound to go,
To-morrow, a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho,
And sha'n't be ready till the following day:
At ten A. M. on Thursday let us say."

So 'twas arranged. But Ching was wide awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once, and read
Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead—
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same; but, peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—
The words, "This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So, on the appointed day—both innocent
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead—
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang.
"*I* see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple-door,
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

"My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything—
As clear as daylight!" "Patent eyes, indeed,
You have!" cried Ching. "Do you think I cannot read?"
"Not at this distance, as I can," Chang said,
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest:
Lo, here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"
Said honest Ching: "no falsehood he will tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear.
There's no such tablet or inscription there.
There was one, it is true; 'twas moved away,
And placed *within* the temple yesterday."

C. P. CRANCH.

# BERRYTOWN.

## CHAPTER I.

A STRAGGLING old house, painted yellow, and set down between a corn-field and the village pasture for family cows; old walnut trees growing close to its back and front, young walnut trees thrusting themselves unhindered through beet and tomato patches, and even through the roof of the hennery in the rear, which had been rebuilt to accommodate them, spreading a heavy shade all about, picturesque but unprofitable.

Old Peter Guinness used to sit on the doorstep every hot summer evening, smoking his cigar, and watching the hens go clucking up to roost in the lower branches and the cattle gathered underneath.

"What a godsend the trees are to those poor beasts!" he said a dozen times every summer.

"Yes. We risk dampness and neuralgia and ague to oblige the town cows," Mrs. Guinness would reply calmly.

"I shall cut them down this fall, Fanny. I'm not unreasonable, I hope. Don't say a word more: I forgot your neuralgia, my dear. Down they come!"

But they never did come down. Mrs. Guinness never expected them to come down, any more than she expected Peter to give up his cigar. When they were first married she explained to him daily the danger of smoking, the effect of nicotine on the lungs, liver and stomach: then she would appeal to him on behalf of his soul against this debasing temptation of the devil. "It is such a gross way to fall," she would plead—"such a mean, sensual appetite!"

Peter was always convinced, yielding a ready assent to all her arguments: then he would turn his mild, cow-like regards on her: "But, my dear, I smoke the best Partagas: they're very expensive, I assure you."

Long ago his wife had left him to go his own way downward. As with smoking, so with other ungodly traits and habits. She felt his condemnation was sure. It was a case for submission at the female prayer-meeting; bemoaning his eternal damnation became indeed a part of her religion, but the matter was not one to render her apple-cheeks a whit less round or her smile less placid. The mode in which Peter earned their bread and butter interfered more with her daily comfort and digestion. Dealing in second-hand books, half of which were dramatic works, was a business not only irreligious, but ungenteel. She never passed under the swinging sign over the door without feeling that her cross was indeed heavy, and the old parlor, which had been turned into a shop, she left to the occupancy of her husband and Kitty.

Out of the shop, one summer afternoon, had come for an hour the perpetual scrape, scrape of Peter's fiddle. He jumped up at last, suddenly, bow in hand, and went to the doorstep, where his stepdaughter sat sewing. From the words he had overheard in the next room he was sure that the decisive hour of life had just struck for the girl, and there she was stitching her flannel and singing about "Alpine horns, tra-la!" She ought to have known, he thought, without hearing. A woman ought to be of the kindred of the old seeresses, and by the divine ichor or the animal instinct in her know when the supreme moment of love approached.

But what kind of love was this coming to Kitty?

He twanged the strings just over her head, to keep her from hearing, but quite out of tune, he was so agitated with the criticalness of the moment. But then most moments were critical to Peter Guinness, and agitation, his wife was wont smilingly to assure him, was his normal condition.

He anxiously watched Catharine's restless glances into the room where her mother and the clergyman sat in council. She had guessed their object then? She was opposed to it?

A thoughtful frown contracted her forehead. Suddenly it cleared: "Oysters? Yes, it is oysters Jane is broiling. I'm horribly hungry. I could go round the back way and bring us a little lunch in here, father. They'll never see us behind the books."

"Shame on you, Kit! You're nothing but a greedy child." But he laughed with a sudden sense of relief. She really was nothing yet but a healthy child with a very sharp remembrance of mealtimes. It would be years before her mother or Mr. Muller would talk to her of the marriage or the work they had planned for her.

"Just as you please," taking up her flannel again. "Very likely it will be midnight before we have supper: Mr. Muller often forgets to eat altogether. From what mother tells me, I suppose approving conscience and a plate of grits now and then carry him through the day. It's different with me."

"Very different, Kitty. Don't flatter yourself that you will ever be like him in any way. William Muller is a Christian of the old type. Though, as for grits, a man should not disregard the requirements of the stomach too much," with an inward twinge as he smelt the oysters. He began to play thoughtfully, while Kitty looked again through the book-shop to the room beyond. The books about her always made unfamiliar pictures when one looked at them suddenly. They lay now in such weights of age and mustiness on the floor, the counters, the beams overhead, the yellow walls of them were lost in such depths of cobwebs and gloom, that they made a dark retreating frame, in which she sat like a clear, fine picture in the doorway, the yellow sunset light behind her. She could see her mother looking in at her, and the plump, neat little clergyman in his tight-fitting ribbed suit of brown and spotless shirt-front. He gently stroked his small black imperial as he talked, but his eyes behind their gold eye-glasses never wavered in their mild regard of her. Kitty grew restless under it.

"Mr. Muller is talking of the class of books you keep, father," she said, lowering her voice: "I'm sure of it. They are as unsavory in his nostrils as to the reformers in the village. They'd all excommunicate you if they could."

"Guinness, Book Agent, Kitty," finishing his tune with a complacent scrape, "has been known for twenty years, while Berrytown belongs to yesterday. But the intolerance of these apostles of toleration is unaccountable. They mean well, though. I really never knew people mean better; yet—" He finished the sentence with a shake of the head, solemnly burying the fiddle in its case.

Both he and Catharine turned involuntarily to the window. Five years ago there had been half a dozen old buildings like the Book-house stretched along Indian Creek, the roofs curled and black, the walls bulging with age and damp. Now, there was Berrytown.

Berrytown was the Utopia in actual laths, orchards and bushel-measures of the advance-guard of the reform party in the United States. It was the capital of Progress, where social systems and raspberries grew miraculously together. Thither hied every man who had any indictment against the age, or who had invented an inch-rule of a theory which was to bring the staggering old world into shape. Woman-Suffrage, Free-Love, Spiritualism, off-shoots from Orthodoxy in every sect, had there food and shelter. Radical New England held the new enterprise dear as the apple of her eye: Western New York stretched toward it hands of benediction. As Catharine looked out, not a tree stood between her and the sky-line. Row after row of cottages replete with white paint and the modern conveniences; row after row of prolific raspberry bushes on the right, cranberry bogs on the left—the great Improved Canning-houses for fruit flanking the town on one side, Muller's Reformatory for boys on the other. The Book-house behind its walnut trees, its yellow walls clammy with lichen, was undeniably a blot, the sole sign of age and conservatîsm in a landscape which, from horizon to horizon, Reform swept with the newest of brooms. No wonder that the Berrytownites looked askance at it, and at the book-fanciers who had haunted the place for years, knowing old Guinness to be the keenest agent they could put upon the trail of a pamphlet or relic.

The old man grew surly sometimes when sorely goaded by the new-comers. "There's not a man of them, Kitty," he would say, "but has ideas; and there's not an idea in the town five years old." But generally he was cordial with them all, going off into rapt admiration of each new prophet as he arose, and he would willingly have stood cheek by jowl with them in their planting and watering and increase if they had not snubbed him from the first. Book-shops full of old plays, and a man who talked of Scott's width of imagination and Clay's statesmanship, were indigestible matter which Berrytown would gladly have spewed out of her mouth. "What have aimless imagination and temporizing policy to do with the Advancement of Mankind? Dead weight, sir, dead weight! which but clogs the wheels of the machine." Any schoolboy in Berrytown could have so reasoned you the matter. While Catharine was growing up, therefore, the walnut trees had shut the Guinnesses into complete social solitude until deliverance came in the shape of Mr. Muller.

## CHAPTER II.

BESIDES her supper now, Catharine wanted her share of this visitor. Nothing else, in fact, came in or went out of her life. Outside lay emancipated Berrytown, to unemancipated Kitty only a dumb panorama: inside, her meals, her lessons and perpetual consultations with her mother on bias folds and gussets while they made their dresses or sewed for the Indian missions. Kitty was quite willing to believe that the Berrytown women were mad and unsexed, but ought the events of life to consist of beef and new dresses and far-off Sioux? She laughed good-humoredly at her own grumbling, but she looked longingly out of the window at the girls going by chattering in the evenings with their sweethearts; and certainly the Man coming into her life had affected her not unpleasantly. Not that the clergyman, with his small jokes and small enthusiasms, was any high revelation to her mind; but there was no other.

"It's something to hear a heavy step about the house, and to see the carpet kicked crooked," she said sometimes. Her mother would shake her hand gently and smile.

She shook her head and smiled in precisely the same way now. Mr. Muller, who had grown excited as he talked, felt a wave of insipid propriety wash over his emotions, bringing them to a dead level.

"However the matter may conclude," said Mrs. Guinness pleasantly, "why should you and I lose our self-control, Mr. Muller? Now, why should we? Ah?"

There was something numbing in the very note of prolonged interrogation. The folds of Mrs. Guinness's glossy alpaca lay calmly over her plump breast; her colorless hair (both her own and the switch) rolled and rose high above her head; her round cheeks were unchanging pink, her light eyes steady; the surprised lift of those flaxen eyelashes had made many a man ashamed of his emotions and his slipshod grammar together.

Mr. Muller was humbled, he did not know why. "It is practical enough, I suppose," he said irritably, "to ask what Catharine herself thinks of marriage with me?"

"You never tried to discover for yourself?" with an attempt at roguish shrewdness.

"No, upon my honor, no!" The little man fairly lost his breath in his haste. "I have a diffidence in speaking to her."

"To Kitty!" with an amused, indulgent smile, which worsted him again.

He struggled back into the hardest common sense: "Of course it is not diffidence in me. I feel no hesitation in discussing the question of marriage with anybody else. My family wish me to marry: my sister has suggested several young ladies to me in well-to-do religious families in the city. There are marriageable young women here, too, whose acquaintance I have made with that object in view. Very intelligent girls: they have given me some really original views on religion and politics. One can talk to them about anything—social evils or what not. But Catharine—she is so young! It is like broaching marriage to a baby!"

Mrs. Guinness was silent. The sudden silence struck like a dead wall before the little man, and bewildered and alarmed him: "Perhaps, Mrs. Guinness, you think I ought not to look upon Catharine as another man would? I should regard a wife only as a fellow-servant of the Lord? I oughtn't to—to make love to Kitty, in short?"

"She is a dear, pious child. I love to think of her in the midst of your Reformed boys," said the lady evasively.

There was another pause. "Of course, you know," he said with an anxious laugh, "I never had a serious thought of those young ladies chosen by my sister. Social position or wealth does not weigh with me, Mrs. Guinness—not a feather!" earnestly. If he really had meant to give her a passing reminder that marriage with Kitty would be a step down the social grade for him, he was thoroughly scared out of his intention. As he talked, reiterating the same thing again and again, the heat rose into his neatly-shaved face and little aquiline nose.

Mrs. Guinness observed his agitation with calm triumph. She knew but one ladder into heaven, and that, short and narrow, was through her own Church. Kitty was stepping up on a high rung of it. Once the wife of this good Christian man, and her soul was safe. A sudden vision of her flitted before her mother in grave but rich attire (fawn-colored velvet, for instance, for next winter, trimmed with brown fur), to suit her place as the wife of the wealthy Muller, head of the congregation and the Reformatory school: she would be instant, too, at prayer-meetings and Dorcas societies. This was Mrs. Guinness's world, and she reasoned according to the laws of it. She rejoiced as Hannah did when she had safely placed her child within the temple of the Lord.

And yet with that hint of the social position of the Mullers had come the certainty to her that this marriage could never be. A shadow had stood suddenly before her—a boy's face, the only one before which her calm, complacent soul had ever quailed or shrunk. The pleasant, apple-cheeked woman, like the rest of us, had her ghost—her sin unwhipped of justice. She stood calmly as Mr. Muller hurried his explanations, piling them one on top of the other, but she did not hear a word of them. If he should ever hear Hugh's story! Dead though he was, if that were known not a beggar in the street would marry Catharine.

But since Fanny Guinness was an amiable, pink-cheeked belle in the village choir, she had never turned her back on an enemy: why should she now? Hugh Guinness had hated her as the vicious always hate the good, but she was thankful she had smiled and greeted him with Christian forbearance to the very last. As for this danger coming from him, now that he was dead, the safest way was to drag it to the light at once. All things worked together for good to those who loved the Lord—if you managed them right.

"Of course," she said, as if just finishing a sentence, "you are indifferent to social rank. And yet it will be no slight advantage to you that Catharine has no swarm of needy kinsfolk. Her own father died when she was a baby. Mr. Guinness is the only near friend she has ever known except myself. He had a son when I married him—" The boy's name stuck in her throat. For a moment she felt as the murderer does, forced to touch his victim with his naked hand. "Hugh—Hugh Guinness—was the lad's name."

"I never heard of him," indifferently.

"No, it is not probable you should. Long before Berrytown was built he went to Nicaragua. He died there. Well," with a little wave of the hand, "there you have Kitty's whole family. It will be better that she should be so untrammeled, for the interests of the school."

"The school? I'm not a Reformatory machine altogether, I suppose!" He had been watching Catharine, who was moving about in the shop. When he was not in sight of her he always remembered that she was a mere child, to be instructed from the very rudiments up after marriage, and that the Guinnesses were ten degrees, at least, below him in the social scale. But she was near—she was coming! The complacent smile went out of his trig little features: he moved his tongue about to moisten his dry lips before he could speak. He was absolutely frightened at himself. "There's more than the school to be thought of, Mrs. Guinness," he blurted out. "I—I love Catharine. And I want this matter settled. Immediately—within the hour."

"Very well. You will be satisfied with the result, I am sure, Mr. Muller. I give Catharine to you with all my heart." But she did not look any more at ease than he. They both turned to look at Kitty, who came toward them in her usual headlong gait through the shop.

## CHAPTER III.

HER mother scanned Catharine when she came in as she had never done before. She was "taking stock" of her, so to speak: she wished to know what was in the girl to have secured this lover, or what there was to hold him should he ever hear Hugh's damning story. Her eye ran over her. She was able to hold her motherly fondness aside while she judged her. Kitty was flushed and awakened from head to foot with the excitement of this single visitor.

"At her age," thought Mrs. Guinness, "*I* could have faced a regiment of lovers. Kitty's weak: I always felt her brain was small—small. She has nothing of my face, or address either. There's no beauty there but youth, and her curious eyes." She never had been sure whether she admired Kitty's eyes or not.

But clergymen and reformers were as vulnerable as other men to soft, flushing cheeks and moist lips, and Mr. Muller, as she judged from his agitation, was no wiser than the rest. He pressed nervously forward, bridging his nose with his eye-glasses.

"Catharine, my child, will you walk out with me? I wish to consult you on a little matter."

"Oh, with pleasure," said Kitty.

Her mother stood aghast. Like the mass of women, she viewed the matter of love from the sentimental, L. E. L. stand-point. It had been a forbidden subject to Kitty. Her heart, her mother supposed, slept, like the summer dawn, full of dreams, passion, dewy tenderness, waiting for the touch of the coming day. What kind of awakening would the plump "Will you marry me?" of this fat little clergyman be? In the street of Berrytown, too! in the middle of the afternoon! If it were only moonlight!

"Pray wait until evening, Catharine: you're always famished for your supper," she cried anxiously.

"But I'm not hungry now at all," running up the stairs. For politeness' sake Kitty would lie with a smile on her mouth though a fox were gnawing at her stomach. Something in her running reminded Mr. Muller that she was a school-girl and he a middle-aged noted reformer. He fidgeted about the room, looking at the prints of La Fayette and Franklin on the whitewashed wall, and the Tomb of Washington done in faded chenilles by Mr. Guinness's first wife, buttoning his gloves with an anxious frown.

"I'm sure I don't know what my sister Maria will say to this," after one or two uneasy laughs. "I never mean to be eccentric, yet somehow I always am different from anybody else. Now, in church-matters— *I* never intended to leave the orthodox communion, yet when I showed how my Church was clinging to worn-out dogmas, and opened my Reformatory in Berrytown, the

Free-Religionists in Boston seized me, and printed my opening sermon under one cover with that of an Oneidaite and a Spiritualist. Do *I* look like a medium or a Free-Lover? That was going a little too far, I take it."

"Ah?" came Mrs. Guinness's calm interrogatory. No more.

William Muller was a man of culture and a certain force in one direction, and when pleading the cause of the vicious children to whom he was giving his life could hold men of real mental strength attentive and subdued. He did not know why, when this commonplace little woman had her steady eye on him, he should always dribble out all his weakness to her. But he did it—talked on in a leaky way of his squabble with his church and the praises he had received in newspapers for his school, until he heard Kitty's step on the stairs.

"Ah! there she is!" he cried relieved.

Catharine came back, close buttoned in a brown dress, with high-laced boots, and a light stick in her hand. She used to call it her alpenstock, and make all Switzerland out of the New Jersey sands with it. She ran in to kiss her father good-bye, blushing and delighted. It was the first time she had ever walked with any man but himself. "Here's an adventure!" she whispered, Every day she and Peter expected an adventure before night. She drew back startled at the strange, uneasy look he gave her. Her mother, too, pulled her hastily away, and walked beside her to the gate.

"Child," she whispered breathlessly, "he is your lover."

"Lover?" said Kitty aloud. "Lover?" But Mr. Muller joined her at the moment, and opening the gate motioned for her to precede him. They went down the quiet street together.

Mrs. Guinness went back and watched them from the shop-window. "It is as I thought," she said triumphantly.

Peter nodded. She came behind him, leaning on his shoulder. "It was only proper for me to speak to him of—of—" It was fifteen years since Hugh's name had passed between them.

"Whatever was necessary to protect you and Catharine," he said quietly. She pressed her hands on his forehead beneath his wig, and presently he drew one of them down and held it to his lips, thinking how forbearing she had been with his boy. Mrs. Guinness went up stairs then and knelt down by the bed. She was rather fond of the exercise which she called praying—taking a larger image of herself into her confidence. Her one idea of Him was that He could provide comfortably here and elsewhere for herself and Catharine. But to-day her conscience irritated her like a nettle. Could it be that she was at soul tricky? Could God hold her, rigorous church-member, fond wife and mother as she was, guilty of this boy's blood? Nettles, however, do not sting very deeply. She rose presently, unfolded her work, and sat sewing and singing a hymn, a complacent smile on her good-humored face.

Down in the shop Peter had taken out the violin again, and was playing some nameless old air, into the two or three monotonous notes of which had crept an infinite stillness and longing. He often played it, but only when he was alone, for he would not allow Kitty to hear any but merry, vivacious music.

## CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE, Catharine and Mr. Muller walked down the street in absolute silence, Kitty bearing herself with her usual grave politeness, though there was a quizzical laugh in her eyes. "Lover? My lover?" she thought. But she did not blush, as some other innocent girls would have done. She had never talked an hour in her life to a young man, or heard from other girls their incessant chirping of "he—he," like that of birds in spring wooing their mates. Her nearest acquaintance with lovers was old Peter's rendering of Romeo or Othello. She remembered them well enough as her eye furtively ran over the jaunty little figure beside her. "Is his hose ungartered, his beard neglected, his shoe untied?" she thought. "Pshaw! he is not Orlando, any more than I am Rosalind." Her mother had been mistaken, that was all: she let the matter slip easily past her. There was a certain tough common sense in Catharine that summarily sent mistakes and sentimental fancies to the right about.

Mr. Muller, finding the words he wished to speak would not come at once, and ashamed of jogging on in silence, began to overflow with the ordinary ideas of which he was full. They passed the grape-packing house. "Eight thousand boxes despatched last season, Catharine! And there is the Freedmen's Agency. Three teachers supported, five hundred primers furnished to Virginia alone since January, and I really forget the number of Bibles. But the world moves: yes indeed. And I think sometimes Berrytown moves in the van."

"I've no doubt of that," said Kitty politely. "Dear me! Five hundred spelling-books!" But she felt humiliated. She had neither picked grapes nor taught freedmen. What thin wisps of hair these women had stopping to speak to Mr. Muller! She put her hand suddenly to the back of her head.

"Those are employées in the canning-house," he said as they passed on. "One is educating herself as a short-hand reporter, and the other has a lecture ready for next winter on Shakespeare's Women."

"What admirable persons they must be! Ah! now I have it right!" setting her hat higher on the light chestnut coils. Mr. Muller looked, and his eye rested there. She knew that, though the back of her head was toward him. But lover? Nonsense! He meant no doubt to propose that she should go into the type-setting business or stenography.

Now, to tell Kitty's secret, she had had her love-affair her mother knew nothing about, which made her purblind in this matter. It was this: There was a certain cave (originally a spring-house) behind the walnut trees, quite covered over with trumpet-vines and partridge-berries. She had a bench there, from which she could see only the shady old house and the sun going down. When she was a child of about eight, alone all day long, year in and out, she had taken down this bench, and working stealthily and blushing terribly, had made it large enough for two. She never allowed anybody, not even Peter, dearest of all, to come into the cave or sit on the bench afterward. What her childish fancy of an unknown friend was, or how it grew and altered with her years, only she knew, though after she was grown she told her father of a certain Sir Guy in some of his crusading stories in whom she had believed as a fact. "I actually thought he would come to woo me," she said laughing, "and I had a castle where I sat and waited for him. There never was a child so full of absurd fancies."

But she never said where the castle was, and she was fond still of sitting alone for hours on the old bench, over which the shade grew heavier year by year, and the moonlight crept with more mysterious glitter. She came in sometimes when she had been there in the evening, and the sound of old Peter's violin alone broke the silence, with her cheeks feverish, as though there had been an actual presence with her to share her secret thoughts. The only living being she had ever taken into her hiding-place was, oddly enough, a baby of whom she was fond. It happened to fall asleep in her arms one day, and Catharine stole out with it and sat on the old seat, feeling its warm breath on her breast. The girl was shaken by an emotion which she did not understand: her blood grew hot, her breath came and went, she stroked the baby's hand and foot, kissed it, glanced about her with eyes guilty yet pure.

But it is certain Kitty had no thought of her cave this afternoon. Mr. Muller and his affairs were quite another matter. There was an awkward silence. Mr. Muller was collecting his forces: he cleared his throat. "Catharine—" he said.

"Ah, William!" cried a clear, well-toned voice behind them. He turned, half annoyed and half relieved, to meet a young lady in gray, stepping alertly from the doorway of the Water-cure House.

"Maria? This is my sister Maria, Miss Vogdes."

The lady looked at Kitty—a steady, straightforward look—then held out her hand. It was a large, warm, hearty hand, and gripped yours like a man's. Kitty took it, but felt like shirking the eyes. She had no mind to be so weighed and measured. She had an uncomfortable consciousness that her inner nature was all bared and sorted by this agreeable young woman in this first moment to the last odd and end in it, though she could not have put the consciousness into words.

"Going to the school, William? I am."

"Well—yes, we will go there." He turned irresolutely, and they walked together down the plank pathway, Kitty with an oppressive sense of having fallen into the clutch of one of the Primal Forces, who was about to settle her destiny for her; in which she stumbled almost on the truth. Miss Muller was quite aware of the fact of her brother's visits at the book-shop, and their motive. She glanced at her watch: she could give herself half an hour to find out what stuff was in the girl, though it hardly needed so long. "A good type of the Domestic Woman in the raw state," she thought. (She always jotted down her thoughts sharply to herself, as a busy shopkeeper makes entries in his day-book.) "Pulpy, kissable. A vine to which poor William would appear an oak. A devoted wife, and, if he died, a gay widow, ready to be a fond wife to somebody else."

"What do you mean to make of yourself, Miss Vogdes?" she snapped suddenly, just as Kitty was counting the hen-coops of the society in the field they were passing, and wondering how she could contrive to get a pair of their Cochin Chinas.

"To make?" stammered Kitty ("I knew she would take me by the throat somehow," she thought)—"of myself?—Why, I am Peter Guinness's daughter."

"You poor child!" Miss Muller laughed. It was a very merry, infectious laugh. She laid her hand on Kitty's shoulder gently, as though she had been a helpless kitten. "Now you see how our social system works, William. Ask a boy that question, and his answer comes pat — a doctor, carpenter, what not. In any case, he has a career, an independent soul and identity. This poor girl is—Peter Guinness's daughter, is content to be that. Though perhaps," turning sharply on her, "she thinks of the day when she will be the wife of somebody, the mother of children. Those two ideas are enough to fill the brains of most women."

Mr. Muller colored, and smiled significantly to himself. Catharine looked at her with a grave suspense, but made no answer.

"Yes," Miss Muller went on, a certain heat coming into her delicate face, "that contents the most of them—to be the fool or slave of a lover or a husband or son. 'The perfume and suppliance of a minute—no more but that.'"

She walked on in silence after this, and Catharine scanned her quietly. She was not at all the mad woman Mrs. Guinness had always described her—not at all what Kitty had fancied a lecturer on woman suffrage, a manager of the Water-cure and a skillful operating surgeon must be. She was little, pretty, frail, with a very genuine look and voice—almost as young as Kitty, and far more tastefully dressed. Catharine eyed her wonderful coiffure with envy, and was quite sure those rosy-tipped, well-kept fingers never had anything to do with cutting up dead babies.

Mr. Muller at the moment was comparing the two girls critically. The point on which he dwelt longest was that his sister's eyes, fine, limpid and brown, were those of an actress, acting to herself very probably. They went through the whole imperative mood — exhorted, commanded, entreated in five minutes: even a certain woeful sadness which came into them at times, and was there now, was quite bare and ready to be seen of all men.

"She is always on review before herself: she is conscious of herself from head to foot," he thought with shrewdness only born out of long knowledge. "Her very toes, I've no doubt, say to each other, 'I, Maria.'"

As for his future wife, her eyes were given her to see with, nothing more. "And she looks out with them, never in," he reflected complacently. For he had come by this time to regard her as his future wife. It seemed quite natural when Maria presently took Kitty in hand as one of the family, and began to manage for her as she did for them all, from Grandfather Hicks down to the dog Tar.

"I think, William, Miss Vogdes has the maternal instinct largely developed," looking at her face and the shape of her head as a naturalist would at a new bug. "You could find work for her in here," unlatching the gate of the Reformatory school. "She could serve humanity here just as well as if she had more—more—well, we'll say stamina."

"Precisely what I thought of," cheerfully. "You've hit the nail on the head about her, Maria." He was a peaceable, affectionate fellow at bottom. He had never hoped that his sister would tolerate Kitty, and women's squabbles in a family he abhorred, like every other man; and here she was extending a hospitable greeting, finding work for Kitty already. *Io triumphe!*

"Suppose you show Miss Vogdes the institution, sister?" he said, rubbing his eye-glasses and putting them on again in a flutter of pleasure and cordiality.

Miss Muller nodded authoritatively, and he fell into the background.

"You'll observe, Miss Vogdes," with a laugh and shrug, "Berrytown has given its best of æsthetic instincts here: five square stories painted white, with green shutters; pebble walks; six straight evergreens to testify of the Beautiful. Inside—here we are! Parlor: yellow-pine floors, spotless; green paper blinds in the windows, that hang stirless the year round. This is the kitchen: white boards, shining caldrons. William, show the soup."

Mr. Muller gravely held up a ladleful: "Beef and cabbage. To each child we allow per diem three parts of animal food, three purely farinaceous, four vegetable. The proper scale, I hold, of healthful nourishment," putting back the ladle. He had not spilled a drop.

"Dining-room," continued Miss Muller: "more white boards; shining tin plates; these three hundred little figures in blue jeans ranged against the wall are the—the patients. Now observe." Mr. Muller rapped once, they raised their hands; twice, they clasped them; three times, they rattled off the Lord's Prayer; the next moment they were shoveling their soup into their mouths in silence.

"Miss Vogdes does not approve their religious teaching, William. You see," turning to her, "how they need a real motherly care. *You* could give it to them."

But Kitty, who perhaps did "want stamina," and who was more of a child than any before her, made no answer. Vice and disease faced her as never before: those hundreds of hungry eyes fenced her in.

"Are you sick?" said Mr. Muller anxiously, seeing her face. "It is the smell of the soup, perhaps. Come out of this. Let me pass, Maria. You forget how foolishly tender her life has been: she never probably looked at crime before. Come out to the fresh air."

"You'd better stay," said Maria coolly, aside. "These children will plead your cause with such a girl as that better than you can do or have done, I take it. Now, my dear," putting Kitty's hand between her own, "this is my brother's work, in which he wishes you to join him. Put it to yourself whether it is not your duty. You're very young; you've dreamed a good deal, most likely: this wakening to the fact that there is work in the world besides marrying and nursing babies revolts and shocks most young girls. Yet here it is." Her voice was very gentle, and sincere in every cadence, the words true: there lay the terrible grinding power of them. "Talk over your future life with William, my dear. There is the matron. I must go and see about that charge for pepper she made last month. Pepper for these children's stomachs, indeed!"

Mr. Muller drew Catharine's hand in his arm. "I did not mean to bring you here to-day," he said, nervously mopping his face with his handkerchief. "Maria is so fond of managing! But—but it was as my wife I wanted your help."

"*My wife.*" Kitty was not surprised. At eighteen one reasons as the bird flies. Since she passed the six straight evergreens yonder she had learned that life was not an old book-house, a few sad and merry tunes, meals, and a bench to dream on. It was work — for Christ. Not far-off pagans, but little children with sin and disease heavy upon them, asking her to take it away.

She might want stamina or any other intellectual power, but her emotions were hot and near the surface: these children and their misery wounded and bruised her as they had never done Mr. Muller or his sister: her sense of duty and affection for her God, too, was as real and urgent with her as that of a dog for his master.

"Take me home now," she said quietly.

"But, Catharine— This is no answer. And my love for you is of such long standing!" pleaded the little man, whose mouth, being once opened by his passion, found it difficult to close. He forgot, too, the hundreds of eyes staring at him over the soup-spoons.

"Shall we go out?" said Kitty with an impatient laugh, which would not be polite. "There's too much beef here. And cabbage."

They passed Miss Muller, who nodded down on Catharine from the heights of brusque sincerity of the Woman's Rights people: "Come and see me, my dear. You and I shall get on very comfortably, I dare say;" to which Kitty replied with her old-fashioned manner, which had a fine courteous quality in it, whether it meant anything or not.

They were out in the street again. The sun was still hot and glaring. Past the new row of Morse's blue-painted shops, down the factory alley, all along the cinder path, Mr. Muller pressed and urged his suit. She heard every word with sharp distinctness.

The children: her work for Christ. Under all was a dull consciousness that this thing had been coming on her since the day, years ago, when she had suffered conviction at a revival and been converted. All His followers must give their lives to His service. Give their lives! These were words which to the poor little girl had always been terribly real, never a hackneyed form. Now the time had come, there was a dreadful wrenching at her heart.

"Oh, God! oh, my God! I want to do what's right!" cried Kitty silently, looking away to the farthest horizon.

Mr. Muller remembered by this time some of his long-planned endearing speeches, and used them. But he could not bring a blush to her cheek. She did presently look straight at him, her eye passing quickly and critically over the neat paunchy little figure in its fashionably-cut coat and tight-fitting trowsers. When she was a girl of ten she had fancied that Dr. Brownlee would be her future husband — the actual Sir Guy. She would listen Sunday after Sunday to the gray-bearded old fellow dealing the thunders of Sinai from the pulpit overhead, in a rapt delight, thinking how sweet it would be to be guided step by step by so holy and great a man. Long after she grew out of that, indeed only a year or two ago, she used to tremble and grow hot to her finger-tips when young Herr Bluhm, the music-master, went by the gate. A nod of his curly bullet head or the tramp of his sturdy cowskin boots along the road made her nerves tingle as never before. "What was this that ailed her?" she had asked herself a dozen times a day. All Mr. Muller's love-making did not move her now as one note of Bluhm's voluntaries on the organ had done. She had thought him Mendelssohn and Mozart in one: the tears came now, thinking of that divine music. But one day Mrs. Guinness had brought him in, being a phrenologist, to "feel Kitty's head." She felt the astonished indignation yet which stunned her from his thick thumb and fore finger as they gripped and fumbled over her head as if she had been a log of wood. But what could poor Bluhm know of the delicate fancies about himself in her brain as he measured it, which his heavy paws, smelling of garlic and tobacco, were putting to flight? "Philoprogenitiveness — whew! this little girl will be fond of children, madam. Tune, time! — has no more notion of music than a frog."

"At least," thought Catharine now, "Mr. Muller is a gentleman. I shall never feel disgust for him."

They had reached the gate now. He waited. "I shall not come in. I've confused and startled you, Catharine. You want time to think," he said gently.

"I understand, oh, I quite understand. But I never thought of myself as your wife," she said quietly. "It would be better you gave me time."

"Good-bye, then, my—my darling."

"Good-bye."

She stood looking over the gate, the walnut branches dark overhead, a level ray of sunlight on her strange alluring eyes and full bosom. Mr. Muller lingered, smoothing his hat before he put it on.

"She has not at all the intellectual power of Maria," he thought. "Maria's the sort of woman I ought to have chosen, I suppose," being a reformer, first of all, in the very grain. But the silly thought of holding her hand or kissing her lips came to him at the moment, and tormented him thereafter with a feverish desire.

## CHAPTER V.

CATHARINE stood a long time by the gate.

"Don't question the child," said Peter to her mother. He would not even look at her when she came in, but fidgeted about, his leathery jaws red as a girl's at the thought that Kitty loved and was beloved.

"Is supper over? I'm hungry," was all she said. They watched her furtively as she ate.

"It's prayer-meeting night, Catharine," said Mrs. Guinness when she was through, taking her bonnet from the closet.

"I'm not going."

"Mr. Muller will miss you, my dear."

"Mr. Muller never has enough of prayer-meetings," recklessly, "but I have. I prefer going to bed to-night;" and she went up stairs.

Before her mother was gone, however, she began to change her dress, putting on one which, when the cape was not worn, left her shoulders and arms bare. She shook down her hair after the fashion of a portrait in the book-shop of Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington or some other ancient beauty more amiable than discreet. There was a delicious flavor of wickedness in the taking out of every hairpin. Then she came down to Peter where he sat smoking.

"In the dark, father? I'll light the candles;" which she did, scolding Jane savagely between-times. "We'll have some old plays to-night, father," bringing a book which her mother had forbidden, and then bringing his sheepskin-lined chair up to the table. Peter eyed her furtively as he puffed out his cigar to the last ash. On the stage or in the ball-room he had never seen, he thought, a finer woman than Catharine; and the old man's taste in beauty or dress or wine had been keen enough when he was a young blood on the town. He was annoyed and irritable.

"Catharine," he said sharply, "bring your shawl: the night is chilly." But he read the plays with outward good-humor, and with an inward delight and gusto, which he would not betray. All his youth—that old Peter Guinness, for whom each day's bumpers had been frothed so high — came back in the familiar exits and entrances. The words were innocent enough as he altered them in reading for Kitty, though a good deal disjointed as to meaning; but she was not critical—forced herself to take an interest in his stories of Burton and Kean, and how he first saw old Jefferson.

"I suppose," moving uneasily on her stool at his feet," that this now is 'the world, the flesh and the devil!' But," viciously snapping her eyes, "I like it, I like it! I wish I could think of something else to do."

In the middle of Peter's croaking of "Poor Yarico," to show her how Catalani sang it on the London boards, she jumped up and went to the window. People were coming home from prayer-meeting, husbands and wives together.

"I suppose every woman must marry, father?" she said.

Peter looked doubtfully at her over his spectacles, opened his mouth and shut it once or twice. "I judge that is the highest lot for a woman," he said slowly, "to be the wife of a good man."

"A good man? Oh yes, good enough!" and with that she flung herself down on the floor, and, putting her head on Peter's knee, cried as if her heart would break. For Kitty was never in the habit of carrying her pain off into solitary places: when she cried it must be with her head on somebody's knee.

This chapter of Catharine's history every wide-awake young woman among our readers has doubtless finished for herself: she knows the closing-in process by which society, expediency, propinquity, even moral obligations, hedge many a man and woman and drive them into marriage.

In the weeks that followed she saw but one path open to her: in it lay her work for Christ and her woman's birthright to be a wife and mother (for Kitty, ever since she was a baby nursing dolls, had meant to be both).

She spent most of her time shut up with her Bible and hymn-book, sometimes praying over them, sometimes sticking in her forefinger and opening at chance verses to try her fortune about this affair. During this time she was usually unnaturally humble and meek, but there were days when her temper was intolerable.

"Don't come complaining to me," said Peter testily to her mother. "The child's a good child enough. But when you force her to stretch her heart over three hundred vicious little imps, no wonder it breaks."

"Kitty's a free agent," she replied calmly.

Kitty was a free agent, and at the end of two weeks she accepted Mr. Muller.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# THE GLACIERS OF PARADISE.

SPRING is waking, and the Yokul lifts on high his glittering shield,
Far and wide in sunny splendor gleams the ice-engirded field,
And the swelling freshet murmurs gay spring-ditties as it flows,
Till its noisy life it mingles in the ocean's grand repose;
And in silence,
Dream-fraught silence,
O'er its course the billows close.

On the strand they gayly played, where the trembling birch trees grow,
Children both with golden ringlets and with cheeks like maiden snow,
Wherein blushed fresh spring-like roses—blushed and hid, and blushed again,
While they plucked the shining pebbles, smooth-worn by the stormy main;
And in silence,
Rippling silence,
Chants the sea its old refrain.

She, the fair and gladsome maiden, raised her head and called his name:
He was deep-eyed, light and slender, shy of mien and slight of frame.
Like a laughing brook she skippèd to and fro along the strand;
He was grave, like nodding fern-leaf, gently by the breezes fanned,
Which in silence,
Pensive silence,
Grows upon the brooklet's sand.

"Ragnas," said she, "when God's angels visit will this world of ours,
They descend, so mother told me, on the Yokul's shining towers.
Now, if I should die, then promise thou wilt climb the peaks of ice,
And my hand I'll reach to help thee up to God's bright paradise."
But in silence,
Wondering silence,
Gazed he in her innocent eyes.

It was summer: thrush and linnet sung their gladsome summer-lay;
Through the fir trees' cooling vista rose the cataract's white spray;
And the light blue smoke of even o'er the darksome forests fell—
Rose and lingered like a lover loath to bid his love farewell;
And in silence,
Wistful silence,
Shed its peace o'er sunlit dell.

On the pleasant hillside sat they, where the silvery birches grow,
And th' eternal sun of midnight bathed them in its fitful glow—
She a maid of eighteen summers, fresh and fair as Norway's spring;
Tall and dark-browed he, like pine-woods in whose gloom the Hulders* sing,
When in silence,
Deep-toned silence,
Night lets droop her dusky wing.

It was now that he must leave her, and the waves and tempest breast:
Heavy-hearted sat they, gazing on the Yokul's flaming crest;
And she spoke: "O Ragnas, never, while yon airy peak shall gleam
O'er our home, shall I forget thee or our childhood's blissful dream,
Until silence,
Death and silence,
Freeze my heart and memory's stream."

Up he sprang, and boldly looked he toward the midnight-lighted west,
Seized her white, soft hand and pressed it closely to his throbbing breast,
And the love his childhood fostered, and in youth made warm his blood,
Trembled on his lips as trembles bursting flower in freezing bud:
Ah, but silence,
Fateful silence,
Held the mighty feeling's flood.

Years had passed with autumn's splendor, like a glistening shower of gems;
Doubly rich the sunlight streamèd from the Yokul's diadems;

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* The Hulder is the spirit of the forest, and is represented as a virgin of wonderful beauty. She plays her loor, a long birch-bark horn, at evening, and is the protecting genius of the cattle.

Once again in joyful rapture he his native vale beheld,
For the love long years had fostered whispered still of faith unquelled,
Spite of silence,
Hapless silence,
That the timid tongue had spelled.

And his boat shot swiftly onward: well the rowers plied their oar,
Till a heavy tolling reached them from the church-tower on the shore;
And a solemn train of barges slowly wound their pensive way
Through the hushèd waves that glittered o'er their image in the bay;
And the silence,
Listening silence,
Dimmed the splendor of the day.

O'er the barge that now drew nearer countless virgin lilies wept,
Telling that some white-souled maiden in the snowy bower slept.
Dumb he stood, and gazed in terror on the shroud and lilies sweet,
And a dread foreboding filled him, and his heart forgot to beat;
And in silence,
Deathlike silence,
Fell he at the boatman's feet.

So the parish-people told me; and as years went rolling by
Oft they saw him sadly staring on the flaming sunset sky;
Watched the purple-stainèd Yokul, half in joy and half in pain,
As if hoped he there to see her coming back to earth again;
Mourned his silence,
Fateful silence,
That had rent two lives atwain.

Till at length one Sabbath morning—deep-voiced church-bells shook the air—
While in festal garb the church-folk wandered to their house of prayer,
Reached their ears a hollow thunder from the glaciers overhead,
And huge blocks of ice came crashing downward to the river's bed,
And in silence,
Wrathful silence,
Down the seething stream they sped.

Ah, the breathless hush that followed! for amid the icy waste
They a human shape discernèd, madly, as by demons chased,
Up the crystal ledges climbing, pausing now where ice-walls screen
From the blast, then upward springing o'er abyss and dread ravine,
Until silence,
Glittering silence,
Reigned amid the icebergs' sheen.

They have searched for him, they told me, sought him far and sought him near:
Ne'er a trace was found to tell them of his grave so lone and drear;
But the legend goes that angels swift the shining ether clove,
And with them his youth's beloved bore him up to God above,
Where shall silence,
Deepest silence,
Never sunder hearts that love.

HJALMAR HJARTH BOYESEN.

# THACKERAY'S "GRAY FRIARS."

THERE is an eloquent passage in one of Victor Hugo's novels in which the writer affectionately apostrophizes the Paris of his youth — those quaint old streets of the *Quartier Latin* so redolent of the happy associations which cling to the springtide of life. Were Thackeray living now, he would, we fancy, experience emotions very similar to those of his French *confrère* should he try to find his beloved "Gray Friars," which lives enshrined in the most pathetic scene he ever penned, and is ever and anon coming before us in the pages of his several stories. It is but a few years since the author of *Vanity Fair* passed away, yet already Gray Friars' surroundings are no longer those with which he was familiar.

Descending Holborn Hill five years ago, you found yourself, when at the foot of that celebrated thoroughfare, at Snow Hill, just at that point where the words, "Here he is, father!" struck upon the parental ears of Mr. Squeers as his son and heir manfully "went for" Smike. Turning to the left, instead of proceeding up Newgate street, a circuitous street took you to Smithfield, so long associated with stakes and steaks. Thence, when half-way through the forest of pens, you turned sharp off to the left, and then, after another hundred yards by a turn to the right, found yourself in a long narrow lane, called Charter-House lane. This brought you presently to some iron gates admitting you to a quaint and not very mathematical quadrangle, such as you would never have dreamed of stumbling upon there. This is Charter-House Square, which, still intensely respectable, was once eminently fashionable. At one corner of it is a little recess known as Rutland Square, for on this site once stood the abode of the dukes of that ilk, and near to it is a stately mansion with a high pitched roof which was in days long gone the residence of the Venetian ambassador. A garden occupies the centre of the square. Everything is neat, orderly and severely dull, the most dissipated tenants of the square being boarding-house keepers of a highly sedate description. The secret of all this tremendous respectability is to be found in the contiguity to the Charter-House itself, a portion of whose buildings abut on the square, which, with many of the streets adjoining, belongs to this wealthy institution. Four years ago the place was so secluded that a stranger to London might have walked around the spot a dozen times without suspecting its existence, and living in one of its comfortable old mansions supposed himself in the cathedral close of a provincial city. The entrance to the Charter-House itself is under an archway through venerable oaken portals, which are said—and there seems no reason to question the statement—to be the identical gates of the monastery which occupied the ground in the time of Henry VIII. This monastery had been a religious house of the Carthusians.* The order first came to England in 1180, and was seated at a place called Witham Priory † in Somersetshire, to this day known as Charter-House Witham. There Henry II. founded and endowed a monastery. The London branch of the establishment at Witham was founded by Sir Walter de Manni, seigneur de Manni in Cambrai, France, who was made a knight of the Garter by Edward III., in reward for gallant services. Manni founded the house in pious commemoration of a decimating pestilence, on which occasion not fewer than fifty thousand persons are said to have been buried within the thirteen acres which he bought and enclosed, and a gentle eminence known as the "hill" in the play-ground, separating what was called "Upper Green" from "Under Green," is said to owe its shape to the thousands of bodies buried there. Manni died in 1371: his funeral was conducted with the utmost pomp, and attended by the king and the princes of the blood.

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* The original seat of the Carthusian order was at Chartreux in Dauphiny, where it was founded by Saint Bruno.

† Witham, which is not far from Fonthill, became in 1763 the property of Alderman Beckford, the millionaire father of the celebrated author of *Vathek*.

A hundred and fifty years rolled on without aught very momentous to interrupt the daily routine of the monks of Charter-House, who, had there not been a woman in the case, might possibly be the occupants of the ground to this day. When, however, Henry's fancy for Anne Boleyn led him to look with favor on the Reformation, the Charter-House, in common with other such establishments, came in for an ample share of Thomas Cromwell's scrutinizing inquiries. And a sad fate its occupants had. Required to take the oath of allegiance to Henry VIII., they refused. Froude, who gives them an extended notice, says: "In general, the house was perhaps the best ordered in England. The hospitality was well sustained, the charities were profuse. Among many good, the prior, John Haughton, was the best. He was of an old English family, and had been educated at Cambridge. He had been twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. He is described as small of stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified: in manner he was most modest, in eloquence most sweet, in chastity without stain."

On the 4th of May, 1535, Haughton was executed with all the horrors attending the punishment of death for high treason in those barbarous times. He and his companions, certain monks of Sion Priory, died without a murmur, and Haughton's arm was hung up under the archway of the Charter-House beneath which the visitor drives to-day, to awe his brethren. The remnant never gave in. Some were executed; ten died of filth and fever in Newgate; and thus the noblest band of monks in the country was broken up by Henry's ruthless hand.

The Charter-House was then granted to two men, by name Bridges and Hall, for their lives, after which it was bestowed in 1545 on Sir E. North. North's son sold it to the duke of Norfolk, who resided there, on and off, until decapitated in 1572. The duke was beheaded by Elizabeth for intriguing with Mary queen of Scots, and the papers proving his offence are said to have been found concealed beneath the roof of the stately mansion he had erected for himself at the Charter-House.

Before the duke came to grief that most erratic of sovereigns was a visitor at his house—as indeed where was she not?—coming thence from Hampton Court in 1568, and remaining a day with him; and when her successor, James I., came to take up her English sceptre, he, mindful of what the Howards had suffered for their sympathy with his mother's cause, came straight thither from Theobalds, his halting-place next to London, and remained on a visit of four days.

From the duke of Norfolk the Charter-House passed to his eldest son by his second wife, Lord Thomas Howard, who was created by James I. earl of Suffolk;* and he about 1609 sold it to Mr. Thomas Sutton.

Sutton's career was remarkable. It was said of the late earl of Derby that even had he been born in a shepherd's cot on Salisbury Plain, instead of in the purple at Knowsley, he would still have proved himself a remarkable man. In local phraseology, he was "bound to get on," and so was Thomas Sutton. The son of a country gentleman at a place called Knaith in Lincolnshire, he inherited early in life a good property from his father, and spent some time in traveling abroad. Then he became attached to the household of the duke of Norfolk, probably as surveyor and manager of that great peer's vast estates, and in 1569, when a serious disturbance broke out in the north of England, he repaired thither, and greatly distinguished himself in aiding to quell it. He then received the appointment of master-general of ordnance for the North for life.

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* Lord Suffolk probably applied the purchase-money (thirteen thousand pounds) to help build the palace, called Audley End or Inn, he raised in Essex. It stands on abbey-land granted by Henry VIII. to his wife's father, Lord Audley of Walden, near Saffron-Walden in Essex, and was generally regarded as the most magnificent structure of its period, although Evelyn gives the preference to Clarendon House, that grand mansion of the chancellor's which provoked so much jealousy against him, and came to be called Dunkirk House, from the insinuation that it was built out of the funds paid by the French for Dunkirk. Abbey-lands are supposed by many to carry ill-luck with them, and quickly to change hands. Audley End has proved no exception to this hypothetical fate. Only a portion of it now remains, but this, though much marred by injudicious alterations, is amply sufficient to show how grand it was. It has long since passed out of the hands of the Howards, and now belongs to Lord Braybrooke, whose family name is Nevill. A relation of his, a former peer of the name, edited the best edition of *Pepys' Diary*, in which and in Evelyn is frequent reference to Audley End.

Whilst in the North he found another mode of making hay whilst the sun shone. Soon after his arrival he bought a lease of the bishop of Durham of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, and worked the collieries on these properties to such good purpose that, on coming up to London in 1580 he brought with him two horse-loads of money, and was reputed to be worth fifty thousand pounds—a great sum in those days.

About 1582 he increased his wealth by marriage, and commenced business as a merchant in London. His large amount of ready money—a commodity especially scarce in those days—soon enabled him to carry on very large commercial operations; and amongst other sources of wealth he probably derived considerable profit from his office of victualer of the navy. In 1590, finding himself without prospect of children, he withdrew from business, and retired to the country, having already invested largely in real estate. Although very frugal, there are sufficient evidences of his liberality to the poor on his property; and it seems not improbable that his charitable schemes now began to take definite form, for after his death a credible witness stated that Sutton was in the habit of repairing to a summer-house in his garden for private devotion, and on one of these occasions he heard him utter the words: "Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate: give me also a heart to make use thereof."

About 1608, when he had quite retired from the world, he was greatly exercised by a rumor that he was to be raised to the peerage—an honor which it was contemplated to bestow with the understanding that he would make Prince Charles, subsequently Charles I., his heir. This was a court intrigue to get his money, but an urgent appeal to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and the earl of Salisbury, prime minister, appears to have put an end to trouble in the matter. He died on the 12th of December, 1611, at the age of seventy-nine, leaving immense wealth, and on the 12th of December, 1614, his body was brought on the shoulders of his pensioners to Charter-House Chapel, and interred in a vault ready for it there, beneath the huge monument erected to his memory.

"The death-day of the founder is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Gray Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

"The custom of the school is that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which* . . . we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here; and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service-time; and how the monitor would cane us afterward because our shins were kicked. . . .

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* The order of proceedings was subsequently inverted.

"The service for Founder's Day is a special one. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are! . . . how beautiful and decorous the rite! how noble the ancient words of the supplication which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen under those arches!" *

Having resolved to found a charity which should provide both for young and old, Sutton, who had ample reason fully to appreciate the unprincipled and grasping character of the court, proceeded to take every precaution that sagacity and ingenuity could suggest to keep his money secure from the hands of such harpies as Carr and "Steenie," and hedge it round with every bulwark possible. Perhaps he consulted "Jingling Geordie," then planning his own singular scheme,† on the point, and got him to persuade the king, always vain of his scholarship, that it would well become him to become patron of an institution having for one of its main objects the education of youth in sound learning. Be this as it may, the fact is certain that a degree of royal and other powerful protection was somehow secured for the institution which for all time prevented its funds from being diverted to other purposes.

Sutton's bequest of the bulk of his estate to charitable uses was not unnaturally viewed with strong disapprobation by his nephew, one Simon Baxter, for whom he had, however, not neglected to provide, who brought a suit to set aside the will. However, notwithstanding that he had Bacon for his counsel, he failed to interfere with his uncle's disposition of his estate; the court holding that the claims of kinship had been sufficiently recognized.‡

In the same year, 1614, the institution opened. The rules and orders for its government may yet be seen, bearing the autograph signature of Charles I., then prince of Wales. From that time almost every man in the country, of the first rank of eminence by birth or fortune, has been a governor, and the name of Cromwell may be seen not far from that of Charles on the roll. Up to about 1850 the patronage was vested exclusively in the governors. Amongst these were always included—though not necessarily—the sovereign, the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London. The remainder were men eminent in Church or State, "the master of the hospital,"§ who must not be confounded with the school-master, being the only official member. The sovereign had two nominations to the other governors' one. Thackeray makes the great marquis of Steyne a governor, and shows how little Rawdon Crawley benefited by that august personage's patronage: "When Lord Steyne was benevolently disposed he did nothing by halves, and his kindness toward the Crawley family did the greatest honor to his benevolent discrimination. His lordship extended his goodness to little Rawdon: he pointed out to the boy's parents the necessity of sending him to a public school; that he was of an age now when emulation, the first principles of the Latin language, pugilistic exercises and the society of his fellow boys would be of the greatest benefit to the boy. . . . All objections disappeared before the generous perseverance of the marquis. His lordship was one of the governors of that famous old collegiate institution called the White Friars. It had been a Cistercian convent in old days, when Smithfield, which is contiguous to it, was a tournament-ground. Obstinate heretics used to be brought thither, convenient for burning hard by. Harry VIII., the Defender of the Faith, seized upon the monastery and its possessions, and hanged and tortured some of the monks who could not accommodate themselves to the pace of his reform. Finally, a great merchant bought the house and land adjoining, in which, and with the help of other wealthy endowments of land and money, he established a famous foundation hospital for old men and children. An extern school grew round the old almost monastic foundation, which subsists still with its Middle-Age costume and usages; and all Cistercians pray that it may long flourish. Of this famous house some of the greatest noblemen, prelates and dignitaries of the land are governors; and as the boys are very comfortably lodged, fed and educated, and subsequently inducted to good scholarships at the university and livings in the Church, many little gentlemen are devoted to the ecclesiastical profession from their tenderest years, and there is considerable emulation to procure nominations for the foundation.

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* *The Newcomes:* "Founder's Day at Gray Friars." On one of the last Founder's Days of his life Thackeray came with a friend early in the day, and scattered half sovereigns to the little gown-boys in "Gown-boys' Hall."

† Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh.

‡ Simon Baxter was his only sister's son. Sutton had left him an estate which in 1615 he sold to the ancestor of the present earl of Sefton for fifteen thousand pounds—equal to about seventy-five thousand pounds now—and a legacy of three hundred pounds.

§ This was a post which Thackeray coveted, and had he lived might possibly have filled. The master's lodge, a spacious antique residence, lined with portraits of governors in their robes of estate, by Lely, Kneller, etc., would in his hands have become a resort of rare interest and hospitality.

"It was originally intended for the sons of poor and deserving clerics and laics, but many of the noble governors of the institution, with an enlarged and rather capricious benevolence, selected all sorts of objects for their bounty. To get an education for nothing, and a future livelihood and profession assured, was so excellent a scheme that some of the richest people did not disdain it, and not only great men's relations, but great men themselves, sent their sons to profit by the chance."

A boy on the foundation received his education entirely free. Whilst within the walls he was clothed in black cloth at the expense of the house and even had shirts and shoes provided for him. His only expenses were a fee to the matron of twenty-five dollars a year, and the cost of books, stationery, etc., the whole amounting to a sum less than one hundred dollars a year. On leaving school for college he received an allowance — four hundred dollars for three years, and five hundred dollars for the fourth.

There may have been a time when much of the patronage was improperly bestowed, but this certainly was not the case in our day. The majority of the boys on the foundation were the sons of well-born and often distinguished gentlemen of small means, and the sort of perversion of patronage to which Thackeray alludes had ceased to take place. When some of the places on the foundation were thrown open, it was a subject of general remark that several of the boys who got scholarships were those whose parents could perfectly have afforded to give them a first-class education.

Probably there will some day be a reaction in England in this matter. The prevalent present plan is to give every advantage to the clever boy (which means a boy who has a faculty for acquirement, but often lacks those qualities most needed to make him a valuable citizen), and to let those who are not so bright at book-learning, and need every aid, scramble along as they can. It was certainly not the system which Sutton designed, and there are not a few who, without being by any means bigoted conservatives, consider that the utter indifference displayed of late years to the intentions of founders is quite unjustifiable, and offers little encouragement to those who would be disposed to make similar bequests.

At Oxford, for instance, nearly every scholarship is now thrown open to general competition. This sounds very fine, but is in utter disregard of the fact that the founder in most instances was induced to bequeath his money with the view that those who came from the part of the country to which he himself belonged should benefit. Of course, time had rendered necessary certain changes, but these have been sweeping to a degree which is inconsistent with a due regard to the wills of the dead, and meanwhile no one seems disposed to admit that the public schools or universities turn out men one whit better than in days gone by, or indeed do more for the general education of the people.

Recently a sweeping change has been made at the Charter-House, which had seemed to be almost proof against innovation. So far as nominating boys to the foundation, the governors' patronage will, after one more term apiece, be at an end, and the privilege of participating in Sutton's benefits will be open to all boys who have been for some months members of the school, and are clever enough to beat their fellows in competition. The governors reserve, however, their right of nominating aged or disabled men, whose number now, we believe, amounts to one hundred.

A school-day at Charter-House began at eight, with what we called "first school." Prayers, lasting about five minutes, took place in the large school-room. These were read by a "gown-boy" monitor. The lessons at first school consisted entirely of repetition—repeating Latin poetry, and occasionally prose. As each boy finished his repetition—the boys being taken up in the order in which they were numbered the previous day—he left the school and went to breakfast. Breakfast consisted of an almost unlimited supply of hot rolls and butter and milk, but this was supplemented in the case of almost every boy by edibles purchased with his pocket-money. For those who had the privilege of fagging this was recognized and allowed, and in regard to the rest it was connived at, and marmalades, potted meats and such-like relishes freely circulated, being supplied for the most part by the servants, who drove a lively trade in such comestibles.

Toasting was brought to the very highest perfection. Never before or since have we tasted anything of its kind so good as a buttered roll toasted. It was a French roll buttered all over outside, and then skillfully grilled until the outside was a rich crisp brown. This was brought by the fag to his master "hot and hot," and, being cut open, eaten with butter. The rooms were warmed by immense open fireplaces, there being no limit to the expenditure of coal, which was prodigious.

In our time (1847–1853) there was an immense deal of fagging, which has been, we believe very properly, much diminished. Under boys were called in to perform many menial offices which should have been done by servants. The task-work which by "gown-boys" was most disliked was what was called being basonite. This duty devolved upon the twelve junior boys occupying what was known as "the under bedroom." To this hour we recall with horror how on a gloomy, foggy, wintry Monday morning we remembered on waking that it was our basonite week—for a fresh set of three went to work each Monday morning—and that we must get up and call the monitors. This basonite duty consisted of the most elaborate valeting. Each monitor's clothes were brushed, warm water was fetched and poured out for him, and everything so arranged that he might lie in bed up to the last possible moment, and then—one small boy being ready with his coat, another with his waistcoat, and a third with his cap—be able to dress in five minutes and rush into school. At midday, when the monitors washed their hands for dinner, similar work had to be done, and again in the evening, when they washed their hands for supper.

The only set-off to all this was that each monitor had been a basonite, and each basonite had a very good chance of becoming a monitor. But it was carrying the fagging system to far too great an extent, and the practice is now greatly modified.

The domestic arrangements were in many respects rough and comfortless, and so intensely conservative were the ruling powers in these respects that complaint or remonstrance scarcely received any attention. On the other hand, the utmost liberality prevailed in most matters. The foundation scholars' dinner, for instance, was provided in a long, low, old-fashioned, oak-paneled hall, admirably adapted for the purpose. The food was excellent in quality, unlimited in quantity, and very comfortably served. The only drawback was want of variety, and the perennial reappearance of raspberry tartlets every Wednesday at length provoked a mutiny against that form of pastry, the order being passed down that no one was to touch it.

An upper boy had two fags, the inferior of the two being called his tea-fag. A good feeling nearly always subsisted between master and fag, inasmuch as the former generally selected a boy he liked; and indeed in many cases the connection engendered a warm and lasting regard between the parties. The fag had access to his master's study, could retreat there to do his lessons in quiet, and not unfrequently was assisted in them by his master.

Those who came off worst were dirty boys: no mercy was shown them. One such we can recall—now a very spruce, well-appointed government official—whose obstinate adherence to dirt was marvelous, seeing what it cost him.

There are always some bullies among a lot of boys, but serious bullying was uncommon, and not unfrequently a hideous retribution befell a bully through some "big fellow" resolving to wreak on him what he inflicted on others. We can recall one very bright, brilliant youth, now high in the Indian civil service, whose drollery when bullying was irresistible, even to those who knew their turn might come next. "Come here, F——," we remember his saying to a fat youth of reputed uncleanness: then dropping his voice to a tone of subdued horror and solemnity, "I was shocked to hear you use a bad word just now." "No indeed, B——," protested the trembling F——. "Ah, well, I'm certain that you are now thinking it; and, besides, at any rate, you look fat and disgusting; so hold down your hands;" and poor F—— retired howling after a tremendous "swinger"—*i. e.* swinging box on the ear.

The school was divided into six forms, the sixth being the highest. Below the first form were two classes called upper and lower petties. Up to 1850, classics were the almost exclusive study, but the changes then made in the curriculum of studies at Oxford rendered attention to mathematics absolutely necessary. Much less stress was laid upon Latin verses at Charter-House than at Eton, and a Latin prose composition was regarded as the most important part of scholarship, inasmuch as a certain proficiency in it is a *sine qua non* at Oxford. French was taught twice a week by a master of celebrity, who, however, did not understand the art of dinning learning into unwilling boys. It rarely happens in England that boys acquire any real knowledge of French at school: those who gain the prizes are almost invariably boys who have resided abroad and picked up the language in childhood. Music was taught by Mr. Hullah, and attendance on the part of gown-boys was compulsory. Drawing and fencing were extras.

Very great importance was attached to the annual examination, which was conducted by examiners specially appointed by the governors. The result, which was kept a close secret until "Prize Saturday," was as eagerly looked forward to as the Derby by a betting man. The different forms were divided into classes, as at Oxford, according to merit, and the names printed along with the examination papers in pamphlet form. After this examination boys went up to the form above them, each boy usually remaining a year in each form.

The system of punishment was as follows. A book called the "Black Book" was kept by the school monitor of the week, there being four gown-boy—that is, foundation—monitors who took the duty of school monitor in rotation. A boy put down for three offences during the same week was flogged, but the end of each week cleared off old scores. The entries were in this wise:

| *Name of Boy.* | *Offence.* | *By whom put down.* |
|---|---|---|
| Robinson 1.... | Idle.......... | Dr. Saunders. |
| Smith 1, 2...... | Talking in School.... | Mr. Curtis. |

"Go and put your name down," a master would say. "Oh please, sir, I'm down twice." "Then put it down a third time." Then would follow entreaties, which, unless the delinquent had been previously privately marked down for execution, would probably avail. When a flogging offence was committed a boy was put down thus:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Robinson 1, 2, 3..... | Impertinent..... | Mr. ——. |

The flogging varied much in severity according to the crime. The process was precisely the same as at Eton. Partially denuded of his nether garments, the victim knelt upon the block, the monitor standing at his head. The birches were kept in a long box which served as a settee, and were furnished periodically by the man who brought the fire fagots. Now and again the box would, by the carelessness of the functionary called "the school-groom," be left open, and it was then considered a point of honor on the part of an under boy to promptly avail himself of the opportunity to "skin" the rods—*i.e.*, draw them through a piece of stuff in such a way as to take the buds off, after which they hurt very much less.

Serious offences, such as insubordination and gross disobedience, were punished by a flogging with two birches, which was too severe a punishment. The degree of pain varied very much according to the delicacy of skin, and no doubt some boys—one of our comrades had been flogged about twenty-five times—did not feel much after many floggings, becoming literally case-hardened; whereas, we have known a boy compelled to stay in bed two or three days from the effects of a flogging which would have left little mark upon the "twenty-fiver." When a victim issued from the flogging-room the questions from an eager throng were, "How many cuts, old fellow? Did it *take* much? You howled like the devil!"[*]

The monitors were furnished with small canes, which they were permitted to use with moderation, but nothing like the horrible process of "tunding," as at Winchester, was known. The theory of entrusting this power to monitors is, that if you do not give certain boys the right to punish, might will be right, whilst the monitors, being duly made to feel their responsibility, will only punish where punishment is properly due, and will serve as a protection to the weak.

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[*] In what is known as "The Charter-House Play," which describes some boyish orgies and their subsequent punishment, the latter is described in the pathetic lines:

Now the victim low is bending,
Now the fearful rod descending,
Hark a blow! Again, again
Sounds the instrument of pain.

Goddess of mercy! oh impart
Thy kindness to the doctor's heart:
Bid him words of pardon say—
Cast the blood-stained scourge away.

In vain, in vain! he will not hear:
Mercy is a stranger there.
Justice, unrelenting dame,
First asserts her lawful claim.

This is aye her maxim true:
"They who sin must suffer too."
When of fun we've had our fill,
Justice then sends in her bill,
And as soon as we have read it,
Pay we must: she gives no credit.

There is some rather fine doggerel too, in which the doctor—the Dr. Portman of *Pendennis*—apostrophizes a monitor in whom he had believed, but finds to have been as bad as the rest. *The Doctor* (with voice indicative of tears and indignation):

Oh, Simon Steady! Simon Steady, oh!
What would your father say to see you so?—
You whom I always trusted, whom I deemed
As really good and honest as you seemed.

Are you the leader of this lawless throng,
The chief of all that's dissolute and wrong?
*Then with awful emphasis:*
Bad is the drunkard, shameless is the youth
Who dares desert the sacred paths of truth;
But he who hides himself 'neath Virtue's pall,
The painted hypocrite, is worse than all!

In acting this play the manner of the real doctor (Mr. Gladstone's old tutor, now dean of Peterborough) was often imitated to the life, which of course brought down the house.

There was a half-holiday every Wednesday and Saturday. Every Saturday upper boys who had friends might go out from Saturday till Sunday night, and lower boys were allowed to do the same every other Saturday. These events were of course greatly looked forward to from week to week. Not the least agreeable feature was the probable addition to pocket-money, for in England it is the custom to "tip" school-boys, and we have ourselves come back joyous on a Sunday evening with six sovereigns chinking in our pockets. Alas, no one tips us now! Then there was the delight of comparing notes of the doings during the delightful preceding twenty-four hours. Thus, whilst Brown detailed the delights of the pantomime to which Uncle John had taken him on Saturday night, Robinson descanted on the marvels of the Zoological Gardens, with special reference to the free-and-easy life of monkeydom, and Smith never wearied of enlarging on the terrors and glories of the Tower of London. Altogether, there were fourteen weeks' holiday in the year —six weeks in August, five at Christmas and three at Whitsuntide, with two days at Easter.

There were several beds in each bedroom, and there was a very strict rule that the most perfect order should prevail—in fact, lower boys were forbidden to talk; but talk they always did, and long stories, often protracted for nights, were told; and for our part, we must confess that we have never enjoyed any fictions more than those.

Evening prayers took place in the several houses at nine, after which the lower boys went to bed. A junior master—there was one to each house—always attended at prayers, which were read by a monitor. Before prayers names were called over and every boy accounted for.

Although in the midst of brick and mortar, two large spaces, containing several acres, were available for cricket, whilst foot-ball—and very fierce games of it, too—was usually played in the curious old cloisters of the Chartreuse monks which opened on "Upper Green." The grass-plot of Upper Green was kept sacred from the feet of under boys except in "cricket quarter," as the summer quarter was termed. It was rolled, watered and attended to with an assiduity such as befalls few spots of ground in the world. The roof of the cloisters was a terrace flagged with stone, and on the occasion of cricket-matches a gay bevy of ladies assembled here to look at the exploits of the young Rawdon Crawleys and Pendennises of the day. Immediately opposite the terrace, across the green, on the immensely high blank wall, was the word "Crown" rudely painted, and above it what was intended as a representation of that sign of sovereignty. This had a history. It was said to have been written there originally by "the bold and strong-minded Law," commemorated by Macaulay in his Warren Hastings article, who became Lord Ellenborough, and the last lord chief-justice who had the honor of a seat in the cabinet. It was probably put up originally as a goal for boys running races, and for nearly a century was regularly repainted as commemorative of a famous alumnus who was so fondly attached to the place of his early education that he desired to be buried in its chapel, and an imposing monument to his memory may be seen on its walls. Between Upper and Under Greens, on the slight eminence to which we have alluded, stood "School," a large ugly edifice of brick mounted with stone, which derived an interest in the eyes of those educated there from the fact that the names of hundreds of old Carthusians were engraven on its face; for it was the custom of boys leaving school to have their names bracketed with those of friends; and when Brown took his departure his name was duly cut, with a space left for Robinson's name when the time of his departure came.

These stones have now exchanged the

murky air of London for that of one of the pleasantest sites in Surrey. Charter-House School has, after passing two hundred and sixty years in the metropolis, changed its location, and must be looked for now on a delightful spot near Godalming in Surrey. The governors very wisely determined about five years ago that boys were much better in country than in town, and, having ample funds, took measures accordingly. Last October the new buildings were ready for the boys' reception, and they met there for the first time. The stones, however, were, with a sentiment most will appreciate, removed, in order to connect the past with the present, for the Charter-House must ever have many tender ties binding it to the site of the old monastery with its rich historic memories; and however famous may be the men who go forth from the new ground which Sutton's famous foundation occupies, it must derive a great part of its fame for a long time to come from the place which sent out into the world Addison, Steele, Thirlwall, Grote, Leech and Thackeray, not to mention a host of names of those who in arms and arts have done credit to the place of their education.*

The home for aged and infirm or disabled men will remain where it has always been. This establishment has indeed been a welcome refuge to thousands who have known better days. Men of all ranks and conditions, who have experienced in the afternoon of life contrary winds too powerful for them to encounter, have here found a haven for the remnant of their days. Some have held most important positions, and a lord mayor of London, who had received emperors at his table, was a few years ago one of Sutton's "poor brethren." The pensioners were always called *cods* by the boys, probably short for codgers. Each had a room plainly furnished, about one hundred and fifty dollars a year, rations, and a dinner every day in the great hall. The boys, who did not often know their names, gave them nicknames by which they became generally known. Thus three were called "Battle," "Murder" and "Sudden Death;" another "Larky," in consequence of a certain levity of demeanor at divine service. These old gentlemen were expected to attend chapel daily. Every evening at nine o'clock the chapel bell tolled the exact number of them, just as Great Tom at Christ Church, Oxford, nightly rings out the number of the students. Being for the most part aged men, soured by misfortune and failure, they are naturally enough often hard to please and difficult to deal with.

No passage in Thackeray's writings is more deeply pathetic than that in which he records the last scene of one "poor brother," that Bayard of fiction, Colonel Newcome: "At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word he used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

AN OLD "GOWN-BOY."

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* In his curious *London and the Country, Carbonadoed and Quartered into severall Characters* (1632), Lupton writes under the head of

"CHARTER-HOUSE.

"This place is well described by three things—magnificence, munificence and religious government. The first shows the wealth of the founder; the second, the means to make the good thing done durable; the third demonstrates his intent that thus established it. . . . This one place hath sent many a famous member to the universities, and not a few to the wars. The deed of this man that so ordered this house is much spoken of and commended; but there's none (except only one—Sion College) that hath as yet either striven to equal or imitate that, and I fear never will."

# A PRINCESS OF THULE.

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

## CHAPTER IV.

### ROMANCE-TIME.

EARLY morning at Borva, fresh, luminous and rare; the mountains in the south grown pale and cloud-like under a sapphire sky; the sea ruffled into a darker blue by a light breeze from the west: and the sunlight lying hot on the red gravel and white shells around Mackenzie's house. There is an odor of sweetbrier about, hovering in the warm, still air, except at such times as the breeze freshens a bit, and brings round the shoulder of the hill the cold, strange scent of the rocks and the sea beyond.

And on this fresh and pleasant morning Sheila sat in the big garden-seat in front of the house, talking to the stranger to whom she had been introduced the day before. He was no more a stranger, however, to all appearance, for what could be more frank and friendly than their conversation, or more bright and winning than the smile with which she frequently turned to speak or to listen? Of course this stranger could not be her friend as Mr. Ingram was—that was impossible. But he talked a great deal more than Mr. Ingram, and was apparently more anxious to please and be pleased; and indeed was altogether very winning and courteous and pleasant in his ways. Beyond this vague impression, Sheila ventured upon no further comparison between the two men. If her older friend had been down, she would doubtless have preferred talking to him about all that had happened in the island since his last visit; but here was this newer friend thrown, as it were, upon her hospitality, and eager, with a most respectful and yet simple and friendly interest, to be taught all that Ingram already knew. Was he not, too, in mere appearance like one of the princes she had read of in many an ancient ballad—tall and handsome and yellow-haired, fit to have come sailing over the sea, with a dozen merry comrades, to carry off some sea-king's daughter to be his bride? Sheila began to regret that the young man knew so little about the sea and the northern islands and those old-time stories; but then he was very anxious to learn.

"You must say *Mach-Klyoda* instead of Macleod," she was saying to him, "if you like *Styornoway* better than Stornoway. It is the Gaelic, that is all."

"Oh, it is ever so much prettier," said young Lavender with a quite genuine enthusiasm in his face, not altogether begotten of the letter *y*; "and indeed I don't think you can possibly tell how singularly pleasant and quaint it is to an English ear to hear just that little softening of the vowels that the people have here. I suppose you don't notice that they say *gyarden* for garden—"

"They!" As if he had paid attention to the pronunciation of any one except Sheila herself!

"—but not quite so hard as I pronounce it. And so with a great many other words, that are softened and sweetened, and made almost poetical in their sound by the least bit of inflection. How surprised and pleased English ladies would be to hear you speak! Oh, I beg your pardon—I did not mean to—I—I beg your pardon—"

Sheila seemed a little astonished by her companion's evident mortification, and said with a smile, "If others speak so in the island, of course I must too; and you say it does not shock you."

His distress at his own rudeness now found an easy vent. He protested that no people could talk English like the people of Lewis. He gave Sheila to understand that the speech of English folks was as the croaking of ravens compared with the sweet tones of the northern isles; and this drew him on to speak of his friends in the South and of London, and of the chances of Sheila ever going thither.

"It must be so strange never to have seen London," he said. "Don't you ever dream of what it is like? Don't you ever try to think of a great space, nearly as big as this island, all covered over with large houses, the roads between the houses all made of stone, and great bridges going over the rivers, with railway-trains standing? By the way, you have never seen a railway-engine!"

He looked at her for a moment in astonishment, as if he had not hitherto realized to himself the absolute ignorance of the remote princess. Sheila, with some little touch of humor appearing in her calm eyes, said, "But I am not quite ignorant of all these things. I have seen pictures of them, and my papa has described them to me so often that I will feel as if I had seen them all; and I do not think I should be surprised, except, perhaps, by the noise of the big towns. It was many a time my papa told me of that; but he says I cannot understand it, nor the great distance of land you travel over to get to London. That is what I do not wish to see. I was often thinking of it, and that to pass so many places that you do not know would make you very sad."

"That can be easily avoided," he said lightly. "When you go to London, you must go from Glasgow or Edinburgh in a night-train, and fall fast asleep, and in the morning you will find yourself in London, without having seen anything."

"Just as if one had gone across a great distance of sea, and come to another island you will never see before," said Sheila, with the gray-blue eyes under the black eyelashes grown strange and distant.

"But you must not think of it as a melancholy thing," he said, almost anxiously. "You will find yourself among all sorts of gayeties and amusements; you will have cheerful people around you, and plenty of things to see; you will drive in beautiful parks, and go to theatres, and meet people in large and brilliant rooms, filled with flowers and silver and light. And all through the winter, that must be so cold and dark up here, you will find abundance of warmth and light, and plenty of flowers, and every sort of pleasant thing. You will hear no more of those songs of drowned people; and you will be afraid no longer of the storms, or listen to the waves at night; and by and by, when you have got quite accustomed to London, and got a great many friends, you might be disposed to stay there altogether; and you would grow to think of this island as a desolate and melancholy place, and never seek to come back."

The girl rose suddenly and turned to a fuchsia tree, pretending to pick some of its flowers. Tears had sprung to her eyes unbidden, and it was in rather an uncertain voice that she said, still managing to conceal her face, "I like to hear you talk of those places, but—but I will never leave Borva."

What possible interest could he have in combating this decision so anxiously, almost so imploringly? He renewed his complaints against the melancholy of the sea and the dreariness of the northern winters. He described again and again the brilliant lights and colors of town-life in the South. As a mere matter of experience and education she ought to go to London; and had not her papa as good as intimated his intention of taking her?

In the midst of these representations a step was heard in the hall, and then the girl looked round with a bright light on her face.

"Well, Sheila?" said Ingram, according to his custom, and both the girl's hands were in his the next minute. "You are down early. What have you been about? Have you been telling Mr. Lavender of the Black Horse of Loch Suainabhal?"

"No: Mr. Lavender has been telling me of London."

"And I have been trying to induce Miss Mackenzie to pay us a visit, so that we may show her the difference between a city and an island. But all to no purpose. Miss Mackenzie seems to like hard winters and darkness and cold;

and as for that perpetual and melancholy and cruel sea, that in the wintertime I should fancy might drive anybody into a lunatic asylum—"

"Ah, you must not talk badly of the sea," said the girl, with all her courage and brightness returned to her face: "it is our very good friend. It gives us food, and keeps many people alive. It carries the lads away to other places, and brings them back with money in their pockets—"

"And sometimes it smashes a few of them on the rocks, or swallows up a dozen families, and the next morning it is as smooth and treacherous and fair as if nothing had happened."

"But that is not the sea at all," said Sheila: "that is the storms that will wreck the boats; and how can the sea help that? When the sea is let alone the sea is very good to us."

Ingram laughed aloud and patted the girl's head fondly; and Lavender, blushing a little, confessed he was beaten, and that he would never again, in Miss Mackenzie's presence, say anything against the sea.

The King of Borva now appearing, they all went in to breakfast; and Sheila sat opposite the window, so that all the light coming in from the clear sky and the sea was reflected upon her face, and lit up every varying expression that crossed it or that shone up in the beautiful deeps of her eyes. Lavender, his own face in shadow, could look at her from time to time, himself unseen; and as he sat in almost absolute silence, and noticed how she talked with Ingram, and what deference she paid him, and how anxious she was to please him, he began to wonder if he should ever be admitted to a like friendship with her. It was so strange, too, that this handsome, proud-featured, proud-spirited girl should so devote herself to the amusement of a man like Ingram, and, forgetting all the court that should have been paid to a pretty woman, seem determined to persuade him that he was conferring a favor upon her by every word and look. Of course, Lavender admitted to himself, Ingram was a very good sort of fellow—a very good sort of fellow indeed. If any one was in a scrape about money, Ingram would come to the rescue without a moment's hesitation, although the salary of a clerk in the Board of Trade might have been made the excuse, by any other man, for a very justifiable refusal. He was very clever too—had read much, and all that kind of thing. But he was not the sort of man you might expect to get on well with women. Unless with very intimate friends, he was a trifle silent and reserved. Often he was inclined to be pragmatic and sententious, and had a habit of saying unpleasantly bitter things when some careless joke was being made. He was a little dingy in appearance; and a man who had a somewhat cold manner, who was sallow of face, who was obviously getting gray, and who was generally insignificant in appearance, was not the sort of man, one would think, to fascinate an exceptionally handsome girl, who had brains enough to know the fineness of her own face. But here was this princess paying attentions to him such as must have driven a more impressionable man out of his senses, while Ingram sat quiet and pleased, sometimes making fun of her, and generally talking to her as if she were a child. Sheila had chatted very pleasantly with him, Lavender, in the morning, but it was evident that her relations with Ingram were of a very different kind, such as he could not well understand. For it was scarcely possible that she could be in love with Ingram, and yet surely the pleasure that dwelt in her expressive face when she spoke to him or listened to him was not the result of a mere friendship.

If Lavender had been told at that moment that these two were lovers, and that they were looking forward to an early marriage, he would have rejoiced with an enthusiasm of joy. He would have honestly and cordially shaken Ingram by the hand; he would have made plans for introducing the young bride to all the people he knew; and he would have gone straight off, on reaching London, to buy Sheila a diamond necklace even if he had to borrow the money from Ingram himself.

"And have you got rid yet of the *Airgiod-cearc*,* Sheila?" said Ingram, suddenly breaking in upon these dreams; "or does every owner of hens still pay his annual shilling to the Lord of Lewis?"

"It is not away yet," said the girl, "but when Sir James comes in the autumn I will go over to Stornoway and ask him to take away the tax; and I know he will do it, for what is the shilling worth to him, when he has spent thousands and thousands of pounds on the Lewis? But it will be very hard on some of the poor people that only keep one or two hens; and I will tell Sir James of all that—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father impatiently. "What is the *Airgiod-cearc* to you, that you will go over to Stornoway only to be laughed at and make a fool of yourself?"

"That is nothing, not anything at all," said the girl, "if Sir James will only take away the tax."

"Why, Sheila, they would treat you as another Lady Godiva!" said Ingram, with a good-humored smile.

"But Miss Mackenzie is quite right," exclaimed Lavender, with a sudden flush of color leaping into his handsome face and an honest glow of admiration into his eyes. "I think it is a very noble thing for her to do, and nobody, either in Stornoway or anywhere else, would be such a brute as to laugh at her for trying to help those poor people, who have not too many friends and defenders, God knows!"

Ingram looked surprised. Since when had the young gentleman across the table acquired such a singular interest in the poorer classes, of whose very existence he had for the most part seemed unaware? But the enthusiasm in his face was quite honest: there could be no doubt of that. As for Sheila, with a beating heart she ventured to send to her champion a brief and timid glance of gratitude, which the young man observed, and never forgot.

"You will not know what it is all about," said the King of Borva with a peevish air, as though it were too bad that a person of his authority should have to descend to petty details about a hen-tax. "It is many and many a tax and a due Sir James will take away from his tenants in the Lewis, and he will spend more money a thousand times than ever he will get back; and it was this *Airgiod-cearc*, it will stand in the place of a great many other things taken away, just to remind the folk that they have not their land all in their own right. It is many things you will have to do in managing the poor people, not to let them get too proud, or forgetful of what they owe to you; and now there is no more tacksmen to be the masters of the small crofters, and the crofters they would think they were landlords themselves if there were no dues for them to pay."

"I have heard of those middlemen: they were dreadful tyrants and thieves, weren't they?" said Lavender. Ingram kicked his foot under the table. "I mean, that was the popular impression of them —a vulgar error, I presume," continued the young man in the coolest manner. "And so you have got rid of them? Well, I dare say many of them were honest men, and suffered very unjustly in common report."

Mackenzie answered nothing, but his daughter said quickly, "But, you know, Mr. Lavender, they have not gone away merely because they cease to have the letting of the land to the crofters. They have still their old holdings, and so have the crofters in most cases. Every one now holds direct from the proprietor, that is all."

"So that there is no difference between the former tacksman and his serf except the relative size of their farms?"

"Well, the crofters have no leases, but the tacksmen have," said the girl somewhat timidly; and then she added, "But you have not decided yet, Mr. Ingram, what you will do to-day. It is too clear for the salmon-fishing. Will you go over to Meavig, and show Mr. Lavender the Bay of Uig and the Seven Hunters?"

"Surely we must show him Borvabost first, Sheila," said Ingram. "He saw nothing of it last night in the dark; and I think, if you offered to take Mr. Lavender round in your boat and show him what a clever sailor you are, he would prefer that to walking over the hill."

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* Pronounced *Argyud-chark;* literally, "hen-money."

"I can take you all round in the boat, certainly," said the girl with a quick blush of pleasure; and forthwith a message was sent to Duncan that cushions should be taken down to the Maighdeanmhara, the little vessel of which Sheila was both skipper and pilot.

How beautiful was the fair sea-picture that lay around them as the Maighdeanmhara stood out to the mouth of Loch Roag on this bright summer morning! Sheila sat in the stern of the small boat, her hand on the tiller. Lufrath lay at her feet, his nose between the long and shaggy paws. Duncan, grave and watchful as to the wind and the points of the coast, sat amidships, with the sheets of the mainsail held fast, and superintended the seamanship of his young mistress with a respectful but most evident pride. And as Ingram had gone off with Mackenzie to walk over to the White Water before going down to Borvabost, Frank Lavender was Sheila's sole companion out in this wonderland of rock and sea and blue sky.

He did not talk much to her, and she was so well occupied with the boat that he could regard with impunity the shifting lights and graces of her face and all the wonder and winning depths of her eyes. The sea was blue around them; the sky overhead had not a speck of cloud in it; the white sand-bays, the green stretches of pasture and the far and spectral mountains trembled in a haze of sunlight. Then there was all the delight of the fresh and cool wind, the hissing of the water along the boat, and the joyous rapidity with which the small vessel, lying over a little, ran through the crisply curling waters, and brought into view the newer wonders of the opening sea.

Was it not all a dream, that he should be sitting by the side of this sea-princess, who was attended only by her deerhound and the tall keeper? And if a dream, why should it not go on for ever? To live for ever in this magic land—to have the princess herself carry him in this little boat into the quiet bays of the islands, or out at night, in moonlight, on the open sea — to forget for ever the godless South and its social phantasmagoria, and live in this beautiful and distant solitude, with the solemn secrets of the hills and the moving deep for ever present to the imagination, might not that be a nobler life? And some day or other he would take this island-princess up to London, and he would bid the women that he knew — the scheming mothers and the doll-like daughters—stand aside from before this perfect work of God. She would carry with her the mystery of the sea in the deeps of her eyes, and the music of the far hills would be heard in her voice, and all the sweetness and purity and brightness of the clear summer skies would be mirrored in her innocent soul. She would appear in London as some wild-plumaged bird hailing from distant climes, and before she had lived there long enough to grow sad, and have the weight of the city clouding the brightness of her eyes, she would be spirited away again into this strange sea-kingdom, where there seemed to be perpetual sunshine and the light music of the waves.

Poor Sheila! She little knew what was expected of her, or the sort of drama into which she was being thrown as a central figure. She little knew that she, a simple Highland girl, was being transformed into a wonderful creature of romance, who was to put to shame the gentle dames and maidens of London society, and do many other extraordinary things. But what would have appeared the most extraordinary of all these speculations, if she had only known of them, was the assumption that she would marry Frank Lavender. *That* the young man had quite naturally taken for granted, but perhaps only as a basis for his imaginative scenes. In order to do these fine things she would have to be married to somebody, and why not to himself? Think of the pride he would have in leading this beautiful girl, with her quaint manners and fashion of speech, into a

London drawing-room! Would not every one wish to know her? Would not every one listen to her singing of those Gaelic songs? for of course she must sing well. Would not all his artist friends be anxious to paint her? and she would go to the Academy to convince the loungers there how utterly the canvas had failed to catch the light and dignity and sweetness of her face.

When Sheila spoke he started.

"Did you not see it?"

"What?"

"The seal: it rose for a moment just over there," said the girl, with a great interest visible in her eyes.

The beautiful dreams he had been dreaming were considerably shattered by this interruption. How could a fairy princess be so interested in some common animal showing its head out of the sea? It also occurred to him, just at this moment, that if Sheila and Mairi went out in this boat by themselves, they must be in the habit of hoisting up the mainsail; and was such rude and coarse work befitting the character of a princess?

"He looks very like a black man in the water when his head comes up," said Sheila—"when the water is smooth so that you will see him look at you. But I have not told you yet about the Black Horse that Alister-nan-Each saw at Loch Suainabhal one night. Loch Suainabhal, that is inland and fresh water, so it was not a seal; but Alister was going along the shore, and he saw it lying up by the road, and he looked at it for a long time. It was quite black, and he thought it was a boat; but when he came near he saw it begin to move, and then it went down across the shore and splashed into the loch. And it had a head bigger than a horse, and quite black, and it made a noise as it went down the shore to the loch."

"Don't you think Alister must have been taking a little whisky, Miss Mackenzie?"

"No, not that, for he came to me just after he will see the beast."

"And do you really believe he saw such an animal?" said Lavender with a smile.

"I do not know," said the girl gravely. "Perhaps it was only a fright, and he imagined he saw it; but I do not know it is impossible there can be such an animal at Loch Suainabhal. But that is nothing: it is of no consequence. But I have seen stranger things than the Black Horse, that many people will not believe."

"May I ask what they are?" he said gently.

"Some other time, perhaps, I will tell you; but there is much explanation about it, and, you see, we are going in to Borvabost."

Was this, then, the capital of the small empire over which the princess ruled? He saw before him but a long row of small huts or hovels resembling beehives, which stood above the curve of a white bay, and at one portion of the bay was a small creek, near which a number of large boats, bottom upward, lay on the beach. What odd little dwellings those were! The walls, a few feet high, were built of rude blocks of stone or slices of turf, and from those low supports rose a rounded roof of straw, which was thatched over by a further layer of turf. There were few windows, and no chimneys at all—not even a hole in the roof. And what was meant by the two men who, standing on one of the turf walls, were busily engaged in digging into the rich brown and black thatch and heaving it into a cart? Sheila had to explain to him that while she was doing everything in her power to get the people to suffer the introduction of windows, it was hopeless to think of chimneys; for by carefully guarding against the egress of the peat-smoke, it slowly saturated the thatch of the roof, which at certain periods of the year was then taken off to dress the fields, and a new roof of straw put on.

By this time they had run the Maighdean-mhara—the "Sea Maiden"—into a creek, and were climbing up the steep beach of shingle that had been worn smooth by the unquiet waters of the Atlantic.

"And will you want to speak to me, Ailasa?" said Sheila, turning to a small girl who had approached her somewhat diffidently.

She was a pretty little thing, with a round fair face tanned by the sun, brown hair and soft dark eyes. She was bare-headed, bare-footed and bare-armed, but she was otherwise smartly dressed, and she held in her hand an enormous flounder, apparently about half as heavy as herself.

"Will ye hef the fesh, Miss Sheila?" said the small Ailasa, holding out the flounder, but looking down all the same.

"Did you catch it yourself, Ailasa?"

"Yes, it wass Donald and me: we wass out in a boat, and Donald had a line."

"And it is a present for me?" said Sheila, patting the small head and its wild and soft hair. "Thank you, Ailasa. But you must ask Donald to carry it up to the house and give it to Mairi. I cannot take it with me just now, you know."

There was a small boy cowering behind one of the upturned boats, and by his furtive peepings showing that he was in league with his sister. Ailasa, not thinking that she was discovering his whereabouts, turned quite naturally in that direction, until she was suddenly stopped by Lavender, who called to her and put his hand in his pocket. But he was too late. Sheila had stepped in, and with a quick look, which was all the protest that was needed, shut her hand over the half crown he had in his fingers.

"Never mind, Ailasa," she said. "Go away and get Donald, and bid him carry the fish up to Mairi."

Lavender put up the half crown in his pocket in a somewhat dazed fashion: what he chiefly knew was that Sheila had for a moment held his hand in hers and that her eyes had met his.

Well, that little incident of Ailasa and the flounder was rather pleasant to him. It did not shock the romantic associations he had begun to weave around his fair companion. But when they had gone up to the cottages—Mackenzie and Ingram not yet having arrived—and when Sheila proceeded to tell him about the circumstances of the fishermen's lives, and to explain how such and such things were done in the fields and in the pickling-houses, and so forth, Lavender was a little disappointed. Sheila took him into some of the cottages, or rather hovels, and he vaguely knew in the darkness that she sat down by the low glow of the peat-fire, and began to ask the women about all sorts of improvements in the walls and windows and gardens, and what not. Surely it was not for a princess to go advising people about particular sorts of soap, or offering to pay for a pane of glass if the husband of the woman would make the necessary aperture in the stone wall. The picture of Sheila appearing as a sea-princess in a London drawing-room was all very beautiful in its way, but here she was discussing as to the quality given to broth by the addition of a certain vegetable which she offered to send down from her own garden if the cottager in question would try to grow it.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," he said at length, when they got outside, his eyes dazed with the light and smarting with the peat-smoke—"I wonder you can trouble yourself with such little matters that those people should find out for themselves."

The girl looked up with some surprise: "That is the work I have to do. My papa cannot do everything in the island."

"But what is the necessity for your bothering yourself about such things? Surely they ought to be able to look after their own gardens and houses. It is no degradation—certainly not, for anything you interested yourself in would become worthy of attention by the very fact—but, after all, it seems such a pity you should give up your time to these commonplace details."

"But some one must do it," said the girl quite innocently, "and my papa has no time. And they will be very good in doing what I ask them—every one in the island."

Was this a willful affectation? he said to himself. Or was she really incapable of understanding that there was anything incongruous in a young lady of her position, education and refinement busying herself with the curing of fish and the cost of lime? He had himself marked the incongruity long ago, when Ingram had been telling him of the remote and beautiful maiden whose only notions of the world had been derived from literature—who was more familiar with the magic land in which Endymion wandered than with any other—and that at the same time she was about as good as her father at planning a wooden bridge over a stream. When Lavender had got outside again—when he found himself walking with her along the white beach in front of the blue Atlantic—she was again the princess of his dreams. He looked at her face, and he saw in her eyes that she must be familiar with all the romantic nooks and glades of English poetry. The plashing of the waves down there and the music of her voice recalled the sad legends of the fishermen he hoped to hear her sing. But ever and anon there occurred a jarring recollection—whether arising from a contradiction between his notion of Sheila and the actual Sheila, or whether from some incongruity in himself, he did not stop to consider. He only knew that a beautiful maiden who had lived by the sea all her life, and who had followed the wanderings of Endymion in the enchanted forest, need not have been so particular about a method of boiling potatoes, or have shown so much interest in a pattern for children's frocks.

Mackenzie and Ingram met them. There was the usual "Well, Sheila?" followed by a thousand questions about the very things she had been inquiring into. That was one of the odd points about Ingram that puzzled and sometimes vexed Lavender; for if you are walking home at night it is inconvenient to be accompanied by a friend who would stop to ask about the circumstances of some old crone hobbling along the pavement, or who could, on his own doorstep, stop to have a chat with a garrulous policeman. Ingram was about as odd as Sheila herself in the attention he paid to those wretched cotters and their doings. He could not advise on the important subject of broth, but he would have tasted it by way of discovery, even if it had been presented to him in a tea-cup. He had already been prowling round the place with Mackenzie. He had inspected the apparatus in the creek for hauling up the boats. He had visited the curing-houses. He had examined the heaps of fish drying on the beach. He had drunk whisky with John the Piper and shaken hands with Alister-nan-Each. And now he had come to tell Sheila that the piper was bringing down luncheon from Mackenzie's house, and that after they had eaten and drunk on the white beach they would put out the Maighdean-mhara once more to sea, and sail over to Mevaig, that the stranger might see the wondrous sands of the Bay of Uig.

But it was not in consonance with the dignity of a king that his guests should eat from off the pebbles, like so many fishermen, and when Mairi and another girl brought down the baskets, luncheon was placed in the stern of the small vessel, while Duncan got up the sails and put out from the stone quay. As for John the Piper, was he insulted at having been sent on a menial errand? They had scarcely got away from the shore when the sounds of the pipes was wafted to them from the hillside above, and it was the "Lament of Mackrimmon" that followed them out to sea:

Mackrimmon shall no more return,
Oh never, never more return!

That was the wild and ominous air that was skirling up on the hillside; and Mackenzie's face, as he heard it, grew wroth. "That teffle of a piper John!" he said with an involuntary stamp of his foot. "What for will he be playing *Cha till mi tuilich?*"

"It is out of mischief, papa," said Sheila—"that is all."

"It will be more than mischief if I burn his pipes and drive him out of Borva. Then there will be no more of mischief."

"It is very bad of John to do that," said Sheila to Lavender, apparently in explanation of her father's anger, "for we have given him shelter here when there will be no more pipes in all the Lewis. It wass the Free Church ministers, they put down the pipes, for there wass too much wildness at the marriages when the pipes would play."

"And what do the people dance to now?" asked the young gentleman, who seemed to resent this piece of paternal government.

Sheila laughed in an embarrassed way.

"Miss Mackenzie would rather not tell you," said Ingram. "The fact is, the noble mountaineers of these districts have had to fall back on the Jew's harp. The ministers allow that instrument to be used—I suppose because there is a look of piety in the name. But the dancing doesn't get very mad when you have two or three young fellows playing a strathspey on a bit of trembling wire."

"That teffle of a piper John!" growled Mackenzie under his breath; and so the Maighdean-mhara lightly sped on her way, opening out the various headlands of the islands, until at last she got into the narrows by Eilean-Aird-Meinish, and ran up the long arm of the sea to Mevaig.

They landed and went up the rocks. They passed two or three small white houses overlooking the still, green waters of the sea, and then, following the line of a river, plunged into the heart of a strange and lonely district, in which there appeared to be no life. The river-track took them up a great glen, the sides of which were about as sheer as a railway-cutting. There were no trees or bushes about, but the green pasture along the bed of the valley wore its brightest colors in the warm sunlight, and far up on the hillsides the browns and crimsons of the heather and the silver-gray of the rocks trembled in the white haze of the heat. Over that again the blue sky, as still and silent as the world below.

They wandered on, content with idleness and a fine day. Mr. Mackenzie was talking with some little loudness, so that Lavender might hear, of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and was anxious to convey to Ted Ingram that a wise man, who is responsible for the well-being of his fellow-creatures, will study all sides of all questions, however dangerous. Sheila was doing her best to entertain the stranger, and he, in a dream of his own, was listening to the information she gave him. How much of it did he carry away? He was told that the gray goose built its nest in the rushes at the edge of lakes: Sheila knew several nests in Borva. Sheila also caught the young of the wild-duck when the mother was guiding them down the hill-rivulets to the sea. She had tamed many of them, catching them thus before they could fly. The names of most of the mountains about here ended in *bhal*, which was a Gaelic corruption of the Norse *fiall*, a mountain. There were many Norse names all through the Lewis, but more particularly toward the Butt. The termination *bost*, for example, at the end of many words, meant an inhabited place, but she fancied *bost* was Danish. And did Mr. Lavender know of the legend connected with the air of *Cha till, cha till mi tuille?*

Lavender started as from a trance, with an impression that he had been desperately rude. He was about to say that the gray gosling in the legend could not speak Scandinavian, when he was interrupted by Mr. Mackenzie turning and asking him if he knew from what ports the English smacks hailed that came up hither to the cod and the ling fishing for a couple of months in the autumn. The young man said he did not know. There were many fishermen at Brighton. And when the King of Borva turned to Ingram, to see why he was shouting with laughter, Sheila suddenly announced to the party that before them lay the great Bay of Uig.

It was certainly a strange and impressive scene. They stood on the top of a lofty range of hill, and underneath them lay a vast semicircle, miles in extent, of gleaming white sand, that had in bygone ages been washed in by the Atlantic. Into this vast plain of silver whiteness the sea, entering by a somewhat narrow portal, stretched in long arms of a pale blue. Elsewhere, the great crescent of sand was surrounded by a low line of rocky hill, showing a thousand tints of olive-green and gray and heather-purple; and beyond that again rose the giant bulk of Mealasabhal, grown pale in the heat, into the southern sky. There was not a ship visible along the blue plain of the Atlantic. The only human habitation to be seen in the strange world beneath them was a solitary manse. But away toward the summit of Mealasabhal two specks slowly circled in the air, which Sheila thought were eagles; and far out on the western sea, lying like dusky whales in the vague blue, were the Pladda Islands—the remote and unvisited Seven Hunters—whose only inhabitants are certain flocks of sheep belonging to dwellers on the mainland of Lewis.

The travelers sat down on a low block of gneiss to rest themselves, and then and there did the King of Borva recite his grievances and rage against the English smacks. Was it not enough that they should in passing steal the sheep, but that they should also, in mere wantonness, stalk them as deer, wounding them with rifle-bullets, and leaving them to die among the rocks? Sheila said bravely that no one could tell that it was the English fishermen who did that. Why not the crews of merchant-vessels, who might be of any nation? It was unfair to charge upon any body of men such a despicable act, when there was no proof of it whatever.

"Why, Sheila," said Ingram with some surprise, "you never doubted before that it was the English smacks that killed the sheep."

Sheila cast down her eyes and said nothing.

Was the sinister prophecy of John the Piper to be fulfilled? Mackenzie was so much engaged in expounding politics to Ingram, and Sheila was so proud to show her companion all the wonders of Uig, that when they returned to Mevaig in the evening the wind had altogether gone down and the sea was as a sea of glass. But if John the Piper had been ready to foretell for Mackenzie the fate of Mackrimmon, he had taken means to defeat destiny by bringing over from Borvabost a large and heavy boat pulled by six rowers. These were not strapping young fellows, clad in the best blue cloth to be got in Stornoway, but elderly men, gray, wrinkled, weather-beaten and hard of face, who sat stolidly in the boat and listened with a sort of bovine gaze to the old hunchback's wicked stories and jokes. John was in a mischievous mood, but Lavender, in a confidential whisper, informed Sheila that her father would speedily be avenged on the inconsiderate piper.

"Come, men, sing us a song, quick!" said Mackenzie as the party took their seats in the stern and the great oars splashed into the sea of gold. "Look sharp, John, and no teffle of a drowning song!"

In a shrill, high, querulous voice the piper, who was himself pulling one of the two stroke oars, began to sing, and then the men behind him, gathering courage, joined in an octave lower, their voices being even more uncertain and lugubrious than his own. These poor fishermen had not had the musical education of Clan-Alpine's warriors. The performance was not enlivening, and as the monotonous and melancholy singsong that kept time to the oars told its story in Gaelic, all that the English strangers could make out was an occasional reference to Jura or Scarba or Isla. It was, indeed, the song of an exile shut up in "sea-worn Mull," who was complaining of the wearisome look of the neighboring islands.

"But why do you sing such Gaelic as that, John?" said young Lavender confidently. "I should have thought a man in your position—the last of the Hebridean bards—would have known the classical Gaelic. Don't you know the classical Gaelic?"

"There iss only the wan sort of Kâllic, and it is a ferry goot sort of Kâllic," said the piper with some show of petulance.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know your own tongue? Do you not know what the greatest of all the bards wrote about your own island?—'O et præsidium et dulce decus meum, *agus*, Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine

*Styornoway*, Arma virumque cano, *Macklyoda* et *Borvabost* sub tegmine fagi?'"

Not only John the Piper, but all the men behind him, began to look amazed and sorely troubled; and all the more so that Ingram—who had picked up more Gaelic words than his friend—came to his assistance, and began to talk to him in this unknown tongue. They heard references in the conversation to persons and things with which they were familiar in their own language, but still accompanied by much more they could not understand.

The men now began to whisper awe-stricken questions to each other; and at last John the Piper could not restrain his curiosity. "What in ta name of Kott is tat sort of Kâllic?" he asked, with some look of fear in his eyes.

"You are not much of a student, John," said Lavender carelessly, "but still, a man in your position should know something of your own language. A bard, a poet, and not know the classical form of your own tongue!"

"Is it ta Welsh Kâllic?" cried John in desperation, for he knew that the men behind him would carry the story of his ignorance all over Borvabost.

"The Welsh Gaelic? No. I see you will have to go to school again."

"There iss no more Kâllic in ta schools," said the piper, eagerly seizing the excuse. "It iss Miss Sheila, she will hef put away all ta Kâllic from ta schools."

"But you were born half a century before Miss Sheila: how is it you neglected to learn that form of Gaelic that has been sacred to the use of the bards and poets since the time of Ossian?"

There were no more quips or cranks for John the Piper during the rest of the pull home. The wretched man relapsed into a moody silence and worked mechanically at his oar, brooding over this mysterious language of which he had not even heard. As for Lavender, he turned to Mackenzie and begged to know what he thought of affairs in France.

And so they sailed back to Borvabost over the smooth water that lay like a lake of gold. Was it not a strange sight to see the Atlantic one vast and smooth yellow plain under the great glow of saffron that spread across the regions of the sunset? It was a world of light, unbroken but by the presence of a heavy coaster that had anchored in the bay, and that sent a long line of trembling black down on the perfect mirror of the sea. As they got near the shore the portions that were in shadow showed with a strange distinctness the dark green of the pasture and the sharp outlines of the rocks; and there was a cold scent of seaweed in the evening air. The six heavy oars plashed into the smooth bay. The big boat was moored to the quay, and its passengers landed once more in Borva. And when they turned, on their way home, to look from the brow of the hill, on which Sheila had placed a garden-seat, lo! all the west was on fire, the mountains in the south had grown dark on their eastern side, and the plain of the sea was like a lake of blood, with the heavy hull and masts of the coaster grown large and solemn and distant. There was scarcely a ripple around the rocks at their feet to break the stillness of the approaching twilight.

So another day had passed, devoid of adventure or incident. Lavender had not rescued his wonderful princess from an angry sea, nor had he shown prowess in slaying a dozen stags, nor in any way distinguished himself. To all outward appearance the relations of the party were the same at night as they had been in the morning. But the greatest crises of life steal on us imperceptibly, and have sometimes occurred and wound us in their consequences before we know. The memorable things in a man's career are not always marked by some sharp convulsion. The youth does not necessarily marry the girl whom he happens to fish out of a mill-pond: his future life may be far more definitely shaped for him at a prosaic dinner-table, where he fancies he is only thinking of the wines. We are indeed but as children seated on the shore, watching the ripples that come on to our feet; and while the ripples unceasingly repeat themselves, and while the hour that passes is but as the hour before it, constellation after constellation has gone by over our heads unheeded and unseen, and we awake with a start to find ourselves in a new day, with all our former life cut off from us and become as a dream.

## CHAPTER V.

### SHEILA SINGS.

A KNOCKING at Ingram's door.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Will ye be goin' to ta fishin', Mr. Ingram?"

"Is that you, Duncan? How the devil have you got over from Mevaig at this hour of the morning?"

"Oh, there wass a bit breeze tis morning, and I hef prought over ta Maighdean-mhara. And there iss a very goot ripple on ta watter, if you will tek ta other gentleman to try for ta salmon."

"All right! Hammer at his door until he gets up. I shall be ready in ten minutes."

About half an hour thereafter the two young men were standing at the front of Mackenzie's house, examining the enormous rod that Duncan had placed against the porch. It was still early morning, and there was a cold wind blowing in from the sea, but there was not a speck of cloud in the sky, and the day promised to be hot. The plain of the Atlantic was no longer a sheet of glass: it was rough and gray, and far out an occasional quiver of white showed where a wave was hissing over. There was not much of a sea on, but the heavy wash of the water round the rocks and sandy bays could be distinctly heard in the silence of the morning.

And what was this moving object down there by the shore where the Maighdean-mhara lay at anchor? Both the young men at once recognized the glimmer of the small white feather and the tightly-fitting blue dress of the sea-princess.

"Why, there is Sheila!" cried Ingram. "What in all the world is she about at such an hour?"

At this moment Duncan came out with a book of flies in his hand, and he said in rather a petulant way, "And it iss no wonder Miss Sheila will be out. And it wass Miss Sheila herself will tell me to see if you will go to ta White Water and try for a salmon."

"And she is bringing up something from the boat: I must go and carry it for her," said Lavender, making down the path to the shore with the speed of a deer.

When Sheila and he came up the hill there was a fine color in the girl's face from her morning's exertions, but she was not disposed to go indoors to rest. On the contrary, she was soon engaged in helping Mairi to bring in some coffee to the parlor, while Duncan cut slices of ham and cold beef big enough to have provisioned a fishing-boat bound for Caithness. Sheila had had her breakfast; so she devoted all her time to waiting upon her two guests, until Lavender could scarcely eat through the embarrassment produced by her noble servitude. Ingram was not so sensitive, and made a very good meal indeed.

"Where's your father, Sheila?" said Ingram when the last of their preparations had been made and they were about to start for the river, "Isn't he up yet?"

"My father?" said the girl, with the least possible elevation of her eyebrows—"he will be down at Borvabost an hour ago. And I hope that John the Piper will not see him this morning. But we must make haste, Mr. Ingram, for the wind will fall when the sun gets stronger, and then your friend will have no more of the fishing."

So they set out, and Ingram put Sheila's hand on his arm, and took her along with him in that fashion, while the tall gillie walked behind with Lavender, who was or was not pleased with the arrangement. The young man, indeed, was a trifle silent, but Duncan was in an amiable and communicative mood, and passed the time in telling him stories of the salmon he had caught, and of the people who had tried to catch them and failed. Sheila and Ingram certainly went a good pace up the hill and round the summit of it, and down again into the valley of the White Water. The light step of the girl seemed to be as full of spring as the heather on which she trod; and as for her feet getting wet, the dew must have soaked them long ago. She was in the brightest of spirits. Lavender could hear her laughing in a low pleased fashion, and then presently her head would be turned up toward her companion, and all the light of some humorous anecdote would appear in her face and in her eloquent eyes, and it would be Ingram's turn to break out into one of those short abrupt laughs that had something sardonic in them.

But hark! From the other side of the valley comes another sound, the faint and distant skirl of the pipes, and yonder is the white-haired hunchback, a mere speck in a waste of brown and green morass. What is he playing to himself now?

"He is a foolish fellow, that John," said the tall keeper, "for if he comes down to Borvabost this morning it iss Mr. Mackenzie will fling his pipes in ta sea, and he will hef to go away and work in ta steamboat. He iss a ferry foolish fellow; and it wass him tat wass goin' into ta steamboat before, and he went to a tailor in Styornoway, and he said to him, 'I want a pair o' troosers.' And the tailor said to him, 'What sort o' troosers iss it you will want?' And he said to him, 'I want a pair o' troosers for a steamboat.' A pair o' troosers for a steamboat!—he is a teffle of a foolish fellow. And it wass him that went in ta steamboat with a lot o' freens o' his, that wass a' goin' to Skye to a big weddin' there; and it wass a very bad passage, and when tey got into Portree the captain said to him, 'John, where iss all your freens that tey do not come ashore?' And he said to him, 'I hef peen down below, sir, and four-thirds o' ta whole o' them are a' half-trooned and sick and tead.' Four-thirds o' ta whole o' them! And he iss just the ferry man to laugh at every other pody when it iss a mistake you will make in ta English."

"I suppose," said Lavender, "you found it rather difficult to learn good English?"

"Well, sir, I hefna got ta goot English yet. But Miss Sheila she has put away all the Gaelic from the schools, and the young ones they will learn more of ta good English after that."

"I wish I knew as much Gaelic as you know English," said the young man.

"Oh, you will soon learn. It iss very easy if you will only stay in ta island."

"It would take me several months to pick it up, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—nine or six—that will do," said Duncan. "You will begin to learn ta names o' ta islands and ta places. There now, as far as you can see is ta Seann Bheinn; and it means ta old hill. And there is a rock there: it is Stac-nan Balg—"

Here Duncan looked rather perplexed.

"Yes," said Lavender: "what does that mean?"

"It means—it means," said Duncan in still greater perplexity, and getting a little impatient, "it means—*stac*, tat iss a steep rock: Stac-nan-Balg—it means—well, sir, *it is ower deep for ta English.*"

The tone of mortification in which Duncan uttered these words warned Lavender that his philological studies might as well cease; and indeed Sheila and Ingram had by this time reached the banks of the White Water, and were waiting Duncan and the majestic rod.

It was much too bright and pleasant a morning for good fishing, but there was a fair ripple on the pools of the stream, where ever and anon a salmon fresh run from the sea would leap into the air, showing a gleaming curve of silver to the sunlight. The splash of the big fish seemed an invitation, and Duncan was all anxiety to teach the stranger, who, as he fancied, knew nothing about throwing a fly. Ingram lay down on a rock some little distance back from the banks, and put his hands beneath his head and watched the operations going forward. But was it really Duncan who was to teach the stranger? It was Sheila who picked out flies for him. It was Sheila who held the rod while he put them on the line. It was Sheila who told him where the bigger salmon usually lay—under the opposite bank of the broad and almost lake-like pool into which the small but rapid White Water came tumbling and foaming down its narrow channel of rocks and stones.

Then Sheila waited to see her pupil begin. He had evidently a little difficulty about the big double-handed rod, a somewhat more formidable engine of destruction than the supple little thing with which he had whipped the streams of Devonshire and Cornwall.

The first cast sent both flies and a lump of line tumbling on to the pool, and would have driven the boldest of salmon out of its wits. The second pretty nearly took a piece out of Ingram's ear, and made him shift his quarters with rapidity. Duncan gave him up in despair. The third cast dropped both flies with the lightness of a feather in the running waters of the other side of the pool; and the next second there was a slight wave along the surface, a dexterous jerk with the butt, and presently the line was whirled out into the middle of the pool, running rapidly off the reel from the straining rod.

"Plenty o' line, sir, plenty o' line!" shouted Duncan in a wild fever of anxiety, for the fish had plunged suddenly.

Ingram had come running down to the bank. Sheila was all excitement and interest as she stood and watched every slackening or tightening of the line as the fish went up the pool and down the pool, and crossed the current in his efforts to escape. The only self-possessed person, indeed, was Lavender himself, who presently said, "Miss Mackenzie, won't you take the rod now and have the honor of landing him? I don't think he will show much more fight."

At this moment, however, the line slackened suddenly, and the fish threw himself clean out of the water, turning a complete summersault. It was a dangerous moment, but the captive was well hooked, and in his next plunge Lavender was admonished by Duncan to keep a good strain on him.

"I will take the second one," Sheila promised, "if you like; but you must surely land your first salmon yourself."

I suppose nobody but a fisherman can understand the generosity of the offer made by the young man. To have hooked your first salmon—to have its first wild rushes and plunges safely over—and to offer to another the delight of bringing him victoriously to bank! But Sheila knew. And what could have surpassed the cleverness with which he had hooked the fish, and the coolness and courage he showed throughout the playing of him, except this more than royal offer on the part of the young hero?

The fish was losing strength. All the line had been got in, although the fore finger of the fisherman felt the pulse of his captive, as it were, ready for any expiring plunge. They caught occasional glimpses of a large white body gliding through the ruddy-brown water. Duncan was down on his knees more than once, with the landing-net in his hand, but again and again the big fish would sheer off, with just such indications of power as to make his conqueror cautious. At length he was guided slowly in to the bank. Behind him the landing-net was gently let into the water—then a quick forward movement, and a fourteen-pounder was scooped up and flung upon the bank, landing-net and all. "Hurrah!" cried Ingram, and Lavender blushed like a school-girl; and Sheila, quite naturally and without thinking, shook hands with him and said, "I congratulate you;" and there was more congratulation in her glad eyes than in that simple little gesture.

It was a good beginning, and of course the young man was very much pleased to show Sheila that he was no mere lily-fingered idler about town. He buckled to his work in earnest. With a few more casts he soon got into the way of managing the big rod; and every time the flies fell lightly on the other side of the pool, to be dragged with gentle jerks across the foaming current of the stream. Ingram went back to his couch on the rock. He lay and watched the monotonous flinging back of the long rod, the light whistle of the line through the air, and the careful manipulation of the flies through the water. Or was it something else that he was watching—something that awakened in his mind a sudden sense of surprise and fear, and a new and strange consciousness that he had been guiltily remiss?

Sheila was wholly preoccupied with her companion and his efforts. He had had one or two rises, but had struck either too soon or too late, until at last there was a terrific plunge and rush, and again the line was whirled out. But Duncan did not like the look of it, somehow. The fish had been sheering off when it was hooked, and the deep plunge at the outset was ugly.

"Now will you take the rod?" said Lavender to Sheila.

But before she could answer the fish had come rushing up to the surface, and had thrown itself out of the water, so that it fell on the opposite bank. It was a splendid animal, and Duncan, despite his doubts, called out to Ingram to slacken his hold. There was another spring into the air, the fish fell with a splash into the water, and the line was flying helplessly in the air, with the two flies floating about.

"Ay," said Duncan, with a sigh, "it wass foul-hooked. It wass no chance of catching him whatever."

Lavender was more successful next time, however, with a pretty little grilse of about half a dozen pounds, that seemed to have in him the spirit and fight of a dozen salmon. How he rushed and struggled, how he plunged and sulked, how he burrowed along the banks, and then ran out to the middle of the pool. and then threw himself into the air, with the line apparently but not really doubling up under him! All these things can only be understood by the fisherman who has played in a Highland stream a wild and powerful little grilse fresh in from the salt water. And it was Sheila who held him captive, who humored him when he sulked, and gently guided him away from dangerous places, and kept him well in hand when he tried to cross the current, until at last, all the fierceness gone out of him, he let himself be tenderly inveigled into the side of the pool, where Duncan, by a dexterous movement, surrounded him with network and placed his shining body among the bright green grass.

But Ingram was not so overjoyed this time. He complimented Sheila in a friendly way, but he was rather grave, and obviously did not care for this business of fishing. And so Sheila, fancying that he was rather dull because he was not joining in the sport, proposed that he should walk back to the house with her, leaving Mr. Lavender with Duncan. And Ingram was quite ready to do so.

But Lavender protested that he cared very little for salmon-fishing. He suggested that they should all go back together. The sun was killing the wind, and soon the pools would be as clear as glass. Had they not better try in the afternoon, when perhaps the breeze would freshen? And so they walked back to the house.

On the garden-seat a book lay open. It was Mr. Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, and it had evidently been left there by Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps—who knows?—to hint to his friends from the South that he was familiar with the problems of the age. Lavender winked to Ingram, but somehow his companion seemed in no humor for a joke.

They had luncheon then, and after luncheon Ingram touched Lavender on the shoulder and said, "I want to have a word with you privately. Let's walk down to the shore."

And so they did; and when they had got some little distance from the house, Ingram said, "Look here, Lavender. I mean to be frank with you. I don't think it fair that you should try to drag Sheila Mackenzie into a flirtation. I knew you would fall in love with her. For a week or two, that does not matter—it harms no one. But I never thought of the chance of her being led into such a thing, for what is a mere passing amusement to you would be a very serious thing to her."

"Well?"

"Well? Is not that enough? Do you think it fair to take advantage of this girl's ignorance of the world?"

Lavender stopped in the middle of the path, and said, somewhat stiffly, "This may be as well settled at once. You have talked of flirtation and all that sort of thing. You may regard it as you please, but before I leave this island I mean to ask Sheila Mackenzie to be my wife."

"Why, you are mad!" cried Ingram, amazed to see that the young man was perfectly serious.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you mean to say," continued Ingram, "that even supposing Sheila would consent — which is impossible — you would try to take away that girl from her father?"

"Girls must leave their fathers some time or other," said Lavender somewhat sullenly.

"Not unless they are asked."

"Oh well, they are sure to be asked, and they are sure to go. If their mothers had not done so before them, where would they be? It's all very well for you to talk about it and argue it out as a theory, but I know what the facts of the case are, and what any man in my position would do; and I know that I am careless of any consequences so long as I can secure her for my wife."

"Apparently you are—careless of any consequences to herself or those about her."

"But what is your objection, Ingram?" said the young man, suddenly abandoning his defiant manner: "why should you object? Do you think I would make a bad husband to the woman I married?"

"I believe nothing of the sort. I believe you would make a very good husband if you were to marry a woman whom you knew something about, and whom you had really learned to love and respect through your knowledge of her. I tell you, you know nothing about Sheila Mackenzie as yet. If you were to marry her to-morrow, you would discover in six months she was a woman wholly different from what you had expected."

"Very well, then," said Lavender with an air of triumph, "you can't deny this: you think so much of her that the real woman I would discover must be better than the one I imagine; and so you don't expect I shall be disappointed?"

"If you marry Sheila Mackenzie you will be disappointed—not through her fault, but your own. Why, a more preposterous notion never entered into a man's head! She knows nothing of your friends or your ways of life: you know nothing of hers. She would be miserable in London, even if you could persuade her father to go with her, which is the most unlikely thing in the world. Do give up this foolish idea, like a good fellow; and do it before Sheila is dragged into a flirtation that may have the most serious consequences to her."

Lavender would not promise, but all that afternoon various resolutions and emotions were struggling within him for mastery, insomuch that Duncan could not understand the blundering way in which he whipped the pools. Mackenzie, Sheila and Ingram had gone off to pay a visit to an old crone who lived in a neighboring island, and in whom Ingram had been much interested a few years before; so that Lavender had an opportunity of practicing the art of salmon-fishing without interruptions. But all the skill he had shown in the morning seemed to have deserted him; and at last he gave the rod to Duncan, and, sitting down on a top-coat flung on the wet heather, indolently watched the gillie's operations.

Should he at once fly from temptation and return to London? Would it not be heroic to leave this old man in possession of his only daughter? Sheila would never know of the sacrifice, but what of that? It might be for her happiness that he should go.

But when a young man is in love, or fancies himself in love, with a young girl, it is hard for him to persuade himself that anybody else can make her as happy as he might. Who could be so tender to her, so watchful over her, as himself? He does not reflect that her parents have had the experience of years in taking care of her, while he would be a mere novice at the business. The pleasure with which he regards the prospect of being constantly with her he transfers to her, and she seems to demand it of him as a duty that he should confer upon her this new happiness.

Lavender met Sheila in the evening, and he was yet undecided. Sometimes he fancied, when their eyes met unexpectedly, that there was something wistful as well as friendly in her look: was she too dreaming of the vague possibilities of the future? This was strange, too, that after each of those little chance reveries she seemed to be moved by a resolution to be more than usually affectionate toward her father, and would go round the table and place her hand on his shoulder and talk to him. Perhaps these things were but delusions begotten of his own imaginings, but the possibility of their being real agitated him not a little, and he scarcely dared to think what might follow.

That evening Sheila sang, and all his half-formed resolutions vanished into air. He sat in a corner of the curious, dimly-lit and old-fashioned chamber, and, lying back in the chair, abandoned himself to dreams as Sheila sang the mystic songs of the northern coasts. There was something strangely suggestive of the sea in the room itself, and all her songs were of the sea. It was a smaller room than the large apartment in which they had dined, and it was filled with curiosities from distant shores and with the strange captures made by the Borva fishermen. Everywhere, too, were the trophies of Mackenzie's skill with rod and rifle. Deer's horns, seal skins, stuffed birds, salmon in glass cases, masses of coral, enormous shells and a thousand similar things made the little drawing-room a sort of grotto; but it was a grotto within hearing of the sound of the sea, and there was no musty atmosphere in a room that was open all day to the cold winds of the Atlantic.

With a smoking tumbler of whisky and water before him, the King of Borva sat at the table, poring over a large volume containing plans for bridges. Ingram was seated at the piano, in continual consultation with Sheila about her songs. Lavender, in this dusky corner, lay and listened, with all sorts of fancies crowding in upon him as Sheila sang of the sad and wild legends of her home. Was it by chance, then, he asked himself, that these songs seemed so frequently to be the lamentation of a Highland girl for a fair-haired lover beyond the sea? First of all she sang the "Wail of Dunevegan," and how strangely her voice thrilled with the sadness of the song!—

Morn, oh mantle thy smiles of gladness!
Night, oh come with thy clouds of sadness!
Earth, thy pleasures to me seem madness!
Macleod, my leal love, since thou art gone.
    Dunevegan, oh! Dunevegan, oh!
    Dunevegan! Dunevegan!

It was as in a dream that he heard Ingram talking in a matter-of-fact way about the various airs, and asking the meaning of certain lines of Gaelic to compare them with the stiff and old-fashioned phrases of the translation. Surely this girl must have sat by the shore and waited for her absent lover, or how could she sing with such feeling?—

Say, my love, why didst thou tarry
    Far over the deep sea?
Knew'st thou not my heart was weary,
Heard'st thou not how I sighed for thee!
Did no light wind bear my wild despair
    Far over the deep sea?

He could imagine that beautiful face grown pale and wild with anguish. And then some day, as she went along the lonely island, with all the light of hope gone out of her eyes, and with no more wistful glances cast across the desolate sea, might not the fair-haired lover come at last, and leap ashore to clasp her in his arms, and hide the wonder-stricken eyes and the glad face in his bosom? But Sheila sang of no such meeting. The girl was always alone, her lover gone away from her across the sea or into the wilds.

Oh long on the mountain he tarries, he tarries:
  Why tarries the youth with the bright yellow hair:
Oh long on the mountain he tarries, he tarries:
  Why seeks he the hill when his flock is not there?

That was what he heard her sing, until it seemed to him that her singing was a cry to be taken away from these melancholy surroundings of sea and shore, and carried to the secure and comfortable South, to be cherished and tended and loved. Why should this girl be left to live a cruel life up in these wilds, and to go through the world without knowing anything of the happy existence that might have been hers? It was well for harder and stronger natures to withstand the buffetings of wind and rain, and to be indifferent to the melancholy influences of the lonely sea and the darkness of the northern winters; but for her—for this beautiful, sensitive, tender-hearted girl—surely some other and gentler fate was in store. What he, at least, could do he would. He would lay his life at her feet; and if she chose to go away from this bleak and cruel home to the sunnier South, would not he devote himself, as never a man had given himself to a woman before, to the constant duty of enriching her life with all the treasures of admiration and respect and love?

It was getting late, and presently Sheila retired. As she bade "Good-night" to him, Lavender fancied her manner was a little less frank toward him than usual, and her eyes were cast down. All the light of the room seemed to go with her when she went.

Mackenzie mixed another tumbler of toddy, and began to expound to Ingram his views upon deer-forests and sheep-farms. Ingram lit a cigar, stretched out his legs and proceeded to listen with much complacent attention. As for Lavender, he sat a while, hearing vaguely the sounds of his companions' voices, and then, saying he was a trifle tired, he left and went to his own room. The moon was then shining clearly over Suainabhal, and a pathway of glimmering light lay across Loch Roag.

He went to bed, but not to sleep. He had resolved to ask Sheila Mackenzie to be his wife, and a thousand conjectures as to the future were floating about his imagination. In the first place, would she listen to his prayer? She knew nothing of him beyond what she might have heard from Ingram. He had had no opportunity, during their friendly talking, of revealing to her what he thought of herself; but might she not have guessed it? Then her father—what action might not this determined old man take in the matter? Would his love for his daughter prompt him to consider her happiness alone? All these things, however, were mere preliminaries, and the imagination of the young man soon overleapt them. He began to draw pictures of Sheila as his wife in their London home, among his friends, at Hastings, at Ascot, in Hyde Park. What would people say of the beautiful sea-princess with the proud air, the fearless eyes and the gentle and musical voice? Hour after hour he lay and could not sleep: a fever of anticipation, of fear and of hope combined seemed to stir in his blood and throb in his brain. At last, in a paroxysm of unrest, he rose, hastily dressed himself, stole down stairs, and made his way out into the cool air of the night.

It could not be the coming dawn that revealed to him the outlines of the shore and the mountains and the loch? The moon had already sunk in the south-west: not from her came that strange clearness by which all these objects were defined. Then the young man bethought him of what Sheila had said of the twilight in these latitudes, and, turning to the north, he saw there a pale glow which looked as if it were the last faint traces of some former sunset. All over the rest of the heavens something of the same metallic clearness reigned, so that the stars were pale, and a gray hue lay over the sea, and over the island, the white bays, the black rocks and the valleys, in which lay a scarcely perceptible mist.

He left the house and went vaguely down to the sea. The cold air, scented strongly with the seaweed, blew about him, and was sweet and fresh on the lips and the forehead. How strange was the monotonous sound of the waves, mournful and distant, like the sound in a sea-shell! That alone spoke in the awful stillness of the night, and it seemed to be telling of those things which the silent stars and the silent hills had looked down on for ages and ages. Did Sheila really love this terrible thing, with its strange voice talking in the night, or did she not secretly dread it and shudder at it when she sang of all that old sadness?

There was ringing in his ears the "Wail of Dunevegan" as he listened for a while to the melancholy plashing of the waves all around the lonely shores; and there was a cry of "Dunevegan, oh! Dunevagan, oh!" weaving itself curiously with those wild pictures of Sheila in London which were still floating before his imagination.

He walked away around the coast, seeing almost nothing of the objects around him, but conscious of the solemn majesty of the mountains and the stillness of the throbbing stars. He could have called aloud, "Sheila! Sheila!" but that all the place seemed associated with her presence; and might he not turn suddenly to find her figure standing by him, with her face grown wild and pale as it was in the ballad, and a piteous and awful look in her eyes? Did the figure accuse him? He scarcely dared look round, lest there should be a phantom Sheila appealing to him for compassion, and complaining against him with her speechless eyes for a wrong that he could not understand. He fled from her, but he knew she was there; and all the love in his heart went out to her as if beseeching her to go away and forsake him, and forgive him the injury of which she seemed to accuse him. What wrong had he done her that he should be haunted by this spectre, that did not threaten, but only looked piteously toward him with eyes full of entreaty and pain?

He left the shore, and blindly made his way up to the pasture-land above, careless whither he went. He knew not how long he had been away from the house, but here was a small fresh-water lake set round about with rushes, and far over there in the east lay a glimmer of the channels between Borva and Lewis. But soon there was another light in the east, high over the low mists that lay along the land. A pale blue-gray arose in the cloudless sky, and the stars went out one by one. The mists were seen to lie in thicker folds along the desolate valleys. Then a faintly yellow whiteness stole up into the sky, and broadened and widened, and behold! the little moorland loch caught a reflection of the glare, and there was a streak of crimson here and there on the dark-blue surface of the water. Loch Roag began to brighten. Suainabhal was touched with rose-red on its eastern slopes. The Atlantic seemed to rise out of its purple sleep with the new light of a new dawn; and then there was a chirruping of birds over the heath, and the first shafts of the sunlight ran along the surface of the sea, and lit up the white wavelets that were breaking on the beach. The new day struck upon him with a strange sense of wonder. Where was he? Whither had gone the wild visions of the night, the feverish dread, the horrible forebodings? The strong mental emotion that had driven him out now produced its natural reaction: he looked about in a dazed fashion at the revelation of light around him, and felt himself trembling with weakness. Slowly, blindly and hopelessly he set to walk back across the island, with the sunlight of the fresh morning calling into life ten thousand audible things of the moorland around him.

And who was this who stood at the porch of the house in the clear sunshine? Not the pale and ghastly creature who had haunted him during those wild hours, but Sheila herself, singing some snatches of a song, and engaged in watering the two bushes of sweetbrier at the gate. How bright and roseate and happy she looked, with the fine color of her face lit up by the fresh sunlight, and the brisk breeze from the sea stirring now and again the loose masses of her hair! Haggard and faint as he was, he would have startled her if he had gone up to her then. He dared not approach her. He waited until she had gone round to the gable of the house to water the plants there, and then he stole into the house and up stairs, and threw himself upon the bed. And outside he still heard Sheila singing lightly to herself as she went about her ordinary duties, little thinking in how strange and wild a drama her wraith had that night taken part.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# MEDICAL EXPERT EVIDENCE.

THERE is scarcely any position of more responsibility than that of the medical expert in cases of alleged poisoning. Often he stands with practically absolute power between society and the accused—the former looking to him for the proof of the crime and for the protection which discovery brings; the latter relying upon him for the vindication of his innocence. How profound and complete, then, should be his knowledge! how thorough his skill! how pûre and spotless his integrity! how unimpeachable his results! Yet recently the humiliating spectacle has been repeatedly presented of expert swearing against expert, until the question at issue was apparently degraded into one of personal feeling or of professional reputation. So far has this gone that both judicial and public opinion seems to be demanding the abolition of expert testimony. The medical expert must, however, remain an essential feature in our criminal procedures, partaking as he does of the functions of the lawyer, inasmuch as he has, to some extent, the right to argue before the jury, partaking also of the judicial character in that it is his duty to express an opinion upon evidence, but differing from both judge and advocate in that as a witness he testifies to facts. Were the attempt made to do away with his functions, there would be an end to just convictions in the class of cases spoken of, because no one would be qualified to say whether any given death had been produced by poison or by a natural cause.

In many matters that come under the notice of medical experts there is room for honest differences of opinion. Of such nature are questions of sanity and insanity. It must be remembered that these are, after all, *relative* terms. Reason leaves its seat by almost imperceptible steps. Who can determine with exactness the line that separates eccentricity from madness—responsibility from irresponsibility? Moreover, the phenomena upon which opinion is based are, in such cases, so hidden, so complex, so obscure, that in the half-lights of a few short interviews they will often be seen differently by different observers.

In scarcely any of its parts does toxicology belong to this class of subjects—certainly not at all in so far as it deals with mineral poisons. To a great extent it is a fixed science—a science whose boundaries may be widened, whose processes may be rendered more delicate, but whose principles are in great measure settled for ever. Not in the imperfections of the science, but in the habits of the American medical profession and in the methods of our criminal procedures, lies the origin of the evils complained of.

Some of the causes of the present difficulties are readily to be seen. One is the common ignorance of legal or forensic medicine among the members of the profession. In none of our medical colleges is legal medicine taught as a part of the regular course or as an essential branch of study. Consequently, when the student graduates he has only heard a few passing allusions to the subject from professors of other branches. Unfortunately, this is more or less true of many other medical subjects of importance: helped out, however, by his mother wit, and impelled by necessity, the imperfectly-educated graduate after a time becomes very generally a skillful practitioner. During the period of growth his daily needs govern the direction of his studies, which are therefore more or less exclusively confined to the so-called practical branches. Forensic medicine is not one of these, poison cases are comparatively rare, and to be called upon to give a definite opinion upon such matters before a legal tribunal happens not once in the lifetime of most medical men.

Consequently, to a great part of the American medical profession legal medicine is a veritable *terra incognita*.

Moreover, the whole drift of modern medicine is toward a division of labor, and forensic medicine is more widely separated from the ordinary specialties of the science than these are from one another. In a case of delicate eye-surgery who would value the opinion of a man whose attention had been devoted mainly to thoracic diseases? What specialist of the latter character would even offer an opinion? Yet physicians who acknowledge that they have paid no especial attention to toxicology do not hesitate to give the most positive opinions upon the most delicate questions of that science. Men who would, as in honor bound, ask for a consultation in any case of serious sickness outside of their line of private practice, on the witness-stand put forth with the utmost boldness their ignorant crudities, careless or forgetful of the fact that they may be imperiling the life of an innocent human being. On the trial of Mrs. Wharton for the attempted murder of Mr. Van Ness, Dr. Williams asserted that there are peculiar characteristic symptoms or groups of symptoms of tartar emetic poisoning;* and both he and Dr. Chew—who with frankness acknowledged that he had not especially studied toxicology—did most positively recognize tartar emetic as the sole possible cause of certain symptoms which were but a little beyond the line of medicinal action, and for which obviously possible natural cause existed. Contrast these bold opinions with the cautious statement of a man who had given a lifetime of study to this particular subject. On the trial of Madeleine Smith, Professor Christison—at that time the first toxicologist of England—stated that if in any case the symptoms and post-mortem appearances corresponded exactly with those caused by arsenic, he should be led to *suspect* poisoning.

Another source of mischief lies in the fact that the law does not recognize the well-established principles of forensic medicine, and consequently the books in which these principles are laid down by the highest authorities are excluded by the courts, while the *vivâ voce* evidence of any medical man, however ignorant on such points, is admitted as that of an expert.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that juries give but little consideration to the knowledge or professional standing of expert witnesses. It is, in fact, notorious that the medical autocrat of the village, who has superintended the entrance of the majority of the jurymen into this troublous world, is a more important witness than the most renowned special student of the branch: indeed, the chief value of the real expert often rests on his ability to influence the local physician.† At the late Wharton-Van Ness trial the defence desired to show that the work of the chemist employed by the prosecution was unreliable, because the analyses made by him in a previous case had "been condemned by the united voice of the whole scientific world." The court was not able to see the *relevancy* of this, and refused to allow the professional ability or standing of an expert to be called in question. The witness thus adjudged competent brought no results into court; had kept no laboratory notes; relied solely on a memory so deficient that although he had been teaching for thirty-five years, he could not tell the shape of a crystal of tartar emetic, the poison in question; and upon the stand made a statement different from one which he had furnished officially to the district attorney of Baltimore fourteen months before.

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* The utter absurdity of Dr. Williams's assertion is shown by the fact that on the first and second trials of Mrs. Wharton he affirmed that the violent convulsions, the extreme muscular rigidity, the retentive stomach, seen in the last day of General Ketchum's life were due to tartar emetic, and that to tartar emetic were due the excessive vomiting, the motionless prostration and muscular relaxation of Mr. Van Ness on the Sunday and Monday of his illness. Tartar emetic the sole possible cause of precisely opposite symptoms!

† The parsimony of many legal authorities is an indication of their want of appreciation of the differences in men. Not rarely medical experts are forced to sue a borough or county for compensation, even when the fee has been agreed on beforehand. In Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, some time ago a woman was arrested on the charge of poisoning her mother-in-law, and the stomach of the deceased was sent to Professor Reese of this city for analysis. Warned by previous experience, he refused to make the analysis without a written agreement as to the fees. Nearly three months were spent by the authorities in vainly trying to get him to do it without such arrangement, and finally the stomach was returned unopened. During the whole of this time the poor woman, very probably innocent, was lying in prison with the dreadful charge hanging over her.

There are principles of toxicology which ought to have legal force and recognition, and ought to govern expert testimony in the same way that the principles of evidence govern ordinary testimony. Without presuming to enumerate these, I will cite two or three for illustration. Certain substances, the so-called irritant poisons, such as arsenic, tartar emetic and the like, induce their toxic effects by causing irritation and inflammation of the alimentary canal. All authorities agree that poisoning by these substances cannot be proved, or even rendered very probable, by symptoms alone—that chemical evidence, the discovery of the poison in the food, dejections, or in case of death the body, is absolutely essential for making out a case. Irritation and inflammation of the alimentary canal occur so often and so suddenly from natural causes, which are sometimes apparent, but often hidden, that no especial weight can be attached to them.

In the case of the so-called neurotic poisons, those which act upon the nervous system, the symptoms are so closely simulated by natural disease that even when they agree in the most absolute manner with those usually developed by any such poison they only render poisoning highly probable, not certain.[*] When in any case the symptoms diverge from the typical array, poisoning becomes improbable just in proportion to the amount of divergence.

All toxicological authorities also agree that in the case of the metallic poisons, such as tartar emetic and arsenic, the metal must be brought into court, and that the so-called "color tests" are not to be relied on. When sulphuretted hydrogen is passed through solutions of these metallic substances colored precipitates are thrown down, which at one time were thought to be absolute proof of the existence of the poison in the original solution. But in the celebrated Donnal case, tried at Falmouth, England, in 1817, Dr. Neale saved the accused by showing that a decoction of onions, of which the deceased had eaten a short time before death, yielded similar precipitates to those relied upon by the prosecution as establishing the presence of arsenic in the stomach. In regard to tartar emetic, Dr. Taylor, in his work on medical jurisprudence, says: "Antimony in the metallic state is so easily procured from a small quantity of material that on no account should this be omitted. A reliance on a small quantity of a colored precipitate would be most unsatisfactory as chemical evidence." In defiance of all the authorities the prosecution, on the trial of Mrs. Wharton for the murder of General Ketchum, rested its proof of poison upon these color tests and their sequences. The defence, however, found that the counterparts of three out of the four so-called characteristic reactions were readily performed with the substances known to have been in the stomach of General Ketchum at the time of his death.

Several cases of poisoning which have been tried recently in this State and Maryland have attracted much attention, and I propose now briefly to outline these, and show that the disgraceful scenes which have taken place were not due to deficiencies of toxicological science, but to the causes already spoken of.

First in time among these *causes célèbres* was the Schoeppe case, the facts of which may be briefly summed up as follows: Dr. Schoeppe, a young German practicing medicine in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, became engaged to be married to a Miss Stennecke, a maiden lady of sixty years of age. Miss Stennecke was somewhat of an invalid, not often actually sick, but habitually distressed by dyspeptic symptoms, etc. On the morning of the 27th of January, 1869, feeling unwell, she sent for Dr. Schoeppe, who gave her an emetic. In the afternoon, according to the testimony of her maid, she was weak, but apparently not ill. Between 7 and 8 P. M., however, she became much worse, and her servant noticed that she was very drowsy, so that if left alone she would immediately fall asleep whilst sitting in her chair. Shortly after this she was put to bed, and was not seen again until the next morning about six o'clock, when she was found comatose, with contracted pupils, irregular respiration and complete muscular relaxation. Late in the afternoon of the same day she died quietly.

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[*] A very forcible illustration occurs to me from my own experience. I was once summoned to see a woman in the Philadelphia Hospital to whom an assistant nurse of bad character had been seen to administer laudanum. At the time of my arrival she was apparently suffering from the advanced stages of opium poisoning. I spent about five hours in trying to restore her. The nurse protested that she had given only the medicinal dose ordered by the doctor, but was not believed. After death we found thromboris of the brain — a rare affection, leaving such minute traces behind it that a careless examination will always fail to detect them. This was one of the affections which, as I had stated on the witness-stand some months before the occurrence just narrated, might have caused the death of Miss Stennecke with symptoms resembling those of opium poisoning.

Nothing was said about poisoning until some days afterward, when, a will having been produced in favor of Dr. Schoeppe, an accusation was made against him. The body of Miss Stennecke was exhumed, and underwent a post-mortem examination, which, for culpable carelessness and inexcusable omissions, stands unrivaled. Not a single organ in the whole body was thoroughly examined, and many of the more important parts were not looked at. Death, preceded by the symptoms exhibited in the case of Miss Stennecke, occurs not infrequently from insidious disease of the kidneys, yet these organs were not taken out of the body. The stomach was examined chemically by Professor Aiken of the University of Maryland, who reported that he had found prussic acid, and who testified on the trial that Miss Stennecke had received a fatal dose of that poison. When, however, his evidence was sifted, it was discovered that he had only obtained traces of the poison by the distillation of the stomach with sulphuric acid. As saliva contains ferrocyanide of potassium, out of which sulphuric acid generates prussic acid, the latter substance will always be obtained by the process adopted by Professor Aiken from any stomach which has in it the least particle of saliva. If, then, the professor did really get prussic acid, without doubt he manufactured it.

Dr. Hermann, however, testified that Miss Stennecke, whom he saw on the morning of her death, must have died of a compound poison, because her eye looked like that of a hawk killed by himself some years before with a dose of all the poisons he had in his apothecary's shop. Dr. Conrad confirmed the assertion of Dr. Hermann, that Miss Stennecke could not have died from a natural cause, and testified that as the liver was healthy, therefore the kidneys must have been so too—a conclusion which could only have been evolved from his inner consciousness.

In vain Professor Wormley protested, declaring that it was impossible Miss Stennecke could have been killed by prussic acid, because that poison always does its work in a few minutes, if at all, whereas Miss Stennecke lived nearly twenty-four hours after the alleged poisoning. What did it matter that Dr. Conrad had shown himself by his post-mortem examination ignorant of the first rudiments of legal medicine, and that Dr. Hermann was a village doctor of the olden type dragged into court from a mediæval contest with the diseases of simple country-folk, while Professor Wormley had devoted his life to toxicology and achieved a world-wide reputation? What did it matter that the written words of all authorities upon such subjects in every land were in absolute accord with Dr. Wormley? Under the ruling—which has been reaffirmed at Annapolis—the settled principles of science were overborne by ignorant conjecture, and to the mockery of justice, to the deep disgrace of our commonwealth, Dr. Schoeppe was condemned to death upon evidence which, from the same bench, was subsequently stigmatized as being insufficient to warrant his commitment for trial.

Three years of close confinement under

the shadow of death followed. The governor refused a pardon, and Dr. Schoeppe heard the hammer driving the nails into his scaffold beneath the prison-window. He was measured for his coffin, but at the last moment was reprieved, and listened to the heavy thud as the drop fell and a man whose companion he was to have been on the scaffold was launched into eternity. Finally, moved by the incessant pleadings of Mr. Hepburn, the junior counsel, by the urgings of the public press, led by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, and by the protests of numerous scientific bodies, the legislature passed a special act granting Dr. Schoeppe a new trial. On this occasion the judge allowed the weakness of the expert testimony for the prosecution to be demonstrated, and chiefly as a result of this demonstration—of what has been called the "coarse brutality" of showing Dr. Conrad's ignorance—Dr. Schoeppe was acquitted.

If the principles contended for in this article had been acknowledged, the processes and results in the case of Dr. Schoeppe would have been far different. In the first place, the post mortem would have been entrusted to some one qualified to make it — an expert in legal medicine—and very probably a natural cause for the death of Miss Stennecke would have been found. Such post mortem not having been made, the case, after Professor Aiken's analysis, would have been dropped, because it was impossible that prussic acid could have caused the death. Had, however, capable experts failed to detect a natural cause of death, a very serious case might have been made out against Dr. Schoeppe, even though the analyst had not found morphia in the stomach. The prosecution might have affirmed that the poison had been absorbed, and therefore was not in the stomach, and, for the support of the charge, relied upon the resemblance of the symptoms to those produced by morphia, and upon the absence of natural cause of death.

A case which has acquired even more celebrity than the last is that of Mrs. Wharton of Baltimore. The chief facts, as developed at the first trial at Annapolis, are as follows: General Ketchum, a man of over middle age and usually in good health, was very much engaged in attending to matters of business at Washington throughout the entire day of the 24th of June, 1871. The weather was very hot, yet he walked about hurriedly and steadily, getting no dinner, and returning in the evening to Mrs. Wharton's at Baltimore about 9 P. M., where he ate a very hearty meal, consisting partly of raspberries. During the night he was heard to go down stairs several times. The next day he complained of feeling unwell, but took at bed-time a glass of lemonade with brandy, and during the night had some slight vomiting and purging. In the morning he complained of sick stomach and giddiness, and at Mrs. Wharton's earnest request* Dr. Williams was finally sent for, and on arriving at 4 P. M. found him sitting up and vomiting, and prescribed as for a slight attack of cholera morbus. The next morning General Ketchum thought himself so much better that he discharged his physician. He was, however, very drowsy during the day, and the evidence at the trial rendered it probable that he took laudanum on this day upon his own responsibility. In the evening he was found sleeping heavily upon the lounge, and again at Mrs. Wharton's request Dr. Williams was sent for, but did not think it worth while to come. The next morning Mrs. Wharton again sent for Dr. Williams, as General Ketchum was found still lying upon the lounge in a stupor. He remained in this state until his death, which took place in a convulsion at 3 P. M. He had had during the intervening period repeated convulsions, and about one o'clock had become very uneasy, uttering incoherent cries, but did not recover true consciousness. At the examination of the body, made the following morning, the spinal cord was not looked at: the inner membranes of the brain were found congested, and the brain-substance presented throughout

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* According to the testimony in both the cases of alleged poisoning by Mrs. Wharton, professional advice was called in at her request.

"those dark points of blood which indicate passive congestion." No other lesions were found, and the stomach was handed for analysis to Professor Aiken, who in due time reported that he had "satisfied himself" of the existence of at least twenty grains of tartar emetic in it.

It is highly probable that this official announcement had much influence upon the minds of Drs. Williams and Chew, with their colleagues, and it is very certain that by it and their representations was created the public belief in Baltimore that General Ketchum had been poisoned. The false analysis remained for months uncontradicted, and backed up as it was by the whole intellectual and moral force of the University of Maryland, it could scarcely happen otherwise than that public opinion should become so set and hardened that no testimony at the trial could affect it, especially as local pride and local prejudice came to its support when experts from other cities questioned the work of the Baltimore physicians.

Mrs. Wharton's servants were first accused, but after a few days she was arrested, and with her daughter—who has clung throughout to her faith in her mother's purity and goodness—was thrust into a common felon's cell, with only the grated bars between her and the lowest of men in every stage of drunkenness and delirium. After nearly two weeks her lawyers obtained her removal to one of the better rooms of the jail, but it was months before anything was said in her favor.

The trial opened on December 4, 1871, at Annapolis, and lasted nearly two months. The circumstantial evidence certainly went no farther than to render it probable that if General Ketchum died of poison it was administered by Mrs. Wharton. The State attempted to prove as a motive that Mrs. Wharton owed the deceased money. They were signally unsuccessful in this, however; so that a very intelligent member of the jury said to the writer since the trial, "Whether Mrs. Wharton did or did not poison General Ketchum, certainly the State completely failed to prove a motive." The defence admitted that Mrs. Wharton had bought tartar emetic near the time of the alleged poisoning, but proved that she was in the habit of using it externally as a counter-irritant, and that it was purchased in the most open manner, through a third party, not with the secresy that marks the steps of the poisoner.

Thus the whole case centred in a rather remarkable degree upon the expert testimony, and the very point of it all was the chemical analysis. This is not the place to follow out in detail the scientific testimony, but only to point out some peculiarities of it. Almost all the medical witnesses for the prosecution were colleagues of Professor Aiken, none of them men of eminence in toxicological science—surgeons, physiologists, obstetricians, the whole faculty, trying apparently to hide the nakedness of their colleague. Never was strong language more justifiable than that of Mr. Hagner, when he said, "It seemed that the University of Maryland was on trial, and that blood was demanded to support it."

After all, the testimony of most of these gentlemen amounted only to this: that they did not believe the death of General Ketchum could have occurred from natural causes. On the other hand, the numerous medical witnesses for the defence, unconnected by any bond of common interest, testified that natural causes were sufficient to account for the death; many of them asserting that the case in all its symptoms and post-mortem appearances tallied precisely with the so-called fulminating form of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which was prevalent in Baltimore at the time of General Ketchum's death.*

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*I think the general opinion of the profession has endorsed the position of the defence. It is very probable that General Ketchum did die of the disease named, but there are other affections of which he may have died; and certainly there were no sufficient grounds for asserting that the facts of his case were inconsistent with natural disease. The truth is, disease is often so hidden, its manifestations so obscure, its stamp upon the tissues so faint, that rarely is a physician justified in asserting from the symptoms and a *partial* negative post mortem, such as was performed on General Ketchum, that any given death could not have been due to a natural cause. Numerous cases of death from natural causes have occurred

The medical witnesses for the defence further called attention to the fact that the symptoms of General Ketchum's illness were wholly different from those produced by tartar emetic, and some denied that the latter could have caused the sickness. The chemical evidence for the prosecution was triumphantly refuted. It was shown that antimony did not conform in its reactions with at least one of the tests, which Professor Aiken said his precipitates did; that almost all the other reactions could be closely simulated with ordinary organic bodies; that the processes used were those universally condemned by authorities; and that carelessness was everywhere so manifest in their conduction as to entirely vitiate any results. It was also proved that Professor Aiken had simply estimated the amount of tartar emetic in General Ketchum's stomach by the *ocular comparison* of the *bulk of precipitates, neither of which could have been pure*, and *in neither of which was the existence of antimony really proved.* To weigh a precipitate was a labor not to be thought of when nothing more important than the life of a woman was involved: *guessing* was all that such a trifling issue demanded!

The most extraordinary event of this most extraordinary trial occurred when the chemists for the defence had completely broken down the testimony of Professor Aiken. With the knowledge, it is said, of at least one of the judges, without the presence of a representative of the defence, or even of a legal officer, the body of General Ketchum was secretly exhumed by the doctors who had shown themselves so eager for the execution of Mrs. Wharton. The viscera, which they removed, were put into the hands not of a chemist of national reputation, but of an individual who had been advanced from the position of hospital steward at Washington to that of professor of chemistry in a small local institute at Baltimore. This professor, when on the witness-stand, was singularly confused as to his weights and measures, and finally shared the ignominy of his predecessor. The defence had several chemists at Annapolis of world-wide reputation and unspotted integrity. If the prosecution really believed that General Ketchum had been poisoned, if they really did expect tartar emetic to be found, why did they not allow the presence of these gentlemen at the analysis, and thereby ensure the condemnation of Mrs. Wharton? The conviction is irresistible that they were *afraid of the truth*—that they were simply determined to procure the desired verdict at all hazards and by any means. Yet this was the procedure for the completion of which the court suspended the trial for two days, because, as Chief-Justice Miller stated from the bench, "it thought the ends of justice demanded it"! Is any further evidence needed of the strange ideas, of the perversion of truth and justice, which have grown out of the American method of using expert testimony?

Before leaving this trial I desire to quote from advanced sheets of the edition of Dr. Taylor's great work on medical jurisprudence, now passing through the press. Reviewing the trial in London with that freedom from bias which the isolation of distance produces, he says: "The trial lasted fifty-two days, and an astonishing amount of evidence was brought forward by the defence and prosecution, apparently owing to the high social position of the parties, for there is nothing, medically speaking, which might not have been settled in forty-eight hours. The general died after a short illness, but the symptoms, taken as a whole, *bore no resemblance* to those observed in poisoning with antimony; and but for the alleged discovery after death of tartar emetic in the stomach, *no suspicion of poisoning* would probably have arisen.... The chemical evidence," he adds, "does not conflict with the pathological evidence, for *it failed to show* with clearness and distinctness *the presence* and proportion of poison said to have been found. The *evidence that antimony was really there* was not satisfactory, and that twenty

in which science has been apparently baffled. I have myself seen at least one sudden death in which a careful post mortem failed entirely to detect the cause.

grains were in the stomach wholly unproven."*

What would have been the course of this trial if expert testimony were established upon proper principles? Professor Aiken having shown his complete incompetency in the Schoeppe case, the analysis would have been entrusted to some skillful chemist, who by failing to discover poison would have established the innocence of Mrs. Wharton, or by bringing positive results into court have ensured conviction; or, Dr. Aiken having made the analysis, and having broken all the laws of toxicological evidence, his testimony would have been ruled out, and the case dismissed because the bungling of the State's witness had destroyed the evidences of guilt or of innocence.

In January, 1873, Mrs. Wharton was tried at Annapolis for attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness. The facts of the case are briefly as follows: Mr. Van Ness, whose relations with the Wharton family had been extremely intimate for many years, was a bank-clerk, but during the spring and early summer of 1871, besides attending to his regular duties, was employed in settling a large estate. He habitually rose early, often at 5 A. M., and generally worked until eleven o'clock at night. During this period he suffered from severe nervous headaches, and probably from other symptoms of an overworked nervous system, but on this point the testimony disagreed. His stomach is at all times so sensitive that brandy nauseates him. On the 19th of June, after taking some claret on an empty stomach at Mrs. Wharton's, he felt very badly, suffering from lightness of the head or giddiness and general wretchedness, with stiffness and numbness in the back of his neck. On the 20th he stopped at Mrs. Wharton's about 4 P. M., having eaten nothing for seven or eight hours, and took raspberries with cream, and drank claret. This claret, he stated, "had a taste like peach leaves."† Directly after this he had an attack similar to, but much more violent than, that of the day before. Some little time after this, whilst in a condition of profound relaxation, he took some brandy, and at once emptied his stomach by a single spasmodic effort of vomiting, with immediate relief. The weather was extremely hot during the whole time in which the various attacks here narrated took place.

On the 24th of June, Mr. Van Ness rose at 5 A. M., but was forced to return to bed by a severe headache. At 9 A. M., after dressing, he said to his wife that he would not eat at home, but would stop at Mrs. Wharton's on his way to the office, to get a cup of her "nice black tea." A piece of toast was all he ate before his return to Mrs. Wharton's from the banking-house at 4 P. M. Mrs. Wharton then offered him some lager beer, and, partly at his own suggestion, put into it something out of a bottle labeled "Gentian Bitters." He found the liquid so bitter that he took but a part of it.‡

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* Since writing the present paper I have been shown a private letter of Judge Pierce, written last April in regard to the first trial of Mrs. Wharton. After considerable solicitation the judge has allowed the publication of an extract from it, which I insert here as the words of one of our most eminent criminal jurists. He says: "I had made up my mind, when Dr. Williams's first testimony was concluded, that the case would fail. When Professor Aiken's examination was concluded it was beyond recovery. All efforts to secure a conviction after that were a waste of time and money. The case could have been safely for the defendant given to the jury on the testimony of the prosecution alone. If I had been sitting as a judge in the case, I would have instructed the jury at the close of the case for the State, if there had been no other testimony, that the evidence would not warrant a conviction. And I would have set aside the verdict if the jury had found the defendant guilty. I do not know the lady who was so wantonly charged with this crime, and I do not know of any case in the annals of criminal jurisprudence which, from the evidence submitted in the case, had so baseless a foundation for so grave a charge."

† It is proper to state that Miss Wharton, in his presence, partook of the same claret, but perceived nothing peculiar either in its taste, as she told him at the time, or in its effects upon her afterward. According to Miss Wharton's testimony, Mrs. Wharton actually drank the claret left in the glass of Mr. Van Ness directly after he left the room.

‡ This bottle was found in the house after the arrest of Mrs. Wharton, with compound tincture of gentian in it.

I have outlined the circumstances as Mr. Van Ness told them. A peculiarity of this trial was the direct contradiction of witnesses. Mr. Van Ness for a long time refused to entertain the idea that Mrs. Wharton had poisoned him. Whilst he was being persuaded

Shortly afterward Mr. Van Ness became partially blind, and was "seized with the same feeling of giddiness" as on the day before. After this he had convulsions, with unconsciousness, for which large doses of chloroform and chloral were given. During the attack the patient repeatedly said it was of the same character as the preceding ones, and referred the trouble to the pit of the stomach and to indigestion.

The next morning (Sunday), about an hour after waking, he took some tea and toast, and in ten minutes was seized with nausea, followed by heartburn and retching, which lasted all day. On Monday morning some beef tea—two-thirds of a cupful—was given him, and in less than an hour as much more, which inducéd nausea with heartburn. In the evening he was roused, and more beef tea offered him, which he refused because the last dose had made him sick, and he was afraid this would have the same effect. He was, however, prevailed on to take it. After this he fell asleep, but in a short time woke up with violent nausea, burning at the pit of the stomach, and finally vomiting. Not until this occurred did he discover anything wrong with the beef tea: as he vomited it he found it had an acrid metallic taste.[*]

The circumstantial evidence in the case did not amount to any more than, or indeed as much as, in the previous trial. It was distinctly admitted that no motive could be found, Mr. Van Ness testifying that the relations between himself and Mrs. Wharton were most friendly; that he held four thousand dollars of her government bonds, for which she had not even a receipt; that she depended upon him for the completion of her pecuniary arrangements for a contemplated trip to Europe; or, in other words, that she had nothing to gain and much to lose by his death, and that there was no conceivable emotional motive, such as hate, revenge or envy.[†]

No attempt was made to prove that Mrs. Wharton had at any time in her possession strychnia, the poison alleged to have been used by her. As on the previous trial, the case centred upon the expert testimony, but there was no direct chemical evidence, neither the food, the matters vomited nor the bodily secretions having been examined. Some sediment found in a tumbler of punch was asserted by Dr. Aiken to consist largely of tartar emetic. This tumbler was not connected with Mrs. Wharton, except by being found at her house in a position where, in the language of one of the State's witnesses, "hundreds of persons" had access to it. It was carried about in the pocket of a lady inimical to Mrs. Wharton, and into at least one drug-store, before it reached Professor Aiken, whose analysis was as faulty as before. Any tartar emetic present in the sediment might have been procured in a pure form by the simple process of dialysis. The only apparatus necessary for this would

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into this belief he sent for Mrs. Neilson, a prominent lady of Baltimore, with whom both he and Mrs. Wharton were very intimate, and dismissing his wife from the room had a private conversation with her. During this, according to Mrs. Neilson's testimony, he stated that Mrs. Wharton could not have poisoned him on the Saturday, because they had exchanged glasses when he complained of the bitterness of the one into which she had put the gentian. On the stand Mr. Van Ness flatly denied ever having said anything of the sort. In a point of such vital importance it is impossible to account for the contradiction by "failure of memory."

Miss Neilson also contradicted Mr. Van Ness, and the act was in this case especially impressive from the manner in which it was done. Miss Neilson being on the stand, a dispute arose as to whether Mr. Van Ness had or had not previously made a sufficient denial for contradiction. To settle this, Miss Neilson left the stand: Mr. Van Ness went up and took the oath. Then the question was put, "Did you say so and so?" He answered, "I certainly did not." Miss Neilson returning to the stand immediately after this, the question was put to her. The court-room was in the deepest silence while in a low but audible voice she replied, "He did say it." The testimony of these ladies was in no degree shaken by a severe cross-examination.

[*] An essential symptom of tartar emetic poisoning is purging as well as vomiting. Dr. Williams of course knows this. It is a singular circumstance that whilst Mr. Van Ness stated that his bowels were scarcely affected at all, Dr. Williams testified that there was frequent purging. No remedies calculated to arrest purging were employed by Dr. Williams, however, during the illness of Mr. Van Ness.

[†] Mrs. Wharton's trip to Europe had been arranged and her passage engaged months before the occurrence of these events. If the theory of the State of Maryland, that she poisoned General Ketchum, be true, by poisoning Mr. Van Ness she placed herself in the position of the criminal who voluntarily and without motive destroys his means of escape. Either she was insane, or the asserted crimes were not committed.

have been a glass vessel divided into two compartments by a piece of hog's bladder stretched across it. These chambers having been partially filled with distilled water, and the sediment of the tumbler put into one of them, the tartar emetic would have left the other ingredients and passed into the second compartment. By taking the water out of this and evaporating it, the poison would have been obtained in a pure crystalline state, and might have been brought into court. But Dr. Aiken thought it sufficient for him to "satisfy himself:" as he stated on the witness-stand, he did not consider it his business whether other people were or were not satisfied. Consequently, the court was only favored with a memorized report of the color tests used by him, exactly as in the previous trial. One of the reactions which he said he obtained antimony does not conform to.

Drs. Williams and Chew unhesitatingly stated on the witness-stand that they recognized poisoning as early as the Saturday of Mr. Van Ness's illness.* Yet they gave no antidote. They employed on Monday and Tuesday a treatment which, although well adapted to a case of natural disease presenting such symptoms, would in a case of poisoning have materially increased the risk to life. They did not save the matters vomited: they did not save the secretions, which would certainly have contained antimony if Mr. Van Ness had been poisoned as alleged. According to their testimony, Mr. Van Ness received six doses of poison on as many different days, four of the doses administered under their eyes; yet they gave no warning to the unfortunate victim or to his friends. If the theory they upheld be correct, that Mrs. Wharton poisoned both General Ketchum and Mr. Van Ness, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of one man lying dead in the house from the effect of poison, of another receiving day after day the fatal dose with the knowledge of the attending physician, yet no antidote given, no warning word put forth, no saving of the evidences of guilt! It would seem as though silence at a trial would best become gentlemen with such a record, yet they were the only experts who asserted that strychnia was the sole possible cause for the attack of the 24th of June, and tartar emetic of the subsequent attacks.

The experts for the defence asserted that the convulsion of Saturday could not have been caused by strychnia or other known poison; that although the symptoms of the later attacks resembled those of tartar emetic poisoning, they were not identical with those usually produced by that drug; and that it was exceedingly improbable that these attacks were due to the poison named, because obvious natural causes for them existed.†

The impropriety and total insufficiency of our methods of criminal prosecutions were very strongly shown by this trial. One member of the jury could barely write his name, and not more than one or two of them were in the lowest sense of the term educated; no record of the testimony was kept by the court, and none, except in the very beginning, by the jury, who must therefore have been guided chiefly by impressions, lawyers' speeches or newspaper records; the feeling amongst the populace, with whom the jurymen freely mingled, was so bitter that one of the experts was barred out of his lodgings at ten o'clock at night, openly because he was for the defence of Mrs. Wharton; the newspaper which circulated most largely in the place misrepresented the testimony, and devoted its columns to scurrilous attacks upon the integrity and professional ability of the medical witnesses for the defence. Yet under these influences, mazed and confused by the subtleties and partial statements of the lawyers, these twelve honest but ignorant men were called upon to decide between physicians offering precisely opposite opinions. It is well when this so-called administration of justice ends as a monstrous farce and not as a tragedy.

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* It is well worthy of mention in this connection that Mr. I. G. Moale of Baltimore testified that he went for Dr. Chew on Sunday morning, on account of the sick stomach of Mr. Van Ness, and that Dr. Chew told him that the vomiting was the almost necessary result of the remedies used the day before—a truth which, previous to Mr. Moale's appearance in Annapolis, the experts for the defence had insisted upon. H. Clay Dallam also testified that Dr. Williams had told him on Saturday that the indisposition of Mr. Van Ness the day before had been a nervous attack from overwork. This opinion also was in absolute agreement with the opinion expressed by the experts for the defence.

† The detailed reasons for this opinion will be given in a medical journal at the proper time. It is allowable here to state, however, that not one of the symptoms laid down by authorities as characteristic of strychnia poisoning was present in the attack of the 24th of June, and that not one of the symptoms which characterizes the natural convulsion was absent. Further, there is a connection between the various portions of Mr. Van Ness's illness which is inconsistent with the theory advanced by the prosecution. Mr. Van Ness stated very positively that the attacks of the 19th, 20th and 24th of June commenced in the same way, with the same symptoms. Yet, according to the theory alluded to, they were the result of poisons which act in precisely opposite methods. On the other hand, the very simple natural explanation of the illness of Mr. Van Ness which was offered by the defence at the trial accounts for the unity and the diversity of the attacks, the basis of which, according to it, was over-susceptibility of the nervous system and of the stomach, produced by overwork and heat.

The conduct of the Wharton-Van Ness trial would have been far different if the expert testimony had been what it ought to have been. If the excretions of Mr. Van Ness had been put in the hands of a properly-qualified chemist, by finding the metal antimony or by proving its absence he would at once have settled the case. As it is, there is no proper evidence of the guilt of Mrs. Wharton. The probabilities are in favor of her innocence, because the symptoms were certainly widely divergent from those induced by poison, if not, as I believe, absolutely incompatible with poisoning. The medical gentlemen who attended Mr. Van Ness, by destroying all the evidence, have made a just conviction and an absolute proving of innocence equally impossible.

If it were necessary, further illustrations of the deficiencies of our criminal processes could be detailed. Some little time since, upon the chemical evidence of Professor Aiken, a poor colored woman was hung in Anne Arundel county, Maryland. She died protesting her innocence, and the general impression appears to be now that she did not commit the crime. A prominent member of the Maryland Bar told me recently of a case tried in that State, in which the accused, as he stated, certainly did kill the deceased with arsenic, yet in which, by showing the insufficiency of Professor Aiken's analysis of the stomach, he obtained the acquittal of the prisoner.

It cannot be stated too strongly that the trouble is not in the science of toxicology, nor in the real students of it. So far as mineral poisons are concerned, any qualified expert will determine the question of poisoning with the unwavering step of a mathematical demonstration.

The legal recognition of the true character and position of the expert, and of certain principles of medical jurisprudence, would probably improve the present status, but it is doubtful whether some other method of reform may not be more available. Professor Henry Hartshorne, at the last meeting of the American Medical Association, suggested that the court should appoint in poisoning cases a commission to collect the scientific testimony and make report on the same. This seems at first sight practicable, but suppose the court had appointed, as is not at all improbable they would have done, Professors Aiken and Chew and Dr. Williams as the commission in Mrs. Wharton's case? The result would certainly have been an unjust conviction.

In Spain and some other countries of Europe the custom is to refer the case to the local medical society. If the opinion afterward given is unanimous, the court is bound by it; if any member object to the opinion, the case is referred to the medical society of the province; if the disagreement continue, the matter is brought before the chief society of the capital. Evidently, this plan would not work well here. In Prussia it was formerly, and may still be, the custom for an expert holding a fixed appointment under the government to investigate the case, and to send his report to the Royal Medical College of Prussia. A standing committee of this body, after investigating the matter, sent the original report, with their comments, to the ministry, by whom it was referred to a permanent commission of experts. The report of the latter body, with all the other papers, was finally sent to the criminal court. This method seems complicated, but it resulted in giving to Prussia the best corps of experts the world has ever seen, as well as the most eminent individual medical jurists.

It is not, however, the object of the present paper to urge any especial method of reform, but to call attention to the need of it, and to show that the present evils do not grow out of the imperfections of medical jurisprudence, but out of the methods of our criminal procedures. Certainly, the matter needs investigation, and it is hardly possible but that some practicable means of relief could be devised by the deliberations of a mixed commission of lawyers and medical jurists of eminence.

H. C. WOOD, JR., M. D.

# THE SWEET WATERS.

THE denizens of great cities, whose weary eyes are doomed to rest eternally on long rows of buildings, unrelieved by anything softer or fresher than brownstone or marble fronts, thirst for an occasional glimpse of Nature, so healing to jaded mind and wearied body. So universal is this sentiment that provision for gratifying it is not confined to the cities which our modern civilization has reared, nor do the capitals of Christendom alone boast of their parks and similar places of resort. In effete and uncivilized Turkey the "institution" has long been established, and still flourishes; and the "Sweet Waters of Constantinople" draw quite as well, as regards both male and female visitors, as either Fairmount, Central or Hyde Park, or even the Bois de Boulogne, to which far-famed resort of all that is wise, wicked or witty in Paris these Turkish parks most nearly assimilate.

One of the two "Valleys of the Sweet Waters" is on the European, the other on the Asiatic, side of the Bosphorus. The former is more frequented by the Greek and other Christian populations, while the latter is chiefly resorted to by the higher classes among the Turks and the veiled ladies of their hareems, and is often visited by the sultan himself.

To the Asiatic Sweet Waters you must go by boat, or rather by *caique*, a peculiar little frail cockle-shell of a conveyance, rowed by the most truculent-looking and unmitigated ruffians, Turkish or Grecian, to be found on any waters or in any land, Christian or heathen. Picturesque in costume and exceedingly ragged and dirty, with the most cut-throat expression of face possible to conceive of, when you entrust your person and purse to their tender mercies you involuntarily remember with satisfaction that you insured your life for a good round sum before leaving your native country, and that this is one of the risks it covers.

To the European Sweet Waters you may go by carriage, but if wise will go there also by caique; for even the corduroy roads of our Southern country, so famous for their dislocating qualities, can be paralleled by the so-called road over which once (and once only), for our sins, we suffered ourselves to be shaken, not driven. It is the fashion at Constantinople to visit the Asiatic Sweet Waters only on Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath), and the European Sweet Waters on Sunday; and on those days all that may be seen of Turkish ladies is on full exhibition.

If you select the Asiatic Sweet Waters for your visit, you go down to the wharf at Tophane, where the rival boatmen (caiquejees) raise as loud a din and make as fierce a fight for your person and piastres as you ever encountered on your arrival at New York in a European steamer from rival hack-drivers or hotel "touters." Pulled, pushed and shoved about in all directions as fiercely as ever was the body of Patroclus in the *Iliad*, when Greek and Trojan contended for possession of it, you are at last hustled into a caique, and deposited in the bottom on soft cushions, your back supported by the end of the boat, your face to the two boatmen. The caique is gayly ornamented and pretty to look at, but it is the crankiest and tickliest of all nautical inventions—more resembling a Canadian birch-bark canoe than any other craft you are acquainted with. Admiring the view, you partially rise up and lean your elbow on the side of the boat. A warning cry from your boatmen and a sudden dip of your frail bark, which almost upsets you head-foremost to feed the fishes of the Bosphorus, admonish you to sit quietly, and you can scarcely venture to stir again during the long row. The caique is long and very narrow, and sharp at both ends—pointed, in fact. It is boarded over at these ends to prevent shipping seas. These planks are prettily varnished, with gilded rails, which give the boat a gay look.

The men row vigorously, and the frail skiff skims along the water at a rate of speed equal to an express-train. But the rushing of the rippling waters past the boat is the chief indication of the rapidity of our progress, so smoothly do we glide along. One peculiarity of the caique is that there are no rowlocks for the oars, which are held by a loop of leather fastened on the boat.

All the senses are soothed and steeped in Elysium during this rapid transit. The eye lazily runs over the squat-looking red houses with flat roofs which line the shore, to rest on the dark cypress trees which fill the intervening spaces, with the gilded balconies of some pleasure-palace of sultan or high Turk catching the sight occasionally. Caiques similar to your own are darting about in all directions, following, passing or meeting you, until at length you reach your destination, indicated by the crowd of caiques tied up there, like cabs on a grand-opera night waiting for their customers. Those of high Turkish functionaries or foreign ambassadors are very different from yours—as different as a coach-and-four from a common cab. Many of these have twelve rowers, all in fancy uniforms—red fezzes and jackets embroidered with gold—while the larger caiques are profusely and expensively ornamented.

Stepping ashore, you see a long line of carriages drawn up in several rows, and of every conceivable variety—from the Turkish araba to the most coquettish-looking Parisian coupé—gilded and adorned in a style to make a French lorette stare with amazement at a lavishness of expenditure exceeding her own.

The fair ones to whom these carriages belong may be seen in the distance squatting down on rugs spread out beneath the trees, and sipping coffee or sherbert while listening to musicians or story-tellers. You stroll toward them as near as their attendant guardians—grim-looking black eunuchs armed to the teeth, and quite ready to use those arms with very little provocation on the persons of any "dogs of infidels" who may interfere or seem to interfere with their fair charges—will permit. You see bundles of the gayest colored silks worn by women whose veils are thin as gossamer, and generally permit a very fair view of their charms, not only of face, but of bust as well. The bold black eyes of the caged birds flash out unshrinkingly on the strangers, who inspire curiosity, and not always aversion, if the language of those eyes be interpreted according to the Western code. In fact, the women seem to take a malicious pleasure in annoying their guards by encouraging such advances as can be made by the mute language of looks and signs.

Every Friday in the year the same pantomime is performed. The women go to the Sweet Waters to sit and stare at men whom they do not and never will know or speak to, and the men go to walk or waddle about and stare back at the women in the same way. This monotonous and melancholy pastime is varied by much stuffing of sweetmeats and cakes and sipping of colored beverages by the fair ones, and endless smoking by the men. There are strolling jugglers and musicians plying their trades for the amusement and paras of the public, and they are liberally patronized in the dreary dearth of amusement on these pleasure-grounds.

To the foreigner, after the sight has been seen a few times and divested of its novelty, the whole thing becomes tedious in the extreme; but we must remember that in his tastes the Turk is the very opposite of the Western man, and what would be death to us is fun to him. His idea of true enjoyment is that it should be passive, not active: his highest happiness is in "keff," a perfect repose of mind and body—an exaggeration of the Italian *dolce far niente*. This keff he enjoys at these weekly meetings, and the women in their way enjoy it too as the only public exposition of themselves they are permitted to make, and as a break in the monotony of their dreary and secluded lives.

But there is another mode of killing time there, evidently borrowed, as are the carriages, from Europe. The conveyances at intervals are driven round a circular road in two long files, going and coming, to permit people to stare at each other, just as in London, Paris or New York, minus the salutations to friends or conversation. As the poet says of the stars—

In silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,

though the women, while sitting under the trees, chatter like magpies to one another. The etiquette is to recline languidly back in the carriage and speak through the eyes alone to the mounted cavaliers, who prance as near the carriages containing veiled inmates as the sable guards will permit, to the infinite amusement of Fatima and Zuleika, and boundless wrath and disgust of Hassan or Mustapha, "with his long sword, saddle, bridle, etc."

Two of these carriages are so peculiar to the place and people as to merit description. One of these, the "araba," is an heirloom from their old Tartar ancestry, and is only an exaggerated oxcart with seats, and a scaffolding of poles around it. Over these poles there hangs a canopy of red to keep off the sun, and the seats are well-stuffed cushions, making a kind of bed of the bottom of the wagon. Into this curious conveyance are piled promiscuously the mother, children and slaves of the establishment—packed in as tightly as possible; and the contrast of costumes, faces, colors and ages between its occupants may be imagined, but cannot be described. For a genuine old-fashioned family carriage commend us to the araba.

This curious conveyance is drawn not by horses, but by white oxen, whose broad fronts are pleasingly painted between the eyes bright red with henna, the dye with which the Turkish ladies tinge their own fair hands and the soles of their feet. The oxen bear high wooden yokes covered with fringes and tassels, and their tails are often looped up with bright cords. Their pace, bearing their heavy burden of wood and flesh, is slow and stately, and the jolting of the springless wagon over the rough roads seemingly very severe. But the inmates seem used to their discomforts, and sit placidly and contentedly on their uneasy seats, apparently proud of their turn-out and the effect they are producing. These cumbrous vehicles are much affected by the elder ladies of the sultan's court, who constitute the Faubourg-Saint-Germain portion of society. True old-school Turks these, who look down with scorn on the new fashions, both in costume and carriage, stolen or adopted from the despised Franks.

Chief and most conspicuous of these latter is the small imitation brougham or coupé, termed a "teleki," and generally built at Paris regardless of cost, and resembling a Christian carriage about as nearly as the Turk resembles a European when he puts on a similar dress. The teleki is pumpkin-shaped, almost round, painted and gilded in the gayest colors, with large bunches of the brightest flowers painted on panels and on the glasses which shut it in all round. It is the most dazzling carriage the imagination of carriage-makers ever devised, and well adapted to the taste of the grown-up children it is intended for, who, clad in raiments of rose-color, pink, bright blue or scarlet, seem a fit lining for the gorgeous exterior. Unlike the French carriage, the teleki has no springs; so the exercise these fair ladies get is about equal to that of a ride on a hard-trotting horse.

Another peculiarity consists in the driver's dismounting from his box and walking gravely alongside the carriage, holding in his hands the colored silken reins to guide the well-bred horses.

On horseback alongside prance the ill-favored eunuchs, ready to swear at or smite the insolent Frank venturing too near the moon-eyed beauties in the teleki.

At these Sweet Waters the sultan has his own kiosk, a gilded monstrosity of architecture, and at its window, worn, pallid, haggard, gazing out with lack-lustre and indifferent eye upon the scene below, this shadow of the Prophet might frequently be seen a few years since. It was etiquette for him to come sometimes, so he did it as a duty, not a pleasure; for the poor man had no pleasures, being the most utterly *blasé* man in this wide world. The drawback on all his pomp and power is the condition annexed to it, that no one is worthy of his society, and he must be ever alone, in public as in private. A representative of the faith as well as of the loyalty of his people, no one can be supposed to meet or associate with him on terms approaching equality, and hence his isolation from human sympathy or society.*

The fountain is covered by a square roof, and all around it are marble slabs with Turkish inscriptions in gilt letters praising the virtues of the water. In that scriptural phraseology so common in the East you are notified that "These waters are as sweet as those of the well of Zemzem, of which Abraham drank, and like unto those of the rivers of Paradise to the hot and thirsty who come here to taste them." The water was really very good water, but its praises struck us as rather hyperbolical, possibly because the Frank at Constantinople generally drinks and prefers other and more potent beverages.

But drinking the water is the least part of the performance here, and, unlike Saratoga, "flirtation around the spring" is a thing undreamed of where the sexes, at peril of life and limb, dare not even approximate, much less exchange courtesies over the draught.

There is a narrow road which leads you away from this busy spot to the sources of the fountains of these Sweet Waters. But road-making is not one of the triumphs of Turkish skill, and this is a very dirty and dusty road, full of holes which would smash the springs of any conveyances less primitive and strong than those in use. It is hedged in by fig trees growing to a size which would astonish those who have only seen the dwarf trees of the species which we possess. Passing along this road, we reach the inner valley. Here we find fewer people, but the same astonishing variety of race and costume which makes the other so curious and characteristic. The richness of the silk and satin dresses, all of the brightest colors, which adorn the women, and the gayly-embroidered jackets of the men, make the eyes ache which gaze upon them. Almost every specimen of the Eastern races may be seen here—all taking their pleasure in the same indolent way which distinguishes Eastern enjoyment. The Circassian and Georgian women are certainly very beautiful, as far as regularity of features, bold flashing eyes and great symmetry of form can make them; but they lack expression, the highest feminine charm, and softness is alien to those bold beauties. They remind you of Jezebel, and like her they "paint their faces" before going into public. Not only do they smear their faces freely with white and red, but they also join together their eyebrows by a thick black band of *kohl*, and with the same pigment blacken the lower lids of the eyes, giving a wicked and peculiar expression to the eyes. The tips of the fingers are stained red with henna; and without these appliances no Eastern woman deems her toilette complete. Many of them would doubtless be exceedingly lovely were they to let themselves alone, but Turkish taste requires these appliances, and an unpainted woman is a rarity.

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* This rule was observed by Abdul Medjid, the late sultan, of whom I speak. It is said that his successor has broken through this restriction to a considerable extent, and is a social being.

It is an Eastern saying that a woman should be a load for a camel, and in deference to this taste they fatten themselves up until they become mountains of flesh. Where obesity is considered a charm, delicacy of outline ceases to be regarded, and a woman who has not rotundity is regarded as an unfortunate being. They are decidedly the greatest collection of well-fed females to be seen in the world.

The task of the black guards who accompany these houris is anything but a sinecure, and "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles" are freely bestowed on the male passers-by in spite of etiquette and eunuchs. If the scandalous chronicles of the coffee-shops and bazaars are to be relied upon, "Love laughs at locksmiths" here as well as in more civilized lands, and Danger and Opportunity wink at each other. There is far less decorum and outward reserve of manner here than in our parks, but this freedom is all confined to looks and gestures, access and converse being both forbidden.

Frequently, however, the bad-tempered guardians of the hareem commit outrages on the persons of real or supposed aggressors in this way, and from these even members of the foreign embassies have not always been exempt. The difficulty of identifying the offender in such cases enhances the impunity of these wretches, for to arrest one on the spot would be impossible in the midst of a crowd which sympathizes with the offender, instead of the sufferer, and looks upon it as a proper punishment for the insolent Giaour. A private person unconnected with an embassy has still less chance for satisfaction, but must pocket the affront, even if smitten by whip or flat of sabre, considering himself fortunate to have escaped maiming or mutilation should he incautiously give a pretext for Ethiopian or Nubian intervention.

Few persons of foreign birth and training would go more than twice to visit the Sweet Waters of Asia, whose peculiarities and amusements have been thus briefly sketched. The spectacle at the European Sweet Waters differs somewhat from the routine already described. There, although you also meet the Turks, the greater proportion of the visitors are either Greeks or native Christians of different races. You see fewer arabas and telekis, and more carriages, or rather hacks, and men galloping along on raw-boned horses in a kind of imitation "Rotten-Row" style. The men wear the European dress, often surmounted by the red fez: the women dress in an insane imitation of French fashions, and glitter with jewelry—a passion with Eastern women of all races and creeds. Frequently a woman carries her whole fortune and her husband's in these ornaments, which, in a country where the difference between *meum* and *tuum* is so little observed by persons in authority, is regarded as the safest mode of investment.

The European Sweet Waters are rather more dull and less interesting than the Asiatic, owing to the causes already described, nor is compensation to be found in the superior beauty of the women; for, as a general rule, the Greek men are better looking than the women; and the intercourse between the sexes is regulated on the Eastern plan to a very great extent, though there is not the same absolute prohibition, nor the same peril attendant on the attempt to open an acquaintance. In all Eastern countries, however, the position and treatment of woman are modified by the prevailing prejudice, which places her on a much lower level than the man, and deprives her of most of the cherished privileges of her more favored Western sisters. If the Turk has failed in forcing his religious faith on his Christian vassals, he has succeeded in fixing the social status of their women on much the same basis as his own.

The day selected for visiting the European Sweet Waters by the native or Greek population is either Sunday or on the festival of some one of the many saints whose names are legion in the Greek calendar. Never was there a people so fond of holidays, or who take them oftener under religious pretexts. Yet they celebrate them in anything but a pious manner. Their fasts are much fewer and not so punctiliously observed.

As the restriction on intoxicating beverages is not such a cardinal article of faith at the European as at the Asiatic Sweet Waters, that element enters into the diversions at the former place, to the frequent scandal of the decorous and abstemious Turks. The fiery wines of Sicily and the Greek islands are freely indulged in, and tipsy cavaliers, caracoling on the hacks of Pera and Galata, are not infrequent accessories, aggravating the danger and discomfort to the stranger of the return in carriage or on horseback. The roughness of the road, its heat and dust, are bad enough; but to aggravate these discomforts you have a crowd of hacks and a swarm of cavaliers pursuing the same route, with all the collisions inevitable from unskillful coachmen and tipsy riders. It is a long, dreary drive too, with no scenery worth looking at on the route, even could you discern it through the dense clouds of dust which envelop you from its commencement to its close. When you reach your hotel you take a bath to refresh yourself, and go down to supper, exclaiming with a sigh of relief, "Well, thank Heaven! I have seen the Sweet Waters!" EDWIN DE LEON.

# MADEMOISELLE STYLITES.

## I.

THE discussion between Mr. John Woodstock and his sister was becoming animated, and their aunt, who never could understand the difference between a discussion and a quarrel, was listening anxiously, expecting every moment to see Marjory flounce out of the room at one door, and John at the other, in their respective furies. It began in this way: John had just read a notice of an extraordinary concert to come off the next week, and had pushed the paper over to Marjory, with the remark, "Like to go, Peg?"

*She.* Of course I should like to go! You don't mean to say you have tickets for it? (Excitedly.)

*He.* No, of course I don't: I am not a thief.

*She.* No, you are only the next thing to it—a shabby fellow. Why did you ask me in that way when you knew we couldn't go?

*He.* How you do jump at lame and impotent conclusions! Who said we could not go? I am sure I did not.

*She.* John Woodstock, if you don't stop this, and tell me what you mean, I will never make you another shirt!

*He.* Small loss! Of all mean things, a homemade shirt is the meanest; and why a man of my native nobility of character should be condemned to wear them—

*Their aunt* (distressedly). Children! children!—

*He* (soothingly). Never mind, aunty: she did not mean it. She would not put it out of her power to say that she had made every shirt I ever wore for all the mines of Golconda.

*She.* What a small potato you are!

*He.* Now, my dear Marjory, how often must I tell you that calling a fellow names is not arguing? If you could keep from being abusive for five minutes, you might hear of something to your advantage. I have a little money, for a wonder, but it is like the turkey—too much for one, and not enough for two. You cannot go by yourself, for it is an evening affair; but if you were not so frightfully vain about your personal appearance, I think we could manage it. I heard you say yesterday that you had the money for a new pair of gloves: if you will sacrifice them, we can go, and in two weeks I can give you the gloves besides. I can't before, for my princely income is at present heavily mortgaged. Can you furbish up your old ones till then, and thereby prove yourself sensible for once?

*She.* You are a pretty good boy, after all; but really I have not a decent pair to my name: that last pair of light ones got lemonade all over them, and it took the color out, of course.

*He.* Now I'll tell you what! I can take them for you on my way down town, and leave them to be dyed, and then you can do some fancy-work on their backs; and what more do you want?

*She* (doubtfully). But would black gloves do?

*He* (conclusively). Of course they would for a thing like that. Fetch them out, and be quick about it; and bring your money too, for I had better buy the tickets this morning, and then we shall have some choice as to seats.

So it was arranged. Marjory's lofty mind did wince a little at the idea of dyed gloves, but she tried not to think of it. John brought the objectionable kids home in time for elaborate decoration "on their backs;" but, as he watched her in the pauses of his reading aloud, they both observed with anxiety that the black "came off a little," and Marjory asked him to warn her if he saw her let them go anywhere near her face.

Two children never enjoyed a holiday more than these two enjoyed that concert. Dyed gloves and all other sublunary trials were forgotten: Marjory did not touch her face once; and when the happy evening was over, the gloves were put away with a loving pat on their backs, and John had risen ten degrees in Marjory's respect.

If those gloves had but rested on their laurels! But if people of genius will not do that, can you expect it of dyed gloves? Few are the authors who have not followed up a brilliant success with something very like a failure, and Marjory's gloves seemed to catch the spirit of the times.

Before the two weeks were up which were to restore John to comparatively easy circumstances, and Marjory to respectability so far as her hands went, John asked her to go with him to hear a lecture. Just about that time he was rather wild concerning natural history, for which, I am sorry to say, Marjory did not care a pin. She indignantly repelled the idea of a gorilla somewhere toward the top of her family tree, asserting that she preferred to believe that she had descended from so mean a man as Adam, and so curious a woman as Eve, to that: furthermore, she was indifferent upon the subject. But there was not much she would not do to please John; so when he asked her to go with him to hear a lecture about the gorilla, she made a face to herself, and said certainly she would.

She consented with rather better grace from the fact that Mr. Pradamite—such was the lecturer's euphonious name—undertook to prove conclusively that man was *not* descended from the gorilla; but when the little old gentleman walked briskly upon the stage, she whispered John that he would have been a valuable advocate of the theory held by the other side: he wanted nothing but a little pointed felt hat, with a feather in it, to look very much like a small edition of the original gorilla reduced to earning his living by assisting a hand-organist.

The lecture, to John, was delightful—so clear, so logical, went so far back, and so deep down, and so high up. "Walked all around that fellow I heard last week on the other side," John said. But Marjory, who had herself taken a long walk that afternoon, thought the whole thing unutterably stupid: her eyelids would drop, her neck felt double-jointed and would not stay erect. Fortunately, their seats were far back, not very brilliantly lighted, and Marjory's had the advantage of being next a pillar. John, however, considered this fact unfortunate, for he could not obtain a good view of the remarkable figures with which the old gentleman was illustrating his lecture, talking in spasmodic jerks as he drew, and when John saw a dear and scientific friend on a front seat, with a vacant place beside him, he could not resist the temptation to take it. He looked at Marjory: she was half asleep, but still contending bravely for the other half. He surveyed their immediate neighbors—three strong-minded-looking women just behind them; a fatherly-looking old gentleman in the seat next his own; a pillar protecting Marjory on the other side, and two highly respectable-looking young men in the row of seats before them, who appeared to be listening intently and occasionally taking notes; at least, one of them was, and he submitted his note-book to the criticism of the other, who smiled approvingly. The seats immediately in front of his own and Marjory's were vacant.

"Would you mind, Peggy," said John, deprecatingly, "if I left you for a few minutes? I can't half see what he is drawing, and there is a vacant front seat. I'll only stay five minutes."

"Certainly, dear," said Marjory with sleepy amiability: "stay up there till he has finished, and then come back for me. I am not at all afraid."

"Oh no: I will not do that," answered John, considerately, "but I do want to go for a few minutes." So away he went, and, once up there, he of course "took no note of time," and Marjory was left to her own devices. These were few and simple, but small causes sometimes produce great effects. She had on those gloves, of course.

She never could recall that part of the evening very distinctly. A confused recollection that she found the pillar very comfortable for a while; that finally the ridges in it hurt her cheek; that she had one or two lucid intervals between her naps, in one of which she concluded that it would be better to take those gloves off for fear of marking her face; and that while she was doing so she caught a sentence or two of the lecture—something like this: "This one essential point of difference is in itself convincing proof of the theory which I hold. The difference in the formation of the hands is a difficulty which no theory of development can overcome." These few insignificant items were all which remained in her memory: then the little gentleman's voice gradually took to her ears the form of a chant: his "theory," as the simple rustic said about a matter less abstruse, "might be wrong, but it was awful soothin'," and pleasant dreams of having four hands, all available, and not of the objectionable sort whose bones the professor was dangling, beguiled the time for Marjory—how long she knew not.

What woke her? Surely somebody laughed? She started up: the lecture was over at last; John, with a penitent face, was hastening back to her; the people who had sat nearest her were gone, and so were her gloves!

"What, in thunder—" said John forcibly, looking at her face in blank amazement.

"Oh, I didn't mind," she answered mildly, thinking he was apologizing. "I believe I have had a little nap, Jack, but I can't find my gloves: will you look under the next seat, please?"

"My dear child," said John, shaking with suppressed laughter, "your face has 'found your gloves' with a vengeance! It's as black as—anything. Can't you put your veil down till we get out of this?"

Obediently hiding her countenance, Marjory, bewildered and still not quite awake, followed John after a few minutes' further and fruitless search for the missing gloves.

The brisk walk home through the frosty air restored her consciousness, and when John led her up to the looking-glass, kindly removing her veil at the same time, consciousness took the form of wrath.

"I *never* could have done all that myself," she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, I took those hateful gloves off, and put them on the cushion; and it is just my belief that one of those dreadful boys in front of us—"

"Boys!" interrupted John. "Those fellows were enough older than you—or I either, for that matter."

"I don't care," said Marjory, with tears of vexation in her brown eyes. "They behaved like boys, for when I woke—I mean just before you came for me—I thought I heard somebody laugh, and then they were gone, and my gloves were gone too; and I just believe they managed to blacken my face somehow, and then stole my gloves."

"If I thought that—" exclaimed John savagely; and then added in a puzzled tone, "But how could they have done it, Peg, unless you were sleeping like a rock?"

"Well, I believe I was," answered the young woman candidly, "for I was tired to death, and couldn't understand half the gorilla said."

"It was all my fault for dragging you there, and then leaving you," said John, his penitence making him overlook this glaring disrespect to his hobby and its rider. "But those fellows looked like gentlemen; and besides, I know who that old man was who sat next me, and I am sure he would not have let any such trick be played right under his nose without stopping it."

"You can think what you please," said Marjory, a little crossly, for her naturally good temper had been severely tried, "but nothing will ever make me believe it was not those boys."

## II.

Some weeks had elapsed since that sorrowful result of praiseworthy economy. Marjory's feelings had been soothed by a pair of tan-colored kids, three-buttoned, stitched on the backs, accompanied by a glove-buttoner and a hug from John. The mention of dyed gloves still raised a flush on her round cheeks and painful recollections in her heart, but she was beginning to banish the sore subject from her mind, and to half smile to herself when she did think of it; for, in spite of the enormity of the supposed offence, the vision of her remarkable appearance when John raised her veil before the glass was too much for her risibles as it grew more and more retrospective. For she was one of those happy mortals who cannot help seeing a joke, even when it points their way.

She came down stairs one evening arrayed in her best bib and tucker, and was speedily joined by John, whose appearance likewise indicated some approaching festivity — all but his face, which wore a rather disgusted expression. "What a bore parties are!" said that world-weary individual from the height of his twenty-third year.

"That depends," answered Marjory with the superior wisdom of eighteen. "If one meets bright people, they are not a bore. And I'll give you some advice, Jack: don't always take it for granted that the girls can only talk gossip and fashions. Take it for granted that they have at least as much sense as you have, and talk about something worth while."

"The descent of man, for instance?" suggested John, somewhat mischievously. "From the interest *you* take in that, I've no doubt the rest of the girls would be charmed."

"What is that thing somebody said about the man of one book?" asked Marjory, looking abstracted.

"Don't know," replied John—"never met him."

The party was about as lively and about as stupid as parties generally are. There was a little pleasant music, a little innocent "square dancing," a very well-ordered supper, and a good deal of conversation.

Toward the close of the evening the hostess came to Marjory. "My dear," she said, "I have a young friend here whom I wish to introduce to you and your brother: he told me he had heard of John's interest in scientific matters, and as he has just come to live in the city, he has not many acquaintances. He is a very nice fellow. I know all about him, and I want him to have a few pleasant visiting-places: I always feel so sorry for a young man away from his family in a large city. May I bring him and introduce him to you?"

"Certainly, if he is not stupid," said

Marjory, smiling. "There is John: I will make him come here before you have captured your young man, and then we can be introduced together."

John, however, was talking biology or protoplasm or something else to an interested listener on the other side of the room, and was blind to all Marjory's "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles." So, when the amiable old lady returned with her prize, whom she appeared to have "captured" without either difficulty or delay, Marjory had the introduction all to herself. She was not one of those wonderful inventions, a girl who can meet a man's eyes with a steady stare, and for the first few minutes after their hostess left them she only noticed that her new acquaintance looked and spoke like a gentleman, that he had a very pleasant voice, and that, without being pedantic, he was not talking nonsense. Imagine the sensation which took place in her head when, at some bright speech from her antagonist—for they had immediately fallen into an argument—she raised her laughing eyes to his face, and saw—one of the youths who had fallen under her righteous indignation on the memorable night of the gorilla lecture! Marjory had what are called "speaking eyes." It afflicted her greatly that, no matter what the emergency, her feelings would appear in her face; so—although she struggled hard to go on as if nothing had happened, resolving, after a hasty mental review of the situation, to behave as if she had never seen him before, and upon better acquaintance demand the truth if she liked him, and let him severely alone if she did not—anybody could have seen her countenance change, and to her intense chagrin she felt herself blushing. To make matters worse, he blushed too, and over his intelligent face flitted just the shadow of a smile.

This was too much! Marjory fanned herself vigorously, and hazarded an original observation in a constrained voice. "Don't you think it is very warm here?" she said.

"Very!" replied the student of nature. "Shall we walk in the hall for a few minutes?" and he offered her his arm. She rested the tips of her fingers on his sleeve, and they proceeded to walk up and down the hall, she being saved only by her escort from collision with various other couples similarly employed. This interesting exercise lasted for some minutes, varied by attempts at conversation which were about as natural as spasms. Marjory took a desperate resolution. This absurd state of things should not last much longer, if she could help it. "I never could act as if nothing was the matter when something was," she began, "and I can't help it if this is not polite; but I think, from what Mrs. Grove said about you, that you will tell me the truth if I ask you something. Will you?" and she looked up once more.

"Certainly I will," he answered gravely, meeting her glance with steady, honest eyes, and somehow, short as their acquaintance had been, she believed him.

She had meant to ask him deliberately if he or his companion, or both, had stolen her gloves and decorated her face, but she felt unable to do that with those eyes on hers; so she changed her tactics, and said, rather meekly, considering what her former feelings had been: "Will you please tell me exactly what happened the evening that man lectured about the gorilla, and you sat nearly in front of my brother and me?"

"That was your brother, then?" he said quickly, and then stopped, looking a little foolish.

"Yes," she answered, with a surprised glance at his face; "but you said you would answer."

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I will, of course, and I know you will believe me. After your brother left you, you leaned your head against the pillar, and then, as if the grooving hurt your face, you put your hand between; and then—I must apologize for my apparent impoliteness, but I promised to tell the truth;" and he smiled a little—"then you seemed to fall fast asleep. A mosquito lit on your nose, and woke you. When you raised your head, your cheek was quite black from your glove; you rubbed your nose and made that black too; then you went to sleep again, and directly a curl of your hair fell over your other cheek, and woke you again, and you gave your cheek a little slap, thinking, I suppose, that the mosquito had come back: that left the mark of your fingers, and you rubbed it a little and made it yet blacker. Then you took your gloves off and fell asleep again; and then—you will believe now that I am telling you 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' for I am risking your displeasure by telling what came next;" and he flushed up to his hair—"I made up my mind that it was my duty to secure those gloves, and prevent thereby the possibility of such an accident in the future. So I put my arm over the back of the seat carelessly, and when nobody was looking I picked them up and pocketed them. It was not I who laughed, but my brother, who did not notice your face — after you had blackened it, that is—until he rose to go, when he laughed involuntarily, and I collared him and took him off. Now you know all about it, and I await my sentence. Can you forgive me for stealing your gloves? The motive at least was good."

Marjory's face had cleared as this highly circumstantial narrative progressed, and when it was finished she looked up smiling. "Yes," she said, "I quite forgive you: the motive is everything. But do please tell me, were you really so interested in what that little gorilla said as you seemed to be? You were taking notes, you know—I saw that before I went to sleep. Now what was there that was worth making a note of? I am sure I heard nothing."

"Would you like to see my notes?" he asked, drawing a little book from his waistcoat pocket.

"Yes, if they are not long," she answered doubtfully; "but Jack will tell you how stupid I am on all such subjects as that."

He placed the book in her hand, open, and she saw a clever sketch of herself and the pillar: underneath was written, "Mademoiselle Stylites."

"Did you draw that?" she asked, smiling in spite of herself.

"Yes," he replied, answering her smile. "I am fond of sketching from nature." Then, as he glanced at the picture, he added hastily, "I forgot that absurd inscription: George, my brother, did that."

Marjory did not look deeply offended, even at the "absurd inscription;" and the conversation continued, upon different and indifferent subjects, until John bethought himself of his duty, and came to find her. She introduced her squire to him, and after a few minutes more of pleasant conversation they separated, Mr. Owen—such was the natural philosopher's name—having received John's assurance of a speedy call upon him, and given his address with an alacrity which proved, John thought, that they were kindred spirits.

As they walked home, John suddenly exclaimed, "You know I never remember faces, Peg, but somehow I feel as if I had seen that fellow before. He's an uncommonly good fellow, and Mrs. Grove says he is very fond of my hobby, as you call it, so I shall go to see him soon."

Of course Marjory gave him an outline of her evening's adventure "upon this hint," and he laughed heartily at the whole thing, assuring her that *he* had never believed for a moment in such an absurd possibility as she had fancied.

Well, what of it all? Nothing particular. Mr. Owen and John are fast friends by this time. Marjory is beginning to take an interest in natural history. Also, she has lost all faith in conviction upon circumstantial evidence. She is "o'er young to marry yet," her aunt thinks, and so do I of course, for this is not a love-story: I wish that to be distinctly understood.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

# THE MYSTERY OF MASSABIELLE.

IT was a mild and pleasant day in the middle of February, and the bright sunlight streamed through the windows of the poor little room where Madame Soubirons sat alone. The table, with its dishes neatly arranged for the noonday meal, stood in the middle of the room. A pot hung in the large fireplace, and a skillet sat upon the few remaining coals. There was nothing with which to replenish the fire, and Madame Soubirons sat gazing at the flickering embers with a rueful face. "A cold hearth is more chilling than the mountains," she said; and she rose and went out of the poor little apartment, which, with all its poverty, would not have been cheerless had a bright fire glowed upon the neatly-kept hearth, and sat down upon the doorstep, where the sunlight fell warmly.

From this position was afforded a view of a picturesque and romantic landscape, presenting in the foreground a portion of the quaint village of Lourdes, with the cross of the old church brightly gleaming in the sunlight above the thickly-clustered cottage roofs. Farther away stood the great mill, and grimly from its rocky seat frowned the ancient castle, of which the people of Lourdes never wearied of telling that it had been besieged by Charlemagne centuries ago. In the distance glanced the river Gave, fighting its rock-riven way to the sea. The prospect, growing continually more grand as it receded, was finally hedged about by the majestic Pyrenees, which lifted their glimmering snows against the pale winter sky.

But Madame Soubirons was familiar with these scenes, and had no eyes for them. She sat leaning her cheek upon her hand, and as she glanced down the crooked walk she murmured, "They have had time to get back, if they hurried as I charged them." Presently a cheery whistle rang out upon the air, and looking up she saw a man in miller's dress approaching. It was Jean Soubirons, her husband, coming home to dinner. She waited until he arrived, and they then went into the house together.

"Can you eat a cold dinner to-day, Jean?" she asked. "I have only bread and milk to give you."

"Yes, with thanks, Louise," he replied; "but where are Bernadette and Marie?"

"They went with Jeanne Abadie to gather fagots, but they should have been back long since. You might then have had a warm dinner."

"All is well if they come to no harm, but it is somewhat chilly for our Bernadette."

"I gave her a pair of stockings to wear. She can't go like Marie, poor child! who can hardly endure her sabots, even in winter. But I do not see what detains them."

They sat down and ate in silence, the two vacant places seeming to fill them with a feeling of desolation.

"I am sorry," said Jean Soubirons as he rose from the table, "that I am so poor a man that my little girls must bring the wood for the pot."

"Perhaps we shall be richer some day, Jean," said Louise, as if she had hope.

"Perhaps so—in heaven," said he sadly, "where there are no poor;" and he went back to his work.

Meantime the three girls had been wandering. Of the two sisters, Marie was rosy and strong, but Bernadette pale and delicate, being afflicted with asthma. Bernadette appeared to be only ten years old, but was fourteen. Previous to this time almost all her life had been passed away from home, she having lived at Bastres with a friend of her mother, where she had been provided with a home for the small sum of five francs a month and her service in tending the sheep: she was not strong enough for more laborious work. Here Bernadette lived a calm and uneventful life, her duties causing her to be much in solitude, which she whiled away in petting her lambs. Very often the time had been set when she was to return home, but it was as often postponed. Her friends at Bastres could not bear to give her up, and year after year she had lingered with them. She had been at home only two weeks upon that day when she went with Jeanne and Marie to gather sticks.

The three girls, dressed in their black woolen frocks, white capulets and wooden shoes — Bernadette alone having stockings, in consideration of her health—trudged on, enjoying the pure air. They crossed the bridge of the Gave, passed the mill and went on through the meadow, turning their steps toward the grotto of Massabielle, which was not far distant. There are, properly speaking, several grottoes in the rocks of Massabielle, which consist of numerous excavations formed by Nature in the great crags. One of these, however, is usually referred to as "The Grotto," and is a cavern of quite extensive dimensions, being about thirteen feet high by fifty wide. There are two other excavations in the rock above this cavern, one of which rudely resembles the broken window of a ruined church—suggesting that idea the more forcibly perhaps from the fact that it admits light into the lower cavern.

Before reaching the entrance of the grotto, however, there was a small stream to be crossed. There was no bridge, but this was only a slight hindrance to Jeanne and Marie, who took off their shoes, and, springing from stone to stone, were soon over. They were in advance of Bernadette, who stopped frequently to cough, and when she came up to the stream they were putting on their wooden shoes.

"How cold the water is!" she heard one say, and she hesitated to step into the cold stream. Jeanne saw her pausing upon the brink, and called out, "Cross as we did: give long leaps and come over." She called to them then to throw stones in for her to step upon, but they were busily engaged piling up sticks, and paid no attention to her, so she began to pull off her shoes and stockings. When she bent down she heard a great rushing sound, as of the water and the wind. It seemed as if a great storm were breaking, but when she looked up all was calm. The leaves scarcely stirred in the breeze, and the trails of ivy that hung over the rocky windows of the grotto swayed gently to and fro. So she proceeded to pull off her stockings unalarmed. After a few seconds the noise increased, and when Bernadette again looked up she saw a beautiful vision standing in the window or upper entrance of the grotto, which was filled with the lustre of its halo. The apparition was dressed in pure white, and bore a chaplet upon its arm, and had no resemblance to Bernadette's ideal of the Virgin. The child was filled with awe, but felt no fear, and reverently kneeling she continued to gaze at the vision, which smiled upon her and made the sign of the cross. Bernadette did likewise. The appearance then vanished, and for some time Bernadette remained spell-bound and still kneeling and gazing abstractedly into the grotto, from which the luminous quality had faded. After a short time she recovered from her transport, and looking around her found the appearance of nothing changed. The stream rushed on, the trees were the same, and in the hollow of the grotto the wild brier grew in its accustomed place, and the clinging moss and the ivy trails were unchanged.

Bernadette made her way across the stream as quickly as she could, and hastening onward soon overtook Marie and Jeanne, who looked up in surprise at her haste. When she had reached them their surprise deepened into wonder as they observed the emotion depicted in her face.

"Have you seen nothing?" inquired Bernadette, her eyes all aglow with excitement.

"No: what is it?" said Marie.

"It is something strange," said Bernadette.

"It could not have been stranger than you look now, with your staring eyes and your flying hair," said Jeanne.

"What have you seen, Bernadette?" asked Marie.

"Some one in white, bright and gleaming," said Bernadette.

"What did it do? Describe it," exclaimed Jeanne.

"I cannot describe it. If you haven't seen it, I can't tell you what it was like," she said.

The two other girls were frightened. "Will it hurt us?" asked Marie.

"I am afraid of such things," said Jeanne: "let us hurry home as fast as we can."

Bernadette was not afraid, but, habitually passive, she hurried with them without protest. When they arrived at home she told her mother her experience, and Madame Soubirons, being incredulous, attempted to convince Bernadette that her vision was only a creature of her fancy; but with no avail. The child was silenced, but not convinced. Madame Soubirons said she would not allow her daughter to go to the grotto any more, as it filled her with such ideas; and she expected to hear no more about the matter. But the next day Bernadette talked incessantly of her "Dame," and on the following day, when some one inquired what her vision was like, she replied that she had seen such a face at church; and on the third day, which was Sunday, she prevailed upon her mother to allow her to go to the grotto again.

Marie and Jeanne accompanied her as before. Having arrived at the grotto, Bernadette knelt before the aperture: Marie and Jeanne followed her example, and when they turned to look at her they were amazed at her appearance. She seemed to be transfigured. Her face was radiant. With her eyes fixed, her lips partly open and her hands clasped, she appeared to listen with the greatest attention. Her companions were frightened by her strange behavior, and implored her to rise and go home with them.

"Bernadette, get up! Come: we are afraid of you when you look so strange."

She seemed to hear them no more than if she had been a statue, and for a few moments the group remained silent and motionless. There was no sound except the swirling of the stream and the rustling of the leaves, and to Marie and Jeanne the very silence seemed to be a spell of enchantment. Presently the rapturous light died out of the face of Bernadette, and she appeared as usual, much to the relief of the others.

Upon their arrival at home the same story was told by Bernadette as before, and again it was disbelieved. No restriction was placed upon her going to the grotto, however, and she continued to visit it, when her vision arose before her again and again. In course of time the singular event became much talked about, especially among the peasantry of that vicinity, who believed implicitly that the Virgin Mary appeared to the child.

People began to accompany Bernadétte upon her visits to the grotto, and the number and interest of her observers daily increased. Many who were entirely skeptical went for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity. Among this class were Madame Millet and Mademoiselle Antoinette Peyret, who accompanied the little girl one day with the intention of questioning her after they had studied her conduct. On this occasion she excited their suspicions by leading them by an unaccustomed route down a steep and rocky path, where they had great difficulty in following her. They finally arrived at the grotto, and were astounded to observe the change that came over her. She seemed to be in a state of ecstatic awe.

The ladies were so solemnly impressed by her appearance that they felt deep regret for having intruded upon so reverent a scene.

"It is a profanation for us to be here," said one.

"You must remain," said Bernadette immediately, as if she had been directed to stop them.

"Ask who she is," exclaimed Madame Millet, greatly excited. "Here, take this card and pencil, and beg of her that she will write down her wishes."

Bernadette took them, and the ladies heard her repeat the request as she approached the excavation and the divine radiance lighted up her face. She paused, and for several moments remained in an apparent state of rapture: then she returned to them, and in reply to their inquiries said that her "Dame" had said that she saw no necessity to write her wishes, for she knew Bernadette would obey.

"Obey what?" asked Mademoiselle Peyret. "What did she command you to do?"

"To come to meet her at the grotto every day for fifteen days."

"Why?"

"I don't know why."

"But did she not say anything more?"

"Yes, madame."

"What?"

"She promised that if I did so I should be happy in a future world."

Madame Millet and Mademoiselle Peyret went home mystified. The story of their futile attempt to discover deception in Bernadette got abroad, "and still the wonder grew." The interest in the visions intensified, and vast crowds, numbered not by tens, but by hundreds, assembled to watch Bernadette during the appointed fifteen days. The entire population of Lourdes appeared to be included in the crowd. The presence of this observing multitude exerted no influence whatever upon Bernadette, who passed among them as they made way for her without looking to the right or to the left, as if she had too great thoughts on her mind to give any heed to the people. Day after day she repeated her visits, kneeling in her accustomed place and giving herself up to a state of ecstasy.

About this time, so great had become the popular excitement over the child, the attention of the authorities was attracted by it. Accordingly, M. Massy, prefect of the commune, and M. Jacomet, commissaire de police, conferred together, and decided to arrest Bernadette as an impostor. It was on the 11th of February, 1858, when the girl had her first vision, and about ten days thereafter, in the presence of a great crowd, a police-officer approached her, and laying his hand upon her shoulder took her to the commissaire for examination.

Imagine this simple and artless child boldly confronting the commissaire, who must have been, in her eyes, a person of high dignity! M. Jacomet plied her with questions and cross-questions, and used all his power to implicate her in some inconsistency or contradiction; but his efforts were futile, and he was obliged to confess that he could not make out any case against the child, whom he allowed to go home. Still, his dignity required some show of authority; so he commanded Jean Soubirons that he should not permit Bernadette to go to the grotto of Massabielle, under penalty of imprisonment. Then he wrote to M. Rouland, minister of public instruction, for advice.

Soubirons kept his daughter at home for a day or two: then, observing her to grieve under the restraint, decided to risk the wrath of M. Jacomet, and allowed her to go where she wished. The people upheld Soubirons, and the crowds at the grotto assembled again. It was then proposed by some to consult Peyramale, the curé, who was known to discredit the stories of Bernadette, and it was thought might disabuse her mind of its illusions or detect her imposture, as the case might be; but Peyramale would not make any efforts in that direction. However, Bernadette, of her own accord, came to him one day, saying she wished to speak to him.

"Are you the daughter of the miller Soubirons?" asked Peyramale.

"Yes, monsieur le curé," she said.

"What is it you wish?"

"I came to say that the Lady who appears to me in the grotto of Massabielle—"

"Hush, child!" interrupted Peyramale. "Do not repeat this foolish tale to me. You have stirred the whole country round with the story of your vision, but do not bring such tales to me. What do you mean by this? I tell you, child, the Virgin sees you now, and if you practice imposture the door of heaven will be for ever shut against you."

Bernadette was in no wise disturbed, and resumed her narrative without faltering.

"What, then, is the name of your vision?" asked Peyramale when she had told him the story of her experience.

"I don't know," she replied.

"Was it the Virgin?"

"I do not say that it was the Virgin," said Bernadette, "but I know that I see her as plainly as I see you now, and she speaks to me distinctly; and she commanded me to say to you that she wishes a church to be built on the rock of Massabielle."

Peyramale was astonished at the strange language and the firmness of the child, and replied: "Your story, Bernadette, is beyond reason: still, your manner is honest. Do not give yourself up, I pray you, to an illusion of your mind. You have some fancy, it may be, that deceives you. The Virgin could command me as well as yourself. You say there is a brier growing in the grotto: if your vision wants me to build a church on the cliff, tell her she must first cause that brier to bring forth roses in this winter season."

Having received this reply, Bernadette withdrew. When she next saw her vision she delivered the message of Peyramale, but it was not regarded. The apparition commanded her to go as far as she could on her hands and knees, and when Bernadette had done so, to the great wonder of her observers she was commanded to drink. She rose, and was about to go to the stream, when the vision called her back and told her to drink of the fountain, not of the stream. Now, there was no fountain, but Bernadette instinctively dug a small hole in the earth with her hands, and a very small stream of water flowed forth from the earth and filled it. She dipped some up with her hands and drank. This little stream continued to flow, and increased in size. On the following day it was many times its original size. Travelers are to this day shown the stream near the grotto of Massabielle, which, it is declared, thus sprang from a miraculous source. Three hundred people are declared to have seen this miracle, and in different regions of France many people may still be found who declare that they were present upon that occasion.

After this, still greater crowds flocked to the grotto of Massabielle, and again the authorities interfered. MM. Massy and Jacomet for a long time waged their war with the people until the emperor telegraphed, ordering that all interference should be stopped. Thus the people were left in peaceful possession of their fountain, and reports of its marvelous cures filled all the papers, and visitors came from far and near, bringing cans and bottles to fill at the wondrous stream.

It will be remembered that Peyramale had demanded that the brier should blossom before a church should be built. In spite of his decision there now stands not far from the grotto a church that has already cost two and a half millions of francs, though not completed, and numerous convents are projected to occupy sites in the vicinity. A statue of the Virgin stands in the grotto where the vision appeared, and on the rock are hung numerous crutches and staffs, which it is claimed were left there by those cripples whom the waters of the spring have healed.

Bernadette became day by day an object of still greater interest—in some cases of reverence. Many offers were made to provide for herself and her family, but they were declined, and both her parents died poor, her mother so late as December 18, 1866. Marie Soubirons and a brother, it is said, still live at Lourdes, but Bernadette became a Sister of Charity, and is now an inmate of the Hospice of Nevers, under the name of Sister Marie Bernard. At this institution she took the veil, and she occupies herself, when health admits, in tending the sick. She lives a life of great seclusion, and is almost utterly ignorant of all that occurs outside the hospice walls. From the letter of a graphic writer I quote as follows: "She is now twenty-five. She is not beautiful in feature, but in expression. Her look has a soft, melting attraction. She is a great sufferer, and is tried by cruel pains in her chest, which she bears very patiently, saying the Virgin told her she should be happy in heaven."

Early in October, 1872, a cable despatch from Paris appeared in all the dailies, announcing that fifty thousand pilgrims were then journeying through France toward Lourdes. Their object was to assemble at the grotto of Massabielle to pray for the salvation and regeneration of France, so lately desolated by war. A large proportion of the pilgrims came from Paris, where their journey had been inaugurated by services at Notre Dame des Victoires. Indeed, it may be said that their entire journey was one long religious service, for litanies were chanted unceasingly upon the route. The grand service at the grotto took place October 6th, when five bishops conducted mass and vespers at five altars reared among the rocks; and other services were conducted at numerous chapels and shrines among the mountains for miles around by various pilgrim priests. A sermon was delivered to the great host by the bishop of Tarbes, the subject being the disasters of the nation. He closed by exhorting them to patriotism. Raising his arms to the multitude, he asked, "Will you promise to serve and love your country as I mean?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" answered the vast host in thunderous response.

"Will you cry 'Vive la France!' as children should who have been nurtured from the breast of a cherishing mother?"

"Vive la France!" resounded from rock and valley.

Then turning toward the statue of the Virgin, the bishop cried, "Vive the Church, the Rock of Ages!" Again the mighty voice of the crowd responded, and with the final cry of "Vive the Holy Father, Pius IX.!" the assemblage broke up.

Probably there were no scenes incidental to the pilgrimage more imposing than its processions, formed in the public square of Lourdes. One of them was a mile long, and the van had entered the meadow before the rear had left the square. It was composed of people of all classes, who sang hymns as with one mighty voice. It bore banners of violet, green, rose, blue and other colors, magnificently decorated with gilding, paintings and embroidery. These banners numbered nearly three hundred, and came from various parts of the country. Even far-off Algeria was represented. The banner of Alsace and Lorraine was in mourning, and was borne by girls in white. As it passed many persons pressed forward to kiss its hanging tassels. The banner from Nantes was so profusedly embellished with gold and other decorations that six strong men labored to support it; and those from Paris, Bordeaux, Rheims, Lille, etc. were not greatly inferior to it in elegance. The sun shone brightly, and with the grandeur of the banners and the pomp of the prelates in their rich sacerdotal robes formed a scene of indescribable splendor.

At the farther end of the meadow or valley an altar had been erected. Here the banners drew up in a vast semicircle enclosing the great audience, and vespers were sung, after which the fifty thousand worshipers knelt and received the benediction, which was pronounced by eight bishops simultaneously. The services before the altar being thus concluded, the bearers of the banners again formed in procession for the purpose of carrying them to the church upon the rock, in which they were to be placed. At this time the sun was sinking behind the blue Pyrenean peaks, and as it threw its last red gleams upon the splendid train that wound in and out along the craggy mountain-path it lighted up a picture of resplendent glory. As fast as the banners arrived at the church they were placed upon its walls, which were soon completely covered with their gorgeous hangings. Owing to the length of the procession, it was after sunset when the last banner had been placed in the church, which, with its brilliant adornments flashing in the blaze of wax tapers, was one grand glow of glittering splendor. After a brief service of thanksgiving the congregation withdrew, and descended the mountain in the light of bonfires that burned upon numerous cliffs.

A spectacle of equal brilliancy, though

less pompous, was presented by the grand torchlight procession which formed one evening in the square of Lourdes, where all were provided with candles. Thirty thousand persons were in this procession. They marched to the grotto of Massabielle and to the church upon the rock, moving slowly and singing hymns. As they moved they formed a great stream of glittering light, which rolled on and on and up and up, across the meadow and up the sinuous mountain-path. This impressive display lasted until midnight, when the greater number of the lights had died out and their bearers retired. But a goodly company still remained in the crypt of the church at prayer, in some instances fighting off sleep by marching up and down in companies, chanting night-prayers.

Thus a nation's ardent worshipers assembled in devotion at the spot sanctified by the visions of Bernadette Soubirons. And what shall we say of her? Her professed visions cannot be set aside as impostures against the voice of thousands whose skepticism, as great as ours, has been abashed. It could not have been in the nature of this artless child, unencouraged and alone, to have been an impostor. Such would have been a rôle thoroughly foreign to her character. Perhaps there may have been illusion, a self-nourished fancy, evoked from the silent reveries of those solitary days at Bastres, when her mind was for long periods given up to undisturbed imaginings. Who can say?

William D. Wood.

## BENEDICTION.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, my dearest!
  My bravest and my fairest!
I bless thee with a blessing meet
  For all thy manly worth.
Good-bye, good-bye, my treasure!
My only pride and pleasure!
I bless thee with the strength of love
  Before I send thee forth.

Mine own! I fear to bless thee,
I hardly dare caress thee,
Because I love thee with a love
  That overgrows my life;
And as the time gets longer
Its tender throbs grow stronger:
My maiden troth but waits to be
  The fondness of the wife.

Alas! alas! my dearest,
The look of pain thou wearest!
The kisses thou dost bend to give
  Are parting ones to-day!
Thy sheltering arms are round me,
But the cruel pain hath found me.
What shall I do with all this love
  When thou art gone away?

Ah well! One poor endeavor
Shall nerve me while we sever:
I will not fret my hero's heart
  With piteous sobs and tears.
I send thee forth, my dearest,
My truest and my rarest,
And yield thee to the keep of Him
  Who blessed our happier years.

Once more good-bye! and bless thee!
My faltering lips caress thee.
When shall I feel thy hand again
  Go kindly o'er my hair?
Let the dear arms that fold me
One last sweet moment hold me:
In life or death our love shall be
  No weaker for the wear!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

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# A NIGHT IN BEDFORD, VIRGINIA.

"THE general has been sending his ambulance"—Bless these ambulances! they are as common in Virginia as hen-nest grass or clumps of sassafras —"to the dépôt every morning for three or four days for you."

"The deuce he has! Then why didn't he let me know by letter, as I asked him to do?"

"Can't say, really."

This conversation took place in the main street of the extraordinary city of Lugston—a city so very peculiar that I must give it an entire article some day.

Repairing forthwith to a newspaper office, I wrote to the general how sorry I was that he had been put to so much trouble—I had not received the letter which he must have written—obliged to go home in the morning—hoped at some future time to have the pleasure, etc., etc. Then I went to my lodgings on Federal Hill, and, behold! there was the letter. "Although the ambulance"—ever blessed!—"had been so often to the dépôt, it would be there on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday evening. Don't fail to," etc. Whereupon I called for paper and wrote the general that, in spite of the necessity for my returning home the next day, I would be at Blank Station on Tuesday evening and meet that ambulance—blessed ambulance!—or die in the struggle. Go I would, and go I went —if that is grammar.

A newspaper editor—there is no end of editors in Virginia: wherever there is a tank, a tan-yard or a wood-pile, there you find one—a learned professor who had a flourishing school a few miles up the road (public instruction is playing hob with most of the private schools in Virginia), and a judge on a lecturing-tour (how is a Virginia judge to support his family without lecturing, wood-sawing or other supplementary business?) entertained me most agreeably on my way to the station.

A cadet from Annapolis was the first object that met my eye when I got out.

"'S death! a Virginian in that hated uniform?"

I said no such thing, felt no such thing, but was inwardly pleased that Uncle Sam's money (he gets ten millions a year out of Virginia tobacco, and then brags about what he does for our children, the sly old dog!) was educating some of our boys who otherwise might not be educated half so well, if at all. Moreover, the broad shoulders, the trim flanks, the aquiline nose, brown hair and ruddy cheeks of the young fellow recalled the best specimens of British lads whom I had seen in Canada and elsewhere. In truth, I could hardly persuade myself that he was not English.

Albion was in the air, for on the other side of the dépôt there was a lot of trunks and other baggage, the make of which could not be mistaken. I soon learned that one of the best estates in the neighborhood had been sold to an Englishman, who had arrived that very day.

"Furies! the sacred soil of Virginia *again* passing into the hands of the blarsted Hinglish, from whom it was wrested a century ago by the blood and treasure of George Washington's hatchet! A Federal cadet on one side and an Englishman on the other of Blank Dépôt, away off here in Bedford! What are we coming to?"

I did not say or think this either, but was delighted to find John Bull pervading the Old Dominion.

Another and a bitterer pill, had I been as disloyal as I was five years ago, and ought to be now, awaited me, as you shall hear.

But where is that ambulance? The blessed vehicle was there, and, after so long and painful a separation, we should have met face to face if it had not been backed up to the platform to receive—whom? me? No, a parcel of ladies, who filled every seat. My inflammable Southside soul would have burst into a high blaze at this if a gentleman had not immediately stepped forward with a snug jug of whisky. Whisky in any vessel I love, but whisky in a jug not too big to handle easily I adore. My viznomy relaxed, a beam of joy began to irradiate my features, when to my extreme surprise the benevolent jug-gentleman said, "Take a glass of claret punch"—he had the glass as well as the jug—"won't you, sir?"

Amazement! claret punch in a jug at a dépôt in the heart, or at any rate the pericardium, of Bedford county! Where was I? who was I? what was my name? and where was I going to? In my life I was never more nonplussed.

The ambulance drove off, and I was consigned to a spring wagon with a white boy for a driver.

"How far is it to the general's?" I ventured to ask as I stepped in.

"Eight miles."

"Whew!"

"Never mind, sir: we shall be there in an hour and a half."

And off we went like the wind. He drove very boldly and at the same time very cautiously, avoiding the numerous stumps, stones and ruts with admirable dexterity. I began to suspect that the boy was not a Virginia boy. When at length we reached the smooth stage-road I began to question him: "Are you the general's son?"

"No, sir: that was my father at the station"—he of the jug.

"How do you like this country?"

My habit from childhood had been to take the life of any stranger who had the audacity to tell me that he did not like any and every part of Virginia, but of late I have contented myself with slicing off his ears.

"The longer I live here the better I like it."

Smart boy! he had saved his auditory organs. But as yet his accent had not been sufficiently defined to enable me to tell his nationality. "You are not from England, are you?"

"No, indeed, sir—from New Hampshire."

The appalling truth was out. First, a Yankee uniform; second, an Englishman; third, a whole raft, a "hull lot," of New Hampshire Yankees; and yet they call this Virginia!

No wonder I was silent. Night had fallen, we had entered a dark forest, there was an unreconstructed penknife (somehow or other, I always forget my bowie-knife and Derringers now-a-days) recently sharpened in my pocket. Why did I not cut the throat of this little Oppressor and fatten the soil of my native land with the blood of the small ruthless Yankee Invader?

It was just because at this moment we caught up with the ambulance. The two vehicles halted, a young girl and a little boy left the ambulance and took seats by the side of my driver, and the greeting of the brother and sister—the latter having just returned from a visit to her native granite hills—was actually as affectionate, beautiful and sweet as if they had been born in the middle of the Mother of States and of Statesmen. And as the ambulance drove on there came floating back to us ever and anon on the night wind a still sweeter voice. It came from a young lady—a young Yankee lady at that—and it sounded sweet to me—to me myself, my own dear, unadulterated, real Old Virginia self.

Turning from the main road, we wound around among the rocky ravines in a fashion truly bewildering to a body with weak eyes, but my little Yankee driver seemed so much at home that I felt no shadow of fear. Arriving safely at the general's capacious mansion, I bade my Northern friends good-night, and sat down to a supper without fried chickens or coffee. In lieu of the latter we had cold tea, with a slice of lemon in each goblet. After a long talk on matters of no concern to the reader, during which the general related a number of capital war-anecdotes, I contrived, as is my wont, to turn the conversation upon agricultural topics, with the view of imparting to him a modicum of that consummate farming wisdom which appertains to every thoroughly conceited scribbler.

"Fine country you have, general."

"Yes: from Lugston to the Tennessee line, two hundred good miles, the country is as fine as the sun ever shone upon."

"Appears to be thinly settled."

"You may well say so. Between my house and the station there are eight or nine thousand acres, most of it excellent land, belonging to only five or six owners."

"Indeed! What are such immense tracts good for now-a-days?"

"Good for grass."

"But they seem to pay little attention to grass."

"True. It is a splendid cheese country, as I have proved, but our people are not up to that as yet."

"They *will* grow tobacco. I saw some fine timber sacrificed for the sake of new-ground tobacco."

"And why not? A man gets tired of paying taxes for twenty or thirty years on timber which yields him nothing."

I smiled an invisible smile, reverting in my thoughts to an assault I had made the week before upon my kinsman in Buckingham. "William," said I, "why will you Southside people continue to exhaust your land with tobacco?"

"Dick," he replied, "you are the doggonedest fool out of jail. *You*, raised in Virginia, and ask a question like that! Wheat is uncertain, corn doesn't pay, we are too far from market for vegetables, too poor to put our lands in grass, and tobacco is the only thing that will fetch money. As for exhausting land, plenty of tobacco is raised in Ohio and Connecticut, and you never hear anybody talk about exhausting land there."

"Yes, but there they manure heavily, giving back to the land as much as they take, or more."

"Well, old-field pine is good enough manure for a man who has plenty of land and can take his time."

Thus in two instances my anti-tobacco wisdom turned out to be about as profitable as King James's memorable *Counterblast* against the beloved weed of Virginia.

"But, general," said I, "surely your neighbors don't want to retain such vast tracts of land."

"Certainly not. Men do not like to part with good land, and if my friends could set their farms well in grass, so that a few hands could attend to them, they would only sell at very high figures; but being unable to do this, they are willing, and many of them anxious, to sell on most reasonable terms."

"What is the trouble, then?"

"The trouble is about houses."

"Explain."

"Wealthy people seldom emigrate. The men who leave home have generally but limited means, and coming here they find just the soil and climate they desire, but no place to lay their heads; and few if any of them can afford to buy land and build houses at the same time. This, I am satisfied, is the main difficulty in the way of the speedy filling up of Virginia with the best class of yeoman settlers."

"A difficulty not easily remedied."

"No, for our people, rich in land, are even poorer in money than the immigrants themselves."

"How on earth, then, did you manage to sell to the New Hampshire gentleman who came with me this evening, and who, as I learn, bought a part of your farm?"

"Why, I had a roomy house, and I just opened my doors to him and his family, and kept them here free of charge till their own house was finished."

"Well, general," dropping my voice to the Secesh conspirator level, "how do you like him?"

The general, known by the antique name of Jones (though the Sixth Pennsylvania and other Northern cavalry were acquainted with him under another cognomen), like all the strapping sons of thunder who went actively into the field instead of staying at home and abusing Jeff. Davis, does not regard his late enemies with that intense hatred which is so gratifying to myself and some other people.

He spoke out aloud: "I like him first rate. He is an admirable neighbor—a man of sense, practical, sagacious and industrious; and his family, wife, sons and daughters, are in all respects worthy of him. I wish the county had a thousand of just such people."

This was a crusher for me. Drawing myself up to my full height—which ought to be but is not six feet—I seized a kerosene lamp with my right hand, and looking the unfortunate man full in the eye, I said very respectfully, "General, good-night."

Undismayed, he eyed me back, and, in a tone of what I took to be cordiality, replied, "Maybe you'd like a little whisky-and-water before going to bed?"

I thanked him "No," mounted the lofty staircase, divested myself of sundry sartorial cerements and plunged my earthly tabernacle into the centre of a big delicious bed. There, while the thunder rolled among the mountains, the rain plashed upon the window-shutters and the wind blew like the very devil, I muttered to myself, "Here is a man bearing worthily one of the most honored names in the Commonwealth—a member, in fact, of one of the first—the first—*first* fam—families in Vir—gin—ia, actually pr—prais—praising Yan—Yank—Yankees in—in 's own hou—" I was asleep.

On the morrow, when I returned to the station and saw how very lovely the country was, how fertile—the rounded mountains, when cleared of their royal forests, arable to their very summits, the air like Olympian nectar, the sunshine a divine balm, the whole scene a Sabbath-land of peace and of boundless plenty, awaiting only the cohorts of the North and of the white-cliffed isle—I would fain have cried, "Come, ye moderately pecunious Bulls, and you, ye hyperborean Vandals from the far Lake of Winnipiseogee and the uttermost Cape of Cod—come to this Canaan, not like carpet-bagging spies to steal our big bunch of grapes and tote it off on a stick between two of you (as per authentic pictures in Sunday-school books), but with your shekels, your deniers, your pence, pounds sterling and crisp greenbacks: come to this beauteous land, take it, own it, possess it, buy freely, and be sure you reserve enough cash to build a house with; or, better still, bring your houses ready made, in nests like buckets or painted pails (I am sure you have them in your inventive realm). Come, I say, and oust these mutton-headed Virginians, or sit down beside them, work with them, teach them to work (you are so certain you can), and make this American republic the Storehouse of the nations, the Cornucopia of all creation!"

I got to the station just three hours after the train I intended to take had left, and had to wait only two hours for the next train; which was doing pretty well for Virginia. Possessing my Southside soul in patience, I bought two not very bad cigars for ten cents, and fell to contemplating some eight or nine of the Down-Trodden who were hanging around. I must say that the Down-Trodden did not appear to have been much flattened by the heel of the Oppressor. As I gazed, a foolish parody started itself in my idle brain:

> When the fair land of Bedford
> Was ploughed by the hoof
> Of the ruthless invader—

There the thing broke down, and—the events of the night before, the Englishman, the happy Northern family and the thoroughly reconstructed general, suggesting it in some queer cerebral way—a still more foolish negro song, which I had forgotten for years, popped up in my brain-pan:

> Lit-tel gal, I give you ninepunce
> Ef you will dance de Haul-back;
> And I kin dance de Haul-back,
> And you kin dance de Haul back,
> And we kin dance de Haul-back.

The relevancy of this utterly absurd thing did not then strike me. I see it now. A certain people—whom I do love with my whole heart, not in spite of their faults, but because of them: are they not my own?—have been dancing the Haulback for many generations, and now, under my own eye and quite perceptibly in the rural parts of Virginia, the dance is coming to an end. Slowly but surely we are lapsing into Bullo-doodledom, with a momentary preponderance of Bull. *Tempora*—do, I entreat you, allow me the use of my solitary dear delightful old bit of Latin—*mutantur;* ay! and we mutate with them. The world moves, and no amount of Haulback will stay it.

RICHARD B. ELDER.

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## THE WELLESLEY-POLES.

THE death was announced a few weeks ago of a lady whose name will awaken a train of recollection in the minds of all who take an interest in English family history. This was Miss Tylney-Long, sister to the ill-fated Mrs. Tylney-Long-Wellesley-Pole.

The duke of Wellington's second brother, William, succeeded in 1778 to the large Irish estates of a kinsman, Mr. Pole, and assumed that name in addition to his own. Mr. Wellesley-Pole, who was eventually created a peer as Lord Maryborough, had a son, who became, on the death of his uncle, the marquis Wellesley, earl of Mornington. Never had the peerage a more unworthy member. Starting in life with every advantage, Mr. Wellesley-Pole seemed bent upon showing how effectually he could foil the efforts of Fortune to serve him. When he reached an age for marriage the greatest heiress of the time was Miss Tylney-Long. By a succession of failures of male heirs the vast wealth of the family of Child had devolved on this lady, and Mr. Wellesley-Pole became the successful suitor for her hand. One of her seats was Wanstead in Essex, some fifteen miles from London. Originally a royal manor, Wanstead was granted by Edward VI. to Lord Rich, who sold it to Elizabeth's favorite, Leicester. Subsequently, on its reverting to the Crown, James I. gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, but, he having been one of Charles I.'s judges, it became forfeited, and once more returned to the sovereign. Charles II. gave it to his brother James, who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke, and he in turn sold it to Sir Joshua Child.

The Childs were the greatest mercantile family of their time. Sir Joshua founded the banking-house of the name which still flourishes (the oldest in London), and of which the young earl of Jersey is, through his great-grandmother, also a Child heiress, the principal partner. Sir Joshua's son was raised to a peerage as Earl Tylney, and about 1715 employed a celebrated architect of the day, Colin Campbell, to build a magnificent mansion. Wanstead was deemed on its completion in many respects the most magnificent house in England. It was of Portland stone, two hundred feet in length and seventy deep. The great hall was fifty-three by forty-five feet, the ball-room seventy-five by twenty-seven. This abode was furnished in a style of the most lavish splendor, and Mr. Wellesley-Pole's income was more than adequate to maintain it in befitting style. But no income is adequate to meet the expenses of a gambler and spendthrift, and such was Mr. Wellesley-Pole.

Some of his wife's property was happily settled on her and her heirs, and could not be got hold of by her rascally husband; but Wanstead, after being leased for some time to the duc de Bourbon—who here received intelligence of the death of his unfortunate son, the duc d'Enghien—came to the hammer. The sale of the effects in 1822 exceeded anything of the kind which had been known in England up to that date. The catalogue consisted of four hundred quarto pages, published in three parts, at five shillings each, and it is said that not less than twenty thousand copies were sold. It is not a little remarkable that the contents of Fonthill Abbey (the celebrated seat of the author of *Vathek*), which teemed with even greater riches, were sold almost at the same time. Nor were the contents of the mansion only disposed of. The fabric itself, which had cost three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, was sold for eight thousand pounds, it being a condition of the sale that it should be razed and the materials removed within a definite number of months.

Had Tylney-Long-Wellesley-Pole (for such was the polysyllabic name he bore after his marriage) been only a spendthrift and a gambler, his case might not have seemed remarkable. But he showed himself in every way a heartless scoundrel as regarded his wife and his children, who had to seek legal protection against him. About a year after the sale of her splendid home his wife died, and the event is thus spoken of in a leading journal of the time: "The premature death of an amiable and accomplished lady born to large possessions, and against whom the voice of calumny never so much as breathed a slander, calls, we think, for a passing comment, as illustrating and furnishing, we trust, a lasting and useful lesson to the heartlessness of too many men of the present day. With a fortune that made her a prize for princes, this amiable woman gave her hand and heart to the man of her choice, and with them all that unbounded wealth could bestow. What her fate has been all the world knows: what it ought to have been the world is equally well aware. To her, riches have been worse than poverty; and her life seems to have been sacrified and her heart broken through the very means that should have cherished and maintained her in the happiness and splendor which her fortune and disposition were alike qualified to produce. Let her fate be a warning to all of her sex who, blessed with affluence, think the buzzing throng which surrounds them have hearts, when in fact they have none; and if there be such a feeling as remorse accessible in the quarter where it is most called for, let the world witness, by a future life of contrition, something like atonement for the past."

So far, however, as the world could discover, the atonement never came. Lord Mornington, as he became, actually found another woman to marry him: he ill-used her, and having sunk into narrow circumstances, neglected to provide her with the barest necessaries, so that the applications of the countess of Mornington to the London police magistrates for assistance became of frequent occurrence. It may seem strange that the Wellesley family should not have stepped in to prevent such a scandal. Probably they thought that the woman who in the teeth of his evil reputation had chosen to marry him should take the consequences. He died in 1857. His son, whose life his father's conduct had sadly embittered, did not long survive him, and bequeathed the remnant of his estates, including Draycot, a large mansion (which had been strictly entailed) in Wiltshire, to his cousin, Lord Cowley, then ambassador at Paris. His title passed to the duke of Wellington.

### THE FATE OF DANGAN CASTLE.

LORD COWLEY, on being created an earl, selected for his second title that of Viscount Dangan, thus perpetuating the memory of the old seat of the Wellesleys in Ireland. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that although no family in the United Kingdom has within the last century acquired such fame and honors as the Wellesleys, they have long since ceased to own a rood of ground in the country whence they derived the affluence and rank which were to the famous sons of Garrett, earl of Mornington, the first stepping-stones to fame.

The Wellesleys are only Wellesleys—or Wesleys, as the name was formerly spelt—in the female line. Richard Colley, son of Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, county Cork, succeeded on the 23d of September, 1728, to the estates of his cousin, Garrett Wesley, Esq., of Dangan, county Meath, assumed the name and arms of "Wesley," and was created baron of Mornington July 9, 1746. He married, December 23, 1819, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Doctor John Sale, M. P. for Carysfort, and died January 31, 1758, when he was succeeded by his only son, Garrett, father of the duke of Wellington, who was created in 1760 Viscount Wellesley and earl of Mornington.

In October, 1748, Mrs. Delany writes: "Last Monday we set out for Dangan, Lord Mornington's. He is the same good-humored, agreeable man he was seventeen years ago. My godson, Master Wesley [Wellington's father] is a most extraordinary boy: he was thirteen last month, is a very good scholar, and whatever study he undertakes masters it most surprisingly. He began with the fiddle last year, and now plays everything at sight." [In after years Lord Mornington acquired considerable distinction as a composer.]

"This place, Dangan Castle, is really magnificent: the old house that was burnt down is rebuilding. They live at present in the offices: the garden (or rather improvements and parks, for it is too extensive to be called a garden) consists of six hundred Irish acres, between eight and nine hundred English. There is a gravel-walk fifty-two feet broad and six hundred yards long from the house to the great lake. The lake contains twenty-six acres, is of an irregular shape, with a fort built in all its forms. My godson is governor of the fort. He hoisted all his colors, and was not a little mortified that I declined the compliment of being saluted from the fort and ship. The ground, so far as you can see every way, is waving in hills and dales."

Dangan stands about seven miles from Trim and twenty from Dublin. The Marquis Wellesley (husband of Miss Caton of Maryland), who succeeded his father as second earl of Mornington, sold it to a Mr. Burroughs, who, after greatly improving it, let it to Mr. Roger O'Connor, a near relative of the Chartist agitator of the name. Whilst in his possession the house and demesne were stripped of everything that could be turned into money; the timber, which was remarkable both for quantity and quality, was cut down; and the gardens were permitted to run to waste. At length the house — being heavily insured — was found to be on fire, and was burnt before assistance could be obtained. One part of the building, of which the walls were extraordinarily thick, is now inhabited by a farmer who superintends the property.

The present duke of Wellington (whose wife, formerly well known as Lady Douro, is a daughter of Lord Tweeddale, and sister of the wife of Sir Robert Peel) is childless. His only brother, Lord Charles Wellesley, left two sons, but if these should die issueless the dukedom will be extinct, and the Irish earldom of Mornington will pass to Lord Cowley.

### INTERVIEWING CAPTAIN KIDD.

MR. EDITOR: The following, which I cut from the New York *Herald* of July 17, 1699 (accidentally in my possession), may interest some of your readers. I was not before aware that the *Herald's* files went back so far, but it was a greater surprise to discover that interviewing flourished at so early a date.

Yours, SARSFIELD YOUNG.

## CAPTAIN KIDD!

THE PIRATE CHIEF IN A BOSTON JAIL!

BOUQUETS AND BAKED BEANS *vs.* PURITAN THEOLOGY!

CALUMNIATIONS OF THE PRESS!

DON'T CALL ME PET NAMES — WILLIAM *vs.* ROBERT!

ALL A MISTAKE ABOUT THAT CHISEL!

SARAH'S MUGS AND PORRINGERS!

"HOW IS MY FRIEND, COL. LIVINGSTONE?"

EAST INDIA RING *vs.* INNOCENCE!

CAN ADAMS AND CHOATE CLEAR HIM? etc. etc.

[From *Herald* Special Correspondent.]

BOSTON, 16th July, 1699.

Your correspondent arrived here last evening, and found (as already telegraphed) that the arrest and imprisonment of Captain Kidd, the champion pirate of the world, continues to form the all-absorbing topic of conversation. Little Boston has got a sensation at last, and is determined to keep it. Merchants and brokers talk Kidd on 'Change. Groups at the hotels discuss the nautical hero. Badly-executed pictures of him stare at you from the shop-windows. Cotton Mather, the great gun of the clergy here, blazes away at this "child of iniquity" from the pulpit; and it is understood that a prominent publishing-house has already arranged to bring out *The Autobiography of a Buccaneer. On dit*, that certain parties are negotiating to have him appear next season as a lecturer in case he isn't wanted on another platform.

The first paroxysm of excitement, which looked to nothing short of hanging him from the steeple of the Old South Church, has given place to a conviction that the law had better be suffered to take its course, inasmuch as the unfortunate captain will surely drift among the breakers when he is tossed about on the sea of criminal jurisprudence.

By the politeness of the colonial authorities, your correspondent obtained a permit to visit the noted son of Neptune at the Stone Prison. Sending in his card, he was at once invited into the small but comfortable apartment where the "scourge of the seas" is confined.

Captain Kidd graciously extended his hand and bade your correspondent welcome. He is a short, broad-shouldered, powerfully-built man, of perhaps forty-five or forty-seven years of age. His hair, which is of dark chestnut and inclined to curl, was combed back from a medium forehead, and his face was sunburnt into a rich mahogany hue. His cold gray eyes were deep set under thick brows that arched and met. His manner was courteous and dignified. He was dressed in light gray trowsers of perfect cut, patent-leather boots and a red-and-black spotted shirt, which displayed in its front a set of superb diamond studs. From under a Byron collar, *parfaitement* starched, peeped the ends of a pale lilac scarf. A magnificent seal-ring decorated the third finger of his left hand.

The day being excessively warm, his coat and vest had been laid aside. The room was plainly furnished. The table was littered with charts and papers, while on a stand were flowers sent to the prisoner by ladies of Boston.

With the instinct of a true gentleman, he proceeded to put on his coat and vest, when the following conversation ensued:

*Rep.* "Pray, captain, keep your coat off."

*Capt. K.* "Thank you, if the same to you?"

*Rep.* "Quite the same, I assure you. My visit is informal." (Handing him a cigar.)

*Capt. K.* "Thanks: I take things coolly—waive ceremony. You know that's a habit I acquired at sea. You are a reporter?"

*Rep.* "Yes, for the New York *Herald*. I call to ascertain your views of the situation. The public are anxious to hear your defence; and, if proper, I would like to ask you a few questions."

*Capt. K.* "Certainly" (lighting his cigar). You newspaper men haven't given me a fair show. There's a heap of lying going on about me. They are hounding me—that's a fact. I've got the evidence to prove that I'm an injured man. I have a clear conscience, that's one comfort."

*Rep.* "A great comfort, no doubt. May I ask, captain, what particular falsehood has gained currency?"

*Capt. K.* "Yes, sir. I will name one that is an unmitigated slander. They say that when I came across Moore and corrected him with a bucket for his impertinence, he was grinding a chisel. Now, sir, that is as false as ——!"

*Rep.* "Indeed?"

*Capt. K.* "Yes, sir, 'twas a screw-driver."

*Rep.* "That shall be corrected, captain. Anything else?"

*Capt. K.* "Yes, sir—a bigger lie still. There is a scurrilous broadside circulating all over the country. Here it is." (He handed me a copy of verses printed in the *Herald* of last Tuesday.) "Read that, if you please, sir: 'My name is Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed.' Now, sir, that is a villainous falsehood."

*Rep.* "You didn't sail under that name, then, captain?"

*Capt. K.* "Never. Why, bless your innocent heart, my baptismal name is *William*. It is of a piece with all their malignant lying, this persisting in calling me *Robert*."

*Rep.* "It *is* hard." (Pause.) "Pray, captain, permit me to ask if the story is true that Mrs. Kidd's trunk was seized by the authorities, and kept with its contents of gold-dust and diamonds?"

*Capt. K.* "In part true, sir. A perfect outrage, sir. Mrs. Kidd came on from New York post-haste when she heard that the Antonio had arrived, and no sooner had she set foot in Boston than the authorities gobbled up her trunk, leaving her in a strange community with nothing but a band-box. The public have exaggerated the contents. They were silver mugs, porringers and plate generally for family use, that we had been years accumulating. They locked it up in the castle, and— Poor Sarah! poor Sarah!" (Here the stout man buried his head in his hands and appeared deeply affected. Your correspondent improved the opportunity to perfect his notes.)

*Rep.* (after a few minutes). "I am glad to assure you, Captain Kidd, that it will probably be returned to her to-morrow."

*Capt. K.* (brightening up). "To-morrow? Well, that's good. It wellnigh broke Sarah's heart. By the way, you are lately from New York, I suppose. How is my old friend, Colonel Livingstone? Well, I hope?"

*Rep.* "I haven't the honor of his acquaintance, but I have no doubt he is well. New York men usually are. He is a staunch friend of yours, captain?"

*Capt. K.* "Ay, that he is. He has always stood by me, ever since he got me that appointment to command the 'Adventure galley.'"

*Rep.* "You have no doubt, captain, of your ability to substantiate your entire innocence of these charges brought against you?"

*Capt. K.* "Not the slightest, not the slightest, sir. There was Captain Wright of the Quedah—you remember him, I dare say: had command of that nigger crew—what did he say when I went aboard his ship? Said he, 'Kidd, you remind me of the new-born babe.' I suppose I can't prove that, for Wright, poor fellow! has been dropped into the sea, with a twenty-four-pound shot at his heels.

"But what if the jury does convict me? Can't I have a bill of exceptions? Can't I sue out an injunction to stay proceedings? What did they let me walk the streets of Boston a whole week for, if I was such a criminal as some of 'em pretend? I tell you what it is—this thing is a put-up job. That ring of East India speculators is at the bottom of it. They just run Bellamont. They know I stand in their way; but I'll be even with them yet. Mark my word, Mr. Reporter: William Kidd is going to march down these streets head up, colors flying and the band playing 'Carry the news to Hiram.'"

*Rep.* "I hope so, captain. One word more. If not too bold, may I inquire about these stories of your burying treasure on Gardner's Island?"

*Capt. K.* "True as gospel preaching! I buried doubloons all over that island—used to work moonlight nights at it. You can't show me a square yard of soil there that isn't stuck full of shiners. You see, it grew to be a perfect passion with me. I stopped on my way up Boston harbor here, and planted about three millions of pounds sterling. I forget now which island it was. However, I shall publish a complete guide to all these points, with diagrams and directions for getting up stock companies, in the book I'm preparing." (Just then a card was brought in. Captain K. nodded affirmatively to the attendant, and your correspondent rose to withdraw.) "I am sorry not to talk with you longer, but a delegation of the ministry are just outside the door. They propose to sit down and discuss with me the exceeding sinfulness of a greed of worldly gain, especially when it runs into piracy.—My best compliments to you, sir. Good-morning."

*Rep.* "Good-morning, captain."

Your correspondent encountered six white-chokered gentlemen on their way to interview the great nautical backslider. He is certainly the lion of the hour.

From what your correspondent has been able to gather it is probable that a few friends of the captain will succeed in their efforts to secure Samuel Adams and a promising young lawyer named Choate to conduct his defence. In this event his chances of a discharge from custody will prove favorable. It may be that Bellamont and the council will conclude to send him over for trial in the King's Bench.

Your correspondent inclines to the view that the distinguished marine plunderer can hardly be held for piracy, but may be convicted of the murder of the gunner Moore. The story is here that Kidd, with an iron-hooped bucket, not only finished up things for William Moore, but left that unhappy man in his gore. As regards jurisdiction, the government will allege that the awful deed was committed not many leagues from shore.

### A DINNER EXCUSE.

APOLOGIES for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker of Williamsburg, solved this problem most happily many years ago. She was the daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipwith, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court-day, when the judge brought with him the accustomed half score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slighest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, and she herself, strange to tell, having overlooked the fact.

The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. T. made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine she said: "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker: promise me now that you will all dine to-morrow with *me*."

This was all her apology, whereupon the gentlemen swore that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

*Moral:* Never worry a guest with apologies.

### NOTES.

A TURKISH paper gives an account of a curious forced emigration which has recently produced great excitement on classic ground. On the European banks of the Hellespont stands the city of Gallipoli, interesting as the first possession of the Turks in Europe in 1357; and nearly opposite to it is Lamsaki, a village long renowned for the vineyards in its neighborhood, and situated near the site of the celebrated Lampsacus of classic times. During the autumn the authorities of Gallipoli came to the conclusion that there were in that town—as where are there not?—too many ownerless dogs about; and instead of issuing death-warrants against these vagrants, they took the extraordinary course of exporting them to their opposite neighbors across the Hellespont, who were already plentifully provided with canine treasures. On the arrival of these two thousand immigrants, who were very unruly on the passage, they started, in quest of food it may be supposed, to the mountains, but not finding anything to suit their palates, returned to the town. Here the tug of war commenced. The Lamsakian canines, on recognizing the situation, turned out to a dog, and a frightful conflict, with terrible howlings and barkings, ensued for four hours. At the end of that time the foreign foe was worsted, and, beating a retreat, endeavored to allay the pangs of hunger by eating the grapes, and thus doing really serious damage. The people then had to turn out: two hundred dogs were killed, and the rest retreated, but of course only to return. The *Djeridéi Havadis* concludes the account by mildly saying that the Lamsakians are much disgusted by the eccentric conduct of the Gallipoli magistrates, who ought of course to have sent their canine emigrants to a desert island. But how thankful would Philadelphians be if somebody, imitating the Gallipoli magistrates, would but deport two thousand of the cats which make night-life hideous —to the New Jersey shore, say!

THE pie is almost an "institution" in America. A single New York bakery claims that it produces nine hundred pies an hour from one of its ten capacious ovens, and a total of fifty thousand pies daily, the year round, forcing the supply occasionally up to sixty-five thousand—probably on Fourths of July or other festal occasions. Let the reader busy himself with imagining the total production of pies by this and all other bakeries of the country during a twelvemonth! Nevertheless, these facilities would be inadequate to popular demand were the majority of our countrymen of a stomach as unbounded as that of the Dundee laborer whom a Scotch journal commemorates. This extraordinary person, having not long since eaten nine large twopenny pies at a Dundee pie-shop within fourteen and a half minutes, announced his purpose to eat on the following Monday twelve pies within twenty-five minutes; and in fact, when the delicacies were put before him in the shape of a six-pound pile, fourteen inches high, he consumed half a dozen in five minutes, the next three at the end of eleven minutes, and the last three in six minutes more, having ended his repast eight minutes sooner than he had designed—possibly owing to the pangs of hunger, since he expressed a willingness to occupy the spare moments with devouring another half dozen pies.

With this item of news in fresh remembrance we chanced to read in a very old English newspaper the supper eaten, many years ago, by Mr. Oakley of Stanton, Derbyshire—a repast which makes the Scotchman's, just recorded, rather frugal by comparison. His first dish, says the report, was two quarts of milk, thirty eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together; his second course was "a piece of cheese and a pound of bread to it;" the third was half a pound of bacon, a penny loaf and a quart of ale, followed by three halfpennies' worth of gingerbread and a pint of ale; his fourth dish was a custard of two pounds, an ounce of mustard, some black pepper, a pint of milk and three pints of ale to it. This banquet he finished in an hour, and then ungratefully complained of not having had enough; so, after running three hundred yards by way of appetizer, he sat down with the rest of the company, who had witnessed his prowess, and drank pretty freely. Yet even this exploit is hardly equal to the marvel in digestion reported in the same ancient newspaper of a Truro porter, who, for a bet of five shillings, ate two pairs of worsted stockings fried in train oil, and half a pound of yellow soap into the bargain. The losers of this wager might have been more cautious had they known that the same atrocious glutton once undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket with sleeves, and was accordingly measured by a tailor, who regularly cut out the materials, when, to general surprise, the voracious fellow ate up the whole in twenty minutes. Compared with these performances some of the current prodigies of gormandism which the papers so often report are surely as trifling in amount as they are tame and uninventive in the character of their details.

THE strange accident of Albertacce brought to general notice an obscure Corsican custom which singularly contrasts with the ordinary funeral ceremonies of Christendom. The *vocero*, as this rite is styled, is palpably an inheritance from the classical conquerors of the island, now preserved only in some of the interior villages. When the head of a family dies, the body, after being robed in its handsomest garments, is laid in state on a table in the largest room, surrounded with lights. Then, five or six hours before the burial, all the women of the village and the district, clothed in black and with bare heads, assemble around the corpse, the mother and sisters of the dead at the feet, the nearest relations next, and so on. When this assemblage is formed the most renowned poetesses or singers of their number, with hair disheveled and bleeding faces, and a white handkerchief waving in the hand, chant in verse the history, virtues and destiny of the dead. The mournful cadence, the profuse weeping and the dramatic gestures of the ceremony are striking. The chief mourner amid her wailing sometimes raises the head or the arm of the corpse, and plucks out her own hair or freshly tears at her face till the blood pours again from the wounded skin, while the half-stifled sobbing of the whole company adds to the effect. When at length the priest arrives, all is hushed, but the women follow the corpse in procession to the church, where the ceremony sometimes lasts several hours. Such, at least, is the account of the *vocero* given by a correspondent of the *XIXᵉ Siècle*, who visited the scene of the Albertacce accident, where a roomful of celebrants were suddenly precipitated into the cellar by the giving way of the floor. The mere mention of the accident came by telegraph, but it appears that twenty dead and fourteen mangled women were taken from the wreck of the house where they had been singing their mournful *vocero*.

UNLESS the Paris postmen are more patient than those of Madrid (who were on strike a few weeks since), their temper must be ruffled by the transformations now going on in the names of streets. In France, and especially in Paris, each overthrow of a dynasty produces a corresponding revolution in the city directory, for all unpopular names must be effaced, and the streets which bore them must be rebaptized in accordance with the political favorites of the hour. Decrees have already turned the Avenue de l'Empereur into the Avenue des Lacs; the Avenue Napoléon into the Avenue de l'Opéra; the Place Napoléon into the Place de l'Opéra; the Avenue de l'Impératrice into the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; the Boulevard Voltaire into the Boulevard de Belfort; the Rue Magnan into the Rue d'Angoulême-Saint-Honoré (its old name); the Rue Billault into the Rue de l'Oratoire-du-Roule, also its old appellation; while there has been a general effacing of those names which the Communists set up upon the streets and avenues during their brief lease of power. Scores of other old names of streets are already changed or are in train of alteration; but the preceding will suffice for examples. Now, when one reflects that at the overthrow of Charles X., and again at the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and again at the overthrow of the Second Republic, and again at the overthrow of the Second Empire, and again at the overthrow of the Commune, these alterations went on, it is seen that the puzzle offered to Paris people in general, and to Paris postmen in particular, must be anything but amusing. Should the Third Republic perish to-morrow, a new christening of streets would have to be made; but the event only would determine whether the new names should celebrate Imperialism, or Communism, or Bourbonism, or Orleanism, or each in its turn. It is rather strange that, with such an experience, Paris should not take refuge in that tame but enduring system of street nomenclature which is based on the letters of the alphabet and the ordinal numbers.

AN English magazine not long since described some of the curious theories and superstitions which prevail among devotees of the lottery and the gaming-table, regarding "lucky numbers." There are traditionally fortunate and unfortunate combinations, and there are also newer favorites, based very often on figures connected with the chronology of famous men. The career of Napoleon III. would seem to be considered by gamblers a specially successful one, for since his death they have been betting furiously on all numbers supposed to bear a relation to sundry pivotal events of his life. In Vienna, in Milan, in Rome, the newspapers notice this universal rage among regular patrons of the lottery for staking their fortunes on Napoleonic numbers; and, what is also curious, these numbers have in several instances turned out lucky. Thus, in a late Vienna paper we read that "the death of the Man of Sedan has brought good luck to the old women of this city who give themselves up with unquenchable passion to the lottery." At the last drawing, as the paper goes on to say, the numbers most eagerly seized upon were 3, for Napoleon III.; 65, for his age; 20, for his birthday, it falling on the twentieth of the month; 90, as the highest number in the lottery, hence interpreted to signify "emperor;" and finally 52, the year of his accession to the throne. To the joy of all the old lottery-gossips, the luck fell on these numbers, 3, 20, and 90. At Rome the death of Napoleon III. has furnished new combinations for all the devotees of the lottery. At Milan the same infatuated class have "pointed a moral" of their own from the event—a moral quite different from the one extracted by sermonizers. They have been playing heavily on number 20 (a gold Napoleon being worth twenty francs), and on number 13, which latter, as the proverbially unlucky one, is interpreted to mean the ex-emperor's death. On the first drawing after his death these two numbers proved to be the lucky ones of the lottery, and it was then found that there had been a great number of winners.

Is this present year, 1873, to be, like some famous ones in history, specially fatal to crowned heads, and to heads that have once been crowned? During the whole twelve months of 1872 the only European sovereign who died was Charles XV. of Sweden, while none suffered irremediable misfortune; and in European royal families the only two losses by death were Archduke Albrecht and the duke of Guise. But within the first six weeks of 1873 no less than three persons died who had at some time worn imperial crowns, and one monarch resigned his sceptre. First died Napoleon III., on the 9th of January. Then, on the 25th, at Lisbon, died the dowager-empress Amelia, daughter of Prince Eugene, wife of Pedro I. of Brazil, and stepmother of the present emperor, Pedro II. On February 8 the empress Caroline Augusta, widow of Francis I. of Austria, and grandmother of the reigning emperor, died at Vienna. In Spain the abdication of Amadeo is an incident to be mentioned in a year opening so ominously to crowned and discrowned heads.

# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

**anto Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti. By Samuel Hazard. New York: Harper & Brothers.**

Mr. Hazard, who has already obliged us with one of the best accounts of Cuba extant in modern literature, now does a similar service for Santo Domingo, which he declares to be much more highly favored by Nature, and which he examined with the United States commission of 1871. This book has the advantage of being prepared within reach of the British Museum, whose stores of Americo-Spanish authorities have enabled him to write up with much fullness the historical sketch which occupies a third of his space. This is a fair, faithful and skillful condensation, and the most readable narrative we have seen of poor Dominica's tale of revolutions and wrongs. The personal portion begins with the author's arrival at the Salt Keys and Puerto Plata, and follows the steps of the commissioners, with a great many anecdotes and a sprinkling of artistic sketches, to Samana and Santo Domingo City; thence overland to the great inland tobacco-mart of Santiago; and so back to Puerto Plata and Monte Christo, where the commission ceased its labors, being discouraged by the Haytians from an exploration within their domain; while Mr. Hazard, resuming his capacity of private citizen, took his life in his hand and ventured into the proud Mumbo-Jumbo republic. It is here that the really lively part of the story commences, and the author becomes the hero of quite a tragedy of errors. At the first Haytian port, Dauphin Bay, he meets the port-captain who cannot read his passport, the port-general who bows and sends him to the chef de police, the chef who asks for half a dollar without countersigning the document, and lets the pilgrim go on in quest of the American consul. The only hotel is closed and "busted:" the consul indicates a billiard-room, whose proprietor feeds the stranger, informing him at the same time that the authorities take him for a United States commisioner, and have doubled the guards. The next visit is to a banker, who plays him a curious practical joke. Demanding Haytian bank-notes for a few hundred dollars on a letter of credit, the tourist, after a time of waiting, sees the street on which the banker lives completely blocked with donkey-carts, drays, mules, horses with panniers and carts drawn by bullocks. A negro drayman informs him that "the American commissioner, having come over-night from Monte Christo, is drawing a draft in Haytian specie, and that the carts are to load up with it." The banker, being consulted, offers to store the currency cheap in a warehouse, but advises as a friend that the draft be reduced, the bullocks sent away, and that the traveler take a beer. "I took the beer," says Mr. Hazard. A dollar in gold means just four hundred dollars in Haytian paper: a cocktail cost the traveler "thirty dollars," and other things in proportion. These beginnings of make-believe pomposity are followed up by the strangest revelations wherever the adventurer sets his foot. Going from Cape Haytien to the citadel and "Sans-Souci" palace of Christophe, the traveler is charged "two thousand dollars" by the drunken negro guide, and "a dollar" by the sable sentry of whom he happens to ask a question. The town of Cape Haytien he finds surrounded by the rotting bodies of dead animals; the ruins of fine old country-seats are occupied by filthy black squatters; the new houses going up are built by the process of throwing single bricks one after the other from the ground to the bricklayer. Squalor and braggadocio he finds everywhere. The general who has given him a permit to inspect Christophe's stronghold sends a messenger secretly in advance with instructions reversing his order: the commandant refuses lodgings to "the American who has come to take the fort." Some friends of the consul who had received a general invitation to accompany the excursion had previously backed out, because the stranger was an American, a reputed commissioner, and very unsafe company. Mr. Hazard could only obtain permission to swing his hammock in the house of a negress; a citizen who pointed him out to the others made the signs of throat-cutting; and he left behind him the filibustering reputation of the American who came to take the citadel. Naturally disgusted by this time, the author renounced his intention of further land-traveling, and passed in a steamer around the western end of the island to Port-au-Prince. Here he was delighted with the entertainment of our present minister to Hayti, Mr. Bassett, a Philadelphia quadroon of uncommon qualities and collegiate education. "Some of my most delightful hours," says the writer, "were spent enjoying the kind hospitalities of Mr. Bassett and his lady." He represents the minister as living in a palace built for the emperor Soulouque, and playing a part in the revolutionary conflicts of the island similar to that of Minister Washburne in revolutionary Paris. The brave conduct of Mr. Bassett during the brief presidency of the unhappy Salnave deserves mention. About three thousand humble blacks, frightened by the rebellion of the "aristocracy," fled to the protection of our flag, and the minister, though shot at in the streets and without the support of a single man-of-war, saved and fed them all. It seems to be not much to its credit that our nation, though very tender of Hayti when the question of Dominican annexation is raised, has never reimbursed its ambassador for this drain on his private purse for the succor of Haytian lives. With Port-au-Prince, where the writer awaited his steamer's departure for the United States, the journey terminates. The traveler's evident disgust with almost every manifestation of Haytian attempts at self-government is balanced by his rapture with the natural features of the other end of the island. He writes as an ardent annexationist—not so much from the humanitarian view of President White and Dr. Howe, as from the belief that Santo Domingo, if once made our territory, would soon enrich our treasury from its commerce and its uncommon adaptability as a watering-place. We have spoken of this book as very thorough. It is so in every respect—historical, pictorial and narrative. The list of books pertaining to the subject occupies alone eight pages of small print: as the author, however, evidently wishes this list to be approximately complete, and as he seems to be aware of but few books except those in the British Museum, we will oblige him, as possibly useful for a future edition, with the titles of some which he does not give: one of these especially, Dr. Brown's *History and Present Condition of St. Domingo*, we are surprised he does not include, as it is one of the most popular and useful books on the topic, and a manual of which we imagined every commissioner to have got a chapter by heart daily when on the way to Samana:

Las Casas, "Destruccion de las Indias," Sevilla, 1552; Desportes, "Histoire des Maladies de Saint Domingue," Paris, 1770, 3 vols.; Petit, "Droit Publique des Colonies Françaises" (containing the "Black Code"), Paris, 1777; Nicolson, "Histoire Naturelle de Saint Domingue," Paris, 1776; Valverde, "Idea del Valor de la Isla Española," Madrid, 1785; Puységur, "Navigation aux Côtes de St. Domingue," Paris, 1787; D'Auberteuil, "Considérations sur la Colonie, etc.," 1776; Coulon, "Troubles en Saint Domingue," 1798; Malouet, fourth volume of his "Colonial History," 1802; Dubroca, "Toussaint l'Ouverture," 1802; Tonnerre, "Mémoires, Histoire d'Haïti," Port-au-Prince, 1804; Laujon and Montpenay, "Précis," 1805, 1811, 1814 and 1819; Bercy, "De St. Domingue," Paris, 1814; Hérard Dumesle, "Voyage," Port-au-Prince, 1824; Clausson, "Révolution de Saint Domingue," 1819; Malo, "Histoire d'Haïti," Paris, 1825; Wallez, "Biography of General Boyer," 1826; Macaulay, "Abolition d'Esclavage," 1835; J. Brown, M. D., "History and Present Condition of Saint Domingo," 1837; Chaucheprat, "Le Routier des Antilles," 1843; Schoelcher, "Résultats de l'émancipation anglaise," 1843; Emile Nau, "Histoire des Caciques d'Haïti," 1855; Saint-Amand, "Histoire des Révolutions d'Haïti," Paris, 1860; Pradine (ex-minister to England), "Digest of Laws of Hayti," Paris, 1860.

Thorvaldsen: his Life and Works. From the French of Eugene Plon, by I. M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Thorwaldsen's life lasted from 1770 to 1844, and was very industrious. He was the son of a Copenhagen ship-carver, and received all his bent from the study of the antique in Italy. The works he left are almost innumerable, and some of them will have lasting reputation. The finest perhaps is his medallion of Night, "launched with infinite lightness into space, carrying in her arms her two children, Sleep and Death." This masterpiece is said to have been conceived during a sleepless night in 1815, and modeled in one day. His Lion at Lucerne, made to commemorate the Swiss guards at Paris who fell in defending the Tuileries, August 10, 1792, is known to every tourist: it is altogether conventional, but it is not commonplace. "Never having seen a live lion," says his biographer, "he went to antique statues for inspiration:" he thus, at two or three removes from Nature, secured a grand, monumental conception, fully charged with human intelligence. The colossi of Christ and his Twelve, now to be seen with the artist's other works at Copenhagen, and formerly exhibited at the World's Fair in New York, are imposing and classical, while they perhaps show the absence of the Christian idea noted in his other clerical subjects. Thorwaldsen, born a Lutheran, was a spectator in Rome of bigotry and skepticism, and took refuge in artistic impartiality. A friend once observing that his want of religious faith must make it difficult to express Christian ideas in his works, "If I were altogether an unbeliever," he replied, "why should that give me any trouble? Have I not represented pagan divinities?—still, I don't believe in them." The life of this artist was one of consummate worldly success; the kings of Bavaria and Denmark were the personal friends of the unlettered son of the ship-carver, as were Horace Vernet, Walter Scott, Andersen, and Mendelssohn; his casket of decorations was the amusement of his lady visitors; and his invitations were so constant that he could not always remember the name of his host: he was at once parsimonious and charitable, cheerful and melancholy. His artistic influence was very strong, exhibiting itself in the style of Tenerani, Galli, Rauch, Drake and Bissen. The life of him by Plon is methodical and complete, and the American version is illustrated by thirty-five careful engravings printed in Paris and gummed upon the sheets.

Expiation. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, author of "Sibyl Huntington," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Expiation* is an interesting American story, with a background of lonely woods that protect the rustic privacy of Altona, and a list of characters that combine city culture and country eccentricity. Patsy, the grim and self-sacrificing "help," who observes drily of a statue representing Eve with the apple that "some things is decent and some things ain't," is the best delineation in it, but the style is always lively, always feminine and pure, and the conception of the high-bred, aristocratic family, come to bury their mistakes and miseries in a forest seclusion, would have been thought worthy of being worked up by Emily Brontë. The catastrophe, where a dumb nun turns out to be a lost wife given over to the undertakers in a state of catalepsy, is perhaps not quite new, but it is striking and vigorously told, and her union at last with her husband's sons and the girlish bride of one of them is very touching The novel is full of local American color, and entices the attention from the reader's first plunge to the end.

Wanderings in Spain. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "Walks in Rome," etc. London: Strahan & Co.; New York: Dodd & Mead.

This companionable book tells you how to travel over the Spanish Peninsula by means of a slight knowledge of the Castilian tongue, a bold infidelity to Murray's *Guide*, a cake of soap and some Liebig's broth, and a habit of universal politeness. "Pardon me, my sister," said the author to a beggar-woman at Barcelona: "does not your worship see that I am drawing?" "Ah, Dios!" she answered, "blind that I was! worm that I am! So your worship draws? And I—I too am a lover of the arts." On the other hand, a stiff-necked Englishman traveling from Seville to Xeres sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of an inn on the road. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honor to a heretic by sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road, three or four leagues from Xeres, in a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out as he whipped on his horse, "My lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table; and I, Don José Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good-night!" Another story, of time-honored repetition, is here restored to what may possibly have been its true parentage. A gypsy, on his knees to his priest, is tempted by the father's snuffbox and steals it. "Father," he says immediately, "I have one more confession: I accuse myself of stealing a snuffbox." "Then, my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my father?" "I? certainly not," answered the confessor. "The fact is," proceeded the gypsy, "that I have offered it to the owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the father. Such are the glimpses of Spanish character. We could easily bear to have more of them; but the author, accompanied with ladies, and an antiquarian by habit and nature, gives more sketches of ruins, and of landscapes which are usually found "hideous," than of the infinite whims of national manners. His contempt for Spanish landscape appears to us to amount to a disease: he scorns honest Murray for describing Valencia's mud-huts as "pearls set in emeralds," and says that O'Shea's eulogy of her as "the sultana of Mediterranean cities" is a glowing picture of what is dismal enough in reality. In fact, we are afraid that Mr. Hare has not exactly the artist's eye, and cannot easily admire a scene in which he is not physically comfortable. But he has rich and heart-warm descriptions of the Alhambra, the Escorial, and the ruins of Poblet near Tarragona, where an order of patrician monks lived in incredible luxury until a time within present memory, when they were scattered by a tumult and their sculptured home crushed into dry and haggard ruin. This book cannot compare with his *Walks in Rome*, which was the careful record of a familiar and a resident; but it is the result of a very lively curiosity and the record of a mind evidently stored with history and romance. Excepting Colonel Hay's inimitable *Castilian Days*, it is the best recent book about the country which it skims over.

Marie Derville: A Story of a French Boarding-school. From the French of Madame Guizot de Witt, by Mary G. Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

French fiction when playing off innocence or when intended for uncontaminated ears attains a blank intensity of virtue that our own literature cannot hope to rival. The French "juvenile" still guards that beauteous ignorance of slang or of other small vice which the American schoolboy regards as poverty of resource or incapacity, and which he has put off with his frocks and his *Parent's Assistant* and his *Sanford and Merton*. But *Marie Derville*, when its accent of Berquin is allowed for, is a varied and interesting tale, affording many a glimpse into that country guarded about with such jealous walls—middle-class childhood in France. Marie is the child of a sea-captain who goes to China, disappears for many years, and comes back at last, after a narrow escape from massacre, saying, "How strange it was to find myself on the eve of becoming a martyr—to die for the Christian religion when one is so poor a Christian as I!" His wife and two or three of Marie's grandparents meantime unite to conduct a boarding-school on the sea-shore, the history of which enterprise forms the bulk of the tale. Here the American reader learns with surprise that the French little girl, who is never actually seen otherwise than perfect and doll-like, is really subject in private to a few of the faults common to Miss Edgeworth's heroines, such as selfishness, gluttony and laziness. But the story of the school is on the whole sunshiny and prosperous, and *Marie Derville's* young readers will follow with delight the career of these prim little beings, so much more governed than themselves, as they go picnicking on the sea-beach for mussels, make flannels for the cholera-patients of a fishing village, or learn to recite the fable of "The Country Rat" without making it all one word in their hurry. The story is very healthy and happy, and the translation excellent.

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## *Books Received.*

The Teacher's Companion to the American Drawing-slates and Cards. With Cards. By Walter Smith, Art Master, South Kensington, London, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

Keel and Saddle: A Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service. By Joseph W. Revere. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Helps over Hard Places. For Boys. Second series. By Lynde Palmer. Illustrated. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co.

Cyclopedia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens. By F. C. DeFontaine. Nos. 2–5. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

Liza: A Russian Novel. By Ivan S. Turgénieff. Translated by W. R. S. Ralston. New York: Holt & Williams.

The Witch of Nemi, and other Poems. By Edward Brennan. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

The First Differential Coefficient. By John Newton Lyle, A. M. St. Louis: Review Steam Press.

A Lonely Life. By J. A. St. John Blythe. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Life of Major-General Meade. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

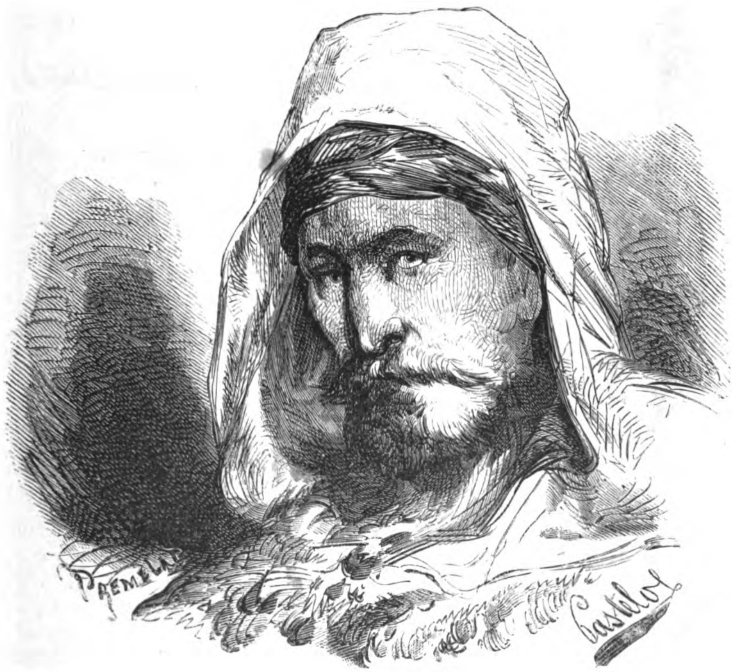
Sunshine and Shadows in Kattern's Life. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
OF
*POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

MAY, 1873.

# THE ROUMI IN KABYLIA.

## THIRD PAPER.

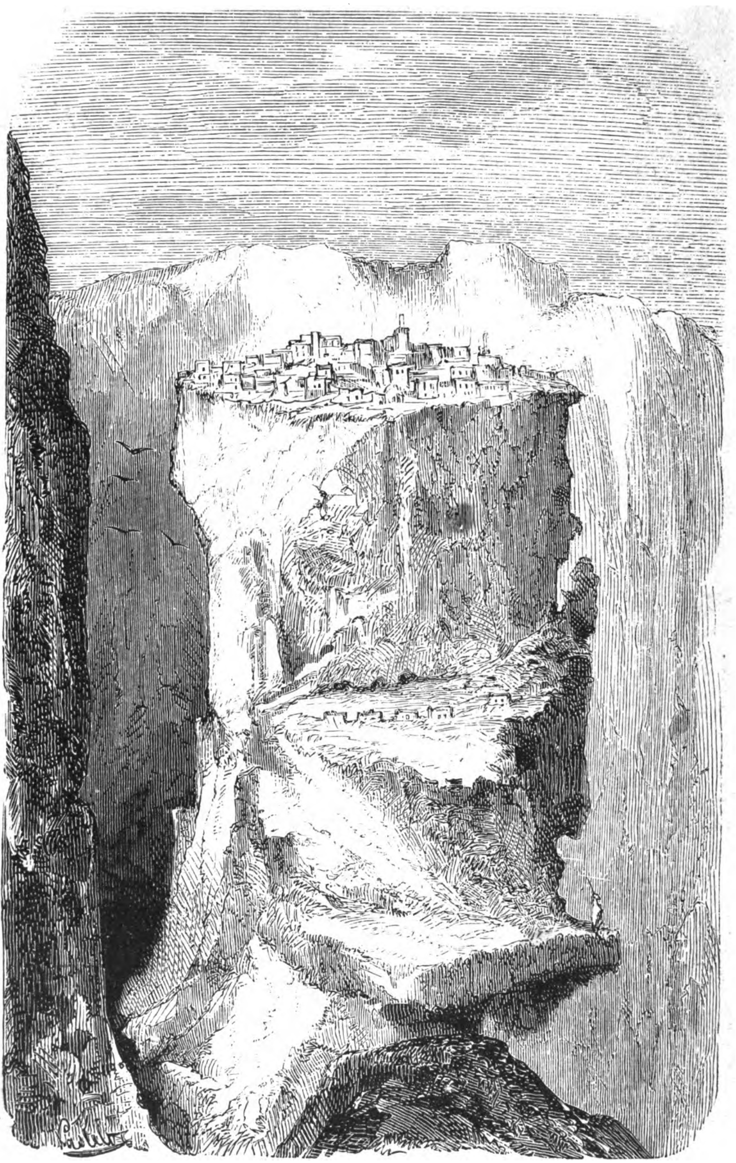


THE AMIN OF KAALA.

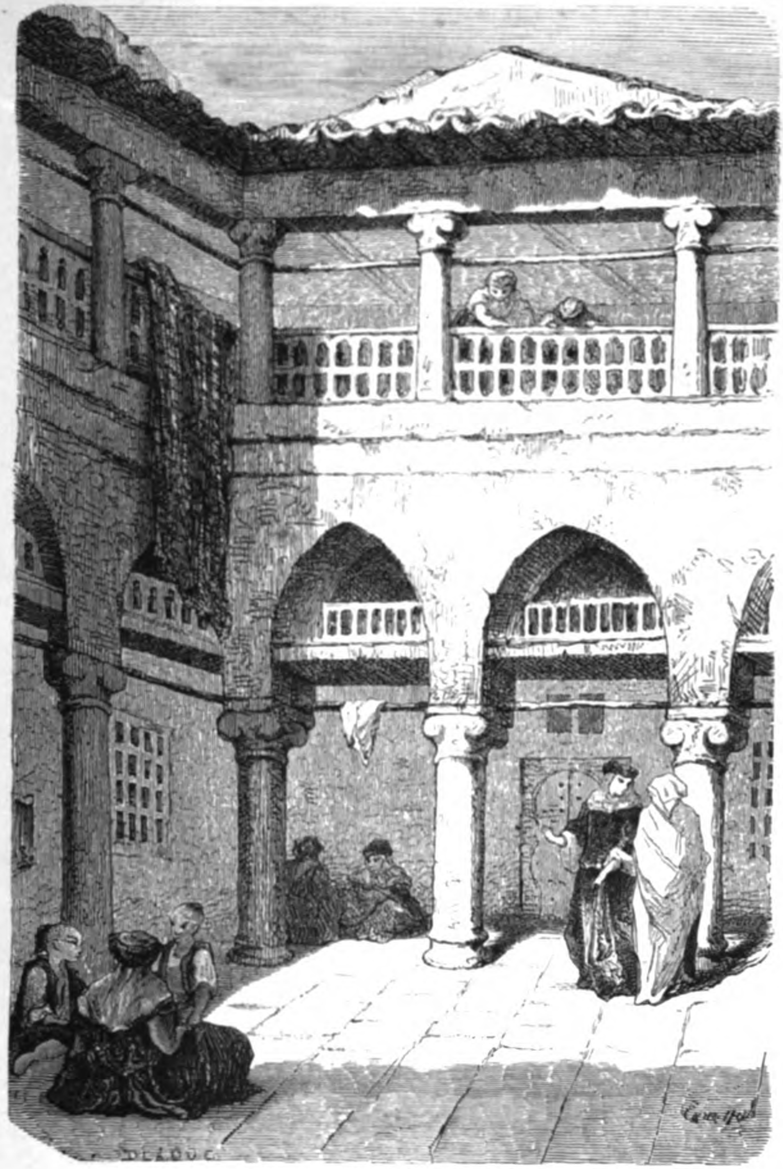
EMERGING from these gloomy *cañons*, and passing the Beni-Mansour, the village of Thasaerth (where razors and guns are made), Arzou (full of blacksmiths), and some other towns, we enter the Beni-Aidel, where numerous white villages, wreathed with ash trees, lie crouched like nests of eggs on the summits of the primary mountains, with the magnificent peaks of Atlas cut in sap-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

phire upon the sky above them. At the back part of an amphitheatre of rocky summits, Hamet, the guide, points out a little city perched on a precipice, which is certainly the most remarkable site, outside of opera-scenery, that we have ever seen. It is Kalaa, a town of three thousand inhabitants, divided into four quarters, which contrive, in that confined situation, to be perpetually disputing with each other, although a battle would disperse the whole of the tax-


KALAA.

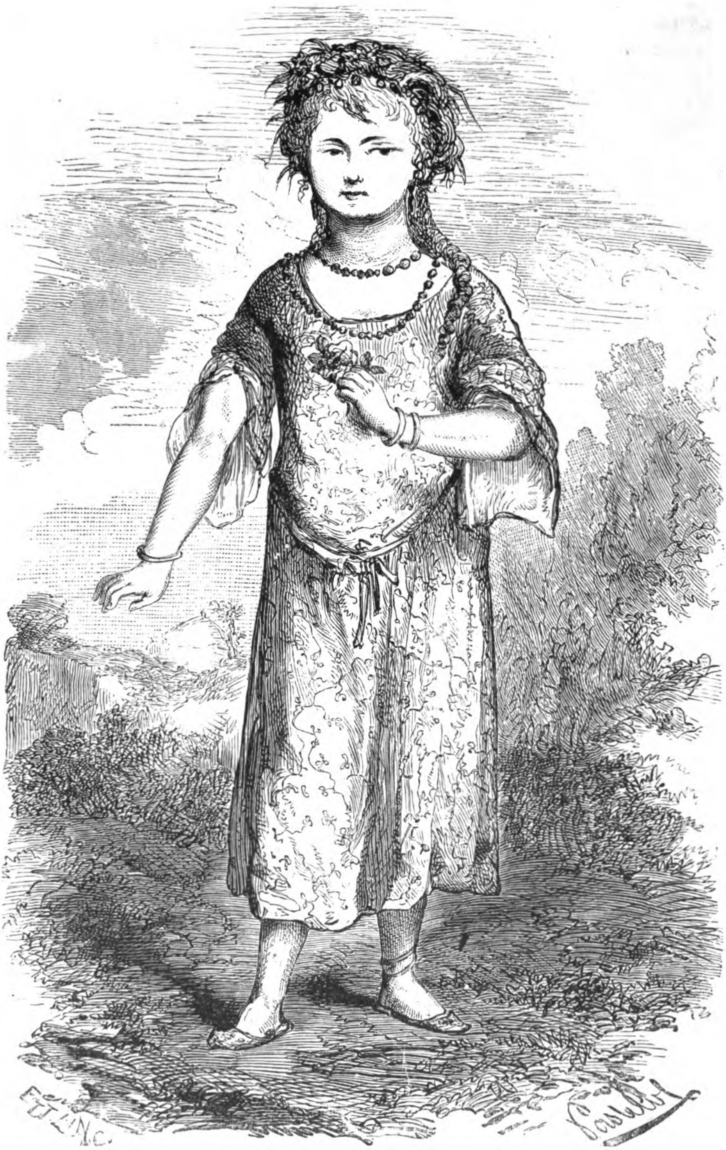
payers over the edges. Although apparently inaccessible but by balloon, Kalaa may be approached in passing by Bogni. It is hard to give an idea of the difficulties in climbing up from Bogni to the city, where the hardiest traveler feels vertigo in picking his way over a path often but a yard wide, with perpendiculars on either hand. Finally, after many strange feelings in your head and



COURTYARD IN KALAA.

along your spinal marrow, you thank Heaven that you are safe in Kalaa.

The inhabitants of Kalaa pass for rich, the women promenade without veils and covered with jewels, and the city is clean, which is rare in Kabylia. There are four amins (or sheikhs) in Kalaa, to one of whom we bear a letter of introduction. The *anaya* never fails, and we are received with cordiality, mixed with stateliness, by an imposing old man in a white bornouse. "*Enta amin?*" asks the



OURIDA, THE LITTLE ROSE.

Roumi. He answers by a sign of the head, and reads our missive with care. Immediately we are made at home, but conversation languishes. He knows nothing but the pure Kabyle tongue, and cannot speak the mixed language of the coasts, called Sabir, which is the pigeon-French of Algiers and Philippeville.

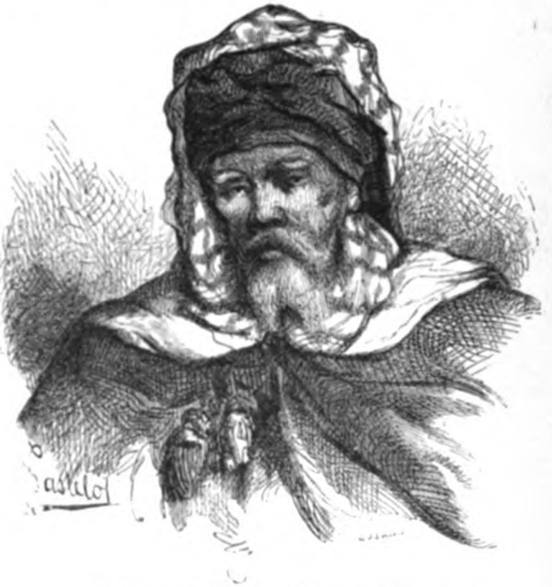
"*Enta sabir el arbi?*"—"Knowest thou Arabic?" asks our host.

"*Makach*"—"No," we reply. "*Enta sabir el Ingles?*"—"Canst thou speak English?"

"*Makach*"—"Nay," answers the beautiful old sage, after which conversation naturally languishes.

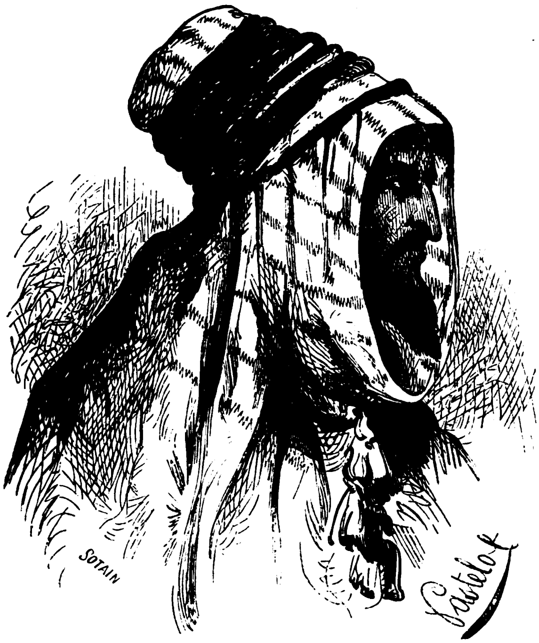
But the next morning, after the richest and most assiduous entertainment, we see the little daughter of the amin playing in the court, attended by a negress. The child-language is much the same in all nations, and in five minutes, in this land of the Barbarians, on this terrible rock, we are pleasing the infant with wiles learnt to please little English-speaking rogues across the Atlantic.

The amin's daughter, a child of six years, forms with her slave a perfect contrast. She is rosy and white, her mouth is laughing, her peeping eyes are laughing too. What strikes us particularly is the European air that she has, with her square chin, broad forehead, robust neck and sturdy body. A glance at her father by daylight reveals the same familiar type. Take away his Arab vestments, and he would almost pass for a brother of Heinrich Heine. His child might play among the towers of the Rhine or on the banks of the Moselle, and not seem to be outside her native country. We have here, in a strong presentment, the types which seem to connect some particular tribes of the Kabyles with the Vandal invaders, who, becoming too much enervated in a tropical climate to preserve their warlike fame or to care for retiring, amalgamated with the natives. The inhabitants on the slopes of the Djordjora, reasonably supposed to have descended from the warriors of Genseric, build houses which amaze the traveler by their utter unlikeness to Moorish edifices and their resemblance to European structures. They make bornouses which sell all over Algeria, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli, and have factories like those of the Pisans in the Middle Ages.



KABYLE SHOWING GERMANIC ORIGIN.

Contrast the square and stolid Kabyle head shown in the engraving on this page with the type of the Algerian Arab on page 494. The more we study them, or even rigidly compare our Arab with the amin of Kalaa, the more distinction we shall see between the Bedouin and either of his Kabyle compatriots. The amin, although rigged out as a perfect Arab, reveals the square jaw, the firm and large-cut mouth, the breadth about the temples, of the Germanic tribes: it is a head of much distinction, but it shows a large remant of the purely animal force which entered into the strength of the Vandals and distinguished the Germans of Cæsar's day. As for the Kabyle of more vulgar position, take away his haik and his bornouse, trim the points of his beard, and we have a perfect German head. Beside these we set a representative Arab head, sketched in the streets of Algiers. See the feline characteristics, the pointed, drooping moustache and chin-tuft, the extreme retrocession of the nostrils, the thin, weak and cruel mouth, the retreating forehead, the filmed eye, the ennui, the terrestrial detachment, of the Arab. He is a dandy, a creature of alternate flash and dejection, a wearer of ornaments, a man proud of his striped hood and ornamental agraffes. The Kabyle, of sturdier stuff, hands his ragged garment to his son like a tattered flag, bidding him cherish and be proud of the rents made by Roumi bayonets.



TYPE OF ALGERIAN ARAB.

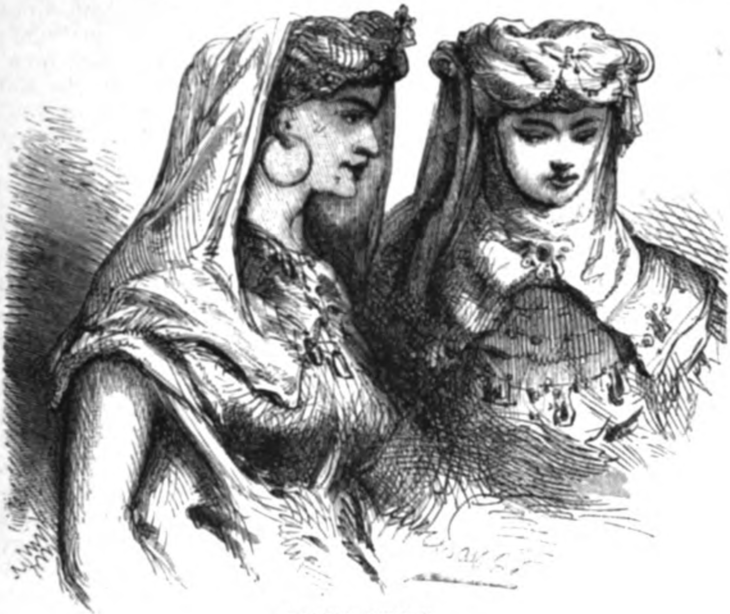
It must be admitted that the Kabyles, with a thousand faults, are far from the fatalism, the abuse of force and that merging of individualism which are found with the Islamite wherever he appears. Whence, then, have come these more humane tendencies, charitable customs and movements of compassion? There are respectable authorities who consider them, with emotion, as feeble gleams of the great Christian light which formerly, at its purest period, illuminated Northern Africa.

It is the opinion of some who have long been conversant with the Kabyles that the deeper you dive into their social mysteries the more traces you find of their having once been a Christian people. They observe, for instance, a set of statutes derived from their ancestors, and which, on points like suppression of thefts and murders, do not agree with the Koran. We have spoken of their name for the law—***kanoun***: evidently the resemblance of this to *χανών* must be more than accidental. Another sign is the mark of the cross, tattooed on the women of many of the tribes. These fleshly inscriptions are an incarnate evidence of the Christian past of some of the Kabyles, particularly such as are probably of Vandal origin. They are found especially among the tribes of the Gouraya, are probably a result of the Vandal invasion, and consist in the mark or sign of the cross, half an inch in dimension, on their forehead, cheeks and the palms of their hands. It appears that all the natives who were found to be Christians were freed from certain taxes by their Aryan conquerors; and it was arranged that they should profess their faith by making the cross on their persons, which practice was thus universalized. The tattooing is of a beautiful blue color, and is more ornamental than the patches worn by our grandmothers.

Our final inference, then, is, that the Kabyles preserve strong traces of certain primitive customs, which in certain cases are attributable to a Christian origin.

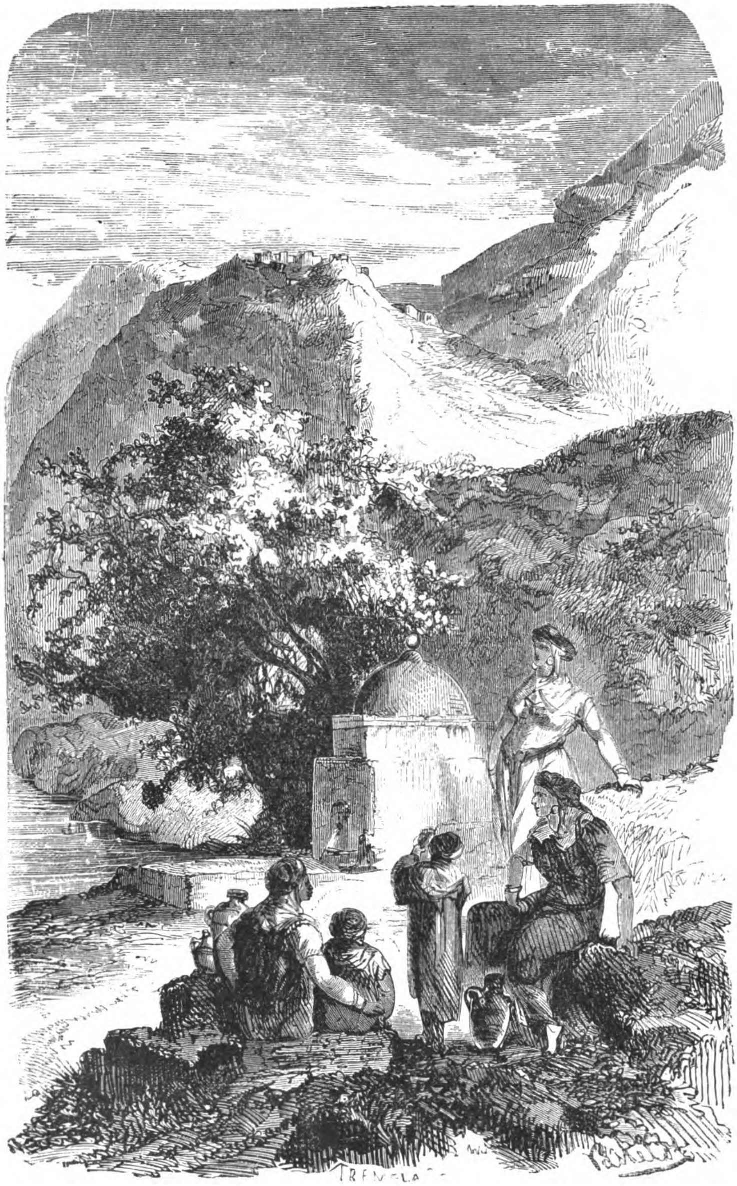
A true city of romance, a Venice isolated by waves of mountains, and built upon piles whose beams are of living crystal, Kalaa, all but inaccessible, attracts the tourist as the roc's egg attracted Aladdin's wife. For ages it has been a city of refuge, a sanctuary for person and property in a land of anarchy. Nowhere else are the proud Kabyles so skillful and industrious — nowhere else are their women so much like Western women in beauty and freedom.

The Kabyle woman preserves the liberty which the female of the Orient possessed in the old times, before the jealousy of Mohammed made her a bird in a cage, or, as the Arab poet says, "an attar which must not be given to the winds." In Kabylia the women talk and gossip with the men: their villages present pretty spectacles at sunset, when groups of workers and gossipers mingled are seen laughing, chatting and singing to the accompaniment of the drum. Some of these women are really handsome, and are freely decorated, even in public, with the singular enamels which are their peculiar manufacture, and with threads of gold in their graceful *cheloukas* or tunics.



KABYLE WOMEN.

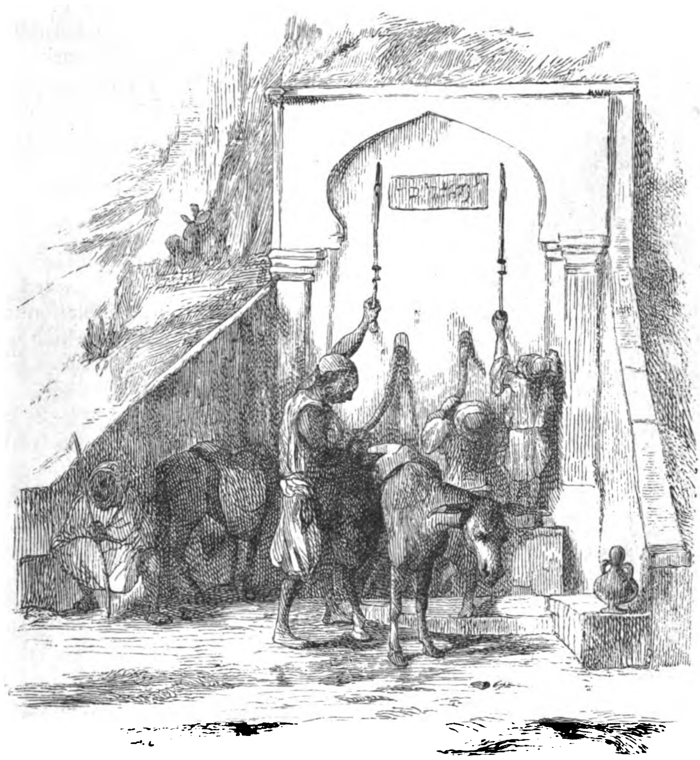
But Kalaa, like the picturesque "Peasant's Nest" described by Cowper in his *Task*, pays one natural penalty for the rare beauty of its site. It pants on a rock whose gorges of lime are the seat of a perpetual thirst. In vain have the suffering natives sunk seven basins in one alley of the town, the cleft separating the quarter of the Son of David from that of the children of Jesus (*Aissa*). The water only trickles by drops, and, though plentiful in winter, deserts them altogether in the season when their airhung gardens, planted in earth brought up from the plains, need it the most. As the mellowing of the season brings with it its plague of aridity, recourse is had to the river at the bottom of the ravine, the Oued-Hamadouch. Then from morning to night perpendicular chains of diminutive, shrewd donkeys are seen descending and ascending the precipice with great jars slung in net-work. But the Hamadouch itself in the sultry season is but a thread of water, easily exhausted by the needs of a population counting three thousand mouths. Then the folks of Kalaa would die of thirst were it not for the foresight of a



KABYLE GROUP.

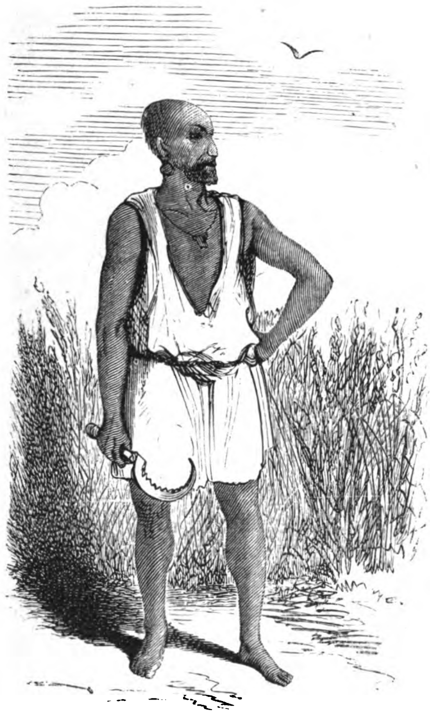
marabout of celebrity, whom chance or miracle caused to discover a hidden spring at the bottom of the rock. By the aid of subscriptions among the rich he built a fountain over the sources of the spring.

It is a small Moorish structure, with two stone pilasters supporting a pointed arch. In the centre is an inscription forbidding to the pious admirers of the marabout the use of the fountain while a drop remains in the Hamadouch. To assist their fidelity, the spring is effectually closed except when all other sources have peremptorily failed, in the united opinion of three amins (Kabyle sheikhs). When the amins give permission the chains which restrain the mechanism are taken off, and the conduits are opened by means of iron handles operating on small valves of the same metal. In the great droughts the fountain of Marabout Yusef-ben-Khouia may be seen surrounded with a throng of astute, white-nosed asses, waiting in philosophic calm amid the excitement and struggle of the attendant water-bearers.



YUSEF'S FOUNTAIN.

Seen hence, from the base of the precipice, where abrupt pathways trace their zigzags of white lightning down the rock, and where no vegetation relieves the harsh stone, the town of Kalaa seems some accursed city in a Dantean *Inferno*. Seen from the peaks of Bogni, on the contrary, the nest of white houses covered with red tiles, surmounted by a glittering minaret and by the poplars which decorate the porch of the great mosque, has an aspect as graceful as unique. In a vapory distance floats off from the eye the arid and thankless country of the Beni-Abbes. On every level spot, on every plateau, is detected a clinging white town, encircled with a natural wreath of trees and hedges. They are all visible one from the other, and perk up their heads apparently to signal each other in case of sudden appeal: it is by a telegraphic system from distance to distance that the Kabyles are collected for their incorrigible revolutions. Two ruined towers are pointed out, called by the Kabyles the Bull's Horns, which in 1847 poured down from their battlements a cataract of fire on Bugeaud's *chasseurs d'Orléans*, who climbed to take them, singing their favorite army-catch as well as they could for want of breath:

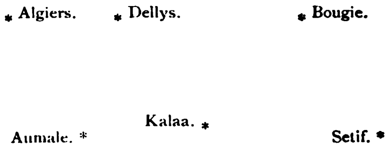

THE LATEST IMPROVED REAPER.

> As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette,
> As-tu vu la casquette du Père Bugeaud?

Far away, at the foot of the Azrou-n'hour, an immense peak lifting its breadth of snow-capped red into the pure azure, the populous town of Azrou is spread out over a platform almost inaccessible.

What a strange landscape! And what a race, brooding over its nests in the eagles' crags! Where on earth can be found so peculiar a people, guarding their individuality from the hoariest antiquity, and snatching the arts into the clefts of the mountains, to cover the languid races of the plains with luxuries borrowed from the clouds! The jewelry and the tissues, the bornouses and haiks, the blacksmith-work and ammunition, which fill the markets of Morocco, Tunis and the countries toward the desert, are scattered from off these crags, which Nature has forbidden to man by her very strongest prohibitions.

We are now in the midst of what is known as Grand Kabylia. The coast from Algiers eastward toward Philippeville, and the relations of some of the towns through which we have passed, may be understood from the following sketch:



The scale of distances may be imagined from the fact that it is eighty-seven and a half miles by sea from Algiers to Bougie. The country known as Grand Kabylia, or Kabylia *par excellence*, is that part of Algeria forming the great square whose corners are Dellys, Aumale, Setif and Bougie. Though these are fictitious and not geographical limits, they are the nearest approach that can be made to fixing the nation on a map. Besides their Grand Kabylia, the ramifications of the tribe are rooted in all the habitable parts of the Atlas Mountains between Morocco and Tunis, controlling an irregular portion of Africa which it is impossible to define. It will be seen that the country of the tribe is not deprived of seaboard nor completely mountainous. The two ports of Dellys and Bougie were their sea-cities, and gave the French infinite trouble: the plain between the two is the great wheat-growing country, where the Kabyle farmer reaps a painful crop with his saw-edged sickle.

In this trapezoid the fire of rebellion never sleeps long. As we write comes the report of seven hundred French troops surrounded by ten thousand natives in the southernmost or Atlas region of Algeria. The bloody lessons of last year have not taught the Kabyle submission. It seems that his nature is quite untamable. He can die, but he is in his very marrow a republican.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# OUR HOME IN THE TYROL.

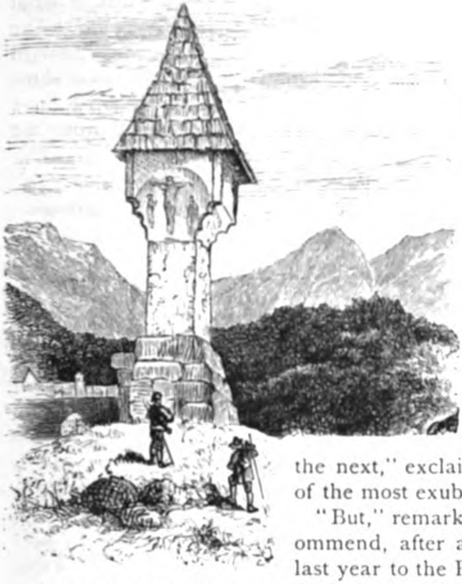
## CHAPTER I.

"DO not go to the Tyrol," said some of our friends in Rome. "You will be starved. It is a beautiful country, but with the most wretched accommodation and the worst living in the world."

"Come to Perugia, where it is always cool in summer," said a painter. "You can study Perugino's exquisite 'Annunciation' and other gems of the Umbrian school, and thus blend Art with the relaxation of Nature."

"Come rather to Zemetz in the Engadine, where good Leonhard Wohlvend of the Lion will help us to bag bears one day and glaciers the next," exclaimed a sporting friend, the possessor of the most exuberant spirits.

"But," remarked the fourth adviser, a lady, "I recommend, after all, the Tyrol. I went weak and ill last year to the Pusterthal, and returned to Rome as fresh and strong as a pony. I found the inns very clean and the prices low; and if you can live on soup, delicious trout and char, fowls, veal, puddings and fruit, you will fare famously at an outside average of five francs a day."



SHRINE AT ADELSHEIM.

As this advice exactly coincided with our own inclinations, we naturally considered it the wisest of all, especially as the invitation to bear-hunts and glacier-scrambles was not particularly tempting to our party. The kind reader will perceive this for himself when he learns that it consisted of an English writer, who, still hale and hearty in spite of his threescore years and ten, regarded botany as the best rural sport; his wife, his faithful companion through many years of sunshine and shadow, who had grown old so naturally that whilst anticipating a joyful Hereafter she still clothed this present life with the poetic hues of her girlhood; their daughter, the present narrator; and their joint friend, another Margaret, who, whilst loyal to her native country, America, had created for herself, through her talent, her love of true work and her self-dependence, a bright social and artistic life in Italy. As for Perugia, our happy quartette had plenty of opportunities for studying the old masters in the winter months. Now we were anxious to exchange the oppressive, leaden air of the Italian summer for the invigorating breezes of the Alps.

Yet how fresh and graceful Italy still looked as we traveled northward in the second week of June! The affluent and at the same time gentle sunshine streamed through the broad green leaves of the vines, which were flung in elegant festoons from tree to tree. It intensified the bright scarlet of the myriad poppies, which glowed amongst the brilliant green corn. It lighted up the golden water-lilies lying on the surface of the slowly-gliding streams, and brought into still greater contrast the tall amber-colored campanile or the black cypress grove cut in sharp outline against the diaphanous blue sky. We knew, however, that fever could lurk in this very luxury of beauty, while health was awaiting us in the more sombre scenes of gray mountain and green sloping pasture. We traveled on, therefore, by the quickest and easiest route, and alighting from the express-train to Munich at the Brixen station on the Brenner Pass, were shortly deposited, bag and baggage, at that comfortable and thoroughly German inn, the renowned Elephant.

We prided ourselves on being experienced travelers, and consequently immediately secured four places in the Eilwagen, which was to start from the inn at six o'clock the next morning for our destination, Bruneck. We handed over our luggage to the authorities, partook of supper and then retired contentedly to rest—in the case of the two Margarets to the soundest of slumbers—until in the morning we were suddenly awoke, not by the expected knock of the chambermaid, but by a hurrying to and fro of feet, and the sound of several eager voices resounding through the echoing corridors. Fortunately, it was not only perfectly light, but exhausted Nature had enjoyed its allotted spell of sleep; for we found, to our astonishment, that it was past five o'clock. The storm continued outside no whit abated, and in the midst of the human hubbub the father's voice sounded clear and distinct.

"The British lion is roaring," exclaimed Margaret: then, snatching at my attire, I was in the midst of the disturbance in a very few minutes.

My father stood at his door and held in his upraised hand a pair of villainous boots, old and "clouted," fit for the Gibeonites, very different from the substantial English aids to the understanding which he had placed in all good faith outside his door the previous night. A meagre-faced chambermaid was wringing her hands beside him. Two waiters vociferated, whilst a third, whose eyes were still heavy with sleep, was blindly groping at the other doors.

"My excellent London boots, made on a special last, have disappeared," said my father, trying to moderate his indignation, "and this vile rubbish has been substituted in their stead. — Where is your master?" he demanded of the sobbing woman. "Fetch either your master or my boots."

"Herr Je! Herr Je! I've hunted high and low, up stairs and down," murmured the weeping maid, "and the gracious gentleman's boots are nowhere."

"Sir," said a little round-headed man, who seemed to have his wits about him, "I know very well that these are not your boots. I cleaned your grace's boots, and placed them at your door at four o'clock. It is some beggarly Welschers who have crept up stairs and exchanged for them, unawares, their old leather hulks."

"Ah yes," said the wailing woman: "three Welschers, who came for the fair, slept in the barn, and had some bread and cheese before they left, an hour ago."

In the midst of this explanation the door of No. 2 was slightly opened, and an arm in a shirt sleeve appeared and drew in a pair of boots. Hardly, however, was the door closed when the bell of No. 2 began to ring violently.

"Heavens! another pair gone!" exclaimed a waiter. Then with one accord the whole bevy of distracted servants rushed to No. 2, declaring their innocence.

"My good people, I cannot understand one word you say," replied a mild English voice. "I request you to be gone, and let one of you bring me my own proper boots."

The British lion—who, it must be owned, had reason to roar—became calmed at the evident innocence of the servants and the gentle sounds of this British lamb. He therefore went to the rescue, and explained the matter to No. 2, who in his turn meekly expostulated: "Very vexatious! Dear me! My capital boots made expressly for Alpine climbing! But we must make the best of it, my dear sir."

Maids and men still remained in an excited group, when at this juncture the head-waiter appeared, bringing with him the landlord, a respectable middle-aged man, who, bowing repeatedly, assured the gentlemen of his extreme annoyance at the whole affair, especially as it compromised the fame of his noted house. Indeed, he would gladly refund the loss were the two pairs of boots not forthcoming.

Forthcoming! How could they be forthcoming when at this moment the clock was striking six, and the Eilwagen (Margaret termed it the *oil-wagon*) was to start at once, and we with it, though minus breakfast? The British lamb departed hurriedly, but we were detained to be told of another complication. Not only were the boots gone, but the royal imperial post-direction of Austria, after duly weighing and measuring our luggage, had adjudged it too heavy and bulky for the roof of its mail-coach. It would, however, restore our money, and even suggest another mode of conveyance, but take us by its Eilwagen it would not.

"The delay is indeed advantageous, mein Herr," said the landlord, addressing my father, who walked about in slippers, "as time will thereby be gained for a thorough investigation of the boot question."

One trouble always modifies another. The disappearance of the boots made us bear the departure of the Eilwagen philosophically. Nay, at the conclusion of a substantial breakfast of hot coffee, ham and eggs we began greatly to enjoy ourselves. Rejected by the post-direction for the Eilwagen, we felt at liberty to choose our time of departure. For the present, therefore, acting as our own masters, we leisurely sauntered out of doors, admired the clean, attractive exterior of the roomy inn, and smiled at the fresco of the huge elephant, which, possessed of gigantic tusks and diminutive tail, carried a man, spear in hand, on his back. A giant bearing a halbert, accompanied by two youths in tunics, completed the group. An inscription informed us that this was the first elephant which had ever visited Teutschland, and that the inn derived its name from the fact of the august quadruped sleeping there on its journey, which took place in the sixteenth century. The worthy landlord had also ordered a fresco to be painted on his inn to the honor of the Virgin. She was depicted standing upon the crescent moon, and her aid was invoked by the good man in rhyme to protect the house "from lightning's rod, O thou Mother of God! From rain and fire, and sickness dire;" —but, alas! there was no mention of thieves.

We were deploring the fact when the worthy Wirth appeared in person, attended by a slim youth in blue-and-silver uniform, whom he introduced to us with considerable emphasis as representing the police. The officer of justice stepped forward and with a low bow took the length and breadth of the Welschers' offending, and promised that the Austrian government would do its best to see the distinguished, very noble Herrschaft righted. We cannot be quite certain that he promised that the emperor would seek the boots in person, but something was said about that mighty potentate. At the assurance of governmental interference how could the British lion fail of being pacified? He declared that the landlord had acted as a gentleman, shook hands with him, and returning to the house exchanged his slippers for his second pair of boots—very inferior in make and comfort to the missing treasures—and then conferred with the landlord as to the best method for the continuance of our journey.

The Herr Wirth, with whom and the whole household we had now become excellent friends, declared that with our unusual amount of luggage the only plan was a "separat Eilfahrt," which means a separate express-journey to Bruneck. It had, however, its advantages: we should travel quickly and with the greatest ease. As we were willing to accede to his proposition, he handed us over to his clerks in the royal imperial post-bureau, who, having received a round sum of florins, filled in and sanded an important document, which being delivered to us conveyed the satisfactory information that we four individuals, whose ages, personal appearance and social position the head-official had magnanimously passed over with a compassionate flourish, were, on this fourteenth day of June, 1871, to be conveyed to the town of Bruneck in the caleche No. 1990; which said vehicle would be duly furnished with cloth or leather cushions, one foot-carpet, two lamps, main-braces, axletree, etc., including one portion of grease. So far, well and good, but on our inquiring when the said No. 1990 would be ready to start, the head-official merely looked over his spectacles at his subordinate, who in his turn, leaning back in his tall chair and stroking his beard, called out, "Klaus! Klaus!"—a call which was answered by a tall, stolid-looking man, also in livery, who seemed to occupy the post of official hostler.

"Klaus," demanded the second chef, "the Herrschaft ask when the vehicle will be ready."

Klaus gave an astonished stare, and articulated some rapid sounds in a dialect quite unintelligible to us.

"Precisely," returned the subordinate. "The horses are sent for, and when they arrive the Herrschaft will be expedited forthwith."

Whereupon the clerks of the post-direction became suddenly immersed in the duties of their office. We took the hint and good-naturedly retired.

It certainly looked like business when outside we perceived Klaus dragging forth with all his might and main, from a dark and dusty coach-house, a still dustier old coach. Darker it was not, for the color was that of canary, emblazoned with the black double-headed Austrian eagle. This, then, was the caleche No. 1990. It had the air of a veteran officer in the imperial army who had not seen active service for many a long day.

Klaus was too busy to pay much attention to us. He pulled the piece of antiquity into the street, and with an uneasy expression, as if he knew beforehand what he had to expect, he tried and tugged at one of the door-handles. "Sacrament!" he muttered as he at last let go and began hunting in the boot of the coach, under the driver's cushion and in secret nooks and corners, which proved, at the best, mere receptacles for fag-ends of whipcord and cobwebs.

"It is gone, sure enough, the key of the right-hand door." I am afraid it had disappeared three years before, at least, to the fellow's knowledge, for he added in an apologetic but hopeful tone, "It matters not the least, for, see you, all the inns are on the left-hand side."

A glimpse into the coach-house had convinced us of the fact of this vehicle alone being at our disposal; so we determined to manage as best we might, and bore even philosophically the smell of the musty, dust-filled cushions, which Klaus triumphantly pulled out of the open door and beat, as it were, within an inch of their lives.

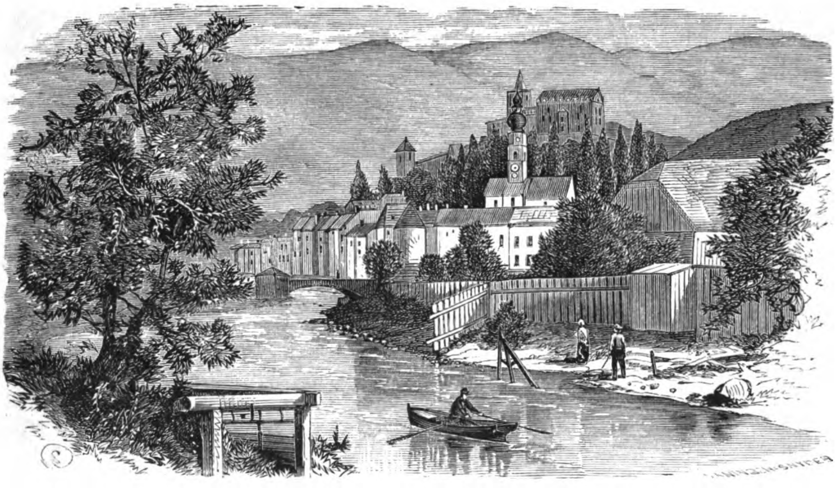
Briefly, to make two long hours short after several tedious quarters of expectation, a square-set, rosy-faced and middle-aged postilion appeared round the far corner of the village street, resplendent in silver lace and yellow livery, leading three gaunt but sturdy horses. In ten minutes my father was seated on the box and we ladies inside, receiving the good wishes of Klaus, of the landlord, the men and the maids, now all smiles and curtsies, and with the postilion blowing triumphantly his horn we dashed out of the quaint, dreamy little cathedral town of Brixen.

The road speedily began to ascend, and we looked down from a considerable height on the vast Augustine monastery of Neustift, with its large church, its picturesque cluster of wings, refectories and separate residences of every stage of architecture, lying snugly amongst vineyards, Spanish chestnuts and fig trees. Ever upward, by but above the waters of the rapid Brienz, until at the fortress of Mühlbach we entered the Pusterthal proper.

This old fort commands the valley and spans the road. Our driver, who, according to Austrian regulation, went on foot wherever the ascent was particularly steep, could not enter into our admiration of its romantic position. Hans—for such was his name—could not perceive any grace or beauty in a scene which had often disturbed his imagination and awakened his fear. "Ah," said he, "it is a God-forsaken spot. It is here that many slaughtered Bavarians wander about at night with candles, seeking for their bodies or their souls—I know not which. Look you! My grandmother came from Schliers in Bavaria, and the two countries speak the same language. However, in my father's day, in 1809, Emperor Franz drove the Bavarians and French out of this part of the Tyrol. It was in April, when the Austrian Schatleh came marching through the Pusterthal with his soldiers, and drove the Bavarians before him. Though these were only a handful, they would not make truce, but broke down all the bridges in their retreat. They wanted to burn the bridge at Lorenzen, only the country-folks with blunderbusses, cudgels and pitchforks protected it, and made them run; so they marched on, pursued by the Landsturm, to this fortress, where they fought like devils until many were killed, and the others, at their wits' end, managed to push on to Innsbruck. Yes, glorious days, and long may the Tyrolese cry God, Emperor and Fatherland! But those wandering spirits make my flesh creep. Ugh!"

The road now allowed of the horses being put to a lively trot, interrupting further conversation. We drove steadily on, stopping at comfortable inns in large well-to-do villages, where even the poorest appeared to enjoy in their houses unlimited space. The landlords politely demanded our journey-certificate, solemnly inserted the hour of our arrival and departure, and confirmed the important fact of our remaining exactly the same number of travelers as at the beginning of our journey. We exchange Hans for a youthful Jacobi, and Jacobi for an aged Seppl, who all agreed in their livery if not in their ages; each stage also being at a slightly higher elevation, so that by degrees we had changed the Italian vegetation, which had lingered as far as the neighborhood of Brixen, for the more northern crops of young oats and flax. Yet one prominent reminder of comparatively adjacent Italy accompanied us the greater portion of the three hours' drive. Hundreds of agile, swarthy figures were busily boring, blasting, shoveling and digging for the new railway, which is to convey next season shoals of passengers and civilization, rightly or wrongly so called, into this great yet primitive artery of Southern Tyrol, the Pusterthal already forming, by means of the Ampezzo, a highway between Venice and the Brenner Pass. As the morning advanced the busy sounds of labor ceased, and we saw groups of dark-eyed men reclining in the shade of the rocks, partaking of their frugal dinners of orange-colored polenta—*plenten*, as our Seppl called it.

So onward by soft slopes bordered by mountain-ridges, all scarped and twisted, having dark green draperies of pine trees cast round their strong limbs, with bees humming in the aromatic yet invigorating breeze fresh from the snow-fields, and swallows wheeling in the clear blue air, until we reached a fertile amphitheatre. A confusion of flourishing villages was scattered over its verdant meadows, and here and there on a jutting rock or mountain-spur a solitary mediæval tower or imposing castle stood forth, the most conspicuous of all being a fortress situated on a natural bulwark of rock. Half around its base a little town, which appeared stunted in its growth by the course of the river, confidingly rested. A hill covered with wood screened the other side of the castle, whilst exactly opposite a broad valley ran northward, hemmed in by lofty snow-fields and glaciers that sparkled in the noonday sun. Natural hummocks or knolls covered with wood broke the uniformity of this upland plain, which still ascended eastward to the higher, bleaker Upper Pusterthal. This valley continues to mount to yet more sterile regions, until, reaching the great watershed of the Toblacher Plain, which sends part of its streams to the Adriatic, the others to the more distant Black Sea, it gradually dips down again to the fruitful wine-regions of Lienz.



BRUNECK.

We have now, however, to do with Bruneck, where our venerable 1990 had safely deposited us at the modern inn, the Post. We might almost style it the fashionable inn, for it was kept by a gentleman of noble birth and the representative of the province, who, having a large family of growing children, had wisely let his gentility take care of itself and permitted his guests to be entertained at their own rather than at his expense. As the noble landlady was suffering from headache, the dapper waitress took charge of us, provided us with rooms, and then installed us at the early *table-d'hôte*, where a number of the officers of the garrison, with some other regular diners, whom we learnt to recognize in time as the town bailiff, the apothecary and the advocate, were despatching, in the midst of great clatter and bustle, the inevitable *kalbsfleisch* and *mehlspeis*.

The lady who had recommended us to go to the Pusterthal had likewise assured us that the Post at Bruneck would satisfy all our requirements. In this she was mistaken. It is true that tastes differ, especially amongst tourists, who may be divided into two classes—those who merely care for the country, let them disguise it as they will, when they can endue it with the features of their town-life; and those who love the country for the sake of Nature, and thus endeavor to carry trails of freshness back with them to town. Now, it was all artificial dust and din that we desired to get rid of. We had traveled in search of verdant meadows, brawling streams and sweet-scented woods. We could not find solace and relaxation in sitting at the windows of our respectable inn to watch every passer-by on the dusty boulevard below, in spending half the day indoors, let it be ever so comfortably, or in merely turning out in the evening to shop in the puny town, whilst we bemoaned the want of a circulating library and a brass band. It was even more intolerable, as the Post had been built perversely with its back to the fine view of the glaciers. Moreover, the whole establishment was in the hands of bricklayers, painters and glaziers, who were enlarging and repairing it for the comfort and convenience of future but certainly not of present visitors.

As trade was evidently flourishing, we had not the slightest hesitation in ringing for Maria, the *kellnerin*, and consulting with her about the mode of our procuring country lodgings as soon as possible. Maria was a good-natured girl and willing to serve us, but our ideas could not be so easily carried out as we had anticipated. One of us had the folly to suggest vacant rooms being to let in the castle.

"Gracious!" replied Maria, casting her eyes up to the sky. "In the castle! Why, that's crown property, and filled with the military. Really, I don't know how I can help you, since the gentlemen officers have engaged for themselves every apartment inside or outside the town."

We spoke of the many neighboring villages, which were filled with grand old houses.

Maria declared they were better outside than inside, and that the Bauers who dwelt in them could scarcely find bedding for their cattle, much less for Christian gentlefolks. "There is the Herr Apotheker's house at Unterhofen, but he will not let that. There is the Hof at Adelsheim: it's out of the question. There is also Frau Sieger's in the same village, but that is let to the Herr Major for the season. Look you! you had better go to Frau Sieger. Stay, I will send Lina with you."

Lina proved to be one of the blossoms of the noble family tree. She led my mother and me to Frau Sieger, but what came of our afternoon's expedition deserves to be told in a fresh chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

Now, this house-hunting was a piece of business to be got through as soon as possible. Nevertheless, three hours elapsed before we returned to the hotel. We found the father and Margaret leaning their heads out of a corridor window, and when we asked them what they were about, she replied, "We have been wishing that the grand old mansion in yonder village were only a *pension*, where we could obtain rooms. But have you met with any success?"

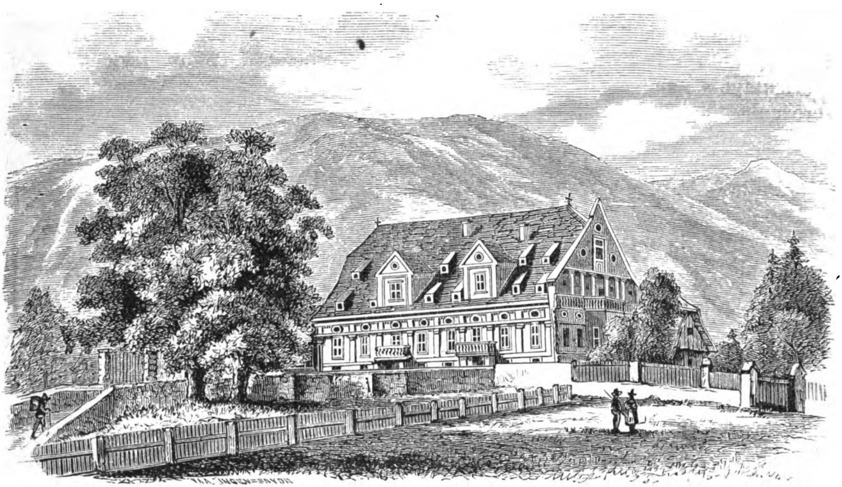
"A *pension!* That sounds like Meran or Switzerland, instead of this primitive Pusterthal. Only let us have tea, and we will tell you what we have done."

"Very good! We will be patient; but you do not look dissatisfied with your afternoon," said my father.

Nor in truth were we. Sipping our mild tea, we related our adventures. The little girl Lina had taken us into the town, which consisted of one narrow street in the shape of a half-moon, where houses of all ages and ranks squeezed against each other and peeped into each other's windows with the greatest familiarity. In one of the largest of these Frau Sieger lived. Her husband was the royal imperial tobacco agent, and the house was crammed full of chests of the noxious and obnoxious weed, the passages and landing being pervaded with a sweet, sickly smell of decomposing tobacco. In the parlor, however, where Frau Sieger sat drinking coffee with her lady friends, the aromatic odor of the beverage acted as a disinfectant. The hostess drew us aside, listened complacently to our message, and then graciously volunteered to let us rooms under her very roof.

We should have chosen chemical works in preference! There was, then, nothing to be done but to take leave with thanks. Accompanied by the little Lina, we passed under the town-gate, and whilst sorely perplexed perceived a pleasant village, at the distance of about a mile, lying on the hillside in a wealth of orchards and great barns. The way thither led across fields of waving green corn, the point where the path diverged from the high-road being marked by a quaint mediæval shrine, one of the many shrines which, sown broadcast over the Tyrol, are intended to act as heavenly milestones to earth-weary pilgrims.

That was the village of Adelsheim, Lina said, where their own country-house was situated, and Freieck, belonging to Frau Sieger; and there, at the farther extremity of the village, was Schönburg, where old Baron Flinkenhorn lived. The biggest house of all on the hill was the Hof, and that below, with the gables and turrets, the carpenter's.



ADELSHEIM—OUR HOME IN THE TYROL.

The bare possibility of finding a resting-place in that little Arcadia made us determine to go thither. We would try the inn, and then the carpenter's.

The inn proved a little beer-shop, perfectly impracticable. A woman with a bright scarlet kerchief bound round her head, who was washing outside the carpenter's, told us in Italian that she and her husband, an overseer on the new railway, occupied with their family every vacant room, which was further confirmed by the carpenter popping his head out of an upper window, and in answer to Lina's question giving utterance to an emphatic "*Na, na, I hab koan*" ("No, no, I have none").

Lina was so sure that the Hofbauer would not let rooms, for he was a wealthy man and owned land for miles around, that she stayed at a respectful distance whilst we approached nearer to at least admire the grand old mansion, even if it were closed against us as a residence. The village was full of marvelous old houses rich in frescoes, oriel windows, gables and turrets, but this dwelling, standing in a dignified situation on an eminence, was a prince amongst its compeers. The architecture, which was Renaissance, might belong to a bad style, but the long slopes of roof, the jutting balconies, the rich iron-work on the oblong façade, the painted sun-dial and the coats-of-arms now fading away into oblivion, the grotesque gargoyle which in the form of a dragon's head frowned upon the world, — each detail, that had once been carefully studied, helped to form a complete whole which it was a pleasure to look upon. The grand entrance, no longer used, was guarded by a group of magnificent trees, the kings of the region. Traces of an old pleasure-garden and the dried-up basin of a fountain were visible within.

At this point in the narrative Margaret exclaimed, "None other than my would-be *pension!* I have known it from the first, so pray do not keep me on tenter-hooks. Were you or were you not successful? Yet all hope has died within me already, for such a treasure-trove we never could get."

"Well, listen," said the mother. "As we were admiring the house, a handsome, fair-haired young man, one's perfect ideal of a peasant, came along the road, bowed to us, and when we expressed our interest in the mansion said that he was the son of the house, and that we might see the rooms if we liked. Grand old rooms they are, with a great lack of furniture, but nevertheless perfectly charming. The young man, who is named Anton, thought his father would probably have no objection to let us rooms. At all events, we could all go over and see the Hofbauer at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when he would be in: he was in his fields this afternoon. The whole, in fact, was a pastoral poem."

The next day we were as punctual as clock-work. A pleasant, comely young peasant woman, who looked as if she had lived on fresh air all her life, met us in the great stone entrance-hall. She told us that her father would soon be at liberty, and that, with our permission, she would again show us the rooms if we wished to see them. This promised well. Fetching a huge bunch of handsome iron-wrought keys, she conducted us into the great hall of the first floor, hung with large unframed pictures of the Holy Sacrament. Then unlocking a handsome door which had once been green and gold, we entered the vast reception-room, almost bereft of furniture, but possessing a pine floor of milky whiteness and a remarkably fine stove of faience eight feet high. My father measured the length of the apartment: it was forty feet, and could have seated a hundred guests. The casements were filled with old lozenge-shaped glass set in lead, and the fine old iron trellis-work on the outside of the windows gave a wonderfully mediæval look to the apartment. There was, moreover, a magnificent bay window, which formed a little room of itself, besides a second room much less, which, with carved wood wainscot and ceiling, could have served as an oratory.

Margaret's delight was unbounded. The father smiled quietly, and we the pioneers could scarcely refrain our pride and pleasure. But there was more to be seen. Crossing the great hall once more, we entered a large and beautiful room overlooking the main entrance. This had other furniture besides its handsome porcelain stove and inlaid floor of dark wood. There was not only a comfortable modern bed, but chairs, sofa and table; a chest of drawers too, which was covered with innumerable religious knickknacks—little sacred pictures in glass frames, miniature saints, and artificial flowers in small china pots. Having dipped her finger in a holy-water shell hanging on the wall, our guide drew back a long chintz curtain which covered the end of the room, and showed us a large and handsome chapel below. A fald-stool ran along the front of the window which, with an additional lattice of gilt and carved wood, separated the room from the church. This had evidently been in old times the apartment of the lord and his lady, and here they had knelt and listened to the holy office without mingling with their dependants below. This room, if we had the good fortune to obtain lodgings in the mansion, was to belong to the poetess, for it was full of inspiration and old-world memories.

Then out again into the hall and up another flight of stone stairs, through a second great lobby into a corridor, which communicated on either side with two charming rooms, spotlessly clean and perfectly empty, if I except the stoves; but still, if we chose, these two rooms could be Margaret's and mine, and the corridor as well, with a beautiful balcony which commanded an enchanting view of the rich Pusterthal up and down, right and left, with a row of jagged, contorted dolomite mountains thrown into the bargain. All this was to be ours if only the Hofbauer would have us. So down we went, casting longing looks around us—down into the entrance-hall, where a crowd of poor people were streaming out of the *stube*, the parlor of the family, such as in the midland counties of England would be called the house-place, and so into the grassy court in front, where we awaited with anxious hearts the fiat of the Hofbauer.

We were not long kept waiting. In another minute the master of the house stood before us, a tall, thin, elderly man, dressed in the full costume of the district —an embroidered cloth jacket, black leather breeches, which displayed a broad band of naked knee, green ribbed stockings, shoes and buckles, with a silver cord and tassel on his broad beaver hat. Saluting us with the grace and ease of a courtier, he apologized for keeping us waiting, but he had been entertaining the poor of the parish at dinner, according to an old custom of his. These simple Tyrolese dined, then, at ten o'clock in the morning!

An elderly woman, also tall and spare, now appeared in a bright blue linen apron, that half hid her thickly-plaited black woolen petticoat, which was short enough to give full effect to scarlet knit stockings and low, boat-shaped shoes. She carried in her hand a plate of large hot fat cakes, which she pressed upon us; then pitied the smallness of our appetites, and urged two apiece at least. Two mouthfuls, however, were sufficient, as the cakes were not only extremely greasy, but filled with white curds, aniseed and chives. Having received in good part this intended hospitality, we were rejoiced to hear the Hofbauer express his perfect willingness that we should take up our abode at the mansion. We need merely pay him a trifle, but we must furnish ourselves the extra bedsteads. Moidel, his daughter, could cook for us, for she understood making dishes for bettermost people, having been sent by him to Brixen for a year to learn cooking; for what was a moidel (maiden) good for that could not cook? He should not make any charge for her services. Also, if we saw any bits of furniture about the house that suited us we might take them; and lastly, we could stay until Jacobi, the 25th of July, but on that day the best bedroom must be given up, as it belonged to his son, the student, who would return from Innsbruck about that day. All this was charming. We promised to procure beds and bedding in Bruneck, and arranged to take possession of our new quarters on the following morning.

I will not enter into the rashness of our promise respecting the bedsteads, merely hinting at the difficulties and complications which beset us. Some of these can be imagined when it is known that, firstly, there proved not to be an upholsterer, nor even a seller of old furniture, at Bruneck; and that, secondly, the officers and soldiers of the garrison now quartered there occupied by night every available spare bed in the township. So it seemed until in our embarrassment the landlady of the Post arose from her bed to help us to procure some. The interview ended again with the prudent advice, "Go to Frau Sieger." We went, and that incomparable lady, who bore us no malice for refusing her rooms, generously provided for a small sum three bedsteads and an amazing, and what appeared to us superfluous, amount of bolsters, pillows, feather beds, winter counterpanes; but she would hear no nay, declaring, "It often turned very chilly in the Pusterthal, and at such times a warm bed was a godsend."

We now began to dream of beds of roses, but we were mistaken: we were crying before we were out of the wood. We arrived at the Hof the following afternoon with our bag and baggage, and found Moidel, otherwise Maria, busily preparing the newly-erected bed in the state-room. She received us cordially, until my mother, laying her shawl on the bedstead belonging to the house, remarked that she wished that for herself.

Maria seemed suddenly thunderstruck. She turned a deep red, and with a gesture of astonishment let drop a pillow, exclaiming, "Heavens alive! that is the Herr Student's bed!"

She fled from the chamber, bringing back her aunt to the rescue. The latter looked stern and aggrieved. "Never, never! no one must lay his head on that pillow but the student," she cried. Had my mother asked to repose on the altar of the chapel they could not have been more dumbfoundered.

As Frau Sieger's beds were truly spare, and as she could merely provide three, this second complication ended in the family giving up a bed of their own—one which was adorned at the head and foot with a cross, a bleeding heart and sacred monogram—one, in fact, which bore more marks of sanctity about it than the sacred bed of the student. It was obvious that this mysterious individual was consecrated to the Church, and that even before his ordination all that he touched was holy.

The storm had again given place to sunshine, and the two quiet women passed gently to and fro with coarse but sweet-scented linen, which they fetched from an old chest adorned with red tulips, a crown of thorns and the legend "K. M., 1820," on a bright blue ground. Good old Kaetana! That chest had once been crammed full to overflowing with linen which, like other young women, she had spun for her own dowry, but when the Hofbauerin died Kathi became the housekeeper and mother to the little children. Thus the contents of the chest had gradually decreased, until the maiden aunt drew forth the four last pair of new sheets for these passing strangers. She felt it no sacrifice. It would have grieved her more to touch the piles of fine new linen which she and Moidel had spun through many a long winter evening, and which were now safely hidden away in the great mahogany wardrobe, which the Hofbauer, in harmony with the more luxurious ideas of the age, had given to his daughter. It occupied the place of honor in the great saloon, having three companion chests of drawers of lesser dimensions, which the father at the same time had presented to each of his sons. That of the eldest, Anton, was emptied by the owner and placed by him at our disposal; that of the second, the student, was carefully guarded from the sun by a covering formed of newspapers; the third, belonging to Jacobi, the youngest, appeared to us filled with books. Jacob was shy, and some days elapsed before we became acquainted. Anton, however, appeared modestly ready to attend to our least beck and call. The first evening, perceiving that we had no candlesticks, we conferred with Anton.

"Freilich," he said. "We have none of our own, but I am sure that, as you will take care of them, there can be no great harm in lending you some of the Virgin's." We demurred at first, but with a smile on his open, ingenuous face he added, "The Herrschaft may be quite sure that I would not sin against my conscience." He then brought half a dozen plated candlesticks from the little sacristy, which he committed to our care.

The reader must not suppose that this was a disused chapel: far from it. In the dusk of the summer evening a murmuring chant like the musical hum of bees pervaded the vast old mansion, which was otherwise hushed in perfect silence. It was the Rosenkranz (or rosary) repeated by the household in the chapel. The Hofbauer knelt on one side near the altar, and led the service, his two sons, the four men-servants, the aunt and Moidel, with the three maid-servants, reciting the responses on their respective sides. The even-song over, the household quietly retired to rest.

Chance had graciously brought us to the Hof in the midst of preparations for the festival of the Holy Father. On Sunday, June 18, the whole Catholic world was to celebrate the astounding fact of Pio Nono having exceeded the days of Saint Peter. We, who had come from Rome, where thirty upstart papers were denouncing time-honored usages and formulas, where many of the people had begun to sneer at the Papacy and to take gloomy views of the Church, were not prepared for the religious fervor and devotion to the Papal See which greeted us in the Tyrol, especially at Bruneck, where from time immemorial a race of the staunchest adherents to Rome had flourished. The mere fact that we came from the Eternal City clothed us with brilliant but false colors. Endless were the questions put to us about the health and looks of the Holy Father, whom they believed to be kept in a dungeon and fed on bread and water—a diet, however, turned into heavenly food by the angels. Perhaps the most perplexing question of all was, whether the Herr Baron Flinkenhorn, who had been born in exactly the same year as the Holy Father, bore the faintest resemblance to that saintly martyr. We could but shake our heads as the old nobleman was pointed out to us on the morning of the festival. Decrepit and bent with age, he shuffled along by the side of his old tottering sister, an antiquated couple dressed in the French fashions of 1810. They hardly perceived, so blind and old were they, the bows and greetings which they received. They knew, however, that it was Pio's festival, and they made great offerings to the Church and to the poor.

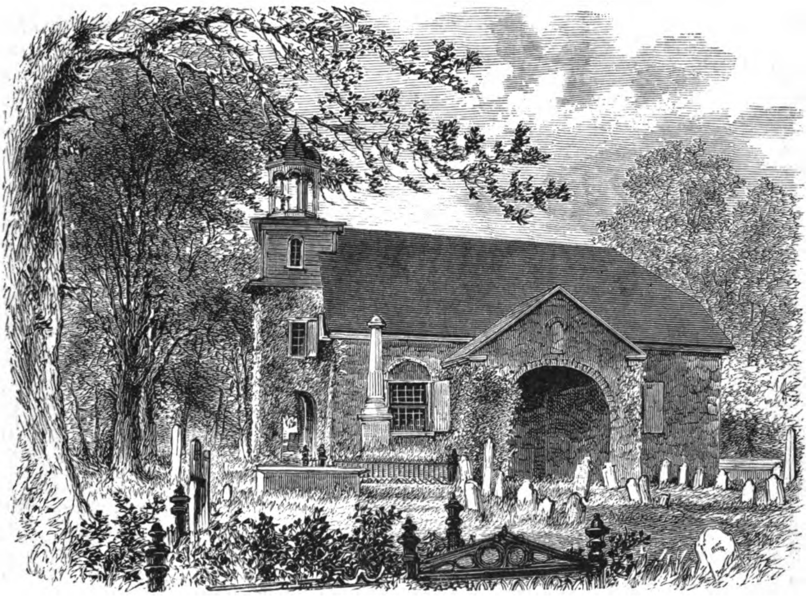
Deafness even has its compensations. Thus this old couple had not been kept awake all night by the ringing of bells and the firing of small cannon, which had continued incessantly since the setting of the sun had ushered in the festival on the previous evening. The firing lasted all day—a popular but very startling and disturbing mode of expressing joy and satisfaction. Bruneck wreathed and flagged its houses: there were processions, the prettiest being considered that of the female pupils of the convent of the Sacred Heart, who walked in white, bearing lilies. At night the good Sisters made a grand display of sacred transparencies in their convent windows—rhymes about the age of Saint Peter and the Pope; the Virgin rescuing the sinking vessel of the Church; Saint Peter seated on his emblematic rock, with his present successor at his side; and so forth — all wondered, gaped at and admired by the people, until the great spectacle of the evening commenced. As soon as night had fairly set in a hundred fires blazed upon the mountains—far as the eye could reach, for miles and many miles, one dazzling gigantic illumination. Papal monograms, crosses, tiaras shone forth in startling proportions. High up, far from any human habitation, on the verge of the snow, in clearings of the mountain forests, on Alpine pastures, these fiery letters had been patiently traced by toiling men and lads. Anton and Jacobi were not behind-hand, and by means of two hundred little bonfires had devised the papal initials on the upland common behind the house. The illumination, however, had not begun to reach its full splendor when one quick flash of lightning succeeded another, followed by a rolling artillery of thunder, the precursors of heavy down-pouring rain. In five minutes the storm had extinguished every bright emblem, and plunged the illuminated mountains into impenetrable blackness. The weather, grimly triumphant, drove lads and lasses drenched to their homes. So ended the festival, but in the morning, in dry clothes, every one had the pleasure of imagining how beautiful the spectacle would have been but for the rain.

MARGARET HOWITT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# WILMINGTON AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

## CONCLUDING PAPER.

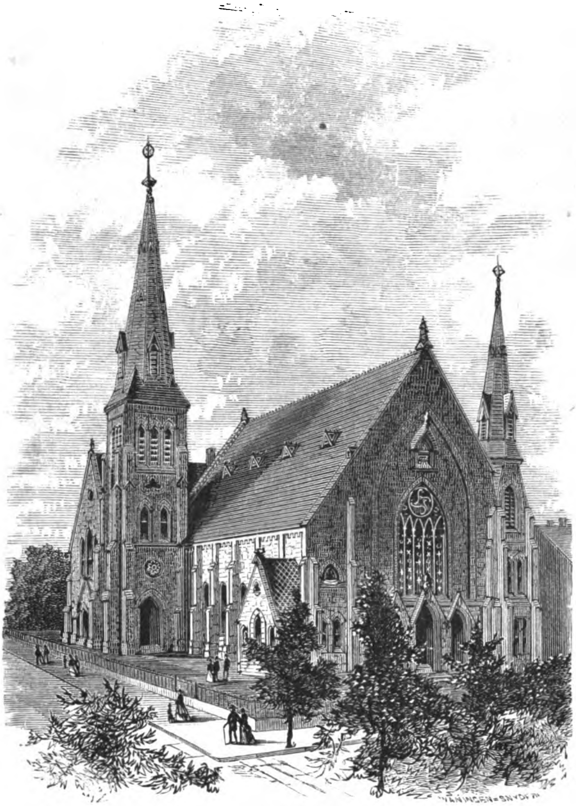


OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

WE have pointed out the metropolis of Delaware as being a distinctly Northern city, planted in the distinct South. Among other things, this complication has led to some singularities in its settlement. As a community regulated by the most liberal traditions of Penn, but placed under the legal conditions of a slave State, it has held a position perfectly anomalous. No other spot could be indicated where the contrasts of North and South came to so sharp an edge; and there are few where a skilled pen could set down so many curiosities of folk-lore and confusions of race. The Dutch, the Swedes and the English Quakers formed the substratum, upon which were poured the *émigrés* of the French Revolution and the fugitives from Santo Domingo. The latter sometimes brought slaves who had continued faithful, and who retained their serfdom under the laws of Delaware. The French *bonnes* stood on washing-benches in the Brandywine, and taught the amazed Quaker wives that laundry-work could be done in cold water. The names of grand old French families, prefaced by the proprietarial forms of *le* and *du*, became mixed by marriage with such Swedish names as Svensson and such Dutch names as Staelkappe. (The first Staelkappe was a ship's cook, nicknamed from his oily and glossy bonnet.) As for the refugees from Santo Domingo, they absolutely invaded Wilmington, so that the price of butter and eggs was just doubled in 1791, and house-rents rose in proportion. They found themselves with rapture where the hills were rosy with peach-blossoms, and where every summer was simply an extract from Paradise.

We cannot linger, as we fain would

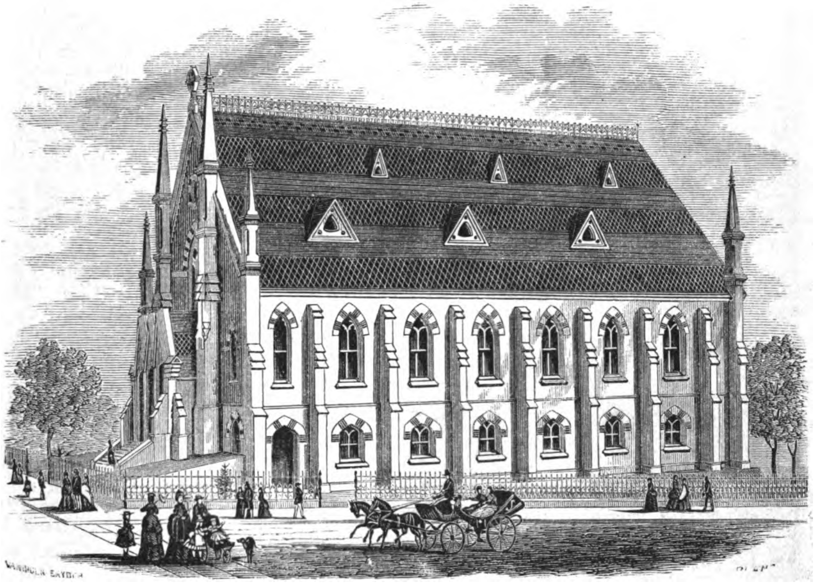
do, over the quaint and amusing *Paris en Amérique* which reigned here for a period following the events of '93. At Sixth and French streets lived a marchioness in a cot, which she adorned with the manners of Versailles, the temper of the Faubourg St.-Germain and the pride of Lucifer. This Marquise de Sourci was maintained by her son, who made pretty boxes of gourds, and afterward boats, in one of which he was subsequently wrecked on the Delaware, before the young marquis was of age to claim his title. In a farm-house, whose rooms he lined with painted canvas, lived Colonel de Tousard. On Long Hook Farm resided, in honor and comfort, Major Pierre Jaquette, son of a Huguenot refugee who married a Swedish girl, and became a Methodist after one of Whitefield's orations: as for the son, he served in thirty-two pitched battles during our Revolution. Good Joseph Isambrie, the blacksmith, used to tell in provincial French the story of his service with Bonaparte in Egypt, while his wife blew the forge-bellows. *Le Docteur* Bayard, a rich physician, cured his compatriots for nothing, and Doctor Capelle, one of Louis XVI.'s army-surgeons, set their poor homesick old bones for them when necessary. Monsieur Bergerac, afterward professor in St. Mary's College, Baltimore, was a teacher: another preceptor, M. Michel Martel, an *émigré* of 1780, was proficient in fifteen languages, five of which he had imparted to the lovely and talented Theodosia Burr. Aaron Burr happened to visit Wilmington when the man who had trained his daughter's intellect was lying in the almshouse, wrecked and paralytic, with the memory of all his many tongues gone, except the French. Some benevolent Wilmingtonians approached Burr in his behalf, showing the colonel's own letter which had introduced him to the town.


GRACE CHURCH.

"I wrote that letter when I *knew* him," said the diplomatic Colonel Burr, "but I know him no more."

The day quickly came when Burr's speech of denial was reflected upon himself, and those who then honored him "knew him no more."

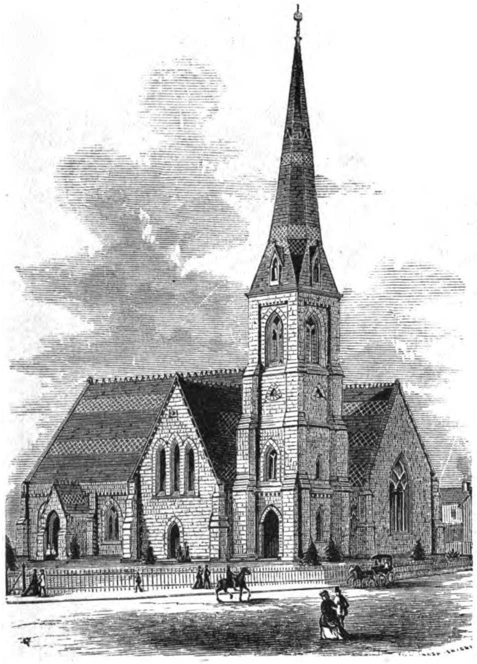
Another French teacher, by the by, was not of Gallic race, but that of Albion *le perfide*: this was none other than William Cobbett, with his reputation all before him, known only to the Wilmington millers for the French lessons he gave their daughters and the French grammar he had published. He lived on "Quaker Hill" from 1794 to 1796. He then went to Philadelphia, and began to publish *Peter Porcupine's Gazette.* "I mean to shoot my quills," said Cobbett, "wherever I can catch game." With the sinews of Wilmington money he soon made his way back to England, became a philosopher, and sat in the House of Commons. Another British exile was Archibald Hamilton Rowan, an Irish patriot, and one of the "United Irishmen" of 1797. Escaping from a Dublin jail in woman's clothes, he found his way to Wilmington after adventures like those of Boucicault's heroes; lived here several years in garrets and cottages, carrying fascination and laughter wherever he went among his staid neighbors; and after some years flew back to Ireland, glorious as a phœnix, resuming the habits proper to his income of thirty thousand pounds a year.



WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A familiar figure on the wharves of Wilmington was the gigantic one of Captain Paul Cuffee, looking like a character in a masquerade. His athletic limbs forced into the narrow garments of the Quakers, and a brim of superior development shading his dark negro face, he talked sea-lingo among the trading captains, mixed with phrases from Robert Barclay and gutturals picked up on the coast of Sierra Leone. Captain Cuffee owned several vessels, manned by sailors as black as shoemaker's wax, and he conducted one of his ships habitually to the African ports. Coming back rich from Africa, this figure of darkness has often led its crew of shadows into port at the Brandywine mouth, passing modestly amongst the whalers and wheat-shallops, dim as the Flying Dutchman and mum as Friends' meeting. It is possible that from some visit of his arose the legend that Blackbeard, the terrible pirate, who always hid his booty on the margins of streams, had used the Brandywine for this purpose. At any rate, some clairvoyants, in their dreams, saw in 1812 the glittering pots of Blackbeard's gold lying beneath the rocks of Harvey's waste-land, next to Vincent Gilpin's mill. They paid forty thousand dollars for a small tract, and searched and found nothing; but Job Harvey hugged his purchase money.

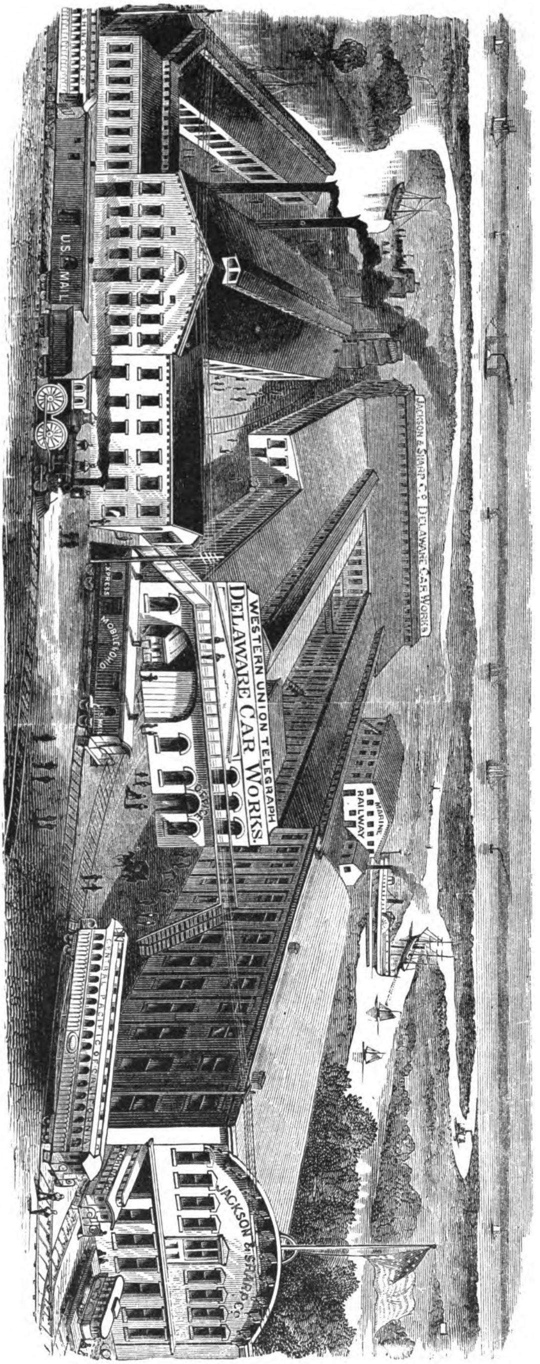
Latrobe the architect lived here in the first quarter of the century, midway between Philadelphia (where he was building waterworks and banks) and Washington (where he was seating a young nation in legislative halls worthy of its greatness); using Wilmington meanwhile as a pleasant retirement, where he could wear his thinking-cap, educate his beautiful young daughter, and mix with the French and other cultured society of the place. Here, too, about fifty years ago, a pretty French girl used to play and eat peaches, maintained by funds mysteriously supplied from Louisiana, and ignorant of all connections except a peculating guardian. It was little Myra Clark (now Mrs. Gaines), who woke up one day to find herself the heroine of the greatest of modern lawsuits, and the credited possessor of a large part of New Orleans—the same who has recently gained a million, while she expects to gain a million more, and to be richer than Lady Burdett-Coutts.



ST. JOHN'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

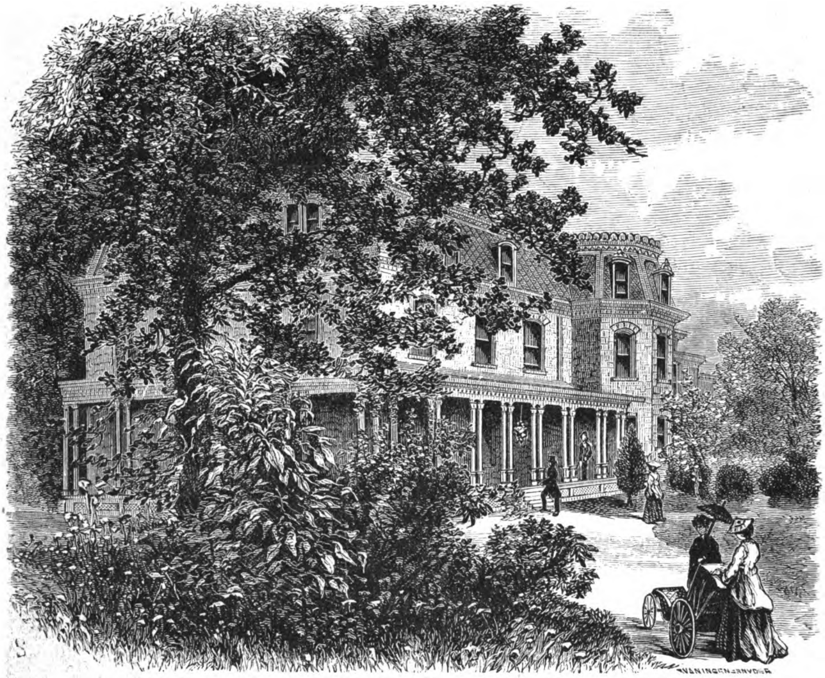
Thus has the pretty city ever played its part as a storing-house where things and people and ideas might be set by to ripen. It is not wonderful that it now and then found itself, quite unintentionally, a museum, where the far-brought rarities were living souls. In a heavenly climate, just where the winged songsters of the South held tryst with those of the North, and where the plants of both latitudes embowered the gardens together, Nature arranged a new garden wherein were brought together almost all the races that had diverged from Babel.

The antiquities we have been examining, however, yield in age to the venerable walls which were built to shelter a worship no longer promulgated among us. The Swedes' churches of Philadelphia and Wilmington are among the oldest civilized fabrics to be found in this new country of ours. That of Wilmington was built in 1698, and that at Wicaco in Philadelphia in 1700. Rudman, a missionary from Sweden, preached the first sermon to the Wilmingtonians in May, 1699; and after him a succession of Swedish apostles arrived, trembling at their own courage, and feeling as our preachers would do if assigned to posts in Nova Zembla or Patagonia. The salary offered was a hundred rixdollars, with house and glebe, and the creed was the Lutheran doctrines according to "the Augsburg Confession of Faith, free from all human superstition and tradition." Dutch ministers alternated peaceably with the Swedish ones, who bore such Latinized names as Torkillus, Lokenius, Fabricius, Hesselius, Acrelius. The last wrote in his own language an excellent history of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, only a part of which has been rendered into English by the New York Historical Society. William Penn proved his tolerance by giving the little church a folio Bible and a shelf of pious books, together with a bill of fifty pounds sterling. The building was planted half a mile away from the then city, in the village of Christinaham. Its site was on the banks of the Christine, and its congregation, in the comparative absence of roads, came in boats or sleighs, according to the season. The church was well built of hard gray stone, with fir pews and a cedar roof: iron letters fixed in the walls spelled out such holy mottoes as "LUX L. I. TENEBR. ORIENS EX ALTO," and "SI DE. PRO NOBIS QUIS CONTRA NOS," and commemorated side by side the names of William III., king of England, William Penn, proprietary, and Charles XI. of Sweden. Swedish services were continued up to about the epoch of the Revolution, when, the language being no longer intelligible in the colony, they were merged into English ones: the last Swedish commissary, Girelius, returned by order of the archbishop in 1786, and the intercourse between the American Swedish churches and the ecclesiastical see in the fatherland ceased for ever. The oldest headstone in the churchyard is that of William Vandevere, who died in 1719. Service was long celebrated by means of the chalice and plate sent over by the Swedish copper-miners to Biorch, the first missionary at Cranehook, and the Bible giv-



CAR-BUILDING WORKS.

en by Queen Anne in 1712. The sexes sat separately. In our grandfathers' day the old sanctuary used to be dressed for Christmas by the sexton, Peter Davis: he was a Hessian deserter, with a powder-marked face and murderous habits toward the English language. Descending from their sledges and jumpers, the congregation would crowd toward the bed of coals raked out in the middle of the brick floor from the old cannon stove: to do this they must brush by the cedars which "Old Powderproof" had covered with flour, in imitation of snow; and then Dutch Peter, as they complimented him on his efforts, would whisper the astonishing invocation, "God be tankful for all dish plessins and tings!"



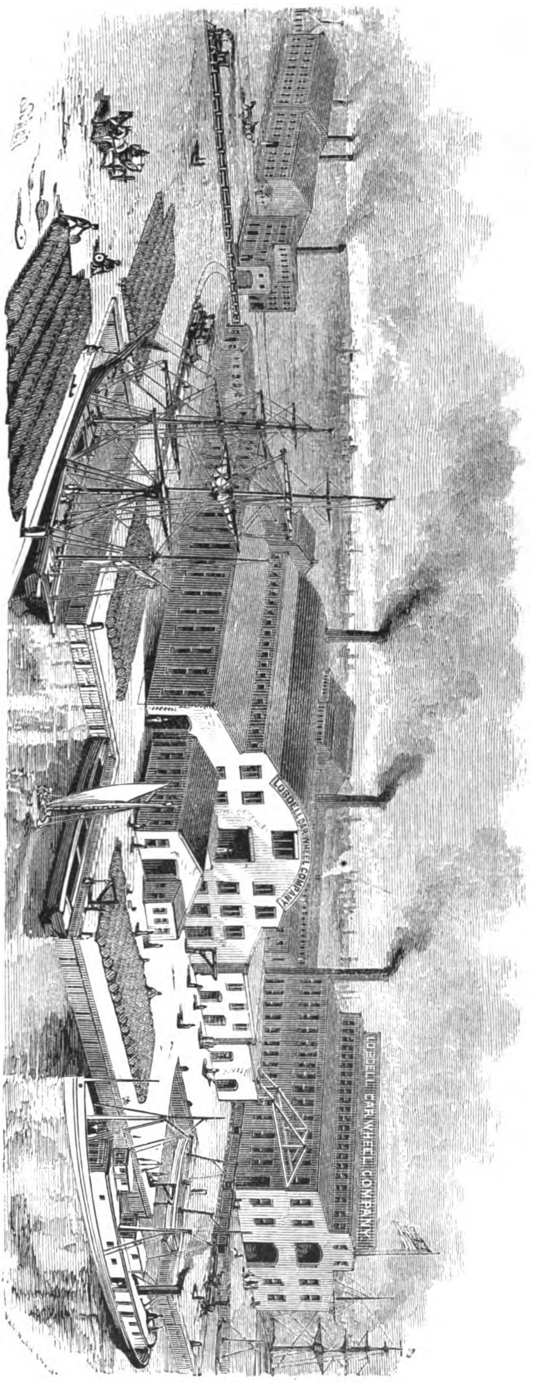
RESIDENCE OF JOB JACKSON, ESQ.

Modern improvement has a particular spite against the landmarks of antiquity. The railroad to Baltimore slices off a part of the Swedish graveyard—an institution much more ancient than the church which stands on it. And the rock by old Fort Christina, upon which Governor Stuyvesant—Irving's Stuyvesant—stood on his silver leg and took the surrender of the Swedish governor-general, is now quarried out and reconstructed into Delaware Breakwater.

Doubtless we dwell too fondly on the old memories, but it appears that the souvenirs of this region are somewhat remarkable for their contrast of nationalities. Perhaps the colonization of other spots would yield better romances than any we have to offer; yet we cannot help feeling that a better pen than ours would find brilliant matter for literary effects in the paradise revealed to good Elizabeth Shipley by her dream-guide.

Delawarean Wilmington is perhaps hardly known to the general public except through two of its products. Everybody buys Wilmington matches, and everybody knows that Du Pont's powder is made in the vicinity. Ignoring the foundries and shipyards, the popular imagination recognizes but these two commodities—the powder which could blow up the obstructions to all the American harbors, and the match which could touch off the train. A million dollars' worth of gunpowder and three hundred thousand dollars' worth of matches are the annual product.

Eleuthère Irenée Du Pont, a French gentleman of honorable family, appeared in Wilmington in 1802. The town had at that time hardly three thousand inhabitants. He amazed all the quidnuncs by buying, for fifty thousand dollars, Rumford Dawes' old tract of rocks on the Brandywine, which everybody knew was perfectly useless. The stranger was pitied as he began to blast away the stone. Out of a single rock, separated into fragments, he built a cottage: it was a lonely spot, and the snakes from the fissures were in the habit of sharing the contents of his well-bucket. Such was the beginning of the Eleuthère Powder-works. M. Du Pont, who died some forty years ago, was much beloved for his benevolence and probity. In 1825, La Fayette, during his celebrated visit of reminiscence, was the guest of the brave old Frenchman for several days, during which he examined the battle-ground of Brandywine. He here received the ball with which he got his wound in that battle, from the hands of Bell McClosky, a kind of camp-follower and nurse, who had extracted the bullet with her



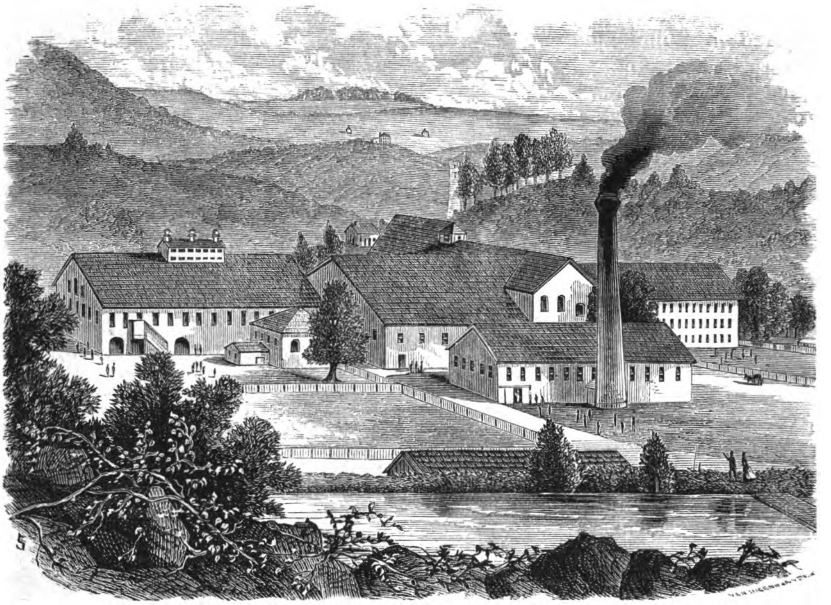
CAR-WHEEL CASTING WORKS.

scissors and preserved it. The general wrote in the album of Mademoiselle Du Pont the following graceful sentiment:

> "After having seen, nearly half a century ago, the bank of the Brandywine a scene of bloody fighting, I am happy now to find it the seat of industry, beauty and mutual friendship.
>
> "LA FAYETTE.
>
> "JULY 25, 1825."

While on a Revolutionary topic we may mention that among a great many relics of '76 preserved in the town is the sword of General Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—a straight, light blade in leather scabbard, possessed by Mr. W. H. Naff.

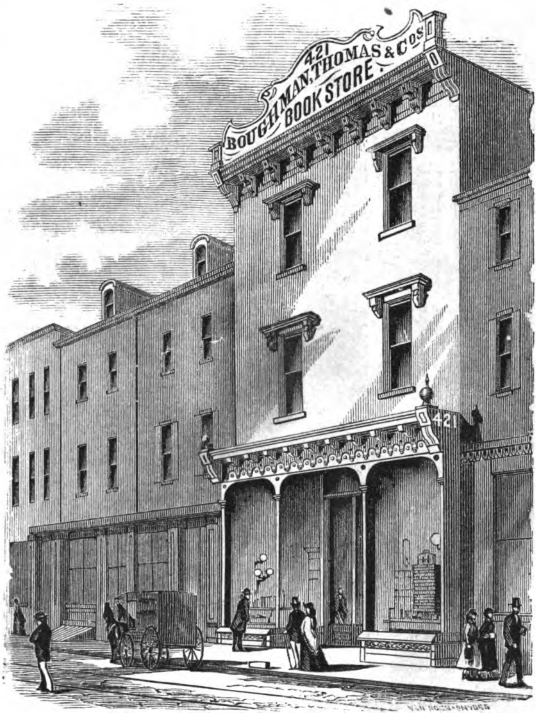
The citizens of this pleasant town have ever been orderly and pious, just as they have ever been loyal. Their religious institutions have grown and flourished. Godfearing and unspeculative, they have attached themselves to such creeds as appealed most powerfully to the heart with the least possible admixture of form. "The words *Fear God*," says Joubert, "have made many men pious: proofs of the existence of God have made many men atheists." Since the day when Whitefield poured out his eloquence among the Brandywine valleys and touched the hearts of the French exiles, Methodism, with its almost entire absence of dogma, has had great success in the community. This success is now indicated by a rich congregation, and a church-building that would be called noble in any city. Grace Church, on Ninth and West streets, is a large Gothic temple, seating nearly eight hundred persons—warmed, frescoed and heavily carpeted inside, and walled externally with brownstone mixed with the delicate pea-green serpentine of Chadd's Ford. The architect was a native Wilmingtonian—Thomas Dixon—now of Baltimore. The windows, including a very brilliant oriel, are finely stained: the font is a delicate piece of carving, the organ is grand, and the accommodations for Sunday-schools and lectures are of singular perfection. Few shrines in this country show better the modern movement of Methodism toward luxury and elegance, as compared with the repellant humiliations of Wesley's day.



JESSUP & MOORE'S PAPER-MILLS.

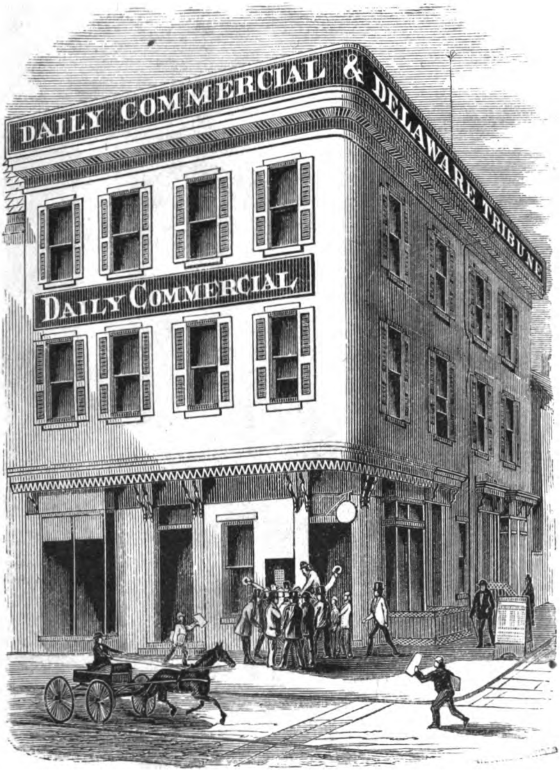
It is to be hoped that this advance in attractiveness does not indicate any lapse in the more solid qualities of spiritual earnestness. "Whenever this altar," well said Bishop Simpson in dedicating the building on the centenary anniversary of the rise of Methodism—"whenever this altar shall be too fine for the poorest penitent sinner to kneel here, the Spirit of God will depart, and that of Ichabod will come in."

We have indicated the Swedish Lutheran missionaries exhorting under the roof of their antique church in a language which their congregations were beginning to forget, and afterward in a broken English hardly more intelligible. Their place is largely taken now by predicators of the faith of John Knox, with a plentiful following of pious believers. Among the family of Presbyterian kirks in Wilmington the youngest is a large brick edifice built in 1871, for sixty-one thousand dollars, on Eighth and Washington streets, able to seat nearly a thousand persons, most comfortably and invitingly furnished, and supplied with lecture-, infant- and Sunday-school-rooms, together with a huge kitchen, suggesting the *agapæ* or love-feasts of the primitive Christians. Meantime, Anglicanism does not lack supporters. The descendants of Monsieur Du Pont, cultured and influential, have done much to advance the creed, and about fifteen years ago Mr. Alexis I. Du Pont, pulling down a low tavern in the suburbs, prepared to erect a church upon the site, to be built mainly through his own liberality. Unhappily, Mr. Du Pont died from the effects of an explosion at the powder-works ten weeks after the laying of the corner-stone; but the building was soon completed through the pious munificence of his widow, and the Bible of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church now rests on its lectern upon the site of the old liquor-bar, and the gambling-den of former days is replaced by its pews. The rector is Mr. T. Gardiner Littell, a man of eminent goodness and intelligence. St. John's has a beautiful open roof, stained windows and a fine organ: it can offer seats to seven hundred worshipers.



"AT THE SIGN OF SHAKESPEARE."

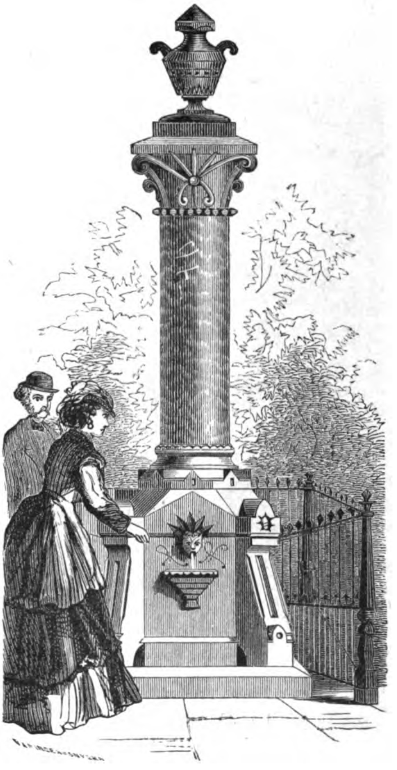
These few specimen churches—and especially the last, which blots out a grogshop—are good instances, with the large congregations they accommodate, of the way in which a sane, flourishing manufacturing community provides for the spiritual needs of its members. The tone and moral well-being which Boz found, or thought he found, among the operatives at Lowell are largely realized here. But our picture of Wilmington as a hive of industry is not yet complete, and before we enter upon the highly-interesting problem of its dealings with its working family, we should enter a few more of its sample manufactories.



OFFICE OF THE DAILY COMMERCIAL.

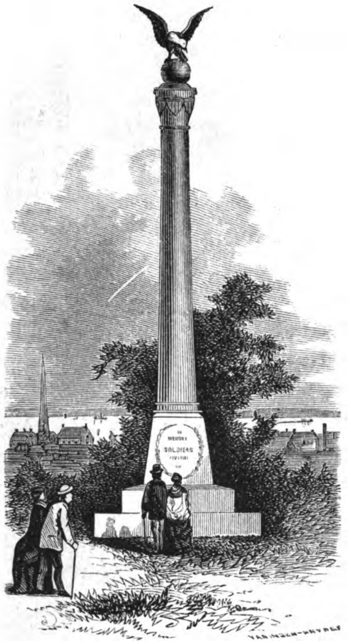
Take car-building, for an example, in which the reputation of this town is known to the initiated of all the States and many foreign countries. Travelers are at this moment spinning in Wilmington-made railway-carriages over the extremest parts of North and South America, admiring, through Wilmington-made windows, every possible variety of winter and tropical scenery, on which they comment in English, German, French, Spanish and all civilized languages. Such a migratory product as a rail-car is an active messenger of fame for the place of its fabrication. We examine, as a fair type, the Jackson and Sharp Company's works, claimed to be the largest in the New World, and only exceeded by a few British and Continental establishments. The buildings have frontage upon the Brandywine and Christine streams, as well as on the principal railroad. Here are a congeries of two-story buildings, which are together fifteen hundred feet in length by a width of seventy feet. Five miles of heating-pipes warm the rooms for a thousand workmen. There is something logical and consecutive in the arrangement here, which makes it the best spot on the face of the earth for an enthusiast who should wish to demonstrate, what all loyal Americans believe in, the vast superiority of our form of railway-carriage. The cars proceed, in perfectly regular order, from raw material to completion with the progressive march of a quadratic equation in algebra. They seem to be arranged to demonstrate a theory. First the visitor sees lumber in stock, a million feet of it; then, across one end of a long room, the mere sketch or transparent diagram of a car; then, a car broadly filled in; and so on, up to the last glorious result, upholstered with velvet and smelling of varnish. The cars are on rails, upon which they move, side on, as if by a principle of growth, the undeveloped ones perpetually pushing up their more forward predecessors, until the last perfect carriage is ejected from the fifteen-hundredth foot of the building's length. Each one, gathering material and ornament as it rolls steadily along in its crablike side-fashion, becomes at last a vehicle of perfect luxury; and then, with one final plunge into the open air, it leaves its diversely-destined neighbors, and changes for ever its sidelong motion for the forward roll which will carry it through a long existence. A very large proportion of this company's work is on "palace" cars of the Pullman type, those extravagances of luxury of which Europe is just now applying to Wilmington to learn the lesson. Narrow-gauge cars for the West, in supplying which they are the pioneers, gaudy cars for South America, and sturdy, solid ones for Canada, are all gently riding forward, side to side, in this inexorable chain of destiny, and diverging at the front door on their widely-different errands. Besides the manufacture of cars, the company builds every sort of coasters and steamers. The class of workmen it employs is often of a particularly high grade. German painters quote Kotzebue and sing the songs of Uhland as they weave their graceful harmonies of line and color over the panels; and the sculptors who carve antique heads over the doorways of palace cars make the place merry with studio jokes from the Berlin Academy. It is evident that a community of artists like this, furnishing the æsthetic department to an immense manufactory, will also elevate the tone of the industrial society outside, if they can but be kept free from vice and supplied with means of culture; more of which anon. Meantime, as a kind of standard of what the manufacturers themselves arrive at in prosecuting the amenities of life, we will quote the fine residence of Mr. Job Jackson, a magnate of the company.

The wheel on which the car is mounted is of course another specialty, turned off in another manufactory. We leave the rooms where the work goes on with easy smoothness like a demonstration in a lecture-hall, and come to raging, roaring, deafening furnaces and hammers. The hollow-chested artists give way to cyclops. Here we are in the Lobdell Car-wheel Company's premises. Negligently leaning up against each other, like wafers in the tray of an inkstand, are wheels that will presently whiz over the landscapes of Russia, of Mexico, of England; wheels that will behave rashly and heat their axles; wheels that will lie turned up in the air at the bottoms of viaducts; and wheels that in various ways will see astonishing adventures, because in railway-transit there are telescopings and wheels within wheels. The English and the foreign trade of the Lobdell Company is due to its manufacture of wheels in the material or process lately known as chilled iron. This manufacture has not yet penetrated the British intellect. Take the foreman of an English car-manufactory, tell him that you will supply him a wheel about as durable as a wheel with a steel tire at less than half the cost, and he will laugh at you for an impudent idiot. But they *use* our wheels. The "chilling" of iron, when poured into a mould partly iron-faced, is very singular: as the melted metal hardens against the metallic boundary, its granulation changes to a certain depth, and



FOUNTAIN.

the outside becomes excessively strong: species of crystals seem to form, presenting their ends to the surface, and meeting the wear and tear there to be experienced. The use of this fact secures, in many manufactures, a hardness approaching that of steel, without increase of cost. This company employs the process both for car-wheels and for the large cylinders (or "rolls") used in paper-mills. It is not to be supposed that the work is all rude and rough, like ordinary iron casting. The polishing of the large cylinders almost suggests diamond-cutting, it is so fine. So true is the finish that a pair of these broad rolls, perhaps five feet across, may be approached so near each other that the light showing between them is decomposed: a blade of blue or violet light, inexpressibly thin and of the width of the cylinders, passes through the entire distance. As for the "chilling" of iron, it was applied first to wheels in Baltimore, in 1833, by Mr. Ross Winans; and then, during the same year, Mr. Bonney and his nephew, George G. Lobdell, established the business we see, which has gradually grown to its present capacity of three hundred wheels per day.

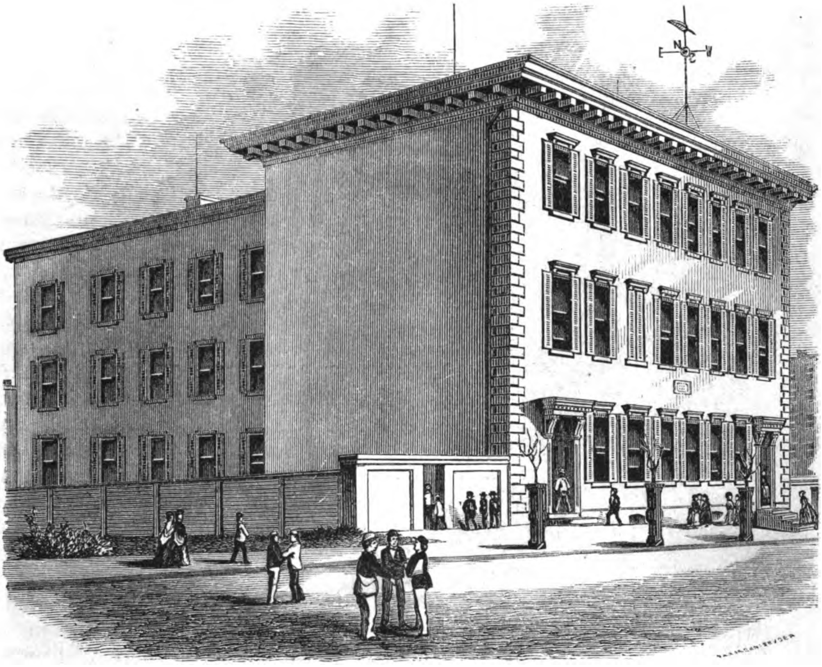


"IN MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF DELAWARE WHO FELL IN THE STRUGGLE FOR THE UNION."

The use of such cylinders as we have just seen under the difficult process of polishing is only understood when we explore some large paper-mill, where they take the place of the old-fashioned frame of wire gauze which produced the hand-made paper. We may select the splendid works of Messrs. Jessup & Moore on the Brandywine. Our welcome is sure to be a cordial one, for among the largest customers of the firm are the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The process of paper-making by the Fourdrinier machine was so fully explained in our Number for last November that it is useless now to repeat the details. But it would never do to leave the Brandywine without a glance at least at one of its principal manufactures. The mill of Jessup & Moore uses the strength of the torrent as an auxiliary to its steam-power of seven hundred and fifty horses. The machinery is made by Pusey, Jones & Co., whose iron ships and machine-shops we have already examined: the rolls of admirable accuracy are from the shops of J. Morton Poole & Co. The paper-making process—the vast revolving boiler of twelve feet by twenty-six; the countless sacks of filthy rags, that have clothed peasants of the Black Forest, beggars on the steps of St. Peter's and Egyptian fellahs; their reduction to purity, and hardening from pulp to snowy continuities of endless, marginless paper,—all this is of rare interest in the watching, but has been told until the public is satiated. We leave the banks of the Brandywine and the wharves of Christine, and try to lose ourselves in the thickly-built heart of the city.

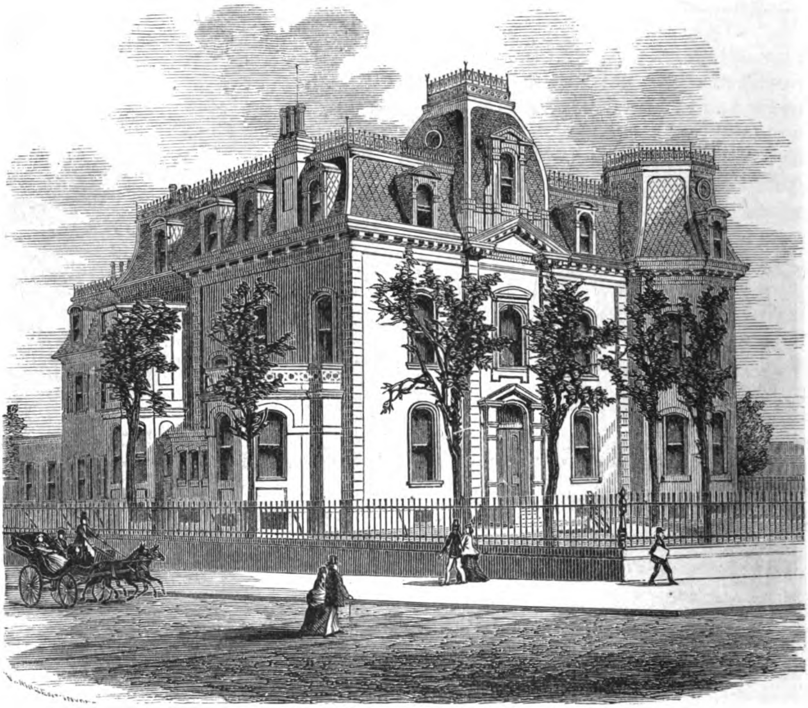
Even here the implacable business spirit exhibits itself at every turn. In place of the placid millers and quaint refugees of the last century at their doors, we see the shops, the storehouses of manufacturers' supplies, the hotel and the theatre; and, pervading all, the vast throng of artisans, providing such problems of local government and education as the last century never dreamed of.

In almost all the industries of the city you are struck by the ancestral aspect of the trades, the continuance of a business from father to son, or the gradual change of firms by the absorption of partners. Boughman, Thomas & Co., established in a handsome, modern-looking bookstore, represent a business as old as 1793, uninterrupted since the time when the founder, James Wilson, hung the sign of Shakespeare at his door. The young girl of the period, who goes to their place from one of the model seminaries of which Wilmington is so full to buy a little paper for confidential notes or perhaps a delicate valentine, sees the old brown advertisement framed against the wall, and behind it, in sign-painting of her great-grandfather's time, the head of him who wrote *Romeo and Juliet*.



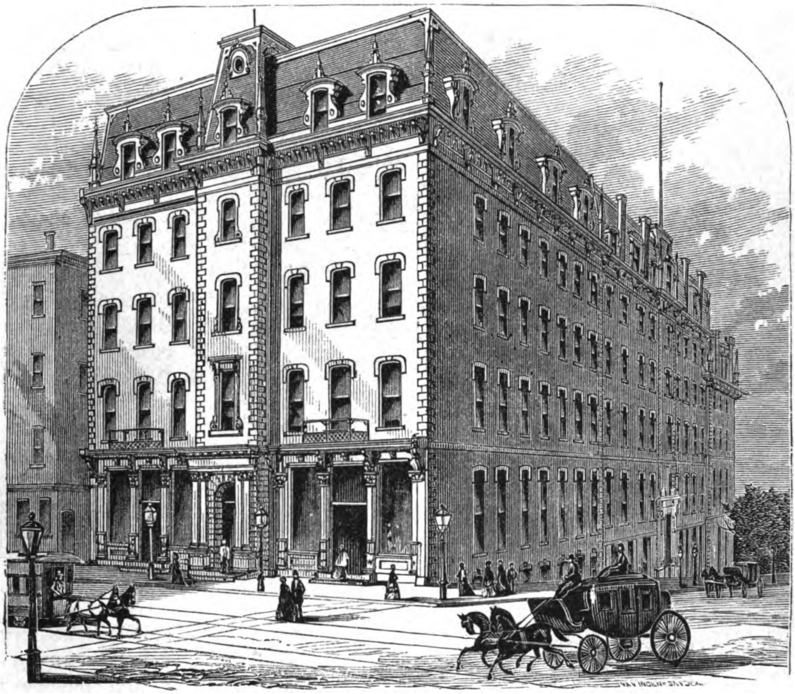
HIGH-SCHOOL.

While in this literary vein we would say a word of the newspapers. These, the true finger-posts of thought in a community, are apt in manufacturing cities to be conservative and timid, as trade is timid. The very special attitude of Wilmington, however—a Yankee town in perpetual protest with a Bourbon State—has inspired its press with peculiar political energy. No more vehement Republican organ can be found in the land, for instance, than the Wilmington *Commercial:* it is not in its columns that you will see ingenious defences of the whipping-post at Newcastle or of the crushing taxes levied at Dover, whereby a lazy State feeds greedily upon a hard-working metropolis. The *Commercial* (Jenkins & Atkinson) is a staunch Administration sheet, sound on the subject of industrial protection, and highly appreciated by the manufacturers. Founded in 1866, it was, we believe, the sole daily until eighteen months ago, when some of the sober-sided weeklies began to understand that they must bestir themselves and put forth a diurnal appearance. The *Gazette* (C. P. Johnson), a paper nearly one hundred years old, now appears daily, and expresses the opinions of the State Assembly, where the Senate has but a single Republican member, and the House of Representatives stands fourteen Democrats to seven Republicans. Here the conservative thought of Kent and Sussex counties is kneaded up into the requisite coherency and eloquence. *Every Evening* (Croasdale & Cameron), a smart paper without political bias, flies around the city as the shadows begin to lengthen, selling at one cent a sheet, and liked by everybody.



HOUSE OF COLONEL HENRY McCOMB.

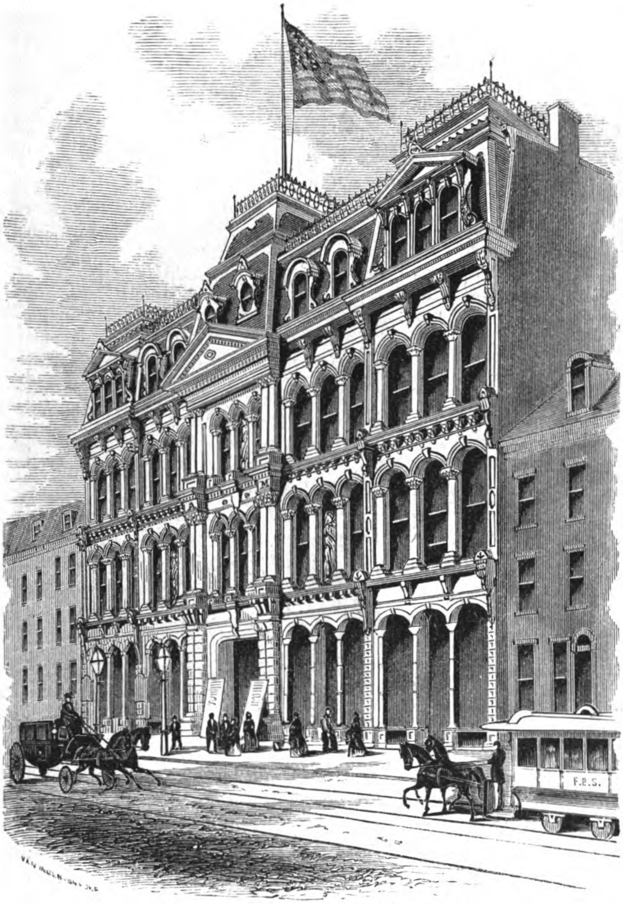
To be candid, however, we do not suspect that this unique old city thinks through its newspapers. The circumstances here are so peculiar, the neighborhood so close, activity so concentrated, and the circumjacent neighborhood so little congenial, that an order of things has been established unusual in modern times. Mind acts on mind by personal contact; the strong men meet and support each other; the Board of Trade assembles daily in beautiful rooms, and discusses every interest as quickly as it arises. It is like the order of things of old, ere the press and telegraph undertook to express our views before we had formed them ourselves. We are reminded of the guilds of labor in ancient Flanders or the *fondachi* of Venice. The State of Delaware, meanwhile, comes up and looks in at the windows, only half satisfied with the rapid fortunes making by the civic trades. What the Delaware yeomen know is, that they have broad acres of sunny land, on which they are perpetually wanting advances of money. They therefore instruct their legislators to fix a legal rate of interest, and to fix it low. The abuse which naturally follows on this blind policy is, that the wealth created by the splendid industries of Wilmington is constantly leaving the State to seek investment where usury is not kept down by old-fashioned legislation. Richard Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, saw a somewhat similar state of things among the unproductive and ale-tippling scholars with whom he lived at Oxford, but he was keen enough to feel an envy of the livelier marts of commerce. "How many goodly cities could I reckon up," says Burton, "that thrive wholly by trade, where thousands of inhabitants live singular well by their fingers' ends! As Florence in Italy by making cloth of gold; great Milan by silk and all curious works: Arras in Artois by those fair hangings: many cities in Spain, many in France, Germany, have none other maintenance, especially those within the land. . . . In most of *our* cities" (continues the mortified Englishman), "some few excepted, we live wholly by tippling-inns and ale-houses."



CLAYTON HOUSE.

The average Delawarean of 1873 is the average Oxford gossip of 1620, with the scholarship left out. But he has the unfortunate advantage for mischief that he is in a position to enact laws over the producers of "all curious works." These anomalies, however, must soon pass away with the march of the age, leaving Wilmington less individual perhaps, but more free.

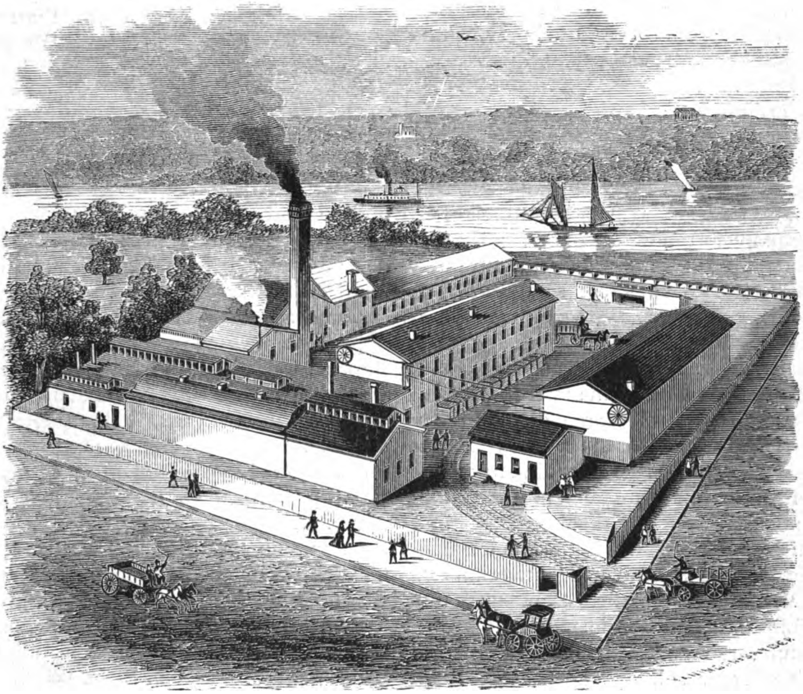
How deftly, by the by, Burton picks up the distinction between an inland city, living by handicraft, and a port city, handling weighty materials and feeding freely on commerce! His livers by their finger-ends are especially "those within the land." Just so the great capital of France, arbitrarily concentred amongst her provinces, and deprived of



OPERA-HOUSE AND MASONIC HALL.

a port, can only thrive by her exceptional genius in fine and easily-moved *articles de Paris*. The site now under our consideration, however, means to have no such one-sided success. If her horoscope be not cast amiss, this American Glasgow will both make whatever human ingenuity can make, and she will also distribute. One of the first things she intends to do is to tap the stream of food, fuel and lumber destined for the South, and now laid up in the winter in Philadelphia by the closing of the Delaware, and send it to the Southern consumer by her cheap water-transport. Connected with this enterprise will be the multiplication of her steam colliers, ultimately scattering the crop of breadstuffs to the South Atlantic and Gulf States (if not the Eastern), and coming home with ballast of the varied iron ores those States abound in. When Delaware Bay begins to be whitened with the sails of returning coal-vessels, or lashed with the wheels of steam carriers, bringing in the oxides and magnetite ores of North Carolina and the hematite and other varieties of the extreme South, to mix with the rail-brought ores of interior localities, then Wilmington proposes to be the chosen centre of industry in cast iron. This production, it is now well understood, is no longer carried on most advantageously in the neighborhood of any one great natural deposit of ore. The important thing is to be at a meeting of all varieties of the metal: chemistry then selects the proportions for mixture, and the best stock is produced with scarcely any greater expense than the lowest grade. The situation at the head of Delaware Bay is one where every choice of the ores can be easily swept together by rail or water. It also controls fuel, by both means of carriage, from either of the great anthracite regions—a matter of special importance in this time of "strikes," as the operatives of both districts rarely throw up work at the same time. Wilmington thus proposes to obtain its iron at three dollars per ton less than Pittsburg.

To properly digest these advantages, the city needs a large furnace, centrally located, to work for all the foundries and forges of the place. This construction is now being earnestly advocated, and will doubtless soon take form.



PARLOR-MATCH FACTORY.

Thus we see the northernmost of the slave-State cities leaping up to catch first the advantages of perfect commercial union under the new régime. Affiliated with the South, inspired by the North, we should watch her as a standard and a type.

Meantime, her labor problem, as a city crammed with proletarians, she meets with consummate tranquillity. The paternal relations between the good old Brandywine millers and their journeymen are continued through the immense operations of the present day. A singular harmony has thus far subsisted between employers and employed: the prosperity and calm which travelers used to praise among the operatives of New England mills are perhaps now best seen here. To this result both Nature and man contribute. The country round about is so bounteous, is such a garden, that the pay of the workman represents a far higher grade of social life than anywhere else in manufacturing regions. Rents so far are low, but a beneficent system is in active operation amongst the working-classes which helps a man to own his own house, and avoid the teasing periodical drain of rent.

This is the associative system, here in faultless operation, by which the fragments of a large piece of ground are paid for by degrees and cleared of all incumbrance in eight or nine years by the profit on the contributed moneys. This plan is assisted by the best men in the town, who participate in the associations, receive themselves a reasonable profit, and supply the credit and advantages necessary for the safety of wholesale enterprises. They have thus far worked with their workmen for the latter's profit, with perfect honor and without a stain of scandal. The great advantage, after all, is to themselves; for a workman owning his own home, accumulating comforts and a family, is indissolubly tied to the city and its peaceful order.

Various plans for the improvement of the workmen are afoot, including a "Holly-Tree Inn" for the supply of harmless refreshment and evening relaxation, the ground for which is bought and a stock-company forming. A public park, for which a beautiful stretch of the Brandywine, on Adams street and north of Lovering Avenue, is recommended, is already engaging the attention of the citizens as a necessary provision. A "fountain society" is in active operation, offering cool, wholesome drink to the thirsty workman and the tired beast: the principal of its fountain-structures forms a memorial monument to a young gentleman who had distinguished himself by his liberality in preparing scientific lectures for the free entertainment of the working public. Shut up in the public hall among the materials of his lecture, he was found dead from the result of some solitary experiment—slain by his own kindness. A rich monument to the soldiers and sailors slain in the civil war was unveiled in 1871: it is formed of a pillar from the old United States Bank, surmounted by an eagle cast from captured cannon.

But the best thing a manufacturing town can do for her workman is to educate his children. During the old aristocratic days of Wilmington she was satisfied with the reputation of her private tutors and of her young ladies' seminaries, where "sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair" cultivated cheeks like the surrounding peaches, while they learned Shakespeare, musical glasses and the use of the globes. It was not until 1852 that the Delaware Legislature chartered a board of education for the town. In these twenty years fifteen schools have been put up, with five thousand attenders. Schoolhouse No. 1, shown in the illustration, accommodates four hundred and thirty-six pupils, and furnishes an education, in the words of the late Bishop Potter, "good enough for the richest and cheap enough for the poorest."

The choice streets of the city are filling up with tasteful residences. As a specimen we present the house of Colonel McComb, an old favorite of Wilmington, where his familiar appellation of "Harry McComb" is as often uttered day by day as it was at Washington during the exposure by its owner of Congressional honesty and piety—or magpiety.

A hotel of the first class has been erected, and baptized with the commemorative name of the Clayton House. It has one hundred and five chambers and every improvement. A very characteristic fact, showing the spirit of integrity and goodness which here travels hand in hand with modern enterprise, is that the owners sacrificed full *three-quarters* of the rent they could have obtained, in order to keep it pledged as a temperance house. Another elegant building has been put up by the Masonic fraternity for their own purposes and those of the Board of Trade, etc., including a handsome opera-house on the ground floor. The auditorium is praised for its acoustic properties by Parepa-Rosa, Wallack, Davenport and other performers, seats about fifteen hundred, and is furnished with the inevitable drop-curtain by Russell Smith. Faced with iron painted white, and very rich in mouldings and ornaments, the building presents as cheery a front to enter as any similar place of attraction known to the American tourist. The Masonic rooms above, and those of the Board of Trade, Historical Society, etc., are provided with every beauty and comfort.

Here are the indications of a prospering, laboring, thinking, virtuous city of the New World. We have tried to sketch it both as a city with a past and a city with a future. Could we have selected one for illustration that would be a better or sharper concentration of all that is good in American life?

# MARIE FAMETTE AND HER LOVERS.

## I.

MARIE FAMETTE is the prettiest girl in the market-place of Aubette. Her eyes are of such a sweet, soft blue, deeply shaded by long black lashes: her eyebrows are not black, but they are of a much darker tint than her hair, which (so much of it as can be seen under her full white cap-border) is a golden yellow. But it is not her eyes and her hair that make Marie so attractive: she has charmed young and old alike ever since she came, a toddling damsel of two years, and took her place beside her mother in the market-place of Aubette.

Madame Famette's was the best fruit-stall of the market. No one else could show such baskets of peaches and hampers of pears; and as to the citrouilles and potirons, their reputation was so established that by ten o'clock there was little to be seen of them among the glowing vegetables which decked the stall. Such radishes were not to be seen elsewhere—white and purple, as thick as carrots; and the carrots themselves like lumps of red gold, lying nestling beneath their feathered tops or setting off the creamy whiteness of the cauliflowers ranged in a formal row in front of them.

But Marie had always eclipsed all other beauty in the stall, and now that she had grown too big to be patted on the cheek and kissed by grown-up admirers, she had a host of victims in the sturdy young countrymen who came in to Aubette—either to bring mothers and sisters with their produce or to purchase for themselves.

Madame Famette has weak health, and lately Marie comes often to the market by herself, and is able to flirt to her heart's content, unchecked by her mother's presence. She is so bright, so arch, so ready with a sparkling answer, that it is no wonder her stall is always thronged and that her fruit and her vegetables disappear so rapidly.

There is an extra buzz in the market to-day. It is September, the epoch of the Mascaret, for the dreaded flood-tide seldom visits the Seine more than twice a year, and always draws dwellers in the neighboring towns to see its autumn fury. There is an influx of strange faces in the little place beneath the richly-sculptured spire of Notre Dame—the cathedral of Aubette, as strangers call it, although it is only the parish church of the quaint little town—and a certain extra excitement is communicated to the settlers under the canvas-covered booths and to the humbler sellers of wares in baskets. Mademoiselle Lesage, a short, plump young woman dressed in black, flits in and out of the chattering crowd more busily than usual. Mademoiselle holds herself of a rank above the country-folk who bring in their poultry and garden produce to Aubette. In token of this she wears a round black mushroom-shaped hat, and a holland apron with two deep pockets in virtue of her office; for Mademoiselle Lesage has an enterprising spirit. She found herself at thirty years old left alone in the world with an ugly face and with an insufficient "dot." Mademoiselle Lesage is ambitious: she does not care to marry a very poor man, and she has managed to give the town council of Aubette such security that it allows her to farm the market yearly for some hundreds of francs. Watch her collecting her dues. She goes rapidly from stall to stall, jingling her pockets, laughing and chatting with the farmers' wives, all the time keeping a hawk's eye on the basket-carriers, not one of whom may presume to sell so much as an onion without the weekly toll of one sou. She darts in and out among them, and her pockets swell out in front as if they were stuffed with apples.

She has left Marie Famette's stall till the last. She crosses over to it now as quickly as she can go, but there is no means of darting in and out here, as there was just now among the basket-women. Old Floris Marceau has covered a good-sized space with his heap of green and yellow melons, and he stands behind these marchandéing, gesticulating, brandishing the knife with which he slices his citrouilles and inveighing against the folly of his customers. "Will mam'selle believe," he says, addressing her as she approaches, and wiping his knife on his often-patched blouse, "they come to buy fruit of a respectable vegetable-seller and they don't know the price of a melon? Ten sous for a cantaloupe like that!" His blue eyes gleamed furiously under his frowning gray eyebrows. "Ten sous! I told them to be off and buy chickens." He broke into a laugh, and pointed to a tall, bent old gentleman, who seemed covered with confusion at this public rebuke, and sidled his way out of the throng without attempting an answer.

"Buy a turkey, m'sieur?" A smiling, dark-eyed woman in a close-setting white cap went on with the joke and pointed to her basket, but the old gentleman had had enough: he hurried away with a rueful glance at the basket in which, divided only by the handle, sat two fat turkey poults and two chickens. One of the turkeys stirred and got a wing free, but it was remorselessly tucked in again and reduced to passive endurance, with "Keep quiet then, ne soyez pas bête."

Mademoiselle Lesage approaches Marie's stall at a leisurely pace: she wishes to see her ground before she speaks. By the extra sweetness of her smile one might suppose that mademoiselle loved the gay little beauty: "Bonjour, Marie. Madame Famette trusts you alone again, I see?"

Marie does exactly that which Mademoiselle Lesage intended to make her do: she starts violently and she looks annoyed.

Elise Lesage glances quickly from Marie to the two young men who stand beside her. One of these, tall, well-dressed, with a Jewish face, and a sparkling pin in his brilliant blue scarf, is Alphonse Poiseau, the son of Monsieur Poiseau of the large clockmaker's and jeweler's shop at the corner of the place next the church: the other is Nicolas Marais, a handsome, gypsy-looking fellow with no decided occupation. He is sometimes at work on his uncle's farm at Vatteville, and when he falls out with his uncle and tires of Vatteville he comes across the Seine and gets employed by Léon Roussel, the chief timber-merchant of Aubette.

People say that old Marais, the miser of Vatteville, means to make Nicolas his heir; but Nicolas takes no pains to please the old man: he goes here and there at his pleasure, a favorite wherever he shows his handsome dark eyes and his saucy smile. The men like him as much as the women do, he has such a ready, amusing tongue, and he never says a spiteful word; so that more than one of the keen, observant poultry-sellers standing beside their baskets near Marie's stall have commented on the scowl with which for full five minutes Léon Roussel has regarded Nicolas. Léon Roussel is a middle-sized, in no way remarkable-looking person, with honest brown eyes and a square, sensible face. His father, the wealthy timber-merchant on the Yvetôt road, died when he was a boy, and Léon is one of the most prosperous citizens of Aubette, and well thought of by all. Léon is ostensibly in consultation with Monsieur Houlard, tailor and town councillor, but as he stands at the worthy's shop-door he is raised above the level of the place, and is exactly opposite the stall of Marie Famette.

"Nicolas is out of favor with Monsieur Roussel: he has worked badly in the lumber-yard," says La Mère Robillard.

"Chut! chut!" says her gossip, Madelaine Manget, and she gives at the same time a pat to a refractory chicken. "Nicolas looks too hard at Marie Famette. Ma foi! there are men in the manger as well as dogs. If Monsieur Léon wants Marie to be for his eyes only, why does he not ask for her and marry her, the proud simpleton?"

"Ah, but look you, Madelaine, Léon

is not proud: he never turns a poor man from his door without a morsel to quiet hunger, and he must be clever or his business would not prosper."

La Mère Manget shrugs her shoulders. "Will you then not buy turkeys at eleven francs the couple, ma belle dame?" she cries shrilly to a passer-by.

While Marie Famette recovers herself, Nicolas answers Mam'selle Lesage. "Pardon, Mam'selle Lesage, but Mam'selle Marie is not alone," he says, raising his hat with exquisite politeness—Alphonse Poiseau tries to follow suit, but his bow is stiff and pompous—"the whole market is her body-guard, and she permits Monsieur Poiseau and myself to act as sentinels." He throws an insinuating glance at Marie, which deepens the gloom on Léon Roussel's face.

Elise Lesage has taken in the whole situation, and she knows exactly where to look for the timber-merchant. An uneasy consciousness makes Marie follow her glance: she looks red and confused when she sees Léon's stern, disapproving face. His eyes are fixed on her as she looks across, but he withdraws them instantly and turns to Monsieur Houlard.

Marie bites her pretty red under-lip: she can hardly keep from crying: "If we were alone and he scolded me, I would not mind; but he has no right to frown at me before the whole town. It is enough to compromise me. It will be said presently that I am a bold girl, while I only amuse myself, and never move a step from my stall to speak to any one. It is too bad!"

She gulps down a lump in her throat, and gives Nicolas Marais a smile that makes the clockmaker long to knock his rival's head against the gray buttress of the old church.

"Sentinels!" Elise Lesage laughs. "Is Marie afraid, then, that some one will steal her?"

"Marie is afraid of nothing, Mademoiselle Lesage." The little beauty is glad to be able to vent her vexation on some one. "What right has she to call me Marie?" she says to Nicolas in a very audible under-tone.

Mademoiselle's black eyes close till they look like lines: Marie does not see her face, but Nicolas Marais shivers, he hardly knows why.

A restraint has come over the merry trio, and Nicolas abhors restraint. "Tiens!" he says carelessly, "there is a fresh bevy of basket-women, Mam'selle Lesage."

Elise darts off like a greyhound, and Marie forgets her vexation and laughs out merrily at Nicolas's ruse: "She is such a busybody!" The girl glances across to see what has become of Léon: he is talking to Mademoiselle Lesage.

Alphonse Poiseau has kept silence, but he has observed. "I should not like to offend mam'selle," he says, "her eyes are so like a snake's."

## II.

Market has come and gone again. Marie Famette was not happy as she went home last Saturday, but to-day her heart aches sorely as she goes along the dusty road to St. Gertrude. Last Saturday was the first market-day this year that Léon Roussel has not helped her into her cart and taken a friendly leave of her; but he disappeared before market was over, and to-day he was not there at all.

"And he might have walked home with me!" Tears are in poor little Marie's eyes. Léon Roussel has seemed her own special property, and he has not been to her mother's house for a fortnight. "And if he had been at market to-day, he would have been content with me: poor Nicolas must be ill indeed to stay away from market. Ma foi! I have been dull alone. Elise Lesage was civil, for a wonder: I hope she will give old Marais's note safely to his nephew. I wonder why she goes to see Nicolas?"

As she says the word a strange foreboding seizes Marie: she cannot tell what causes it, but her old dislike to Elise rises up, mingled with a kind of fear. "I ought to have given Nicolas the note myself; and yet—"

The road is very long and very dusty to-day: it is never an interesting way out of Aubette, except that being cut on the hillside it is raised high, the little river meandering through the osier meadows on the left, and also commands a fine view of the beautiful old church. But Marie does not turn back to look at the church: her heart is too heavy to take interest in anything out of herself. She has left the cart behind to bring out crockery and some new chairs which she has purchased for her mother, and she wishes she had stayed in Aubette till her cargo was packed. All at once a new thought comes, and her eyes brighten. A wood clothes the hilly side of the road, but on the left there is a steep descent into the valley, and the road is bordered either by scattered cottages or by an irregular hawthorn hedge. A little way on there is a gap in this hedge, and looking down there is a long steep flight of steps with wooden edges. At the foot stands a good-sized house divided now into several cottages. The walls are half-timbered with wood set crosswise in the plaster between two straight rows. Ladders, iron hoops and a bird-cage hang against the wall, and over the door is a wooden shelf with scarlet geraniums. There is a desolate garden divided into three by a criss-cross fence and a hedge, and over the last a huge orange citrouille has clambered and lies perched on the top.

Marie knows that Nicolas Marais sometimes lodges in one of the cottages, but she knows too that the property belongs to Léon Roussel, and that he lives close by. A blush comes to the girl's cheeks: she may see Léon there. She stops and looks down: Elise Lesage is coming out of the doorway, but she is talking over her shoulder to some one behind her. Marie sees her put her fingers into one of the brown holland pockets, pull out a note and give it to her companion.

Marie draws a deep breath: "How I wronged her! Ever since I gave her that note I have felt anxious and troubled. She seems so spiteful to me that I feared she might somehow get me into trouble with it, and yet I don't know how."

There were footsteps coming along the road, but Marie did not look round: in the quick revulsion of feeling toward Elise she was eager to make atonement. She leaned on the hand-rail that went down the steps, waiting for Mademoiselle Lesage: if she had listened she would have noticed that the footsteps had come nearer and had suddenly ceased.

Nicolas Marais came forward out of the cottage, and then Elise looked up and saw Marie. She smiled and nodded. "I am coming," she called up in her rasping voice; and she did seem in high haste to get to Marie Famette, but Marie saw that she looked beyond her at some one or something else. The girl looked over her shoulder, and there was Léon Roussel, but he did not care to look at her. His eyes were fixed sternly on Nicolas Marais, but Nicolas did not seem to care for his employer's anger: he was smiling rapturously up at Marie, and as she now looked at him he first kissed his hand and then put the note to his lips and kissed it twice.

Marie grew crimson. Elise, who had just reached the top of the steps, laughed, and Léon Roussel stood an instant pale and defiant, and then turned back toward Aubette.

"Stay, stay, Monsieur Léon!" Elise darted after him; then, stopping suddenly, she nodded back at Marie: "Stop and talk to Nicolas, mon enfant: I will make it all right for you with Monsieur Roussel;" and she hurried on in pursuit.

But Marie was too angry with Nicolas to give him even a moment: "How dare he kiss his hand to me? And oh, Léon will think that I wrote that note to him, and how can I ever tell him the truth? Will Elise Lesage tell him?"

She had just a faint hope; and then she reproached herself. Why should not Mademoiselle Lesage tell the truth? She was cross and spiteful, but then, poor thing! she was old and ugly. "And it may be," Marie thought, "that one is not half thankful enough for one's gifts, and that it is very irritating to be plain. It is Alphonse Poiseau who has made me think evil of Elise, and one should not cherish evil thoughts."

Marie went home happier and lighterhearted: that little glimpse of Léon had quieted the sore longing at her heart, and at first the joy of having seen him made her dwell less on his stern looks and his avoidance of herself.

She came to the broad grassed turning that leads off the main road to St. Gertrude. A saddled donkey was grazing on one side, and on the other an old woman sat on a stone post. She jumped up when she saw Marie. She had looked tall as she sat: she was as broad as she was long now she stood erect in her dark striped gown and black jacket, and white cap with its plain border and lappets pinned together over her forehead.

"Well, well, well!" She spoke in a short bustling voice—a voice that would have been cheering if it had been less restless. "Hast thou then seen Léon Roussel, Marie? Hast thou learned the reason of his absence?"

Marie's tender, sweet look vanished: she tossed her pretty head and pouted: "Léon was not at the market, but I saw him as I came home; only he was not close to me, so we did not speak."

"Didst thou see that vaurien Nicolas?"

"Yes, I saw him."

Marie blushed, and her mother burst out into angry words: "Foolish, trifling child that thou art! thou lovest that black-eyed gypsy boy; and for him, the idle vagabond, thou hast flung away the best *parti* in Aubette. Ciel! what do I say? In Bolbec itself there is no one with better prospects than Léon Roussel." Madame Famette always failed in managing her daughter.

Marie smiled and kept down her indignation. "I hardly know that," she said: "old Marais will make Nicolas his heir, and there is no saying how rich a miser is." She crossed the road, caught the donkey by the bridle, and held him ready for her mother to mount.

Madame Famette went on grumbling, but Mouton the donkey soon drew her anger on himself; and by the time the three reached the triangle of gray, half-timbered cottages which surround the old church of St. Gertrude, the easy, sieve-like nature of the woman had recovered from its vexation.

"Holà, Jeanne, Jeanne! run there and take Mouton from Mam'selle Marie, who is tired with the market. Come, thou, mon cher, and tell me the news." Madame Famette rolled off her donkey, and then rolled on into the house.

### III.

Marie Famette was ill—much too ill to go to market.

"I will go. Do not vex thyself, my child, and I will see our good doctor and bring thee back a tisane." The bustling woman, with her blue eyes and light eyelashes, bent down and kissed Marie's forehead, and then departed.

"A tisane!" The bright blue eyes were so dull and languid now, half closed by the heavy white eyelids. "I wonder if even Doctor Guéroult is wise enough to cure the heart when it aches like mine? Ah, Léon, I did not think you could be so hard, so cruel; and how could he know, how could he see into my heart, while I stood laughing so foolishly with Nicolas and Monsieur Poiseau? If Elise Lesage had not teased me about Léon, it might have been different, but I could not let her think I cared for him after what she said." She leaned back her head and cried bitterly.

Madame Famette was more serious than usual on her way to the market. Matters were getting tangled, she thought. Léon Roussel had begun to be a regular Sunday visitor at the cottage, and now three weeks and more had gone by and he had not come; and a gossip who had walked home from church with her overnight had told Madame Famette that Mam'selle Lesage was going to marry a Monsieur Roussel: whether it was Léon or a Monsieur Roussel of some other place than Aubette her gossip could not affirm; and in this uncertainty the mother's heart was troubled. She was very proud of Marie's beauty and graceful ways, and she had thought it a just tribute when the young timber-merchant had asked her permission to call at the cottage; and now, just when she had been expecting that his aunt, La Mère Thérèse, the superior of the Convent du Sacré Cœur in Aubette, would send for her in order that the demand for her daughter's hand and the preliminaries of the marriage might be settled, had come first Léon Roussel's strange absence and the visits of Nicolas Marais, and now the gossip about Elise Lesage.

"I will know the right of it to-day," Madame Famette thinks, and she lashes out at Mouton in an unusual fashion.

The first customer at her stall is Madame Houlard, the wife of the tailor and town councillor. "How is Marie?" she says: "the market does not seem itself without Marie Famette."

Madame Famette smiles, but she sighs too: "My poor little girl is ill;" and then her eyes rove round the market, and fix on Mademoiselle Lesage bustling in and out among her clients. "Have you then heard that Elise Lesage is to be married?" she says in a low, cautious voice.

Madame Houlard's flat, good-tempered face grows troubled: "Ah yes, I have heard some talk; and listen to that noisy fellow;" then she points to Floris Marceau, who is gesticulating and vehement as usual.

She is surprised to find her arm tightly grasped by the large hand of the fruit-seller: "Madame Houlard, tell me the truth: who is to marry with Elise Lesage?"

Madame Houlard leads a very tranquil life: her husband is the most placid man in Aubette, and she has never had any children to disturb the calm of existence. She is ruffled and shocked by Madame Famette's vehemence. She bridles and releases her plump arm: "Ma foi, my friend! what will you? Gossip comes, and gossip goes. I believe all I hear—that is but convenable—but then, look you, I am quite as willing to believe in the contradiction which so frequently follows. One should never excite one's self about anything: be sure of this, my friend, it is bad for the nerves. What is salsify a bundle today?"

Madame Famette, as has been said, has a sieve-like nature with regard to the passing away of wrath, but still her anger is easily roused. "It would be simpler to tell me what you have heard," she says in a very snappish accent. "When I want a lecture I can get it from monsieur le curé."

Madame Houlard had felt unwilling to tell her news, but this aggravating sentence goaded it out of her mouth: "It is to Monsieur Roussel, the timber-merchant, that Elise Lesage is to be married: see, he is talking to her now." There is a slight tone of satisfaction in Madame Houlard's smooth voice, and yet in her heart she is sorry for her friend's disappointment. All the market-place of Aubette had given Léon Roussel to the charming Marie.

"Léon Roussel! Why, she is as old as he is—older; and, ma foi! how ugly! and her parents—no one knows where they came from; and she—she is nothing but a money-grubber."

The day was tedious to Madame Famette. She tried to speak to Léon, but he avoided her with a distant bow. There was not even Alphonse Poiseau to help her: only little Pierre Trotin came and carried her baskets to the donkey-cart. She called at the doctor's house, but she could not see him. Maddame Famette's heart had not been so heavy since her husband died. "It is that serpent"—she wiped her eyes on a huge blue-and-yellow pocket handkerchief—"who has done it all; and my poor unsuspecting child has flirted with Nicolas, and made the way easy. Ciel! what do I know? It is possible that Marie loves Nicolas, and is willing to throw herself away on a vaurien with a pair of dark eyes; and the news will not grieve her as it has grieved me."

She met her servant Jeanne at the entrance of the road, and gave up the donkey-cart to her care. Then she went on sorrowfully and silently to find Marie. The door stood ajar, just as she had left it. She went in more quietly than usual, but Marie heard her. The girl sat just where her mother had left her: the loaf of bread lay untouched. It was plain that Marie had gone without breakfast. Her face was very pale, and her eyes fixed strainingly on her mother, but she did not speak.

Madame Famette's vexation had made her cross, and Marie's pale face increased her trouble: "How naughty thou art then, Marie! I set thee a knife and a plate: thou hadst but to stretch out thy hand. Ciel! but the market tires!" She cut a slice of bread for her daughter, and then she seated herself.

"Mother"—Marie bent forward and shaded her eyes with her hand—"didst thou see Léon Roussel?"

Madame's shoulders went up to her ears in a heave of disgust: "Thou mayest as well know it, Marie: Léon Roussel is promised to Elise Lesage, and they were together in the market. See what thy folly has caused!"

But Marie scarcely heard her mother's reproaches. The blood flew up to her face, and then it left her paler than before. She bent lower—lower yet, until she overbalanced and fell like a crushed lily at her mother's feet.

### IV.

"How is Marie Famette?" Monsieur Houlard the tailor asks of Monsieur Guéroult the doctor of Aubette, as he meets him hurrying through the Rue de la Boucherie.

"She is better, the poor child! but she must be careful this winter." Then, seeing Houlard look anxious, the good doctor says, "But she is so far better that I have discontinued my visits: I have given Marie leave to come to Aubette."

"That is good news," says Houlard as the doctor shoots past him, and the tailor tells the next person he meets that Marie Famette is as well as ever, and is coming to market as usual.

It is Léon Roussel to whom he tells this, and Monsieur Houlard is pained at the young man's want of interest.

"One would have thought," he says to his wife when he reaches his shop, "that Roussel was displeased with Marie for recovering her health."

"Perhaps he thinks she will make a fool of herself, now she is well again, by marrying Nicolas Marais: I hear they are lovers."

"It is a pity," says the dutiful husband. "Girls should not choose for themselves. You did not, my dear, and that is why our life has gone so easily."

But Marie is not really as strong as the doctor pronounces her to be: her cheeks are hollow, and the color on them is feverish and uncertain. If she could get away from home she would have more chance of mending. Madame Famette's sorrow at her daughter's changed looks expands itself in querulous remonstrance on the folly of flirting and on the good-for-nothing qualities of Nicolas Marais. Nicolas has come to inquire for Marie, but Madame Famette has received him so uncourteously that the poor fellow contents himself with hovering about on the chance of meeting Marie alone. But he never sees her, although the rumor grows strong in St. Gertrude, and is wafted on to Aubette, that Nicolas and Marie will be married as soon as she gets well enough to see about wedding-clothes.

It is the beginning of October, a bright clear morning. The red and yellow leaves come swiftly to the ground with a sudden snap from the twigs that held them: the rabbits move about briskly, and a couple of field-mice in search of winter stores run across the road nearly under Marie's feet. Marie's cheeks are rosy with the fresh, crisp air, but she does not look gay or happy. Life seems to have got into a hard knot which the poor little girl finds no power to untie. Market-day used to be a fête to Marie, but to-day she considers it a penance to be sent in to Aubette. She is not going to hold her stall—ah no, she is not nearly strong enough for such a task—but Madame Famette has a severe attack of rheumatism, and Jeanne cannot be trusted to buy the weekly provision of groceries. Marie shrinks as she goes along at the thought of meeting Léon Roussel. There is another thought, which she will not face—that it is possible Léon and Elise Lesage will be together in the market-place. "I need not go into the Grande Place at all," the poor child says. "I can get all I want in the Rue des Bons Enfants;" and she goes there when she reaches Aubette.

But Marie has miscalculated her

strength. She grows suddenly so white that Monsieur le Blanc, the épicier of the Rue des Bons Enfants, takes her into his daughter's room and makes her lie down on the little sofa. Marie lies there with widely-opened eyes, wondering how she shall get back to St. Gertrude.

"You are to lie still till Thérèse comes back from market," the old man says, "and then she will arrange about your going home."

Marie lies gazing dreamily at the blue-papered ceiling. "I used to think Thérèse le Blanc a cross old maid," she ponders: "shall I be a cross old maid too?" And then the pale, stricken girl holds up her thin hand and sighs: "I shall not be old: I shall die soon. Poor mother! she will forgive Nicolas when I am gone away."

There is a bustle in the shop, but Marie does not heed it. She smiles when Thérèse comes in, but she is too weak to talk—too weak to make any objection when she hears that a farmer who lives some miles beyond St. Gertrude has undertaken to convey her in his huge green-hooded wagon as far as the cross-road.

Thérèse stands over her while she eats a piece of bread and drinks a glass of wine, and then the farmer, a stout old Norman in a gray blouse, helps her into the back of the wagon, and makes a resting-place for her on some of the hay still left unsold, under the lofty arched roof.

## V.

"Get up my friend, get up: you will reach Yvetôt sooner if I give you a lift than if you wait. The diligence does not leave Aubette till six o'clock, remember, and my old horses get over the ground surely if not quickly."

Marie rouses from a sort of doze, but she cannot see the farmer or the wayfarer to whom he speaks: a pile of new fruit-baskets fills up the middle of the huge vehicle, and makes a wall between Marie and the driving-seat.

"Well, mon gars, it is a long time since I saw you, and the town-gossip of Aubette tells me more of your affairs than you ever condescend to inform your cousin of. Your mother was different, Léon. Dame! I could never pass her door after your father died but she would stop my wagon and ask me for just five minutes' counsel. But you young ones are all alike: the world has got a new pivot, it seems, for this generation, and it will move round more easily when we graybeards are all kicked out."

"I don't think so, for one." Marie had known she must hear Léon Roussel's voice, and yet her heart throbbed at his first words. "But, my cousin, what is the news that thou hast learned about me in Aubette?"

"Well, the news varies: sometimes I hear thee coupled with one girl, and then again with another, till I do not know what to think, Léon. I am afraid thou art fickle."

There was a pause. Marie raised herself on one elbow and listened breathlessly: it never came to her mind that she was listening to talk not intended for her ears.

"Well, man"—the farmer seemed nettled—"why not speak out and say thou art promised to old Lesage's daughter?"

"Because I am not promised to her."

Marie stifled a sob. It seemed as if her heart could not much longer hold in its agitation, she longed so intensely for the farmer's next question and for Léon's answer.

"Art thou promised to the beauty of the market, the little Marie?"

There was no pause this time. Léon's words came out rapidly with bitter emphasis: "Marie Famette is going to marry Marais of Vatteville."

"Marry! Ma foi! I hear the girl is very ill. I forget—there is a sick girl in the wagon now."

It seemed to the listener that Léon spoke heedless of the farmer's last words: "Once again the town-gossip has deceived you, Michel. I heard a week ago, and Houlard had just learned it from the Doctor Guéroult, that Marie Famette is as well and gay as ever. I believe she has come back to the market."

No reply. The silence that followed oppressed Marie: a sense of guilt stole over her. It was not likely that old Michel Roussel knew who she was when he helped her into the wagon: she remembered now that Léon had told her of his rich cousin at Yvetôt; she knew she must get out soon, and then Léon would see her and know that she had heard him. She felt sick with shame. Would it not have been more honest to have betrayed her presence? It was too late now. "And I could not—I have not the courage." Marie crouched closer under the wall of baskets.

Suddenly, Léon spoke. "Well, Michel, I will get out here," he said.

The wagon stopped. Marie heard farewells exchanged, and then on they jogged again to St. Gertrude.

Marie's heart was suddenly stilled: its painful throbbing and fluttering had subsided—it sank like lead. Léon was gone, and she had flung away her only chance of telling him that Nicolas Marais never had been—never could be—more to her than a friend.

"Oh what a fool I am! I may often see him, but how can I say this? And just now the way was open!"

When Farmer Roussel stopped the wagon again, and came round to the back to help Marie out, he found her sobbing bitterly.

"Here we are at St. Gertrude, but—Ma foi! but this is childish, ma belle," he said kindly, "to go spoiling your pretty eyes because you feel ill. Courage! you will soon be well if you eat and drink and keep a light heart." He helped her down tenderly, and shook both her hands in his before he let her go. "Well," he said as he rolled up on to the seat, "I wonder I had not asked for a kiss. She is rarely pretty, poor child!"

Marie stood still just where she had found her mother seated on that evening which it seemed to the girl had begun all her misery; but till now through all there had been hope—the hope given by disbelief in Léon's engagement to Elise Lesage. Now there was the sad, terrible certainty that Léon believed her false. Marie knew that though she had never pledged faith, still her eyes had shown Léon feelings which no other man had seen in them. For a moment she felt nerved to a kind of desperation: she would go and seek Léon, and tell him the truth that some one had set on foot this false report of her promise to Nicolas Marais. She turned again toward the high-road, and then her heart sank. How could she seek Léon? He did not love her, and if she made this confession would it not be a tacit owning of love for himself? The weight at her heart seemed to burden her limbs: she dragged on toward home wearily and slowly.

The road turns suddenly into St. Gertrude, and takes a breathing-space at a sharp angle with a breadth of grass bordered by a clump of nut trees. Before Marie reached the nut trees she saw Léon Roussel standing beside them. She stopped, but he had been waiting for her coming: he came forward to meet her.

When he saw her face he looked grieved, but he spoke very coldly: "I have been to your cottage to inquire for you"—he raised his hat, but he made no effort to take her hand—"and then I heard you were expected home from Aubette. I did not know how ill you had been till to-day; Marie: I had been told you were quite recovered."

His cold, hard manner wounded her: "Oh, I am better, thank you;" but as she spoke her sight grew dizzy: she would have fallen if Léon had not caught her in his arms. She felt that he clasped her closely for an instant, and then he loosed his hold.

"Thank you!" She freed herself. "I am better. I will go home now, Monsieur Roussel."

He took off his hat mechanically, and Marie turned toward St. Gertrude.

But she did not move: she had no power to go forward. An impulse stronger than her will was holding her. She looked round: Léon had not moved—he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"I must tell you something," she said. Léon started: he had never heard Marie speak in such a humble tone. "I was in the wagon just now, and I listened to your talk with Monsieur Michel." Her cheeks grew crimson. "But, Monsieur Roussel, you are in error about me. Nicolas Marais is my friend"—Léon's face grew so stern that her eyes drooped and her voice faltered—"but he will never be more to me. He has always been my friend."

Léon came close to her and took her hand: "Marie"—his voice was so harsh and severe that she shrunk from him—"you must tell the truth, and you must not be angry if I doubt you. My child, did I not see Nicolas kiss the letter you sent him, and look at you as he kissed it?"

"Did Elise Lesage tell you I wrote that letter?" But Marie's fear had left her. She smiled up at her lover, once more his own arch, bright Marie: "How dared you believe her, Léon? I have a great mind not to tell you the truth."

But Léon Roussel was satisfied, for while she spoke his arm had folded round her again, and he was much too happy to trouble himself about Nicolas Marais.

Léon and Marie are to be married in November, and Mam'selle Lesage has been so indisposed that for two consecutive Saturdays she has sent a deputy to collect sous in the market of Aubette.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

# SALMON-FISHING IN CANADA.

FIFTY years ago, when the manners and habits of the Americans were very different from what they now are, there lived in Boston two gentlemen so far in advance of their age as to devote much time to shooting and fishing. These pursuits were denounced by the Puritans and their descendants as a sinful waste of time, and there is a letter extant from one of the early Massachusetts governors, in which he reproaches himself for indulging in "fowling," the rather because, as he confesses, he failed to get any game. These two bold Bostonians were wont to go to Scotland for salmon-fishing, having a belief that the salmon of the American rivers were too uncultivated in their taste to rise at a fly. However this may have been in 1820, the salmon of the Dominion are to-day as open to the attractions of a well-tied combination of feathers and pig's-wool as those of the rivers of Norway or Scotland; and as, under the protection which the Canadian rivers now enjoy, the fish are becoming plentiful, sport is offered in the numerous streams which flow into the St. Lawrence, the Bays of Chaleur and Miramichi, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, probably superior to any now to be found elsewhere.

Having last year paid a visit to one of these beautiful rivers, I propose to give an account of my introduction to the art and mystery of salmon-fishing, to the end that other anglers, whose exploits have hitherto been confined to the capture of a pound trout or a four-pound pickerel, may know the joy of feeling the rush of a twenty-pound salmon fresh run from the sea—the most brilliant, active and vigorous of the finny tribes, the king of the river, using the term in its original sense—the strongest, the ablest, the most cunning. A late writer on English field-sports says: "I assert that there is no single moment with horse or gun into which is concentrated such a thrill of hope, fear, expectation and exultation as that of the rise and successful striking of a heavy salmon."

And first, let me say something of the system of protection to these fisheries adopted by the Canadian government, which renders this sport possible. Finding that under the constant slaughter of salmon and trout, by the Indians with spears and by the whites with nets, the fish were becoming not only scarce, but in danger of extinction, the government interfered, and a few years ago passed laws the effects of which are already apparent. Certainly, a paternal government is sometimes a good thing. On our side the line a ring of wealthy men, with a large capital in nets, seines, pounds, etc., will, as has been seen in Rhode Island, depopulate a coast in a few years of its food-fishes, leaving nothing for increase; and when the poor fishermen, whose living depends on these free gifts of God, ask for protection from the legislature, the ring is too powerful, one of its members being perhaps governor of the State.

In the year 1858 the colonial government resumed possession of all the salmon and sea-trout fisheries in Lower Canada, and after the enactment of a protective law offered them for lease by public tender. A list is given of sixty-seven salmon rivers which flow into the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and of nine which flow into the Bay of Chaleur. There are also tributaries of these, making over one hundred rivers which by this time contain salmon, and many of them in great abundance. Licenses are granted by the government for rod-fishing in these rivers on payment of sums ranging from one hundred to five hundred dollars the season for a river, according to its size, accessibility, etc. These rivers are generally taken by parties of anglers, but of late I learn that licenses for single rods have been granted, so that all may be accommodated. Applications for a river or part of one can be made to Mr. William F. Whitcher of Ottawa, who is at the head of the Fisheries Department. Our party of four persons had obtained, through the courtesy of Messrs. Brydges and Fleming of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, the upper part of the Restigouche, a river flowing into the Bay of Chaleur, and one of the best in the Dominion. Three of us had never killed a salmon, though we were familiar with other kinds of fishing. We had, however, for teacher one who for fifty years had been a salmon-fisher—first as a boy in Ireland, and since that for many years in Canada, in most of whose rivers he had killed salmon. As an angler he was a thorough artist, as a woodsman he was an expert, and as a companion he was most agreeable. Among the Indians, who have the habit of naming every person from some personal trait, he was known as "the Kingfisher," and by that name I shall call him. The second of our party, who procured the right of fishing the Restigouche, and made up the party, I shall call Rodman, which suits him both as fisherman and in his professional character of engineer. The third, being a tall man of rather military aspect, we knew as "the Colonel;" and the fourth, who writes this narrative, shall be called "the Scribe."

Behold us, then, at Quebec in the last week of June, making our preparations—laying in stores for camping out, and buying fishing-tackle, which for this kind of sport is best procured in Canada. On the 25th of June our thirty-one packages were on board the steamer Miramichi, piled on the upper deck, with many more of the same appearance—tents, buffalo robes, camp-chests, salmon-rods and gaff-handles—belonging to other parties bound on the same errand as ourselves. Three were British officers going to the Upsalquitch, men of the long-whiskered, Dundreary type, who soon let us know with many haw-haws that they had fished in Norway, and had killed salmon on the estate of my Lord Knowswho in Scotland, while guests of that nobleman. There were two Londoners in full suits of tweed, with Glengarry bonnets, who were bound to the Cascapediac: they tried to imitate the bearing of the military men; and why not? As Thackeray says, "Am I not a snob and a brother?" There was a party of Americans on their way to a Gaspé river—veteran anglers, who had frequented these rivers for some years. The rest of the company was made up of Canadians from Montreal and Quebec, many of them pleasure-seekers—stout elderly men, with equally full-fed, comfortable-looking wives, and rosy-faced daughters with straight, slender figures, by and by to emulate the rounded proportions of their mammas. The young men were mostly equipped with white canvas shoes and veils twisted round their hats — for what purpose I have not been able to discover, but it seems to be the correct thing for the Canadian tourist.

Four hundred and fifty miles from Quebec we reach the entrance of Gaspé Bay, at the head of which fine sheet of water, in a landlocked harbor, stands the town of Gaspé, distinguished as the place where Jacques Cartier landed in 1534. It is now a great fishing-station, employing thousands of men along the coast in the cod-fishery. Here are fine scenery, clear bracing air, good sea-bathing, excellent salmon- and trout-fishing and a comfortable hotel. What more can a well-regulated mind desire? Into Gaspé Bay flow the Dartmouth, the York and the St. John—good salmon-rivers, while both they and the smaller streams abound with sea-trout and brook-trout. Thirty miles south of Gaspé is the little town of Perce, also a fishing-station. Near this stands a rock of red sandstone, five hundred feet long and three hundred high, with an open arch leading through it, under which a boat can pass. It stands a mile from the shore in deep water, and its top affords a secure breeding-place for hundreds of sea-fowl.

South of Gaspé Bay we pass the mouths of the Bonaventure and the Grand and Little Cascapediac—rivers well stocked with salmon—and reach Dalhousie on the Bay of Chaleur about midnight on the 28th. We land in a small boat in the darkness, and soon find ourselves at the comfortable tavern of William Murphy, where we breakfast the next morning on salmon-trout and wild strawberries. The town contains about six hundred inhabitants, and has a pleasant seat along the bay. Its principal industry seems to be lumber, or deals, which mean three-inch plank, in which shape most of the pine and spruce exported from the Dominion find their way to England. Here they also put up salmon and lobsters for the American market—America meaning the United States. Two steamers touch here weekly, and there is a daily mail and telegraphic communication with the outside world. A few tourists, mostly from Montreal and Quebec, fill two or three small boarding-houses.

The next morning we started in wagons for Matapedia, thirty miles up the river, where we expected to secure canoes and Indians for our trip to the upper waters of the Restigouche. Our road was good, following a terrace about fifty feet above the river, which here is about a mile in width, and flows placidly through a wide valley, with high hills on both sides covered with a growth of spruce and cedar. Fifteen miles above Dalhousie, at the head of navigation for large vessels, lies the village of Campbellton. Here the character of the river changes: it becomes more narrow and rapid, the hills come down closer to the shore, and it assumes the features of a true salmon-river. It was formerly one of the most famous in the provinces, and the late Robert Christie, for many years member for Gaspé, used to take two thousand tierces of salmon annually from the Restigouche.

Here we fall in with the Intercolonial Railway, which has its western terminus at Rivière du Loup, below Quebec, and its eastern at Halifax. The line is to cross the river at Matapedia on an iron bridge, and follow down the valley. About 1 P. M. we crossed the ferry in a row-boat, just below Fraser's hotel. The river is deep, swift and very clear, with a rocky bank, from which they are getting out stone for the abutments of the bridge. This bridge, and another similar one where the line crosses the Miramichi, are building at Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, and we saw at Campbellton a large bark discharging her cargo, consisting of the bridge-work ready to set up.

We arrived at Fraser's in time to partake of a fine boiled salmon, and we observe a constant improvement in this fish. Those in Montreal were better than those in the States; those in Quebec still better; those we ate on board the Gulf steamer a shade finer still. At Dalhousie we thought that salmon had reached perfection, but were undeceived by those upon Fraser's table, which far surpassed all that we had yet tasted in succulence and flavor.

We had hoped to go up the river on the morrow, Saturday, but found it was a great festival of the Catholic Church, and the Indians would not start till Monday. Great was the indignation of the British officers who were preparing to go up the other river. To be delayed by the religious scruples of an Indian was too absurd. But even the "superior race" had to submit. So the next day we all went down the river trout-fishing.

I went about two miles to the "flat lands," and fished some pretty pools and rapids: the day was very bright and hot, so that I thought the trout would not rise to a fly, and I put on a small spoon, which I dropped into the rapids at the end of a long rod. After catching three or four they grew suspicious, and I changed my lure for an artificial minnow, and with it I had better success, though I have often tried it in Western trout-streams ineffectually. I got about a dozen, from four ounces to a pound weight: they were sea-trout, *Salmo Canadensis*, and the first of that species that I ever saw. They are handsome and active fish, lighter in color than the brook-trout, with silvery sides and belly. The flesh is red like a salmon, and is of higher flavor, I think, than that of *Salmo fontinalis*. My companions, Rodman and Kingfisher, both used the fly, and got, I think, more fish than I did.

The next day, June 30th, was Sunday, and the law of the Dominion prohibits fishing on that day. The weather was intensely hot, and we stayed in the house and enjoyed the fine scenery all about us. At night a heavy thunder-storm cooled the air for our next day's journey.

*July* 1. Our canoes and Indians arrived this morning about ten o'clock, and instead of being shepherds of the forest, with their blankets tied with yellow strings, they had no blankets at all, but wore coats and trowsers—yea, even boots, which I had always been told had no business in a canoe. There were four bark canoes and eight Mic-macs—one boat for each of us—and as we had a large amount of baggage and provisions, it was thought best to send off the canoes with these, while we went in wagons across a great bend of the river to the house of Mr. John Mowatt, the river overseer. We crossed the Matapediac in a dug-out: this is a tributary of the Restigouche, which comes in at Fraser's. On the other side we found wagons which took us to Mowatt's, seven miles over the hills, arriving at 4 P. M. The canoes arrived about sunset, having come twelve miles since noon against a strong current.

*July* 2. Starting in the morning at sunrise, the canoes took us six miles by seven o'clock, when we stopped in the woods for breakfast. The river has a very strong current, and from two to three miles an hour is all that can be done against it with setting-poles when there is a heavy load in the canoe. In places the water was too shallow even for a bark, and the men stepped overboard and lifted her along. The Restigouche is a beautiful river, with few islands or obstructions of any kind: the water is perfectly transparent, and very cold—the chosen haunt of the salmon. We see few houses or farms: rounded hills, from three to nine hundred feet high, border the stream, leaving only a narrow strip of beach, which is free from bushes or fallen trees. These are probably all swept away by the ice in the spring freshets. The hills somewhat resemble those on the Upper Mississippi, except that here there are none of those cliffs of yellow limestone which are remarkable on the great river of the West. About eight miles farther on we stopped for dinner near a cold brook, from which I took half a dozen trout. In the afternoon we proceeded five or six miles, and then camped for the night upon a rocky beach, and, though somewhat annoyed by the sand-flies, we slept well upon our beds of spruce boughs.

*July* 3. Broke camp at 5 A. M., and

went up six miles to a place called Tom's Brook, where we breakfasted. Here I killed a dozen trout with the spoon. Six miles from Tom's Brook we came to the first salmon-pool, of which there were six in the portion of the river assigned to us—viz.: First, Big Cross Pool; second, Lower Indian-house Pool; third, Upper Indian-house Pool; fourth, Patapediac Pool, called by the Indians Paddypajaw; fifth, Red Bank Pool; sixth, Little Cross Pool. These pools are the places where the salmon rest in their journey from the sea to the head-waters of the river. They are usually in spots where there is a strong but not violent current, perhaps six or eight feet deep, running off to shoal water on one side of the river. The pools have been found by the Indians, who search for them by night with torches, which show the fish as they lie near the bottom, and they do not differ materially in appearance from other parts of the river where no salmon are to be found.

The salmon is what is called *anadromous*—that is, though an inhabitant of the ocean for most of the year, it ascends the fresh-water rivers in summer to spawn. In this function it is guided by curious instincts. The female deposits her eggs in swift shallow water at the heads of streams, in trenches dug by herself and the male fish in the gravelly bottom; but it must not be fresh gravel: it must have been exposed to the action of water for at least two years, or they will have none of it; and if a freshet should bring new gravel from the banks, they will abandon the place and seek for new spawning-grounds. It is only when the salmon are resting in these pools that they will take a fly.

The first pool was at a point where the river made a short turn around a large rock: the current was swift, with a hole at the foot of the rapid perhaps twenty feet deep, with a rock bottom. Here our leader, Kingfisher, rigged his salmon-rod, put on two flies and began to cast. I trolled in the swift water as we proceeded, and with my spoon took a few small trout. A salmon rose to the fly of Kingfisher, but was not hooked; this was the first fish that we saw. (The term "fish" is always applied to the salmon by anglers: other inhabitants of the water are spoken of as "trout" or "bass;" a salmon is a "fish.") Although we had seen none before, our keen-eyed Indians had seen many as we came up the river.

We then went on to the Lower Indian-house Pool, two miles farther, and Kingfisher made a few casts; but raising no fish, we went up a mile farther to our camping-ground, an island between the two pools, having plenty of wood upon it, with a cold spring brook close by—an old and famous camping-place for salmon-fishers—and here we intended to make our permanent quarters. We had four tents—one to sleep in, fitted with mosquito-bars; one for an eating-tent, with canvas top and sides of netting: in it was a rough table and two benches, hewed out with an axe by one of our men. There was also a tent for storing provisions and for the cook, for we had brought with us a man for this important office. A fourth tent for the Indians, and a cooking-stove with camp-chests and equipage, completed our outfit, which all belonged to Kingfisher, and represented the results of many years' experience in camping out. The cooking-stove is made of sheet iron and packs in a box, and is one of the most valuable utensils in the woods.

It took the rest of the day to make the camp, and in the evening Kingfisher and the Colonel went in their canoe to the lower pool, and the former killed two salmon, weighing eighteen and twenty-two pounds. These, our first fish, were objects of much interest to us new hands. The Colonel took his first lesson in salmon-fishing, and thought he could do it himself.

*July* 4. We proposed to celebrate this day by each of us killing a salmon, but I thought it would be prudent first to go out with Kingfisher and see how he did it, before attempting it myself. So I got into his canoe, and the Indians paddled us to Upper Pool, within sight of our camp but for a bend in the river. Kingfisher had the canoe anchored within casting distance of the channel, and there, as he sat in the bottom of the boat, he made his casts with a nineteen-foot rod, first about twenty-five feet, and gradually letting out more line he increased the length of his casts to sixty feet perhaps, the big salmon-flies falling lightly on the water, first across the channel to the right; then letting the current take the flies down to the end of the line, he drew them round to the left in a circle; then raising them slowly from the water, he repeated the process, thus fishing over all the water within his reach. Now the Indians raise the anchor and let the canoe drop down a few feet. At the first cast after this change of ground a bulge in the water showed where a salmon had risen at the fly and missed it. "We will rest him for five minutes," said Kingfisher, and lighted his pipe for a smoke. Then he changed his fly for a larger and more brilliant one, and at the first cast a big fish rolled over at the fly and went off with a rush, making the reel whiz.

"I've got him," said Kingfisher, calmly putting up his pipe and bringing his rod to a nearly perpendicular position, which threw a great strain on the mouth of the salmon from the spring of the rod. He ran about twenty-five yards, and then leaped six feet into the air. Kingfisher dropped the point of his rod as the fish leaped, and then raised it as the salmon went away with twenty yards more of line.

"Up anchor, Hughey: we must follow him." So they plied their paddles after the salmon, who was making down stream, Kingfisher reeling up his line as fast as possible. Up went the salmon again, striking at the line with his tail as he came down; but this trick failed, and he then sulked, by diving into the depths of the river and remaining there motionless for half an hour. Suddenly he rose and made for the heavy current, from which Kingfisher tried to steer him into the still water near the shore, where it was about three feet deep, and where he could be played with more safety. After about forty minutes' play the fish was coaxed alongside the canoe, evidently tired out and having lost his force and fury, when Hughey struck the gaff into him near the tail, and lifted him into the canoe, where he struggled very little, so nearly beaten was he.

"About nineteen pounds, I think," said Kingfisher, who from long experience could name the weight of a fish very correctly.

Returning to the spot where he had hooked the fish, Kingfisher after a few casts rose and hooked another, which he killed in twenty-five minutes—a fish of twelve pounds. After seeing the method of this artist I was presumptuous enough to suppose that I could do it also, and I determined to open the campaign the next day.

*July* 5. Bent on salmon-killing, I was off this morning at five, hoping to bring home a fish for breakfast. The Upper Indian-house Pool is for Rodman and me to-day, the others going to Patapedia, three miles above. Kingfisher fitted me out with a Castle Connell rod, quite light and pliable, with which he has killed many a fish; a click reel, which obliges the fish to use some force in getting out the line: of this I have one hundred yards of oiled silk, with a twelve-feet gut casting-line, to the end of which is looped a brilliant creature almost as large as a humming-bird—certainly the likeness of nothing inhabiting earth, air or water. Mike and Peter, my Indians, took me to the pool, and I began casting at the place where Kingfisher got his salmon yesterday, while Rodman took the upper end of the pool, which was three or four hundred yards in length. I had fished for trout in a bark canoe, and knew how crank a vessel it is; so I did not attempt to stand up and cast, but seated myself upon the middle cross-bar with my face turned down stream, and began to imitate the casting of Kingfisher as well as I could. I had fished but a few yards of water when the quick-eyed Peter cried, "Lameau!" which is Mic-mac for salmon. He had seen the rise of the fish, which I had not. And here I may observe that good eyes are necessary to make a salmon-fisher, and a near-sighted person like the Scribe can never greatly excel in this pursuit. All the salmon which I hooked fastened themselves: I had only this part in it, that I was the fool at one end of the rod. I waited five minutes, according to rule, and cast again. "Habet!" There can be no mistake this time: my eyes were good enough to see the savage rush with which he seized my fly and plunged with it down to the depths.

"Hold up your rod!" cries Peter, who saw that, taken by surprise, I was dropping the point of it. I raised it nearly upright, and this, with the friction of the reel, caused the fish, which had started to run after he felt the prick of the hook, to stop when he had gone half across the river, and make his leap or somersault.

"A twenty-pounder," said Mike.

When he leaped I ought to have dropped my point, so that he should not fall on the line, but I did nothing of the sort. I felt much as I once did in the woods of Wisconsin when a dozen deer suddenly jumped up from the long grass all about me, and I forgot that I had a gun in my hands. I had so much line out that, as it happened, no bad consequences followed, and the fish started for another run, at the end of which he made his leap, and coming down he struck my line with his tail, and was gone! Slowly and sadly I wound up my line, and found the gut broken close to the hook, and my beautiful "Fairy" vanished.

Then I looped on another insect phenomenon, and went on casting. Rodman, I perceived, was engaged with a salmon on the other bank. Presently I raise and hook another, but he directly shakes out the hook.

I move slowly down the pool, casting on each side—which I find is hard work for the back and shoulders—when, just opposite the big rock where Kingfisher raised his second fish yesterday, I feel a pluck at my fly and see a boil in the water. The robber runs away twenty yards and leaps, then turns short round and comes at me, as if to run down the canoe and drown us all. I wind up my line as fast as possible, but, alas! it comes in, yard after yard, so easily that I perceive all connection between the fish and me is at an end.

"He got slack line on you," said Peter.

By this time it was seven o'clock, and I returned home to breakfast with what appetite I had, a sadder if not a wiser man. Rodman brought in a nine-pound fish, and Kingfisher had three—thirteen, ten and twenty-one pounds. The Colonel had made a successful *début* with a fifteen-pound fish.

As we sat at breakfast Rodman asked, "How many salmon did you ever kill in a day, Kingfisher?"

*Kingfisher.* "I once killed thirty-three in one day: that was in the Mingan, a North Shore river, where the fish are very numerous, but small—not over ten pounds on an average. I knew a man once to kill forty-two in a day there, but he had extra strong tackle, with double and treble gut, and being a big strong fellow he used to drag them out by main force."

*The Colonel.* "If he had played his fish as you do here, there would not have been time in the longest day to kill forty-two. You average half an hour to a salmon, which would have taken twenty-one hours for his day's work."

*Kingfisher.* "True enough, but those little fellows in the Mingan can be killed in ten or fifteen minutes."

*Rodman.* "And what was the longest time you ever spent in killing a salmon?"

*Kingfisher.* "Once fishing in the Moisie, where the fish are very large, I hooked a salmon at five in the morning and lost him at six in the evening: he was on for thirteen hours, but he sulked at the bottom most of the time, and I never saw him at all."

*Scribe.* "Perhaps it was no fish at all."

*Kingfisher.* "It might have been a seal, but Sir Edmund Head, who was with me, and I myself, thought it was a very large salmon and hooked foul, so that I could not drown him. I think from his play that it was a salmon: he ran many times round the pool, but swam deep, as heavy fish are apt to do. How do you like the cooking of this salmon?"

*Scribe.* "I think it is perfect. The salmon have been growing better ever since we entered the Dominion, but we have reached perfection now. Is this the Tweedside method?"

*Kingfisher.* "It is. Put your fish in boiling water, well salted, boil a minute to a pound, and when done serve it with some of the water it was boiled in for sauce. You can't improve a fresh-caught salmon with Worcestershire or Harvey."

The day proving very hot, we stayed in camp till evening, when Kingfisher and the others went to the nearest pool for salmon, and I went trout-fishing to the little rapids and took a dozen of moderate size. Kingfisher brought in four fish — seven, ten, seventeen and eighteen pounds; Rodman got two—twelve and sixteen pounds; the Colonel failed to secure one which he had hooked.

*July* 6. To-day Kingfisher and the Colonel take the Upper Indian-house Pool, and Rodman and I go to the Patapedia. We start at 4 A. M., so as to get the early fishing, always the best. It takes an hour to pole up the three miles, the current being very strong, and when we arrive the pool is yet white with the morning mist. It is a long smooth rapid, with a channel on one side running close to the high gravelly bank, evidently cut away by spring freshets. On the other side comes in a rushing brook or small river called the Patapedia. Rodman took the head of the pool, and I the middle ground. I fished down some fifty yards without moving anything, when, as I was bringing home my fly after a cast, it was taken by a good fish. Away he went with a wicked rush full forty yards, in spite of all I could do, then made a somersault, showing us his huge proportions. A second and a third time he leaped, and then darted away, I urging my men to follow with the canoe, which they did, but not quickly enough. This was a terribly strong fish: though I was giving him all the spring of the rod, I could not check him. When he stopped running he began to shake his head, or, as the English fishing-books say, "to jigger." In two minutes he jiggered out the hook and departed.

I had changed rods and lines to-day, having borrowed one from Rodman—a Montreal rod, larger and stiffer than the other: although heavier, I could cast better with it than with the Irish rod. Unluckily, there were only about seventy yards of line on the reel, and the next fish I hooked proved to be the most furious of all, for he first ran out forty yards of line, and before I could get much of it wound up again, he made another and a longer run, taking out all my line to the end, where it was tied to the reel: of course he broke loose, taking away my fly and two feet of casting-line. By this time the sun was high in the heavens, and we returned to camp—Rodman with a salmon of seventeen pounds and a grilse of five pounds.

A salmon has properly four stages of existence. The first is as a "parr," a small bright-looking fish, four or five inches long, with dark-colored bars across the sides and a row of red spots. It is always found in the fresh water, looks something like a trout, and will take a fly or bait eagerly. The second stage is when it puts on the silvery coat previous to going to sea for the first time: it is then called a "smolt," and is from six to eight inches long, still living in the river where it was hatched. In the third stage, after its return from the sea to its native river, it is called a "grilse," and weighs from three to six pounds. It can be distinguished from a salmon, even of the same size, by its forked tail (that of the salmon being square) and the slight adhesion of the scales. The grilse is wonderfully active and spirited, and will often give as much play as a salmon of three times his size. After the second visit of the fish to the sea he returns a salmon, mature, brilliant and vigorous, and increases in weight every time he revisits the ocean, where most of his food is found, consisting of small fish and crustacea.

As we dropped down the stream toward the camp we saw a squirrel swimming across the river. Paddling toward him, Peter reached out his pole, and the squirrel took refuge upon it and was lifted on board—a pretty little creature, gray and red, about half the size of the common gray squirrel of the States. He ran about the canoe so fearlessly that I think he must have been unacquainted with mankind. He skipped over us as if we had been logs, with his bead-like eyes almost starting from his head with astonishment, and then mounting the prow of the canoe,

On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo.

Presently we paddled toward the shore, and he jumped off and disappeared in the bushes, with a fine story to tell to his friends of having been ferried across by strange and friendly monsters. Kingfisher got eleven salmon to-day, and the Colonel one.

*July* 7 was Sunday, and the pools were rested, as well as ourselves, from the fatigues of the week. Kingfisher brought out his materials and tied a few flies, such as he thought would suit the river. This he does very neatly, and I think he belongs to the old school of anglers, who believe in a great variety of flies.

It may not perhaps be generally known that there are two schools among fly-fishers. The "formalists" or entomologists hold that the natural flies actually on the water should be studied and imitated by the fly-maker, down to the most minute particulars. This is the old theory, and whole libraries have been written to prove and illustrate it, from the *Boke of St. Albans*, written by the Dame Juliana Berners in 1486, down to the present day. The number of insects which we are directed to imitate is legion, and the materials necessary for their manufacture are of immense variety and difficult to procure. These teachers are the conservatives, who adhere to old tradition. On the other side are the "colorists," who think color everything, and form nothing: they are but a section, though an increasing one, of the fly-fishing community. Their theory is, that all that a fish can distinguish through the watery medium is the size and color of the fly. These are the radicals, and they go so far as to discard the thousand different flies described in the books, and confine themselves to half a dozen typical varieties, both in salmon- and trout-fishing. Where learned doctors disagree, I, for one, do not venture to decide; but when I remember that on some days no fly in my book would tempt the trout, and that at other times they would rise at any or all flies, it seems to me that the principal question is, Are the trout feeding or not? If they are, they will take almost anything; if not, the most skillful hand may fail of tempting them to rise. As to salmon, I think no one will pretend that the salmon-flies commonly used are like anything in Nature, and it is difficult to understand what the keen-eyed salmon takes them for. Until, then, we can put ourselves in the place of the salmon and see with his eyes, we must continue to evolve our flies from our own consciousness. My small experience seems to show me that in a salmon-fly color is the main thing to be studied.

But to return to Kingfisher, who has been all this time softening some silkworm gut in his mouth, and now says in a thick voice, "Do you know, colonel, I lost my chance of a wife once in this way?"

*Colonel.* "How was that? Did you steal some of the lady's feathers?"

*Kingfisher.* "No, it was in this way: I was a lad of about seventeen, but I had a sweetheart. I was at college, and had but little time for fishing, of which I was as fond as I am now. One evening I was hastening toward the river with my rod, with my mouth full of flies and gut, which I was softening as I am now. Turning the corner of a narrow lane, I met my beloved and her mother, both of whom were precise persons who could not take a joke. Of course I had to stop and speak to them, but my mouth was full of hooks and gut, and the hooks stuck in my tongue, and I only mumbled. They looked astonished. Perhaps they thought I was drunk: anyway, the young lady asked what was the matter. 'My m—m—mouth is full of guts,' was all that I could say; and the girl would never speak to me afterward."

*Rodman.* "That was lucky, for you got a wife better able to bear with your little foibles."

*Kingfisher.* "I did, sir."

*July* 8. Rodman and I were to take the Upper Indian-house Pool to-day, the others going to the Patapedia. Kingfisher and I exchanged Indians: he, having a man who was a better fisherman than either of mine, kindly lent him to me, that I might have a better chance of killing a salmon, I being the only one of the party who had not succeeded in doing so. I found in my book a casting-line of double gut: it was only two yards long, but I thought I had better trust to it than the single gut which the fish had been breaking for me the last two days. I also found in my book a few large showy salmon-flies tied on double gut: with these I started, determined to do or die. I was on the pool at 5 A. M., and had raised two salmon, and caught two large trout, which often took our flies when we were casting for bigger fish. At 6.30 I raised and hooked a big fish, which ran out twenty yards of line, and then stopped. I determined to try the waiting method this time, and not to lose my fish by too much haste; so I let him have his own way, only holding him with a tight hand. Joe, I soon saw, understood his part of the business: he kept the canoe close behind the fish, so that I should always have a reserve of line upon my reel. My salmon made two runs without showing himself: he pulled hard, and was evidently a strong fish. He now tried to work himself across the river into the heavy current. I resisted this, but to no purpose: I could not hold him, and I thought he was going down the little rapid, where I could not have followed, when he steered down through the still and deep water, and went to the bottom near the camp. There he stayed, sulking, for more than an hour, and I could not start him. The cook came down from his fire to see the conflict; Joe lighted his pipe and smoked it out; old Captain Merrill, who lived on the opposite bank, came out and hailed me, "Reckon you've got a big one this time, judge;" and still my line pointed to the bottom of the river, and my hands grew numb with holding the rod.

> They have tied me to the stake: I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

Suddenly, up from the depths came the salmon, and made off at full speed down the river, making his first leap as he went, which showed him to be a twenty-pounder at least. We followed with the canoe. On the west side of the island ran the main channel, wide and deep, gradually increasing in swiftness till it became a boiling torrent. Into this my fish plunged, in spite of all my resistance, and all we could do was to follow. But I soon lost track of him and control of him: sometimes he was ahead, and I could feel him; sometimes he was alongside, and the line was slack and dragging on the water, most dangerous of positions; sometimes the canoe went fastest, and the salmon was behind me. My men handled the canoe admirably, and brought me through safe, fish and all; for when we emerged into the still pool below, and I was able to reel up, I felt him still on the hook, but unsubdued, for he made another run of thirty yards, and leaped twice.

"That's good," said Joe: "that will tire him."

For the first two hours of the struggle the fish had been quiet, and so had saved his strength, but now he began to race up and down the pool, trying for slack line. But Joe followed him up sharply and kept him well in hand. Now the fish began to jigger, and shook his head so hard and so long that I thought something must give way—either my line or his spinal column. After about an hour of this kind of work I called to Rodman, who was fishing not far off, and asked him to come alongside and play my fish for a few minutes, so that I might rest my hands, which were cramped with holding the rod so long; which he did, and gave me fifteen minutes' rest, when I resumed the rod. The fish now seemed somewhat spent, for he came to the surface and flounced about, so that we could see his large proportions. Still, I could not get him alongside, and I told Joe to try to paddle up to him, but he immediately darted away from us and headed up stream, keeping a parallel course about fifty feet off, so that we could see him perfectly through the clear water. After many efforts, however, he grew more tame, and Louis paddled the canoe very carefully up to him, while Joe stood watching his chance with the gaff, which he put deep in the water. At last I got the fish over it, when with a sudden pull the gaff was driven into him just behind the dorsal fin; but he was so strong that I thought he would have taken the man out of the canoe. The water flew in showers, and the big salmon lay in the bottom of the boat!

I could hardly believe my eyes. That tremendous creature caught with a line no thicker than a lady's hair-pin! I looked at my watch: it was eleven o'clock, just four hours and a half. "Well, I have done enough for to-day, Joe: let us go home to breakfast." Arrived at the camp, we weighed the salmon and measured him—twenty-four pounds, and forty inches long—a male fish, fresh run from the sea, the strongest and most active of his kind. It had been my luck to hook these big ones: I wished that my first encounters should be with fish of ten or twelve pounds. Rodman came in with two—fourteen and sixteen pounds.

That evening I went again to the same pool, and soon hooked another good fish with the same fly; but though he was nearly as large as the first, weighing twenty-two pounds, I killed him in thirty minutes. He fought hard from the very first, running and vaulting by turns without any stop, so that he soon tired himself out. Rodman got another this evening, and Kingfisher brought seven from the Patapedia, and the Colonel one. Thirteen is our score to-day.

*July* 9. Rodman and I went this morning to the Patapedia, but raised no salmon. Either some one had been netting the pool that night, or Kingfisher had killed all the fish yesterday. I got a grilse of four pounds, which made a smart fight for fifteen minutes, and Rodman hooked another, but lost him. That evening we went again to the pool, and I killed a small but very active salmon of nine pounds, which fought me nearly an hour: Rodman got a grilse of five pounds. Strange to say, neither Kingfisher nor the Colonel killed a fish to-day, so that I was for once "high line."

Having killed four salmon, I concluded to retire. I found the work too hard, and determined to go to Dalhousie and try the sea-trout fishing in that vicinity. So, after an hour's fly-fishing at the mouth of the brook opposite our camp, in which I got a couple of dozen, hooking two at a cast twice, and twice three at a cast, I started at seven o'clock on the 10th, and ran down with the current and paddles forty miles to Fraser's in seven hours—the same distance which it took us two days and a half to make going up stream.

Of all modes of traveling, to float down a swift river in a bark canoe is the most agreeable; and when paddled by Indians the canoe is the perfection of a vessel for smooth-water navigation. Where there are three inches of water she can go—where there is none, a man can carry her round the portage on his back. Her buoyancy enables her to carry a heavy load, and, though frail, the elasticity of her material admits of many a blow and pinch which would seriously damage a heavier vessel. The rifle and axe of the backwoodsman, the canoe and the weapons of the Indian, are the result of long years of experiment, and perfectly meet their necessities.

The rest of the party remained and fished five days more, making ten days in all, and the score was eighty-five salmon and five grilse, the united weight of which was fourteen hundred and twenty-three pounds. The salmon averaged sixteen and a half pounds each: the three largest weighed thirty, thirty, and thirty-three pounds. Nearly two-thirds of the whole were taken by Kingfisher, and our average for three rods was three fish per day each.

It is asserted by Norris in the *American Angler's Book* that the salmon of the American rivers are smaller than those of Europe, that in the Scottish rivers many are still taken of twenty and twenty-five pounds weight, and that on this side of the Atlantic it is as rare to take them with the rod over fifteen pounds. If this statement was correct when Norris wrote, ten years ago, then the Canadian rivers have improved under the system of protection, for, as above stated, our catch in the Restigouche averaged over sixteen pounds, and nearly one-third of our fish were of twenty pounds or over.

Yarrel, in his work on British fishes, says that in 1835 he saw 10 salmon in the London market weighing from 38 to 40 pounds each. Sir Humphry Davy is said to have killed a salmon in the Tweed that weighed 42 pounds: this was about 1825. The largest salmon ever seen in London was sold there in 1821: it weighed 83 pounds. But with diminished numbers the size of the salmon in Scottish waters has also diminished. In the *Field* newspaper for August and September, 1872, I find the following report of the fishing in some of those rivers: The Severn—average size of catch (considered very large) is 16 pounds; fish of 30, 40 and 50 pounds have been taken. The Tay—one rod, one day in August, 7 fish; average weight, 18 pounds. The Tweed—two rods, one day's fishing, 12 fish; average, 20 pounds. The Eaine—fish run from 12 to 20 pounds.

In Lloyd's book on the *Sports of Norway* we find the following reports of the salmon-fishing in that country, where the fish are supposed to be very large: In the river Namsen, Sir Hyde Parker in 1836 killed in one day 10 salmon weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. This is considered the best of the Norwegian rivers, both for number and size of fish. The Alten—Mr. Brettle in 1838 killed in fifteen days 194 fish; average, 15 pounds; largest fish, 40 pounds. Sir Charles Blois, the most successful angler, in the season of 1843 killed in the Alten 368 fish; average, 15 pounds: largest fish, 50 pounds. The Steenkjaw—one rod killed in twenty days 80 salmon; average, 14 pounds. The Mandall—one rod killed 35 fish in one day. The Nid—two rods killed in one day 19 fish; largest fish, 38 pounds.

The following records are from Canadian rivers prior to 1871: Moisie—two rods in twenty-five days, 318 fish; average 15¼ pounds; three largest, 29, 29 and 32 pounds. Godbout—three rods in forty days, 194 fish; average, 11⅛ pounds; three largest, 18, 19 and 20 pounds. St. John—two rods in twenty-two days, 199 fish; average, 10 pounds. Nipisiquit—two rods, 76 fish; average, 9½ pounds. Mingan — three rods in thirty-two days, 218 fish; average, 10⅓ pounds. Restigouche, 1872—three rods in ten days, 85 fish; average, 16½ pounds; three largest, 30, 30 and 33 pounds.

The greatest kill of salmon ever recorded was that of Allan Gilmour, Esq., of Ottawa, who killed in the Godbout in 1867, in one day, 46 salmon, averaging 11½ pounds, or one fish about every fifteen minutes.

The largest salmon taken with the fly in an American river have been out of the Grand Cascapediac, on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur. In 1871, by the government report, there were 44 salmon killed with the fly—two of 40 pounds, one of 38, and four others of over 30 pounds; average weight, 23 pounds. In the same river in 1872, Mr. John Medden of Toronto, with three other rods, killed 2 fish of 45 pounds, 4 of between 40 and 45, 5 of between 35 and 40 pounds, 7 of between 30 and 35 pounds, 15 of between 25 and 30 pounds, 16 of between 20 and 25, besides smaller ones not enumerated.

From these data it would seem that the average size of the Canadian salmon is as great as those of Norway, and very nearly equal to those of the Scottish rivers; while the number of fish taken in a day in the Canadian rivers, particularly in those on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, surpasses the best catch of either the Scottish or Norwegian rivers.

S. C. CLARKE.

# A PRINCESS OF THULE.

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

## CHAPTER VI.

### AT BARVAS BRIDGE.

VERY soon, indeed, Ingram began to see that his friend had spoken to him quite frankly, and that he was really bent on asking Sheila to become his wife. Ingram contemplated this prospect with some dismay, and with some vague consciousness that he was himself responsible for what he could not help regarding as a disaster. He had half expected that Frank Lavender would, in his ordinary fashion, fall in love with Sheila—for about a fortnight. He had joked him about it even before they came within sight of Sheila's home. He had listened with a grim humor to Lavender's outbursts of admiration, and only asked himself how many times he had heard the same phrases before. But now things were looking more serious, for the young man had thrown himself into the prosecution of his new project with all the generous poetic enthusiasm of a highly impulsive nature. Ingram saw that everything a young man could do to win the heart of a young girl Lavender would do; and Nature had dowered him richly with various means of fascination. Most dangerous of all of these was a gift of sincerity that deceived himself. He could assume an opinion or express an emotion at will, with such a genuine fervor that he himself forgot how recently he had acquired it, and was able to convince his companion for the moment that it was a revelation of his inmost soul. It was this charm of impetuous sincerity which had fascinated Ingram himself years before, and made him cultivate the acquaintance of a young man whom he at first regarded as a somewhat facile, talkative and histrionic person. Ingram perceived, for example, that young Lavender had so little regard for public affairs that he would have been quite content to see our Indian empire go for the sake of eliciting a sarcasm from Lord Westbury; but at the same time, if you had appealed to his nobler instincts, and placed before him the condition of a certain populace suffering from starvation, he would have done all in his power to aid them: he would have written letters to the newspapers, would have headed subscriptions, and would have ended by believing that he had been the constant friend of the people of India throughout his life, and was bound to stick to them to the end of it.

As often as not he borrowed his fancies and opinions from Edward Ingram himself, who was amused and gratified at the same time to find his humdrum notions receive a dozen new lights and colors when transferred to the warmer atmosphere of his friend's imagination. Ingram would even consent to receive from his younger companion advice, impetuously urged and richly illustrated, which he had himself offered in simpler terms months before. At this very moment he could see that much of Lavender's romantic conceptions of Sheila's character was only an exaggeration of some passing hints he, Ingram, had dropped as the Clansman was steaming into Stornoway. But then they were ever so much more beautiful. Ingram held to his conviction that he himself was a distinctly commonplace person. He had grown reconciled to the ordinary grooves of life. But young Lavender was not commonplace: he fancied he could see in him an occasional flash of something that looked like genius; and many and many a time, in regarding the brilliant and facile powers, the generous impulses and the occasional ambitions of his companion, he wondered whether these would ever lead to anything in the way of production, or even of consolidation of character, or whether they would merely remain the passing sensations of an indifferent idler. Sometimes, indeed, he devoutly wished that Lavender had been born a stonemason.

But all these pleasant and graceful qualities, which had made the young man an agreeable companion, were a serious danger now; for was it not but too probable that Sheila, accustomed to the rude and homely ways of the islanders, would be attracted and pleased and fascinated by one who had about him so much of a soft and southern brightness with which she was wholly unfamiliar? This open-hearted frankness of his placed all his best qualities in the sunshine, as it were: she could not fail to see the singular modesty and courtesy of his bearing toward women, his gentle manners, his light-heartedness, his passionate admiration of the self-sacrifice of others, and his sympathy with their sufferings. Ingram would not have minded much if Lavender alone had been concerned in the dilemma now growing imminent: he would have left him to flounder out of it as he had got out of previous ones. But he had been surprised and pained, and even frightened, to detect in Sheila's manner some faint indications—so faint that he was doubtful what construction to put on them—of a special interest in the young stranger whom he had brought with him to Borva.

What could he do in the matter, supposing his suspicions were correct? Caution Sheila?—it would be an insult. Warn Mackenzie?—the King of Borva would fly into a passion with everybody concerned, and bring endless humiliation on his daughter, who had probably never dreamed of regarding Lavender except as a chance acquaintance. Insist upon Lavender going south at once?—that would merely goad the young man into obstinacy. Ingram found himself in a grievous difficulty, afraid to say how much of it was of his own creation. He had no selfish sentiments of his own to consult: if it were to become evident that the happiness of Sheila and of his friend depended on their marrying each other, he was ready to forward such a project with all the influence at his command. But there were a hundred reasons why he should dread such a marriage. He had already mentioned several of them to Lavender in trying to dissuade the young man from his purpose. A few days had passed since then, and it was clear that Lavender had abandoned all notion of fulfilling those resolutions he had vaguely formed. But the more Ingram thought over the matter, and the further he recalled all the ancient proverbs and stories about the fate of intermeddlers, the more evident it became to him that he could take no immediate action in the affair. He would trust to the chapter of accidents to save Sheila from what he considered a disastrous fate. Perhaps Lavender would repent. Perhaps Mackenzie, continually on the watch for small secrets, would discover something, and bid his daughter stay in Borva while his guests proceeded on their tour through Lewis. In any case, it was not at all certain that Lavender would be successful in his suit. Was the heart of a proud-spirited, intelligent and busily-occupied girl to be won in a matter of three weeks or a month? Lavender would go south, and no more would be heard of it.

This tour round the island of Lewis, however, was not likely to favor much any such easy escape from the difficulty. On a certain morning the larger of Mr. Mackenzie's boats carried the holiday party away from Borva; and even at this early stage, as they sat at the stern of the heavy craft, Lavender had arrogated to himself the exclusive right of waiting upon Sheila. He had constituted himself her companion in all their excursions about Borva which they had undertaken, and now, on this longer journey, they were to be once more thrown together. It did seem a little hard that Ingram should be relegated to Mackenzie and his theories of government; but did he not profess to prefer that? Like most men who have got beyond five-and-thirty, he was rather proud of considering himself an observer of life. He stood aside as a spectator, and let other people, engaged in all manner of eager pursuits, pass before him for review. Toward young folks, indeed, he assumed a good-naturedly paternal air, as if they were but as shy-faced children to be humored. Were not their love-affairs a pretty spectacle? As for himself, he was far beyond all that. The illusions of love-making, the devotion and ambition and dreams of courtship, were no longer possible to him, but did they not constitute on the whole a beautiful and charming study, that had about it at times some little touches of pathos? At odd moments, when he saw Sheila and Lavender walking together in the evening, he was himself half inclined to wish that something might come of the young man's determination. It would be so pleasant to play the part of a friendly counselor, to humor the follies of the young folks, to make jokes at their expense, and then, in the midst of their embarrassment and resentment, to go forward and pet them a little, and assure them of a real and earnest sympathy.

"Your time is to come," Lavender said to him suddenly after he had been exhibiting some of his paternal forbearance and consideration: "you will get a dreadful twist some day, my boy. You have been doing nothing but dreaming about women, but some day or other you will wake up to find yourself captured and fascinated beyond anything you have ever seen in other people, and then you will discover what a desperately real thing it is."

Ingram had a misty impression that he had heard something like this before. Had he not given Lavender some warning of the same kind? But he was so much accustomed to hear those vague repetitions of his own remarks, and was, on the whole, so well pleased to think that his commonplace notions should take root and flourish in this goodly soil, that he never thought of asking Lavender to quote his authority for those profound observations on men and things.

"Now, Miss Mackenzie," said the young man as the big boat was drawing near to Callernish, "what is to be our first sketch in Lewis?"

"The Callernish Stones, of course," said Mackenzie himself: "it iss more than one hass come to the Lewis to see the Callernish Stones."

Lavender had promised to the King of Borva a series of water-color drawings of Lewis, and Sheila was to choose the subjects from day to day. Mackenzie was gratified by this proposal, and accepted it with much magnanimity; but Sheila knew that before the offer was made Lavender had come to her and asked her if she cared about sketches, and whether he might be allowed to take a few on this journey and present them to her. She was very grateful, but suggested that it might please her papa if they were given to him. Would she superintend them, then, and choose the topics for illustration? Yes, she would do that; and so the young man was furnished with a roving commission.

He brought her a little sepia sketch of Borvabost, its huts, its bay, and its upturned boats on the beach. Sheila's expressions of praise, the admiration and pleasure that shone in her eyes, would have turned any young man's head. But her papa looked at the picture with a critical eye, and remarked, "Oh yes, it is ferry good, but it is not the color of Loch Roag at all. It is the color of a river when there is a flood of rain. I have neffer at all seen Loch Roag a brown color—neffer at all."

It was clear, then, that the subsequent sketches could not be taken in sepia, and so Lavender proposed to make a series of pencil-drawings, which could be washed in with color afterward. There was one subject, indeed, which since his arrival in Lewis he had tried to fix on paper by every conceivable means in his power, and that was Sheila herself. He had spoiled innumerable sheets of paper in trying to get some likeness of her which would satisfy himself, but all his usual skill seemed somehow to have gone from him. He could not understand it. In ordinary circumstances he could have traced in a dozen lines a portrait that would at least have shown a superficial likeness: he could have multiplied portraits by the dozen of old Mackenzie or Ingram or Duncan, but here he seemed to fail utterly. He invited no criticism, certainly. These efforts were made in his own room, and he asked no one's opinion as to the likeness. He could, indeed, certify to himself that the drawing of the features was correct enough. There was the sweet and placid forehead with its low masses of dark hair; there the short upper lip, the finely-carved mouth, the beautifully-rounded chin and throat; and there the frank, clear, proud eyes, with their long lashes and highly-curved eyebrows. Sometimes, too, a touch of color added warmth to the complexion, put a glimmer of the blue sea beneath the long black eyelashes, and drew a thread of scarlet round the white neck. But was this Sheila? Could he take this sheet of paper to his friends in London and say, Here is the magical princess whom I hope to bring to you from the North, with all the glamour of the sea around her? He felt instinctively that there would be an awkward pause. The people would praise the handsome, frank, courageous head, and look upon the bit of red ribbon round the neck as an effective artistic touch. They would hand him back the paper with a compliment, and he would find himself in an agony of unrest because they had misunderstood the portrait, and seen nothing of the wonder that encompassed this Highland girl as if with a garment of mystery and dreams.

So he tore up portrait after portrait—more than one of which would have startled Ingram by its truth—and then, to prove to himself that he was not growing mad, he resolved to try a portrait of some other person. He drew a head of old Mackenzie in chalk, and was amazed at the rapidity and facility with which he executed the task. Then there could be no doubt as to the success of the likeness nor as to the effect of the picture. The King of Borva, with his heavy eyebrows, his aquiline nose, his keen gray eyes and flowing beard, offered a fine subject; and there was something really royal and massive and noble in the head that Lavender, well satisfied with his work, took down stairs one evening. Sheila was alone in the drawing-room, turning over some music.

"Miss Mackenzie," he said rather kindly, "would you look at this?"

Sheila turned round, and the sudden light of pleasure that leapt to her face was all the praise and all the assurance he wanted. But he had more than that. The girl was grateful to him beyond all the words she could utter; and when he asked her if she would accept the picture, she thanked him by taking his hand for a moment, and then she left the room to call in Ingram and her father. All the evening there was a singular look of happiness on her face. When she met Lavender's eyes with hers there was a frank and friendly look of gratitude ready to reward him. When had he earned so much before by a simple sketch? Many and many a portrait, carefully executed and elaborately framed, had he presented to his lady friends in London, to receive from them a pretty note and a few words of thanks when next he called. Here with a rough chalk sketch he had awakened an amount of gratitude that almost surprised him in the most beautiful and tender soul in the world; and had not this princess among women taken his hand for a moment as a childlike way of expressing her thanks, while her eyes spoke more than her lips? And the more he looked at those eyes, the more he grew to despair of ever being able to put down the magic of them in lines and colors.

At length Duncan got the boat into the small creek at Callernish, and the party got out on the shore. As they were going up the steep path leading to the plain above a young girl met them, who looked at them in rather a strange way. She had a fair, pretty, wondering face, with singularly high eyebrows and clear, light-blue eyes.

"How are you, Eily?" said Mackenzie as he passed on with Ingram.

But Sheila, on making the same inquiry, shook hands with the girl, who smiled in a confidential way, and, coming quite close, nodded and pointed down to the water's edge.

"Have you seen them to-day, Eily?" said Sheila, still holding the girl by the hands, and looking at the fair, pretty, strange face.

"It wass sa day before yesterday," she answered in a whisper, while a pleased smile appeared on her face, "and sey will be here sa night."

"Good-bye, Eily: take care you don't stay out at night and catch cold, you know," said Sheila; and then, with another little nod and a smile, the young girl went down the path.

"It is Eily-of-the-Ghosts, as they call her," said Sheila to Lavender as they went on: "the poor thing fancies she sees little people about the rocks, and watches for them. But she is very good and quiet, and she is not afraid of them, and she does no harm to any one. She does not belong to the Lewis—I think she is from Islay—but she sometimes comes to pay us a visit at Borva, and my papa is very kind to her."

"Mr. Ingram does not appear to know her: I thought he was acquainted with every one in the island," said Lavender.

"She was not here when he has been in the Lewis before," said Sheila; "but Eily does not like to speak to strangers, and I do not think you could get her to speak to you if you tried."

Lavender had paid but little attention to the "false men" of Callernish when first he saw them, but now he approached the long lines of big stones up on this lonely plateau with a new interest; for Sheila had talked to him about them many a time in Borva, and had asked his opinion about their origin and their age. Was the central circle of stones an altar, with the other series marking the approaches to it? Or was it the grave of some great chieftain, with the remaining stones indicating the graves of his relations and friends? Or was it the commemoration of some battle in olden times, or the record of astronomical or geometrical discoveries, or a temple once devoted to serpent-worship, or what? Lavender, who knew absolutely nothing at all about the matter, was probably as well qualified as anybody else to answer these questions, but he forbore. The interest, however, that Sheila showed in such things he very rapidly acquired. When he came to see the rows of stones a second time he was much impressed by their position on this bit of hill overlooking the sea. He sat down on his camp-stool with the determination that, although he could not satisfy Sheila's wistful questions, he would present her with some little sketch of these monuments and their surroundings which might catch up something of the mysterious loneliness of the scene.

He would not, of course, have the picture as it then presented itself. The sun was glowing on the grass around him, and lighting up the tall gray pillars of stone with a cheerful radiance. Over there the waters of Loch Roag were bright and blue, and beyond the lake the undulations of moorland were green and beautiful, and the mountains in the south grown pale as silver in the heat. Here was a pretty young lady, in a rough blue traveling-dress and a hat and feather, who was engaged in picking up wild-flowers from the warm heath. There was a gentleman from the office of the Board of Trade, who was sitting on the grass, nursing his knees and whistling. From time to time the chief figure in the foreground was an elderly gentleman, who evidently expected that he was going to be put into the picture, and who was occasionally dropping a cautious hint that he did not always wear this rough-and-ready sailor's costume. Mackenzie was also most anxious to point out to the artist the names of the hills and districts lying to the south of Loch Roag, apparently with the hope that the sketch would have a certain topographical interest for future visitors.

No: Lavender was content at that moment to take down the outlines of the great stones and the configuration of lake and hill beyond, but by and by he would give another sort of atmosphere to this wild scene. He would have rain and darkness spread over the island, with the low hills in the south grown desolate and remote, and the waters of the sea covered with gloom. No human figure should be visible on this remote plain, where these strange memorials had stood for centuries, exposed to western gales and the stillness of the winter nights and the awful silence of the stars. Would not Sheila, at least, understand the bleakness and desolation of the picture? Of course her father would like to have everything blue and green. He seemed a little disappointed when it was clear that no distant glimpse of Borva could be introduced into the sketch. But Sheila's imagination would be captured by this sombre picture, and perhaps by and by in some other land, amid fairer scenes and in a more generous climate, she might be less inclined to hunger for the dark and melancholy North when she looked on this record of its gloom and its sadness.

"Iss he going to put any people in the pictures?" said Mackenzie in a confidential whisper to Ingram.

Ingram got up from the grass, and said with a yawn, "I don't know. If he does, it will be afterward. Suppose we go along to the wagonette and see if Duncan has brought everything up from the boat?"

The old man seemed rather unwilling to be cut out of this particular sketch, but he went nevertheless; and Sheila, seeing the young man left alone, and thinking that not quite fair, went over to him and asked if she might be permitted to see as much as he had done.

Lavender shut up the book.

"No," he said with a laugh, "you shall see it to-night. I have sufficient memoranda to work something out of by and by. Shall we have another look at the circle up there?"

He folded up and shouldered his camp-stool, and they walked up to the point at which the lines of the "mourners" converged. Perhaps he was moved by a great antiquarian curiosity: at all events, he showed a singular interest in the monuments, and talked to his companion about all the possible theories connected with such stones in a fashion that charmed her greatly. She was easily persuaded that the Callernish "Fir-Bhreige" were the most interesting relics in the world. He had seen Stonehenge, but Stonehenge was too scattered to be impressive. There was more mystery about the means by which the inhabitants of a small island could have hewn and carved and erected these blocks: there was, moreover, the mystery about the vanished population itself. Yes, he had been to Carnac also. He had driven down from Auray in a rumbling old trap, his coachman being unable to talk French. He had seen the half-cultivated plain on which there were rows and rows of small stones, scarcely to be distinguished from the stone walls of the adjoining farms. What was there impressive about such a sight when you went into a house and paid a franc to be shown the gold ornaments picked up about the place? Here, however, was a perfect series of those strange memorials, with the long lanes leading up to a circle, and the tallest of all the stones placed on the western side of the circle, perhaps as the headstone of the buried chief. Look at the position, too—the silent hill, the waters of the sea-loch around it, and beyond that the desolation of miles of untenanted moorland. Sheila looked pleased that her companion, after coming so far, should have found something worth looking at in the Lewis.

"Does it not seem strange," he said suddenly, "to think of young folks of the present day picking up wild-flowers from among these old stones?" He was looking at a tiny bouquet which she had gathered.

"Will you take them?" she said, quite simply and naturally offering him the flowers. "They may remind you some time of Callernish."

He took the flowers, and regarded them for a moment in silence, and then he said gently, "I do not think I shall want these to remind me of Callernish. I shall never forget our being here."

At this moment, perhaps fortunately, Duncan appeared, and came along toward the young people with a basket in his hand.

"It wass Mr. Mackenzie will ask if ye will tek a glass o' whisky, sir, and a bit o' bread and cheese. And he wass sayin' there wass no hurry at all, and he will wait for you for two hours or half an hour whatever."

"All right, Duncan: go back and tell him I have finished, and we shall be there directly. No, thank you, don't take out the whisky—unless, Miss Mackenzie," added the young man with a smile, "Duncan can persuade you."

Duncan looked with amazement at the man who dared to joke about Miss Sheila taking whisky, and without waiting for any further commands indignantly shut the lid of the basket and walked off.

"I wonder, Miss Mackenzie," said Lavender as they went along the path and down the hill—"I wonder what you would say if I happened to call you Sheila by mistake?"

"I should be glad if you did that. Every one calls me Sheila," said the girl quietly enough.

"You would not be vexed?" he said, regarding her with a little surprise.

"No: why should I be vexed?" she answered; and she happened to look up, and he saw what a clear light of sincerity there was shining in her eyes.

"May I then call you Sheila?"

"Yes."

"But—but—" he said, with a timidity and embarrassment of which she showed no trace whatever—"but people might think it strange, you know; and yet I should greatly like to call you Sheila; only, not before other people perhaps."

"But why not?" she said with her eyebrows just raised a little. "Why should you wish to call me Sheila at one time and not at the other? It is no difference whatever, and every one calls me Sheila."

Lavender was a little disappointed. He had hoped, when she consented in so friendly a manner to his calling her by any name he chose, that he could have established this little arrangement, which would have had about it something of the nature of a personal confidence. Sheila would evidently have none of that. Was it that she was really so simple and frank in her ways that she did not understand why there should be such a difference, and what it might imply, or was she well aware of everything he had been wishing, and able to assume this air of simplicity and ignorance with a perfect grace? Ingram, he reflected, would have said at once that to suspect Sheila of such duplicity was to insult her; but then Ingram was perhaps himself a trifle too easily imposed on, and he had notions about women, despite all his philosophical reading and such like, that a little more mingling in society might have caused him to alter. Frank Lavender confessed to himself that Sheila was either a miracle of ingenuousness or a thorough mistress of the art of assuming it. On the one hand, he considered it almost impossible for a woman to be so disingenuous; on the other hand, how could this girl have taught herself, in the solitude of a savage island, a species of histrionicism which women in London circles strove for years to acquire, and rarely acquired in any perfection? At all events, he said to himself, while he reserved his opinion on this point, he was not going to call Sheila Sheila before folks who would know what that meant. Mr. Mackenzie was evidently a most irascible old gentleman. Goodness only knew what sort of law prevailed in these wild parts; and to be seized at midnight by a couple of brawny fishermen, to be carried down to a projecting ledge of rock—! Had not Ingram already hinted that Mackenzie would straightway throw into Loch Roag the man who should offer to carry away Sheila from him?

But how could these doubts of Sheila's sincerity last? He sat opposite her in the wagonette, and the perfect truth of her face, of her frank eyes and of her ready smile met him at every moment, whether he talked to her or to Ingram, or listened to old Mackenzie, who turned from time to time from the driving of the horses to inform the stranger of what he saw around him. It was the most brilliant of mornings. The sun burned on the white road, on the green moorland, on the gray-lichened rocks with their crimson patches of heather. As they drove by the curious convolutions of this rugged coast, the sea that lay beyond these recurring bays and points was of a windy green, with here and there a streak of white, and the fresh breeze blowing across to them tempered the fierce heat of the sun. How cool, too, were those little fresh-water lakes they passed, the clear blue and white of them stirred into wavelets that moved the reeds and left air-bubbles about the half-submerged stones! Were not those wild-geese over there, flapping in the water with their huge wings and taking no notice of the passing strangers? Lavender had never seen this lonely coast in times of gloom, with those little lakes become sombre pools, and the outline of the rocks beyond lost in the driving mist of the sea and the rain. It was altogether a bright and beautiful world he had got into, and there was in it but one woman, beautiful beyond his dreams. To doubt her was to doubt all women. When he looked at her he forgot the caution and distrust and sardonic self-complacency his southern training had given him. He believed, and the world seemed to be filled with a new light.

"That is Loch-na-Muil'ne," Mackenzie was saying, "and it iss the Loch of the Mill; and over there that is Loch-a-Bhaile, and that iss the Loch of the Town; but where iss the loch and the town now? It wass many hundreds of years before there will be numbers of people in this place; and you will come to Dun Charlobhaidh, which is a great castle, by and by. And what wass it will drive away the people, and leave the land to the moss, but that there wass no one to look after them? 'When the natives will leave Islay, farewell to the peace of Scotland.' That iss a good proverb. And if they have no one to mind them, they will go away altogether. And there is no people more obedient than the people of the Highlands—not anywhere; for you know that we say, 'Is it the truth, as if you were speaking before kings?' And now there is the castle, and there wass many people living here when they could build that."

It was, in truth, one of those circular forts the date of which has given rise to endless conjecture and discussion. Perched up on a hill, it overlooked a number of deep and narrow valleys that ran landward, while the other side of the hill sloped down to the sea-shore. It was a striking object, this tumbling mass of dark stones standing high over the green hollows and over the light plain of the sea. Was there not here material for another sketch for Sheila? While Lavender had gone away over the heights and hollows to choose his point of view a rough and ready luncheon had been spread out in the wagonette, and when he returned, perspiring and considerably blown, he found old Mackenzie measuring out equal portions of peat-water and whisky, Duncan flicking the enormous "clegs" from off the horses' necks, Ingram trying to persuade Sheila to have some sherry out of a flask he carried, and everybody in very good spirits over such an exciting event as a roadside luncheon on a summer forenoon.

The King of Borva had by this time become excellent friends with the young stranger who had ventured into his dominions. When the old gentleman had sufficiently impressed on everybody that he had observed all necessary precaution in studying the character and inquiring into the antecedents of Lavender, he could not help confessing to a sense of lightness and vivacity that the young man seemed to bring with him and shed around him. Nor was this matter of the sketches the only thing that had particularly recommended Lavender to the old man. Mackenzie had a most distinct dislike to Gaelic songs. He could not bear the monotonous melancholy of them. When Sheila, sitting by herself, would sing these strange old ballads of an evening, he would suddenly enter the room, probably find her eyes filled with tears, and then he would in his inmost heart devote the whole of Gaelic minstrelsy and all its authors to the infernal gods. Why should people be for ever saddening themselves with the stories of other folks' misfortunes? It was bad enough for those poor people, but they had borne their sorrows and died, and were at peace. Surely it was better that we should have songs about ourselves—drinking or fighting, if you like—to keep up the spirits, to lighten the serious cares of life, and drown for a while the responsibility of looking after a whole population of poor, half-ignorant, unphilosophical creatures.

"Look, now," he would say, speaking of his own tongue, "look at this teffle of a language! It has no present tense to its verbs: the people they are always looking forward to a melancholy future or looking back to a melancholy past. In the name of Kott, hef we not got ourselves to live? This day we live in is better than any day that wass before or iss to come, bekass it is here and we are alive. And I will hef no more of these songs about crying, and crying, and crying!"

Now Sheila and Lavender, in their mutual musical confidences, had at an early period discovered that each of them knew something of the older English duets, and forthwith they tried a few of them, to Mackenzie's extreme delight. Here, at last, was a sort of music he could understand—none of your moanings of widows and cries of luckless girls to the sea, but good common-sense songs, in which the lads kissed the lasses with a will, and had a good drink afterward, and a dance on the green on their homeward way. There was fun in those happy May-fields, and good health and briskness in the ale-house choruses, and throughout them all a prevailing cheerfulness and contentment with the conditions of life certain to recommend itself to the contemplative mind. Mackenzie never tired of hearing those simple ditties. He grew confidential with the young man, and told him that those fine, common-sense songs recalled pleasant scenes to him. He himself knew something of English village life. When he had been up to see the Great Exhibition he had gone to visit a friend living in Brighton, and he had surveyed the country with an observant eye. He had remarked several village-greens, with the May-poles standing here and there in front of the cottages, emblazoned with beautiful banners. He had, it is true, fancied that the May-pole should be in the centre of the green; but the manner in which the waves of population swept here and there, swallowing up open spaces and so forth, would account to a philosophical person for the fact that the May-poles were now close to the village-shops.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," hummed the King of Borva to himself as he sent the two little horses along the coast-road on this warm summer day. He had heard the song for the first time on the previous evening. He had no voice to speak of; he had missed the air, and these were all the words he remembered; but it was a notable compliment all the same to the young man who had brought these pleasant tunes to the island. And so they drove on through the keen salt air, with the sea shining beside them and the sky shining over them; and in the afternoon they arrived at the small, remote and solitary inn of Barvas, placed near the confluence of several rivers that flow through Loch Barvas (or Barabhas) to the sea. Here they proposed to stop the night, so that Lavender, when his room had been assigned to him, begged to be left alone for an hour or two, that he might throw a little color into his sketch of Callernish. What was there to see at Barvas? Why, nothing but the channels of the brown streams, some pasture-land and a few huts, then the unfrequented lake, and beyond that some ridges of white sand standing over the shingly beach of the sea. He would join them at dinner. Mackenzie protested in a mild way: he really wanted to see how the island was to be illustrated by the stranger. There was a greater protest, mingled with compassion and regret, in Sheila's eyes; but the young man was firm. So they let him have his way, and gave him full possession of the common sitting-room, while they set off to visit the school and the Free-Church manse and what not in the neighborhood.

Mackenzie had ordered dinner at eight, to show that he was familiar with the ways of civilized life; and when they returned at that hour Lavender had two sketches finished.

"Yes, they are very good," said Ingram, who was seldom enthusiastic about his friend's work.

But old Mackenzie was so vastly pleased with the picture, which represented his native place in the brightest of sunshine and colors, that he forgot to assume a critical air. He said nothing against the rainy and desolate version of the scene that had been given to Sheila: it was good enough to please the child. But here was something brilliant, effective, cheerful; and he alarmed Lavender not a little by proposing to get one of the natives to carry this treasure, then and there, back to Borvabost. Both sketches were ultimately returned to his book, and then Sheila helped him to remove his artistic apparatus from the table on which their plain and homely meal was to be placed. As she was about to follow her father and Ingram, who had left the room, she paused for a moment and said to Lavender, with a look of frank gratitude in her eyes, "It is very good of you to have pleased my papa so much. I know when he is pleased, though he does not speak of it; and it is not often he will be so much pleased."

"And you, Sheila?" said the young man, unconscious of the familiarity he was using, and only remembering that she had scarcely thanked him for the other sketch.

"Well, there is nothing that will please me so much as to see him pleased," she said with a smile.

He was about to open the door for her, but he kept his hand on the handle, and said, earnestly enough, "But that is such a small matter—an hour's work. If you only knew how gladly I would live all my life here if only I could do you some greater service—"

She looked a little surprised, and then for one brief second reflected. English was not wholly familiar to her: perhaps she had failed to catch what he really meant. But at all events she said gravely and simply, "You would soon tire of living here: it is not always a holiday." And then, without lifting her eyes to his face, she turned to the door, and he opened it for her and she was gone.

It was about ten o'clock when they went outside for their evening stroll, and all the world had grown enchanted since they had seen it in the colors of the sunset. There was no night, but a strange clearness over the sky and the earth, and down in the south the moon was rising over the Barvas hills. In the dark green meadows the cattle were still grazing. Voices of children could be heard in the far distance, with the rumble of a cart coming through the silence, and the murmur of the streams flowing down to the loch. The loch itself lay like a line of dusky yellow in a darkened hollow near the sea, having caught on its surface the pale glow of the northern heavens, where the sun had gone down hours before. The air was warm and yet fresh with the odors of the Atlantic, and there was a scent of Dutch clover coming across from the sandy pastures nearer the coast. The huts of the small hamlet could but faintly be made out beyond the dark and low-lying pastures, but a long, pale line of blue smoke lay in the motionless air, and the voices of the children told of open doors. Night after night this same picture, with slight variations of position, had been placed before the stranger who had come to view these solitudes, and night after night it seemed to him to grow more beautiful. He could put down on paper the outlines of an every-day landscape, and give them a dash of brilliant color to look well on a wall; but how to carry away, except in the memory, any impression of the strange lambent darkness, the tender hues, the loneliness and the pathos of those northern twilights?

They walked down by the side of one of the streams toward the sea. But Sheila was not his companion on this occasion. Her father had laid hold of him, and was expounding to him the rights of capitalists and various other matters. But by and by Lavender drew his companion on to talk of Sheila's mother; and here, at least, Mackenzie was neither tedious nor ridiculous nor unnecessarily garrulous. It was with a strange interest the young man heard the elderly man talk of his courtship, his marriage, the character of his wife, and her goodness and beauty. Was it not like looking at a former Sheila ? and would not this Sheila now walking before him go through the same tender experiences, and be admired and loved and petted by everybody as this other girl had been, who brought with her the charm of winning ways and a gentle nature into these rude wilds ? It was the first time he had heard Mackenzie speak of his wife, and it turned out to be the last; but from that moment the older man had something of dignity in the eyes of this younger man, who had merely judged of him by his little foibles and eccentricities, and would have been ready to dismiss him contemptuously as a buffoon. There was something, then, behind that powerful face, with its deep-cut lines, its heavy eyebrows and piercing and sometimes sad eyes, besides a mere liking for tricks of childish diplomacy ? Lavender began to have some respect for Sheila's father, and made a resolution to guard against the impertinence of humoring him too ostentatiously.

Was it not hard, though, that Ingram, who was so cold and unimpressionable, who smiled at the notion of marrying, and who was probably enjoying his pipe quite as much as Sheila's familiar talk, should have the girl all to himself on this witching night ? They reached the shores of the Atlantic. There was not a breath of wind coming in from the sea, but the air seemed even sweeter and cooler as they sat down on the great bank of shingle. Here and there birds were calling, and Sheila could distinguish each one of them. As the moon rose a faint golden light began to tremble here and there on the waves, as if some subterranean caverns were lit up and sending to the surface faint and fitful rays of their splendor. Farther along the coast the tall banks of white sand grew white in the twilight, and the outlines of the dark pasture-land behind grew more distinct.

But when they rose to go back to Barvas the moonlight had grown full and clear, and the long and narrow loch had a pathway of gold across, stretching from the reeds and sedges of the one side to the reeds and sedges of the other. And now Ingram had gone on to join Mackenzie, and Sheila walked behind with Lavender, and her face was pale and beautiful in the moonlight.

"I shall be very sorry when I have to leave Lewis," he said as they walked along the path leading through the sand and the clover; and there could be no doubt that he felt the regret expressed in the words.

"But it is no use to speak of leaving us yet," said Sheila cheerfully: "it is a long time before you will go away from the Lewis."

"And I fancy I shall always think of the island just as it is now — with the moonlight over there, and a loch near, and you walking through the stillness. We have had so many evening walks like this."

"You will make us very vain of our island," said the girl with a smile, "if you will speak like that always to us. Is there no moonlight in England ? I have pictures of English scenery that will be far more beautiful than any we have here; and if there is the moon here, it will be there too. Think of the pictures of the river Thames that my papa showed you last night—"

"Oh, but there is nothing like this in the South," said the young man impetuously. "I do not believe there is in the world anything so beautiful as this. Sheila, what would you say if I resolved to come and live here always ?"

"I should like that very much—more than you would like it, perhaps," she said with a bright laugh.

"That would please you better than for you to go always and live in England, would it not ?"

"But that is impossible," she said. "My papa would never think of living in England."

For some time after he was silent. The two figures in front of them walked steadily on, an occasional roar of laughter from the deep chest of Mackenzie startling the night air, and telling of Ingram's being in a communicative mood. At last Lavender said, "It seems to me so great a pity that you should live in this remote place, and have so little amusement, and see so few people of tastes and education like your own. Your papa is so much occupied—he is so much older than you, too—that you must be left to yourself so much; whereas if you had a companion of your own age, who could have the right to talk frankly to you, and go about with you, and take care of you—"

By this time they had reached the little wooden bridge crossing the stream, and Mackenzie and Ingram had got to the inn, where they stood in front of the door in the moonlight. Before ascending the steps of the bridge, Lavender, without pausing in his speech, took Sheila's hand and said suddenly, "Now don't let me alarm you, Sheila, but suppose at some distant day—as far away as you please—I came and asked you to let me be your companion then and always, wouldn't you try?"

She looked up with a startled glance of fear in her eyes, and withdrew her hand from him.

"No, don't be frightened," he said quite gently. "I don't ask you for any promise. Sheila, you must know I love you—you must have seen it. Will you not let me come to you at some future time—a long way off—that you may tell me then? Won't you try to do that?"

There was more in the tone of his voice than in his words. The girl stood irresolute for a second or two, regarding him with a strange, wistful, earnest look; and then a great gentleness came into her eyes, and she put out her hand to him and said in a low voice, "Perhaps."

But there was something so grave and simple about her manner at this moment that he dared not somehow receive it as a lover receives the first admission of love from the lips of a maiden. There had been something of a strange inquiry in her face as she regarded him for a second or two; and now that her eyes were bent on the ground it seemed to him that she was trying to realize the full effect of the concession she had made. He would not let her think. He took her hand and raised it respectfully to his lips, and then he led her forward to the bridge. Not a word was spoken between them while they crossed the shining space of moonlight to the shadow of the house; and as they went indoors he caught but one glimpse of her eyes, and they were friendly and kind toward him, but evidently troubled. He saw her no more that night.

So he had asked Sheila to be his wife, and she had given him some timid encouragement as to the future. Many a time within these last few days had he sketched out an imaginative picture of the scene. He was familiar with the passionate rapture of lovers on the stage, in books and in pictures; and he had described himself (to himself) as intoxicated with joy, anxious to let the whole world know of his good fortune, and above all to confide the tidings of his happiness to his constant friend and companion. But now, as he sat in one corner of the room, he almost feared to be spoken to by the two men who sat at the table with steaming glasses before them. He dared not tell Ingram: he had no wish to tell him, even if he had got him alone. And as he sat there and recalled the incident that had just occurred by the side of the little bridge, he could not wholly understand its meaning. There had been none of the eagerness, the coyness, the tumult of joy he had expected: all he could remember clearly was the long look that the large, earnest, troubled eyes had fixed upon him, while the girl's face, grown pale in the moonlight, seemed somehow ghostlike and strange.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN INTERMEDDLER.

BUT in the morning all these idle fancies fled with the life and color and freshness of a new day. Loch Barvas was ruffled into a dark blue by the westerly wind, and doubtless the sea out there was rushing in, green and cold, to the shore. The sunlight was warm about the house. The trout were leaping in the shallow brown streams, and here and there a white butterfly fluttered across the damp meadows. Was not that Duncan down by the river, accompanied by Ingram? There was a glimmer of a rod in the sunshine: the two poachers were after trout for Sheila's breakfast.

Lavender dressed, went outside and looked about for the nearest way down to the stream. He wished to have a chance of saying a word to his friend before Sheila or her father should appear. And at last he thought he could do no better than go across to the bridge, and so make his way down the banks of the river.

What a fresh morning it was, with all sorts of sweet scents in the air! And here, sure enough, was a pretty picture in the early light—a young girl coming over the bridge carrying a load of green grass on her back. What would she say if he asked her to stop for a moment that he might sketch her pretty costume? Her head-dress was a scarlet handkerchief, tied behind: she wore a tight-fitting bodice of cream-white flannel and petticoats of gray flannel, while she had a waistbelt and pouch of brilliant blue. Did she know of these harmonies of color or of the picturesqueness of her appearance as she came across the bridge in the sunlight? As she drew near she stared at the stranger with the big, dumb eyes of a wild animal. There was no fear, only a sort of surprised observation in them. And as she passed she uttered, without a smile, some brief and laconic salutation in Gaelic, which of course the young man could not understand. He raised his cap, however, and said "Good-morning!" and went on, with a fixed resolve to learn all the Gaelic that Duncan could teach him.

Surely the tall keeper was in excellent spirits this morning. Long before he drew near Lavender could hear, in the stillness of the morning, that he was telling stories about John the Piper, and of his adventures in such distant parts as Portree and Oban, and even in Glasgow.

"And it wass Allan M'Gillivray of Styornoway," Duncan was saying as he industriously whipped the shallow runs of the stream, "will go to Glasgow with John; and they went through ta Crinan Canal. Wass you through ta Crinan Canal, sir?"

"Many a time."

"Ay, jist that. And I hef been told it iss like a river with ta sides o' a house to it; and what would Allan care for a thing like that, when he hass been to America more than twice or four times? And it wass when he fell into the canal, he was ferry nearly trooned for all that; and when they pulled him to ta shore he wass a ferry angry man. And this iss what John says that Allan will say when he wass on the side of the canal: 'Kott,' says he, 'if I wass trooned here, I would show my face in Styornoway no more!' But perhaps it iss not true, for he will tell many lies, does John the Piper, to hef a laugh at a man."

"The Crinan Canal is not to be despised, Duncan," said Ingram, who was sitting on the red sand of the bank, "when you are in it."

"And do you know what John says that Allan will say to him the first time they went ashore at Glasgow?"

"I am sure I don't."

"It wass many years ago, before that Allan will be going many times to America, and he will neffer hef seen such fine shops and ta big houses and hundreds and hundreds of people, every one with shoes on their feet. And he will say to John, 'John, ef I had known in time I should hef been born here.' But no one will believe it iss true, he is such a teffle of a liar, that John; and he will hef some stories about Mr. Mackenzie himself, as I hef been told, that he will tell when he goes to Styornoway. But John is a ferry cunning fellow, and will not tell any such stories in Borva."

"I suppose if he did, Duncan, you would dip him in Loch Roag?"

"Oh, there iss more than one," said Duncan with a grim twinkle in his eye—"there iss more than one that would hef a joke with him if he was to tell stories about Mr. Mackenzie."

Lavender had been standing listening, unknown to both. He now went forward and bade them good-morning, and then, having had a look at the trout that Duncan had caught, pulled Ingram up from the bank, put his arm in his and walked away with him.

"Ingram," he said suddenly, with a laugh and a shrug, "you know I always come to you when I'm in a fix."

"I suppose you do," said the other, "and you are always welcome to whatever help I can give you. But sometimes it seems to me you rush into fixes, with the sort of notion that I am responsible for getting you out."

"I can assure you nothing of the kind is the case. I could not be so ungrateful. However, in the mean time—that is—the fact is, I asked Sheila last night if she would marry me."

"The devil you did!"

Ingram dropped his companion's arm and stood looking at him.

"Well, I knew you would be angry," said the younger man in a tone of apology. "And I know I have been too precipitate, but I thought of the short time we should be remaining here, and of the difficulty of getting an explanation made at another time; and it was really only to give her a hint as to my own feelings that I spoke. I could not bear to wait any longer."

"Never mind about yourself," said Ingram somewhat curtly: "what did Sheila say?"

"Well, nothing definite. What could you expect a girl to say after so short an acquaintance? But this I can tell you, that the proposal is not altogether distasteful to her, and that I have her permission to speak of it at some future time, when we have known each other longer."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"You are quite sure?"

"Certain."

"There is no mistake about her silence, for example, that might have led you into misinterpreting her wishes altogether?"

"Nothing of the kind is possible. Of course I could not ask the girl for any promise, or anything of that sort. All I asked was, whether she would allow me at some future time to ask her more definitely; and I am so well satisfied with the reply that I am convinced I shall marry her."

"And is this the fix you wish me to help you out of?" said Ingram rather coldly.

"Now, Ingram," said the younger man in penitential tones, "don't cut up rough about it. You know what I mean. Perhaps I have been hasty and inconsiderate about it; but of one thing you may be sure, that Sheila will never have to complain of me if she marries me. You say I don't know her yet, but there will be plenty of time before we are married. I don't propose to carry her off to-morrow morning. Now, Ingram, you know what I mean about helping me in the fix—helping me with her father, you know, and with herself, for the matter of that. You can do anything with her, she has such a belief in you. You should hear how she talks of you—you never heard anything like it."

It was an innocent bit of flattery, and Ingram smiled good-naturedly at the boy's ingenuousness. After all, was he not more lovable and more sincere in this little bit of simple craft, used in the piteousness of his appeal, then when he was giving himself the airs of a man-about-town, and talking of women in a fashion which, to do him justice, expressed nothing of his real sentiments?

Ingram walked on, and said in his slow and deliberate way, "You know I opposed this project of yours from the first. I don't think you have acted fairly by Sheila or her father, or myself who brought you here. But if Sheila has been drawn into it, why, then, the whole affair is altered, and we've got to make the best of a bad business."

"I was sure you would say that," exclaimed the younger man with a brighter light appearing on his face. "You may call me all the hard names you like: I deserve them all, and more. But then, as you say, since Sheila is in it, you'll do your best, won't you?"

Frank Lavender could not make out

why the taciturn and sallow-faced man walking beside him seemed to be greatly amused by this speech, but he was in no humor to take offence. He knew that once Ingram had promised him his help he would not lack all the advocacy, the advice, and even the money — should that become necessary — that a warm-hearted and disinterested friend could offer. Many and many a time Ingram had helped him, and now he was to come to his assistance in the most serious crisis of his life. Ingram would remove Sheila's doubts. Ingram would persuade old Mackenzie that girls had to get married some time or other, and that Sheila ought to live in London. Ingram would be commissioned to break the news to Mrs. Lavender— But here, when the young man thought of the interview with his aunt which he would have to encounter, a cold shiver passed through his frame. He would not think of it. He would enjoy the present hour. Difficulties only grew the bigger the more they were looked at: when they were left to themselves they frequently disappeared. It was another proof of Ingram's kindliness that he had not even mentioned the old lady down in Kensington who was likely to have something to say about this marriage.

"There are a great many difficulties in the way," said Ingram thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Lavender with much eagerness, "but then, look! You may be sure that if we get over these, Sheila will know well who managed it, and she will not be ungrateful to you, I think. If we ever should be married, I am certain she will always look on you as her greatest friend."

"It is a big bribe," said the elder man, perhaps a trifle sadly; and Lavender looked at him with some vague return of a suspicion that some time or other Ingram must himself have been in love with Sheila.

They returned to the inn, where they found Mackenzie busy with a heap of letters and newspapers that had been sent across to him from Stornoway. The whole of the breakfast-table was littered with wrappers and big blue envelopes: where was Sheila, who usually waited on her father at such times to keep his affairs in order?

Sheila was outside, and Lavender saw her through the open window. Was she not waiting for him, that she should pace up and down by herself, with her face turned away from the house? He immediately went out and went over to her, and she turned to him as he approached. He fancied she looked a trifle pale, and far less bright and joyous than the ordinary Sheila.

"Mr. Lavender," she said, walking away from the house, "I wish very much to speak to you for a moment. Last night it was all a misfortune that I did not understand; and I wish you to forget that a word was ever spoken about that."

Her head was bent down, and her speech was low and broken: what she failed to explain in words her manner explained for her. But her companion said to her, with alarm and surprise in his tone, "Why, Sheila! You cannot be so cruel! Surely you need not fear any embarrassment through so slight a promise. It pledges you to nothing—it leaves you quite free; and some day, if I come and ask you then a question I have not asked you yet, that will be time enough to give me an answer."

"Oh no, no!" said the girl, obviously in great distress, "I cannot do that. It is unjust to you to let you think of it and hope about it. It was last night everything was strange to me—I did not understand then—but I have thought about it all the night through, and now I know."

"Sheila!" called her father from the inside of the inn, and she turned to go.

"But you do not ask that, do you?" he said. "You are only frightened a little bit just now, but that will go away. There is nothing to be frightened about. You have been thinking over it, and imagining impossible things: you have been thinking of leaving Borva altogether—"

"Oh, that I can never do!" she said with a pathetic earnestness.

"But why think of such a thing?" he said. "You need not look at all the possible troubles of life when you take such a simple step as this. Sheila, don't be hasty in any such resolve: you may be sure all the gloomy things you have been thinking of will disappear when we get close to them. And this is such a simple thing. I don't ask you to say you will be my wife—I have no right to ask you yet—but I have only asked permission of you to let me think of it; and even Mr. Ingram sees no great harm in that."

"Does *he* know?" she said with a start of surprise and fear.

"Yes," said Lavender, wishing he had bitten his tongue in two before he had uttered the word. "You know we have no secrets from each other; and to whom could I go for advice but to your oldest friend?"

"And what did he say?" she asked with a strange look in her eyes.

"Well, he sees a great many difficulties, but he thinks they will easily be got over."

"Then," she said, with her eyes again cast down and a certain sadness in her tone, "I must explain to him too, and tell him I had no understanding of what I said last night."

"Sheila, you won't do that!" urged the young man. "It means nothing—it pledges you to nothing."

"Sheila! Sheila!" cried her father cheerily from the window, "come in and let us hef our breakfast."

"Yes, papa," said the girl, and she went into the house, followed by her companion.

But how could she find an opportunity of making this explanation? Shortly after breakfast the wagonette was at the door of the little Barvas inn, and Sheila came out of the house and took her place in it with an unusual quietness of manner and hopelessness of look. Ingram, sitting opposite to her, and knowing nothing of what had taken place, fancied that this was but an expression of girlish timidity, and that it was his business to interest her and amuse her until she should forget the strangeness and newness of her position. Nay, as he had resolved to make the best of matters as they stood, and as he believed that Sheila had half confessed to a special liking for his friend from the South, what more fitting thing could he do than endeavor to place Lavender in the most favorable light in her eyes? He began to talk of all the brilliant and successful things the young man had done as fully as he could before himself. He contrived to introduce pretty anecdotes of Lavender's generosity; and there were plenty of these, for the young fellow had never a thought of consequences if he was touched by a tale of distress, and if he could help the sufferer either with his own or any one else's money. Ingram talked of all their excursions together, in Devonshire, in Brittany and elsewhere, to impress on Sheila how well he knew his friend and how long their intimacy had lasted. At first the girl was singularly reserved and silent, but somehow, as pleasant recollections were multiplied, and as Lavender seemed to have been always the associate and companion of this old friend of hers, some brighter expression came into her face and she grew more interested. Lavender, not knowing whether or not to take her decision of that morning as final, and not wholly perceiving the aim of this kindly chat on the part of his friend, began to see at least that Sheila was pleased to hear the two men help out each other's stories about their pedestrian excursions, and that she at last grew bold enough to look up and meet his eyes in a timid fashion when she asked him a question.

So they drove along by the side of the sea, the level and well-made road leading them through miles and miles of rough moorland, with here and there a few huts or a sheepfold to break the monotony of the undulating sky-line. Here and there, too, there were great cuttings of the peat-moss, with a thin line of water in the foot of the deep black trenches. Sometimes, again, they would escape altogether from any traces of human habitation, and Duncan would grow excited in pointing out to Miss Sheila the young grouse that had run off the road into the heather, where they stood and eyed the passing carriage with anything but a frightened air. And while Mackenzie hummed something resembling, but very vaguely resembling, "Love in thine eyes sits beaming," and while Ingram, in his quiet, desultory, and often sardonic fashion, amused the young girl with stories of her lover's bravery and kindness and dare-devil escapades, the merry trot of the horses beat time to the bells on their necks, the fresh west wind blew a cloud of white dust away over the moorland behind them, there was a blue sky shining all around them, and the blue Atlantic basking in the light.

They stopped for a few minutes at both the hamlets of Suainabost and Tabost to allow Sheila to pay a hurried visit to one or two of the huts, while Mackenzie, laying hold of some of the fishermen he knew, got them to show Lavender the curing-houses, in which the young gentleman professed himself profoundly interested. They also visited the school-house, and Lavender found himself beginning to look upon a two-storied building with windows as something imposing and a decided triumph of human skill and enterprise. But what was the school-house of Tabost to the grand building at the Butt? They had driven away from the high-road by a path leading through long and sweet-smelling pastures of Dutch clover; they had got up from these sandy swathes to a table-land of rock; and here and there they caught glimpses of fearful precipices leading sheer down to the boiling and dashing sea. The curious contortions of the rocks, the sharp needles of them springing in isolated pillars from out of the water, the roar of the eddying currents that swept through the chasms and dashed against the iron-bound shore, the wild sea-birds that flew about and screamed over the rushing waves and the surge, naturally enough drew the attention of the strangers altogether away from the land; and it was with a start of surprise they found themselves before an immense mass of yellow stone-work —walls, house and tower—that shone in the sunlight. And here were the lighthouse-keeper and his wife, delighted to see strange faces and most hospitably inclined; insomuch that Lavender, who cared little for luncheon at any time, was constrained to take as much bread and cheese and butter and whisky as would have made a ploughman's dinner. It was a strange sort of meal this, away out at the end of the world, as it were. The snug little room might have been in the Marylebone road: there were photographs about, a gay label on the whisky-bottle, and other signs of an advanced civilization; but outside nothing but the wild precipices of the coast, a surging sea that seemed almost to surround the place, the wild screaming of the sea-birds, and a single ship appearing like a mere speck on the northern horizon.

They had not noticed the wind much as they drove along; but now, when they went out on to the high table-land of rock, it seemed to be blowing half a gale across the sea. The sunlight sparkled on the glass of the lighthouse, and the great yellow shaft of stone stretched away upward into a perfect blue. As clear a blue lay far beneath them when the sea came rushing in among the lofty crags and sharp pinnacles of rock, bursting into foam at their feet, and sending long jets of white spray up into the air. In front of the great wall of rock the sea-birds wheeled and screamed, and on the points of some of the islands stood several scarts, motionless figures of jet black on the soft brown and green of the rock. And what was this island they looked down upon from over one of the bays? Surely a mighty reproduction by Nature herself of the Sphynx of the Egyptian plains. Could anything have been more striking and unexpected and impressive than the sudden discovery of this great mass of rock resting in the wild sea, its hooded head turned away toward the north and hidden from the spectator on land, its gigantic bulk surrounded by a foam of breakers? Lavender, with his teeth set hard against the wind, must needs take down the outlines of this strange scene upon paper, while Sheila crouched at her father's side for shelter, and Ingram was chiefly engaged in holding on to his cap.

"It blows here a bit," said Lavender amid the roar of the waves. "I suppose in the winter-time the sea will sometimes break across this place?"

"Ay, and over the top of the lighthouse too," said Mackenzie with a laugh, as though he was rather proud of the way his native seas behaved.

"Sheila," said Ingram, "I never saw *you* take refuge from the wind before."

"It is because we will be standing still," said the girl with a smile which was scarcely visible, because she had half hidden her face in her father's great gray beard. "But when Mr. Lavender is finished we will go down to the great hole in the rocks that you will have seen before, and perhaps he will make a picture of that too."

"You don't mean to say you would go down there, Sheila?" said Ingram, "and in this wind?"

"I have been down many times before."

"Indeed, you will do nothing of the kind, Sheila," said her father: "you will go back to the lighthouse if you like—yes, you may do that—and I will go down the rocks with Mr. Lavender; but it iss not for a young lady to go about among the rocks, like a fisherman's lad that wants the birds' eggs, or such nonsense."

It was quite evident that Mackenzie had very little fear of his daughter not being able to accomplish the descent of the rocks safely enough: it was a matter of dignity. And so Sheila was at length persuaded to go across the plain to a sheltered place, to wait there until the others should clamber down to the great and naturally-formed tunnel through the rocks that the artist was to sketch.

Lavender was ill at ease. He followed his guide mechanically as they made their way, in zigzag fashion, down the precipitous slopes and over slippery plateaus; and when at last he came in sight of the mighty arch, the long cavern, and the glimmer of sea and shore that could be seen through it, he began to put down the outlines of the picture as rapidly as possible, but with little interest in the matter. Ingram was sitting on the bare rocks beside him, Mackenzie was some distance off: should he tell his friend of what Sheila had said in the morning? Strict honesty, perhaps, demanded as much, but the temptation to say nothing was great. For it was evident that Ingram was now well inclined to the project, and would do his best to help it on; whereas, if once he knew that Sheila had resolved against it, he too might take some sudden step—such as insisting on their immediate return to the mainland—which would settle the matter for ever. Sheila had said she would herself make the necessary explanation to Ingram, but she had not done so: perhaps she might lack the courage or an opportunity to do so, and in the mean time was not the interval altogether favorable to his chances? Doubtless she was a little frightened at first. She would soon get less timid, and would relent and revoke her decision of the morning. He would not, at present at any rate, say anything to Ingram.

But when they had got up again to the summit of the rocks, an incident occurred that considerably startled him out of these vague and anxious speculations. He walked straight over to the sheltered spot in which Sheila was waiting. The rushing of the wind doubtless drowned the sound of his footsteps, so that he came on her unawares; and on seeing him she rose suddenly from the rock on which she had been sitting, with some effort to hide her face away from him. But he had caught a glimpse of something in her eyes that filled him with remorse.

"Sheila," he said, going forward to her, "what is the matter? What are you unhappy about?"

She could not answer; she held her face turned from him and cast down; and then, seeing her father and Ingram in the distance, she set out to follow them to the lighthouse, Lavender walking by her side, and wondering how he could deal with the distress that was only too clearly written on her face.

"I know it is I who have grieved you,"

he said in a low voice, "and I am very sorry. But if you will tell me what I can do to remove this unhappiness, I will do it now. Shall I consider our talking together of last night as if it had not taken place at all?"

"Yes," she said in as low a voice, but clear and sad and determined in its tone.

"And I shall speak no more to you about this affair until I go away altogether?"

And again she signified her assent, gravely and firmly.

"And then," he said, "you will soon forget all about it; for of course I shall never come back to Lewis again."

"Never?"

The word had escaped her unwillingly, and it was accompanied by a quick upturning of the face and a frightened look in the beautiful eyes.

"Do you wish me to come back?" he said.

"I should not wish you to go away from the Lewis through any fault of mine, and say that we should never see you again," said the girl in measured tones, as if she were nerving herself to make the admission, and yet fearful of saying too much.

By this time Mackenzie and Ingram had gone round the big wall of the lighthouse: there were no human beings on this lonely bit of heath but themselves. Lavender stopped her and took her hand, and said, "Don't you see, Sheila, how I must never come back to Lewis if all this is to be forgotten? And all I want you to say is, that I may come some day to see if you can make up your mind to be my wife. I don't ask that yet: it is out of the question, seeing how short a time you have known anything about me, and I cannot wish you to trust me as I can trust you. It is a very little thing I ask—only to give me a chance at some future time, and then, if you don't care for me sufficiently to marry me, or if anything stands in the way, all you need do is to send me a single word, and that will suffice. This is no terrible thing that I beg from you, Sheila. You needn't be afraid of it."

But she was afraid: there was nothing but fear and doubt and grief in her eyes as she gazed into the unknown world laid open before her.

"Can't you ask some one to tell you that it is nothing dreadful—Mr. Ingram, for example?"

"I could not."

"Your papa, then," he said, driven to this desperate resource by his anxiety to save her from pain.

"Not yet — not just yet," she said almost wildly, "for how could I explain to him? He would ask me what my wishes were: what could I say? I do not know. I cannot tell myself; and—and—I have no mother to ask." And here all the strain of self-control gave way, and the girl burst into tears.

"Sheila, dear Sheila," he said, "why won't you trust your own heart, and let that be your guide? Won't you say this one word *Yes*, and tell me that I am to come back to Lewis some day, and ask to see you, and get a message from one look of your eyes? Sheila, may not I come back?"

If there was a reply it was so low that he scarcely heard it; but somehow—whether from the small hand that lay in his, or from the eyes that sent one brief message of trust and hope through their tears—his question was answered; and from that moment he felt no more misgivings, but let his love for Sheila spread out and blossom in whatever light of fancy and imagination he could bring to bear on it, careless of any future.

How the young fellow laughed and joked as the party drove away again from the Butt, down the long coast-road to Barvas! He was tenderly respectful and a little moderate in tone when he addressed Sheila, but with the others he gave way to a wild exuberance of spirits that delighted Mackenzie beyond measure. He told stories of the odd old gentlemen of his club, of their opinions, their ways, their dress. He sang the song of the Arethusa, and the wilds of Lewis echoed with a chorus which was not just as harmonious as it might have been. He sang the "Jug of Punch," and Mackenzie said that was a teffle of a good song.

He gave imitations of some of Ingram's companions at the Board of Trade, and showed Sheila what the inside of a government office was like. He paid Mackenzie the compliment of asking him for a drop of something out of his flask, and in return he insisted on the King smoking a cigar which, in point of age and sweetness and fragrance, was really the sort of cigar you would naturally give to the man whose only daughter you wanted to marry.

Ingram understood all this, and was pleased to see the happy look that Sheila wore. He talked to her with even a greater assumption than usual of fatherly fondness; and if she was a little shy, was it not because she was conscious of so great a secret? He was even unusually complaisant to Lavender, and lost no opportunity of paying him indirect compliments that Sheila could overhear.

"You poor young things!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "you've got all your troubles before you; but in the mean time you may make yourselves as happy as you can."

Was the weather at last about to break? As the afternoon wore on the heavens became overcast, for the wind had gone back from the course of the sun, and had brought up great masses of cloud from the rainy south-west.

"Are we going to have a storm?" said Lavender, looking along the southern sky, where the Barvas hills were momentarily growing blacker under the gathering darkness overhead.

"A storm?" said Mackenzie, whose notions on what constituted a storm were probably different from those of his guest. "No, there will be no storm. But it is no bad thing if we get back to Barvas very soon."

Duncan sent the horses on, and Ingram looked out Sheila's waterproof and the rugs. The southern sky certainly looked ominous. There was a strange intensity of color in the dark landscape, from the deep purple of the Barvas hills, coming forward to the deep green of the pasture-land around them, and the rich reds and browns of the heath and the peat-cuttings. At one point of the clouded and hurrying sky, however, there was a soft and vaporous line of yellow in the gray; and under that, miles away in the west, a great dash of silver light struck upon the sea, and glowed there so that the eye could scarcely bear it. Was it the damp that brought the perfumes of the moorland so distinctly toward them—the bog-myrtle, the water-mint and wild thyme? There were no birds to be heard. The crimson masses of heather on the gray rocks seemed to have grown richer and deeper in color, and the Barvas hills had become large and weird in the gloom.

"Are you afraid of thunder?" said Lavender to Sheila.

"No," said the girl, looking frankly toward him with her glad eyes, as though he had pleased her by asking that not very striking question. And then she looked round at the sea and the sky in the south, and said quietly, "But there will be no thunder: it is too much wind."

Ingram, with a smile which he could scarcely conceal, hereupon remarked, "You're sorry, Lavender, I know. Wouldn't you like to shelter somebody in danger or attempt a rescue, or do something heroic?"

"And Mr. Lavender would do that if there was any need," said the girl bravely, "and then it would be nothing to laugh at."

"Sheila, you bad girl! how dare you talk like that to me?" said Ingram; and he put his arm within hers and said he would tell her a story.

But this race to escape the storm was needless, for they were just getting within sight of Barvas when a surprising change came over the dark and thunderous afternoon. The hurrying masses of cloud in the west parted for a little space, and there was a sudden and fitful glimmer of a stormy blue sky. Then a strange soft yellow and vaporous light shot across to the Barvas hills, and touched up palely the great slopes, rendering them distant, ethereal and cloud-like. Then a shaft or two of wild light flashed down upon the landscape beside them. The cattle shone red in the brilliant green pastures. The gray rocks glowed in their setting of moss. The stream going by Barvas Inn was a streak of gold in its sandy bed. And then the sky above them broke into great billows of cloud—tempestuous and rounded masses of golden vapor that burned with the wild glare of the sunset. The clear spaces in the sky widened, and from time to time the wind sent ragged bits of yellow cloud across the shining blue. All the world seemed to be on fire, and the very smoke of it, the majestic masses of vapor that rolled by overhead, burned with a bewildering glare. Then, as the wind still blew hard, and kept veering round again to the north-west, the fiercely-lit clouds were driven over one by one, leaving a pale and serene sky to look down on the sinking sun and the sea. The Atlantic caught the yellow glow on its tumbling waves, and a deeper color stole across the slopes and peaks of the Barvas hills. Whither had gone the storm? There were still some banks of clouds away up in the north-east, and in the clear green of the evening sky they had their distant grays and purples faintly tinged with rose.

"And so you are anxious and frightened, and a little pleased?" said Ingram to Sheila that evening, after he had frankly told her what he knew, and invited her further confidence. "That is all I can gather from you, but it is enough. Now you can leave the rest to me."

"To you?" said the girl with a blush of pleasure and surprise.

"Yes. I like new experiences. I am going to become an intermeddler now. I am going to arrange this affair, and become the negotiator between all the parties; and then, when I have secured the happiness of the whole of you, you will all set upon me and beat me with sticks, and thrust me out of your houses."

"I do not think," said Sheila, looking down, "that you have much fear of that, Mr. Ingram."

"Is the world going to alter because of me?"

"I would rather not have you try to do anything that is likely to get you into unhappiness," she said.

"Oh, but that is absurd. You timid young folks can't act for yourselves. You want agents and instruments that have got hardened by use. Fancy the condition of our ancestors, you know, before they had the sense to invent steel claws to tear their food in pieces—what could they do with their fingers? I am going to be your knife and fork, Sheila, and you'll see what I shall carve out for you. All you've got to do is to keep your spirits up, and believe that nothing dreadful is going to take place merely because some day you will be asked to marry. You let things take their ordinary course. Keep your spirits up—don't neglect your music or your dinner or your poor people down in Borvabost—and you'll see it will all come right enough. In a year or two, or less than that, you will marry contentedly and happily, and your papa will drink a good glass of whisky at the wedding and make jokes about it, and everything will be as right as the mail. That's my advice: see you attend to it."

"You are very kind to me," said the girl in a low voice.

"But if you begin to cry, Sheila, then I throw up my duties. Do you hear? Now look: there goes Mr. Lavender down to the boat with a bundle of rugs, and I suppose you mean me to imperil my precious life by sailing about these rocky channels in the moonlight? Come along down to the shore; and mind you please your papa by singing 'Love in thine eyes' with Mr. Lavender. And if you would add to that 'The Minute Gun at Sea,' why, you know, I may as well have my little rewards for intermeddling now, as I shall have to suffer afterward."

"Not through me," said Sheila in rather an uncertain voice; and then they went down to the Maighdean-mhara.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AT ODDS.

THE snow had lain upon the ground
From gray November into March,
And lingering April hardly saw
The tardy tassels of the larch,
When sudden, like sweet eyes apart,
Looked down the soft skies of the spring,
And, guided by alluring signs,
Came late birds on impatient wing.

And when I found a shy white flower—
The first love of the amorous sun,
That from the cold clasp of the earth
The passion of his looks had won—
I said unto my brooding heart,
Which I had humored in its way,
"Give sorrow to the winds that blow:
Let's out and have a holiday!"

My heart made answer unto me:
"Where are the faint white chestnut-blooms?
Where are the thickets of wild rose—
Dim paths that lead to odorous glooms?"
"They are not yet. But listen, Heart!
I hear a red-breast robin call:
I see a golden glint of light
Where lately-loosened waters fall."

I waited long, but no reply
Came from my strangely silent heart:
I left the open, sunlit mead,
And walked a little way apart,
Where gloomy pines their shadows cast,
And brown pine-needles made below
A sober covering for the place,
Where scarce another thing could grow.

And then I said unto my heart,
"Now, we are in the dark, I pray
What is it I must do for thee
That thou mayst make a holiday?
Was ever fresher blue above?
Was ever blither calm around?
The purple promise of the spring
Is writ in violets on the ground.

"Comes, blown across my face, the breath
Of apple-blossoms far away:
Hast thou no memories, my heart,
As sweet and beautiful as they?"

And while I spoke I stood beside
A low mound fashioned like a grave,
And covered thick with last year's leaves,
Set in the forest's spacious nave.

And there I heard a little sound,
The flutter of a feeble wing,
And saw upon the grave-like mound
A bird that never more would sing.
I took it up, and first I laid
The quivering plumage to my cheek,
Then tenderly upon my breast,
And sorrowed, seeing it so weak.

Up spoke my sore reproachful heart:
"And now how happens it, I pray,
Thou dost not press the wounded bird
To sing and make a holiday?"
I made no answer then, but went
Into the dark wood's darkest deep,
And on my breast the bird lay dead,
And all around was still as sleep.

"There be that walk among the graves,"
At length, "repining heart," I said—
"Who carry slain loves in their breasts,
Yet smile like angels o'er their dead.
And thou! Why wilt thou shame me thus,
Saying, for ever, Nay and Nay?"
Then said my heart, "To conquer pain
Is not to make a holiday.

"And they who walk upon the heights,
Not hurtled by the passing storm,
Have carried long in lower lands
The grievous burdens that deform
The small of faith, the weak of heart,
The narrow-minded and untrue,
Who doubt if any heaven is left
When clouds are blown across its blue.

"And they are not of those who seek
'To put unsolvèd things away,
Too early saying to their hearts,
'Come out, for it is holiday!'
And often 'tis the shallowest soul
That makes unseemly laughter ring,
That dares not bide amid its ghosts,
And, lest it weep, must try to sing.

"Wait till the tooth of pain is dulled;
Wait till the wound is overgrown:
Not in a day the moss hath made
So fair this once unsightly stone."

Then was I silent, but less wroth,
  Content my heart should have its way,
Believing that in God's fit time
  We yet should keep our holiday.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

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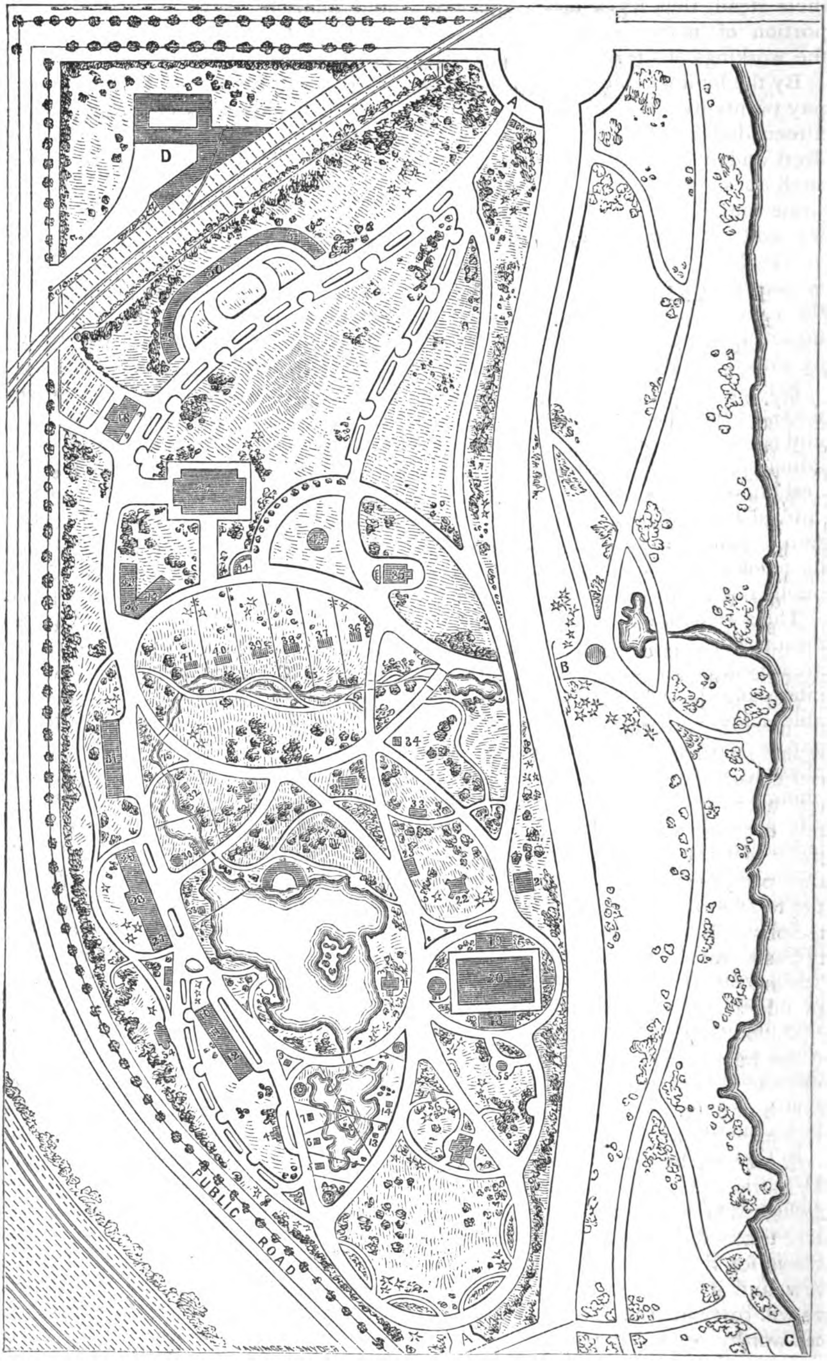
## PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS for Philadelphia have been a dream for many years, and spasmodic efforts have been made from time to time to produce the reality, but as yet nothing tangible has resulted. The idea has been too inchoate to develop much enthusiasm, and year after year our citizens have returned from enjoying the delights of foreign gardens, and mildly wondered, in the true Philadelphia style, why we should not have them. Nor is this marvelous when we consider the present condition of the proposed Centennial Exhibition, which, it is mortifying to confess, languishes for want of proper support. It cannot be denied that in this undertaking an opportunity is presented that would be eagerly seized, with all its attendant labor and expense, by any one of the States, and that it was with great difficulty, and only because of the self-evident incongruity of holding it elsewhere, that we were permitted by the national authorities to celebrate the anniversary in Philadelphia. It is in connection with this, and as a part thereof, that the Zoological Gardens deserve immediate attention, as an additional, and next to the grand exhibition itself the principal, attraction to the hundreds of thousands who will visit the City of Brotherly Love on the Fourth of July, 1876. The plan on the next page shows the ground which has been granted by the Commissioners of the Fairmount Park to the Philadelphia Zoological Society. The gentlemen who have taken the matter in hand are well known for their energy and breadth of view, and if sustained in their endeavors will carry out the scheme in a manner worthy of this great and growing city.

In undertaking this work the managers have the advantage of the experience and counsel of similar societies in the Old World, and particularly of the magnificent London Zoological Gardens, the officers of which are extremely interested in the success of the enterprise here, and are prepared to aid, by advice and contributions, the Philadelphia Garden. A description of the English society may be useful in forming an opinion of the feasibility and advantages of the proposed scheme. The London Zoological Society was organized in 1826, under the auspices of Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Stamford Raffles and other eminent men, for the advancement of zoology and animal physiology, and for the introduction and acclimatization of subjects of the animal kingdom. By the charter, granted March 27, 1829, Henry, marquis of Lansdowne, George, Lord Auckland, Charles Baring Wall, Joseph Sabine and Nicholas Aylward Vigors, Esqs., were created the first fellows. These gentlemen were empowered to admit such other persons to be fellows, honorary members, foreign members and corresponding members as they might think fit, and to appoint twenty-one of the fellows to be the council, which should manage the entire affairs of the society and elect members thereof until the 29th of May following; at which time and annually thereafter the society should hold a meeting, and by ballot remove five of this council, and elect five others in their place, being fellows of the society, who, with those remaining, should constitute the council for the ensuing year. It will thus be seen that every year five of the council are voted out, and five others elected in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PLAN OF THE PROPOSED ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

their stead, thus retaining a large proportion of managers acquainted with the workings of the organization.

By the by-laws fellows are required to pay twenty-five dollars initiation fee and fifteen dollars per annum, or one hundred and fifty dollars at once in lieu of such dues. Annual subscribers pay the same amount yearly, but no initiation fee, and they are not permitted to vote at elections. Ladies are admitted as fellows upon the same terms and with the same privileges; with the addition, however, that they are allowed to vote by proxy.

Fellows have personal admission to the Gardens, with two companions, daily, and receive orders, to be signed by them, admitting two persons on each Saturday and Sunday in the year. They are also entitled to twenty free tickets of admission. Sundays are set apart specially for fellows and their friends, the general public not being admitted.

The society has business and scientific meetings—the latter monthly—and these are very largely attended and of the most interesting character. New and remarkable subjects of zoology are exhibited, papers and communications on animal physiology and zoology are read, and animated discussions carried on. An abstract of the proceedings is regularly forwarded to the scientific journals and newspapers. The society also publishes a large variety of zoological matter, which is furnished to fellows at one-fourth less than the price to strangers. Every addition to the collection of the society has its picture taken upon its entrance, and very handsome colored plates of those which are rare or curious are inserted in these publications. The sales from this source realized last year over thirty-seven hundred dollars.

In 1871 the income of the society was $123,101, of which $69,000 were from admissions to the Gardens, $9507 from Garden sales and rent of refreshment-rooms, $3750 from the society's publications, and $39,415 from dues of fellows and annual subscribers. The expenses for the same year were $106,840, the principal items being—salaries, wages and pensions, $21,790; cost and carriage of animals, $10,560; provisions, $20,430; menagerie expenses, $10,480; Garden expenses, $3465. The annual income has so much exceeded the expenses during the last ten years that the society has been able to devote over two hundred and thirty thousand dollars of such surplus to the permanent embellishment of its Gardens, and still retain some fifty thousand dollars as a reserve fund.

In the collection of the society are 590 quadrupeds, 1227 birds and 255 reptiles—altogether 2072. The quantity and various kinds of food—the knowledge of the tastes and necessities of the animals—the temperature, ventilation, habitations and so on of such a large assortment of different species—necessitate the employment of trained and skillful servants and scientific officers. It has been seen that the provisions and menagerie expenses alone exceed $30,000, and it must be remembered that the most difficult part, the brain-work, the knowledge—without which the whole would be a failure—is furnished the society by its council entirely free.

The collection of living animals is the finest in existence, and is daily increasing. Scattered everywhere are its corresponding members, keeping it advised of every opportunity to augment its stores: its agents have penetrated and are still exploring the desert and the jungle, braving the heats of the equator, and the terrible winters of the ice-bound regions of the globe, to furnish every possible link in the grand procession of organized life.

A large proportion of the most wonderful and valuable part of the collection has been presented by crowned heads and governors of different countries, British consuls, other zoological societies, British naval and military officers stationed in foreign ports and posts, Englishmen of wealth and travelers. The donations to the society for the year 1871 would alone be sufficient to establish a Garden at Fairmount Park which would be the finest in America. They amounted to over five hundred in number, and include almost every description of animal, from a tiger to a monkey, and from an imperial eagle to a humming-bird. With our present connection by rail and steamer with the East and West Indies, and other distant regions, let it only be generally known that such a Garden as is now proposed exists in Philadelphia, and it will receive contributions from all parts of the world. The Philadelphia society has already had numerous offers of animals, birds and reptiles, and the promise of any number for the mere cost of transportation. The officers of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington have expressed their willingness and desire to hand over to any proper association the many curious animals constantly offered it. The societies of Europe, many of whose managers have been in communication with the one started here, are extremely anxious that a collection of American animals, birds, reptiles and fishes shall be made. It will be wholly unique, and will attract zoologists from every part of the world, permitting them, for the first time, to study the habits of many new species. This continent has a wealth of subjects of the animal kingdom as yet almost unexplored. The birds are absolutely innumerable, and the immense rivers produce fishes of the most marvelous character and but little known. In the Berlin Garden, rapidly becoming a rival to the one in London, one of the greatest attractions, if not the chief, is the American beaver: an assemblage of a number of these on the banks of the Schuylkill, giving an opportunity of witnessing their astonishing sagacity, would of itself be an attractive exhibition.

The Zoological Society of Philadelphia was incorporated by act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, approved March 21, 1859. The site selected at that time, and approved by City Councils, was five acres of the extreme south-eastern corner of the then Park, consisting of Sedgeley and Lemon Hill, and containing about two hundred acres. A meeting of certain prominent and influential citizens interested in the subject was held, and the matter carefully discussed. At subsequent meetings a constitution and by-laws were adopted, officers elected and plans proposed for raising the necessary funds. The officers of the society at that time were as follows: President, Dr. William Camac; Vice-Presidents, William R. Lejée and James C. Hand; Recording Secretary, Fairman Rogers; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. John L. LeConte; Treasurer, P. Pemberton Morris; Managers, Frederick Graeff, Thomas Dunlap, Charles E. Smith, John Cassin, William S. Vaux, J. Dickinson Sergeant, Dr. Wilson C. Swann, W. Parke Foulke, Francis R. Cope and Samuel Powel; Trustees of the Permanent Fund, Evans Rogers, Charles Macalester and James Dundas.*

Soon after this the rebellion broke out, and in the clash of arms, the terrible anxieties of the times, and the fevered pursuit of wealth that followed the inflation of the currency, the subject of zoological gardens entirely disappeared. Many of those whose names appear as officially connected with the association, and whose purses and influence would now be warmly exerted in its favor, have passed away, to the irreparable loss of the society. Those who remain have revived the project with sanguine hopes of its accomplishment. The increased wealth since the inception of the idea in 1859, the enlarged size of the Park, the growth of the city and the prospect of the Centennial, have widened the views of the society, and it is confidently anticipated that a Garden will be established, with a collection and all the necessary appurtenances, that will equal in a few years the superb one of London. The strangers that will flock here in 1876 will one and all visit the Zoological Gardens if in any sort of condition for display at that time. In 1851, the year of the great Exhibition of London, the number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens increased from 360,402 in the year before to 667,243;

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* Since this article was written the vacancies in the board of managers have been filled by the election of Messrs. George W. Childs, Anthony J. Drexel, Henry C. Gibson, J. Vaughan Merrick, Clarence H. Clark and Theodore L. Harrison.

and in 1862, the time of the second and International Exhibition, it leaped from 381,337 in 1861 to 682,205. The number of visitors to the London Garden has been steadily on the increase since its foundation. In 1863 the largest number up to that time, except the Exhibition years, was 468,700, and by regular progression annually it reached in 1871 the large amount of 595,917 persons.

The situation of our proposed Gardens is most admirable in every way. Stretching along the west bank of the Schuylkill for nearly a third of a mile; opposite the principal entrance to the Park on one side, and the West Philadelphia approach by Thirty-fifth street on the other; directly on the route to the Centennial Exhibition; contiguous to the great railroad artery of the United States, the Pennsylvania Central, a sideling from which will enter the receiving-house of the society (marked D on the plan), and thus enable animals and curiosities from all parts of the United States to be carried without change of cars directly to the Gardens, or from the East Indies, China, Japan, South America and the Pacific islands with but one trans-shipment, while the canal alongside enables freights of all kinds and from any part of the world to be deposited at the very entrance-gates; the ground rolling and fertile, rising in the centre, and sufficiently elevated to be away from the floods of the river; larger by some acres than the Zoological Garden of London; interspersed with handsome trees, many of them of noble size, planted by John Penn, whose family mansion, "Solitude," still stands (35) within the proposed enclosure, and with slight alterations will make a handsome museum for the society; the old West Philadelphia Waterworks (20) only needing an engine to force the water into the lake, around which will be the abodes of the aquatic animals, and from whence the natural slope of the land will permit the irrigation of the whole tract; the great sewer for the use of the western portion of the city, now in process of construction, passing through the southern end of the Garden, and running along the bank of the river to empty below the dam; convenient to all parts of the city by means of the city railways and the Reading Railroad; — these and many other advantages, which an examination of the illustration of the grounds will naturally suggest, produce a combination unsurpassed and unsurpassable anywhere. Is it exaggeration to say that the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, once properly established, would not only be regarded with pride and affection by the citizens, but very materially benefit the whole city? Imagine the grounds handsomely laid out in walks and drives, bordered with grass and flowers, terraced from the river; tables and chairs scattered about on the green sward under the trees; a band of music; the cool breezes from the Schuylkill; opposite, the beautiful Lemon Hill Park, with its broad drive alongside the bank: could anything be more attractive and wholesome to the hundreds of thousands who through the hot months of this uncommonly hot city are obliged to remain within its limits?

Assuming, then, the advantages of a Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, what is necessary for success and what business inducements (to consider it in that light) can the society hold out to obtain sufficient money to procure its collection of living animals, and provide for their suitable accommodation and increase? The number of members is now two hundred, who pay five dollars initiation and the same amount annually, which gives them continual admission to the proposed Garden. Fifty dollars secures a life-membership free from any further subscription. The sum now in the treasury is two thousand dollars, and although at the last meeting twenty-one new names were proposed, and many more persons have announced their intention of joining, it is apparent that by this means the society will never accomplish its object. Begging subscriptions, without offering a pecuniary return therefor, is repugnant to the officers, and the following plan has been adopted for procuring the necessary funds. Certificates of stock are to be issued of not less than fifty dollars each. All receipts derived from the Gardens and collections of the society are to be applied annually—first, to the maintenance of the establishment; second, to the payment of six per cent. on the stock; and third, any balance remaining to go to the gradual extension of the collections of the society and the improvement of its grounds.

It will be observed that stockholders can never receive a larger dividend than six per cent. per annum, and this only in case the receipts exceed the expenditures. There are therefore two points to be considered by those willing to invest—first, the character of the managers, and second, the prospect of the pecuniary success of the enterprise. The first is a matter of acquaintance and reputation: the second can be demonstrated in favor of the society, if honestly and efficiently managed, with almost mathematical accuracy.

The main entrance to our Gardens will be directly opposite the Lansdowne drive, at the west end of Girard Avenue Bridge. The Park Commissioners' Report for 1872 gives the recorded number of pleasure carriages and sleighs entering the Park at this point and at the Green street gate, during the year, as 363,138, of equestrians 26,255, and of pedestrians 385,832. These, in the words of the report (p. 60), "allowing three persons for each vehicle, will make a total of one million five hundred and one thousand four hundred and ten visitors passing these two entrances; and supposing the number of persons coming by the other ten entrances to be not more than those recorded at these two, we shall have three millions as the approximate number of visitors."

It will hardly be asserted that there is any prospect of this number diminishing, nor will it be denied that it is most probable it will steadily increase, and during the year of the Centennial be more than quadrupled. It is reasonable to believe that few would resist the pleasure of driving, riding or walking through the Zoological Gardens, so invitingly at hand. Saturdays should be cheap days, say at half price, and the money that would be received at the admission-gates upon that one day alone would dissolve any fears of their six per cent. in the minds of stockholders.

Relieved of the expense of securing the ground, a sum of three or four hundred thousand dollars would enable the society to secure a solid basis, and to open the Gardens upon a scale that would make them the great feature of Philadelphia. In a very few years it could buy up all its certificates of stock and own its collections free. The handsome surplus, before alluded to, accruing annually to the London society shows that this is not chimerical. The city railways are interested in this movement, and should subscribe liberally. It is proposed in the Legislature to charter a railroad running north and south in West Philadelphia, and if this be done it will render the Garden still more accessible.

The Commissioners of the Park warmly advocate its establishment, and do not hesitate to say it will be a most magnificent addition and the most entertaining resort at Fairmount. City Councils have already endorsed it, and devoted space for its location. There remains nothing but the assistance of the moneyed and public-spirited men of Philadelphia to accomplish the undertaking. The stock books of the society are now open for subscriptions, and to prevent the loss of another year ground must be broken in the coming spring. It is most desirable that upon June 1st the society may be in a condition to throw open to the public the nucleus of a collection. Once actually begun, public interest will be aroused, and, the people convinced that there is a prospect of success, it will not be permitted to fail. Certain it is that too much time has already been wasted in such a needed improvement, and that the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia will be permanently established now or never.

# BERRYTOWN.

## CHAPTER VI.

MRS. GUINNESS up stairs in her closet gave thanks every day to Heaven for the blessed result: down stairs she nagged and scolded Kitty from morning until night. Peter supposed it was in order to maintain her authority, but it appeared there were other reasons.

"The girl disappoints me, now that one looks at her as a woman," she said to her husband at breakfast one day, while Kitty sat opposite placidly eating a liberal supply of steak and cakes. She looked up inquiringly. "Yes," vehemently, "at your age I could not have eaten a meal a week after I was engaged. Whenever I heard your father's step I was in a tremor from head to toe. You receive Mr. Muller as though you had been married for years. Not a blush! As cool as any woman of the world!"

"But I don't feel any tremor," helping her father to butter.

"It's immodest!"

Kitty blushed now, but whether from anger or shame no one could tell, for she remained silent. She laid down her knife and fork the next moment, however, and rose.

"What I fear is this," said her mother, raising her voice—"Mr. Muller's disappointment. He looks for a womanly, loving wife—"

"And I'm not one?" Poor Kitty stood in the doorway swinging her sun-bonnet. She was just then certainly not a morbid, despairing woman, who had made a terrible mistake: nothing but a scared child whom anybody would have hurried to comfort and humor. "I want to do what's right, I'm sure;" and her red under lip began to tremble and the water to gather in her eyes. She sat down to hear the rest of the lecture, but her mother stopped short. Presently, when the chickens came clucking, she went to mix their meal as usual, very pale and dolorous.

In an hour she put her head in at the shop-window, her eyes sparkling: "There's two new chicks in the corn-bin nest, and they're full-blooded bantams, I'm sure, father."

"She's not fit to be married!" cried Mrs. Guinness excitedly. "She is both silly and unfeeling. God only knows how I came to be the mother of such a child! The great work before her she cares nothing about; and as for Mr. Muller, she doesn't value him as much as a bantam hen. It's her narrow intellect. Her brain is small, as Bluhm said."

It was his wife's conscience twitting her, Peter knew. "I would not be uneasy," he said with a cynical smile. "You can't bring love out of her by that sort of friction." But he was himself uneasy. If Catharine had been gloomy, or even thoughtful, at the prospect of her marriage, he would have cared less. But she came in that very day in glee at the sour, critical looks with which some envious young women of the church had followed her; and when her mother called her up stairs to look at a trunkful of embroidered under-clothing which she had kept for this crisis, he could hear Kitty's delighted chatter and giggle for an hour. Evidently her cup of pleasure was full for that day. Was his little girl vulgar, feeble in both heart and mind, as her mother said?

Kitty was on trial that day. Miss Muller called and swept her off to the Water-cure in the afternoon. She meant to interest her in the Reformatory school for William's sake. She began by explaining the books, and the system of keeping them. "It is my brother's wish you should keep the accounts," she said.

"Accounts! oh yes, of course."

The tone was too emphatic. Miss Muller looked up from the long lines of figures and found Kitty holding her eyes open by force. Evidently she had just had a comfortable nap.

Whereupon Maria began to patiently

dilate on the individual cases of the boys to be reformed; and terrible instances they were of guilt and misery.

"She whimpered a little," she said afterward to her brother. "I'll do her justice: she did, a little. But they ought to have brought tears from a log; and the next minute, seeing those wonderful eyes of hers fixed on me with a peculiar thoughtfulness, I asked her what was she thinking of, and found she was studying 'how I did that lovely French twist in my back hair.' No. There's nothing in her—nothing. Not an idea; but that I did not expect. But not even a feeling or principle to take hold of. Take my word, William. You are going to marry fine eyes and pink cheeks. Nothing more."

Mr. Muller cared for nothing more. If there had been an answering hint of fire in eyes or cheeks to the rush of emotion he felt at the sight of them, he would have been content. But Catharine's face was very like a doll's just now—the eyes as bright and unmeaning, the pink as unchanging. In vain he brought her flowers; in vain, grown wiser by love, led her out in the moonlight to walk, or, flushed and quaking himself, read in a shrill, uncertain voice absurd fond little sonnets he had composed to her. Kitty was always attentive, polite and indifferent. She never went to her old seat during the whole summer, never opened one of the old books over which she and Peter used to pore. He showed her a new edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* one day, with illustrations: "See what Bell and Daldy have done for our old friend, Catharine."

"This allegory all seems much ado about nothing," she said presently, filliping over the leaves. "Really, I can't see that there is any wilderness in the world, or devils to fight in or out of pits. At least for me."

Speculations on life from Kitty! A month ago she would have gone no farther than the pictures. "There's nothing worse for me than nice dresses and a wedding, and three hundred children to bring up for the Lord, with a smell of beef-and-cabbage over it all. Good gracious! Don't you know I'm joking, father?" seeing his face. She laughed and hugged him, and hugged him again. "As for the children, I love them of course, poor little wretches!"

Peter scowled over her back as she hung on him. Was it sheer silliness? Or had certain doors in her nature never been opened, even enough for her to know all that lay behind them? He pushed her off, holding her by both wrists: "Are you quite willing to marry Mr. Muller? Do you love him? Think what it is to marry without love. For God's sake tell me, Catharine!"

"Yes, I love him. Certainly. Why," kindling into animation, "I've worn his ring for a month. Haven't you seen it?" turning her hand about and looking at the blue turquoise against the white dimples with a delighted chuckle.

There was a storm that evening: the thunder was deafening; the rain dashed heavily against the little square windows of the Book-house. Catharine was alone. As soon as she made sure of that, Peter having gone to the city and her mother to a meeting, she put on her waterproof cloak and overshoes, and sallied out. Not by any means as heroines do who rush out into the tempest to assuage fiercer storms of rage or despair within. But there was something at this time in Kitty's blood which, though it would not warm her cheeks at Mr. Muller's approach, was on fire for adventure. To go out alone in the rain was to the chicken-hearted little simpleton what a whaling-voyage would be to a runaway boy. She came in after an hour drenched to the skin, went up stairs to change her clothes, and ran down presently to cuddle before the fire. Now was the time to think rationally, she thought, her elbow on a chair, her chin pillowed in her soft palm. Here was her marriage just at hand. She had looked forward to marriage all her life. Five minutes she gave to the long-vexed question of whether her wedding-veil should cover her face or not. "It would shade my nose, and in frosty weather my nose always will be red." What queer little hooked noses the Mullers all had! and that reflection swung her mind round to her lover and his love-making, where it rested, until suddenly the fire grew a hazy red blotch and her head began to bob.

"I did not use to be so thick-headed," rousing herself, and staring sleepily at the rain-washed window and the crackling fire. She sang a little hymn to herself, that simplest of all old ditties:

> I think, when I hear that sweet story of old.

It made her tender and tearful, and brought her feet close to her Saviour, as those other children upon whose head He laid his hands. "I ought to be thankful that I have work for Him," she thought. "How I envied Mary McKean when she sailed to India as a missionary! And here are the heathen ready-made for me," proceeding very earnestly to think over the state of the wretched three hundred. But her head began to nod again, and the fire was suddenly dashed out in blackness. She started up yawning. It was all so dreary! Life— Then and there our wholesome Kitty would have made her first step toward becoming the yearning, misplaced Woman of the Time, but for a knock which came at the door.

There had been an occasional roll of thunder, and the rain beat steadily upon the roof. The first knock failed to rouse her. At the second a man burst in, and stopped as suddenly in the dark end of the shop, shading his eyes from the glare: then he came tiptoeing forward. Even in this abrupt breaking in out of the storm there was something apologetic and deprecating about the man. As he came up, still sheltering his eyes, as though from the surprise of Kitty's loveliness, and not the fire, he had the bearing of a modest actor called before the curtain for bouquets.

"I had not expected—*this*," with a stage wave of the hand toward Catharine.

Now Kitty's pink ears, as we know, were always pricked for a compliment, and her politeness was apt to carry her over the verge of lying; but she was hardly civil now: she drew coldly back, wishing with all her heart that her lover, fat, simple, pure-minded little Muller, were here to protect her. Yet Mrs. Guinness, no doubt, would have said this man was made of finer clay than the clergyman. Both figure and face were small and delicate: his dress was finical and dainty, from the fur-topped overshoes to the antique seal and the trimming of his gray moustache. He drew off his gloves, holding a white, wrinkled hand to the fire, but Catharine felt the colorless eyes passing over her again and again.

"Your business," she said, "is probably with my father?"

"Your father is Peter Guinness? No. My business hardly deserves the name, in fact," leisurely stopping to smooth and fold the yellow gloves between his palms, in order to prolong his sentences. "It was merely to leave a message for his son, for Hugh Guinness."

"Hugh Guinness is dead."

"Dead!" For an instant the patting of the gloves ceased, and he looked at her steadily; then, with a nod of comprehension, he went on: "Oh, it is not convenient for Hugh to be alive just now? We are old comrades, you see: I know his ways. I know he was in Delaware a year ago. But I have no time now to go to Delaware. The message will no doubt reach him if left with you." He had made the gloves into a square package by this time, and, flattening it with a neat pat or two, put it in his pocket, turning to her with a significant smile.

"Hugh Guinness is dead," said Catharine. "He died in Nicaragua five years ago. Your business with him ended then."

"And yet—" coming a step nearer, "yet if Guinness were in his grave now, I fancy he would think my business of more importance to him than life itself would be." He was talking against time, she saw—talking while he inspected her to see whether she were willfully lying or believed what she said. He was a man who by rule believed the worst: the disagreeable, incredulous smile came back. "These are the days when ghosts walk, as you know." After a moment's pause: "And Hugh may come to rap and write with the rest. So, even admitting that he is dead, it would be safer for you to receive the message. It matters much to him."

"What is it?" she said curiously. "There is no use in wasting so many words about the matter."

"Tell him—" lowering his voice. "No," with a sudden suspicious glance at her. "No need of wasting words, true enough. Give him this. There's an address inside. Tell him the person who sent it waits for him there." He took out of his pocket a small morocco case, apparently containing a photograph, and laid it down on the table.

"Take it back. Hugh Guinness has been dead for years. I will not take charge of it."

"No, he's not dead," coolly buttoning his coat again. "I suppose you believe what you say. But he was in Delaware, I tell you, last October. If he asks about me, tell him I only acted as a messenger in the matter. I've no objection to doing him that good turn."

He nodded familiarly, put on his hat, and went out as suddenly as he had come. When he was gone she heard the rain drenching the walnuts outside, dripping, dripping; the thunder rolled down the valley; the fire crackled and flashed. There, on the table, in the dirty morocco case, lay a Mystery, a tremendous Life-secret, no doubt, of which she, Kitty, held the clue. It was like Pepita when she found the little gold key that unlocked the enchanted rooms. Hugh Guinness living? To be restored to his father? She was in a fever of delight and excitement. When she opened the case she found a beautiful woman's face—a blonde who seemed sixteen to Kitty, but who might be sixty. The Mystery enlarged: it quite filled Kitty's horizon. When she put the case in her pocket, and sat down, with red cheeks and bright eyes, on the rug again, I am sure she did not remember there was a Reform school or a Muller in the world.

At last Peter was heard in the porch, stamping and shaking: "Oh, I'm dry as a toast, Jane, what with the oil-skin and leggings. Yes, take them. Miss Vogdes wants tea in the shop, eh? All right! Why child," turning up her face, "your cheeks burn like a coal. Mr. Muller been here?"

"Oh dear, no!" pushing him into a chair. "Is there nothing to think of but Mullers and marrying?"

She poured out the tea, made room for the plates of cold chicken and toast among the books, and turned the supper into a picnic, as she had done hundreds of times, gossiping steadily all the while. But Mr. Guinness saw that there was something coming.

When the tea was gone she sat down on the wooden bench beside him, leaning forward on his knee: "Father, you promised once to show me before I went away all that you had belonging to—your other child."

Guinness did not speak at once, but sat smoking his cigar. It went out in his mouth. He made a motion to rise once or twice, and sat down again. "To-night, Kitty?"

"Yes, to-night. We are alone."

He got up at last slowly, going to a drawer in the oak cases which she had never seen opened. Unlocking it, he took out one or two Latin school-books, a broken fishing-rod, a gun and an old cap, and placed them before her. It was a hard task she had set him, she saw. He lifted the cap and pointed to a long red hair which had caught in the button, but did not touch it: "Do you see that? That is Hugh's. I found it there long after he was gone. It had caught there some day when the boy jerked the cap off. He was a careless dog! Always jerking and tearing!"

Catharine was silent until he began putting the things back in the drawer: "Father, there's no chance, is there? You could not be mistaken in that report from Nicaragua? You never thought it possible that your son might yet be alive?"

"Hugh's dead—dead," quietly. But his fingers lingered over the book and gun, as though he had been smoothing the grave-clothes about his boy.

"The proof was complete, then?" ventured Kitty.

He turned on her: "Why do you talk to me of Hugh, Catharine? I can tell you nothing of him. He's dead: isn't that enough? Christian folks would say he was a man for whom his friends ought to think death a safe ending. They have told me so more than once. But he was not altogether bad, to my mind." He bent over the drawer now. Kitty saw that he took hold of the red hair, and drew it slowly through his fingers: his face had grown in these few minutes aged and haggard.

"'Behold, how he loved him!'" she thought. He had been the old man's only son. Other men could make mourning for their dead children, talk of them all their lives; but she knew her mother would not allow Peter to even utter his boy's name.

"I'm sure," she said vehemently from where she stood by the fire, "he was not a bad man. *I* remember Hugh very well, and I remember nothing that was not lovable and good about him;" the truth of which was that she had a vague recollection of a freckle-faced boy, who had tormented her and her kittens day and night, and who had suddenly disappeared out of her life. But she meant to comfort her father, and she did it.

"You've a good, warm heart, Kitty. I did not know that anybody but me remembered the lad."

She snuggled down on the floor beside him, drawing his hand over her hair. Usually there is great comfort in the very touch of a woman like Kitty. But Peter's hand rested passively on her head: her cooing and patting could not touch his trouble to-day.

"Your mother will need you, my dear," he said at last, as soon as that lady's soft steady step was heard in the hall. Kitty understood and left him alone.

"Mother," she said, coming into the chamber where Mrs. Guinness, her pink cheeks pinker from the rain, lay back in her easy-chair, her slippered feet on the fender—"mother, there is a question I wish to ask you."

"Well, Catharine?"

"When did Hugh die? How do you know that he is dead?"

Mrs. Guinness sat erect and looked at her in absolute silence. Astonishment and anger Kitty had expected from her at her mention of the name, but there was a certain terror in her face which was unaccountable.

"What do you know of Hugh Guinness? I never wished that his name should cross your lips, Catharine."

"I know very little. But I have a reason for wishing to know when and how he died. It is for father's sake," she added, startled at the increasing agitation which her mother could not conceal.

Still, Mrs. Guinness did not reply. She was not a superstitious woman: she felt no remorse about her treatment of her stepson. There had been evil tongues, even in the church, to lay his ruined life at her door, and to say that bigotry and sternness had driven him to debauchery and a drunkard's death. She knew she had done her duty: she liked best to think of herself as a mother in Israel. Yet there had always been a dull, mysterious terror which linked Hugh Guinness and Catharine together. It was there he would revenge himself. Some day he would put out his dead hand from the grave to work the child's destruction. She had reasoned and laughed at her own folly in the matter for years. But the belief was there. Now it was taking shape.

She would meet it face to face. She stood up as though she had been going to throttle some visible foe for ever: "I shall tell you the truth, Catharine. Your father has never known it. He believes his son died in Nicaragua fighting for a cause which he thought good. I let him believe it. There was some comfort in that."

"It was not true, then?"

"No." She rearranged the vases on the mantel-shelf, turned over the illuminated texts hanging on the wall, until she came to the one for the day. She was trying to convince herself that Hugh Guinness mattered nothing to her.

"He died," she said at last, "in New York, a reprobate, as he lived."

"But where? how?"

"What can that matter to you?" sharply. "But I will tell you where and how. Two winters ago a poor, bloated, penniless wretch took up his lodging in a cheap hotel in New York. He left it only to visit the gambling-houses near. An old friend of mine recognized Hugh, and warned me of his whereabouts. I went up to the city at once, but when I reached it he had disappeared. He had lost his last penny at dice."

"Then he *is* still alive?"

"God forbid! No," correcting herself. "A week later the body of a suicide was recovered off Coney Island and placed in the Morgue. It was horribly mutilated. But I knew Hugh Guinness. I think I see him yet, lying on that marble slab and his eyes staring up at me. It was no doing of mine that he lay there."

"No, mother, I am sure that it was not," gently. "If your conscience reproaches you, I wish he were here that you could try and bring him into the right path at last."

"My conscience does not trouble me. As for Hugh—Heaven forbid that I should judge any man!—but if ever there was a son of wrath predestined to perdition, it was he. I always felt his day of grace must have passed while he was still a child."

Kitty had no answer to this. She went off to bed speedily, and to sleep. An hour or two later her mother crept softly to her bedside and stood looking at her. The woman had been crying.

"Lord, not on her, not on her!" she cried silently. "Let not my sin be laid up against her!" But her grief was short-lived. Hugh was dead. As for his harming Kitty, that was all folly. Meanwhile, Mr. Muller and the wedding-clothes were facts. She stooped over Kitty and kissed her—turned down the sheet to look at her soft blue-veined shoulder and moist white foot. Such a little while since she was a baby asleep in this very bed! Some of the baby lines were in her face still. It was hard to believe that now she was a woman—to be in a few days a wife.

She covered her gently, and stole away nodding and smiling. The ghost was laid.

As for Kitty, she had gone to bed not at all convinced that Hugh Guinness was dead. It was a more absorbing Mystery, that was all. But it did not keep her awake. She did not spin any romantic fancies about him or his dark history. If he were alive, he was very likely as disagreeable and freckle-faced a man as he had been a boy. But the secret was her own—a discovery; a very different affair from this marriage, which had been made and fitted on her by outsiders.

## CHAPTER VII.

"GONE! You don't mean that your mother and Mr. Guinness have gone to leave you for a month!" Mr. Muller was quite vehement with annoyance and surprise.

"At least a month," said Catharine calmly. "Mrs. Guinness always goes with my father on his summer journey for books, and this year she has—well, things to buy for me."

It was the wedding-dress she meant, he knew. He leaned eagerly in at the window, where he stood hoping for a blush. But none came. "Purl two and knit one," said Kitty to her crochet.

"I certainly do not consider it safe or proper for you to be left alone," he blustered mildly after a while.

"There is Jane," glancing back at the black figure waddling from the kitchen to the pump.

"Jane! I shall send Maria up to stay with you, Catharine."

"You are very kind! It is so pleasant to be cared for!" with a little gush of politeness and enthusiasm. "But dear Maria finds the house damp. I will not be selfish. You must allow me to be alone."

He looked at her furtively. Was there, after all, an obstinate, unbendable back-bone under the soft feathers of this his nestling dove? He was discomfited at every turn this evening. He had hoped that Kitty would notice that his little imperial had been retrimmed; and he had bought a set of sleeve-buttons, antique coins, at a ruinous price, in hopes they would please her. She looked at neither the one nor the other. Yet she had a keen eye for dress—too keen an eye, indeed. Only last night she had spent an hour anxiously cutting old Peter's hair and beard, and Mr. Muller could not but remember that he was a handsome young fellow, and do what she would with Peter, he was old and beaked like a parrot. "Besides, he is only her stepfather," he reasoned, "and I am to be her husband: she loves me."

*Did* she love him? The question always brought a pain under his plump chest and neat waistcoat which he could not explain; he thrust it hastily away. But he loitered about the room, thinking how sweet it would be if this childish creature would praise or find fault with buttons or whiskers in her childish way. Kitty, however, crocheted on calmly, and saw neither. The sun was near its setting. The clover-fields stretched out dry and brown in its warm light, to where the melancholy shadows gathered about the wooded creeks.

Mr. Muller looked wistfully out of the window, and then at her. "Suppose you come and walk with me?" he said presently.

Kitty glanced out, and settled herself more comfortably in her rocking-chair. "It is very pleasant here," smiling.

He thought he would go home: in fact, he did not know what else to do. The room was very quiet, they were quite alone. The evening light fell on Catharine; her hands had fallen on her lap; she was thinking so intently of her Mystery that she had forgotten he was there. How white her bent neck was, with the rings of brown hair lying on it! There was a deeper pink than usual on her face, too, as though her thoughts were pleasant. He came closer, bent over her chair, touched her hair with one chubby finger, and started back red and breathless.

"Did you speak?" said Kitty, looking up.

"I'm going home. I only wanted to say good-bye."

"So soon? Good-bye. I shall see you to-morrow, I suppose?" taking up her work.

"Yes. Kitty—"

"Well?"

"I have never bidden you good-bye except by shaking hands. Could I kiss you? I have thought about that every day since you promised to marry me."

The pleasant rose-tinge was gone now: even the soft lips, which were dangerously close, were colorless: "You can kiss me if you want to. I suppose it's right."

The little man drew back gravely. "Never mind: it's no matter. I had made up my mind never to ask for it until you seemed to be able to give me real wifely love."

She started up. "I can do no more than I have done," vehemently. "And I'm tired of hearing of myself as a wife. I'd as soon consider myself as a grandmother."

Mr. Muller waited a moment, too shocked and indignant to speak: then he took up his hat and went to the door. "Good-night, my child," he said kindly. "To-morrow you will be your better self."

Kitty knew nothing of better selves: she only felt keenly that two months ago such rudeness would have been impossible to her. Why was she growing vulgar and weak?

The air stirred the leaves of the old walnuts outside: the black-coated, dapper figure had not yet passed from under them. He was so gentle and pious and good! Should she run after him? She dropped instead into her chair and cried comfortably till a noise in the shop stopped her, and looking through the dusky books she saw a man waiting. She got up and went in hastily, looking keenly at his face to find how long he had been there, and how much he had seen. It wore, however, an inscrutable gravity.

Most of Peter's old customers sold to themselves during his absence, but this was a stranger. He stood looking curiously at the heaped books and the worn sheepskin-covered chair, until she was close to him: then he looked curiously at her.

"I have had some correspondence with Mr. Guinness about a copy of Quadd's *Scientific Catalogues.*"

"Mr. Guinness is not at home, but he left the book," said Kitty, alertly climbing the steps. Bringing the book, she recognized him as Doctor McCall, who had once before been at the shop when her father was gone. He was a young man, largely built, with a frank, attentive face, red hair and beard, and cordial voice. It was Kitty's nature to meet anybody halfway who carried summer weather about him. "My father hoped you would not come for the book until his return," she said civilly. "Your letters made him wish to see you. You were familiar, he told me, with some old pamphlets of which few customers know anything."

"Probably. I could not come at any other time," curtly, engrossed in turning over the pages of his book. Presently he said, "I will look over the stock if you will allow me. But I need not detain you," glancing at her work in the inner room. Kitty felt herself politely dismissed. Nor, although Doctor McCall stayed for half an hour examining Peter's favorite volumes as he sat on his high office-stool and leaned on his desk, did he once turn his eyes on the dimpling face making a picturesque vignette in the frame of the open window. When he had finished he came to the door. "I will call for the books I have chosen in an hour;" and then bowed distantly and was gone.

He had scarcely closed the gate when the back door creaked, and Miss Muller came in smiling, magnetic from head to foot, as her disciples in Berrytown were used to allege.

"And what is our little dove afraid of in her nest?" pinching Kitty's cheek as though she had been a dove very lately fledged indeed. She had always in fact the feeling when with Kitty that through her she suffered to live and patted on the back the whole ignoble, effete race of domestic women. Catharine caught sight of her satchel, which portended a visit of several days.

"Pray give me your hat and stay with me for tea," she said sweetly.

Miss Muller saw through her stratagem and laughed: "Now, that is just the kind of finesse in which such women delight!" she thought good-humoredly, going into the shop to lay off her hat and cape. The next moment she returned. Her face was bloodless. The muscles of the chin twitched.

"Who has been here?" she cried, sitting down and rubbing her hands violently on her wrists. "Oh, Catharine, who has been here?"

Now Kitty, a hearty eater with a slow brain, and nerves laid quite out of reach under the thick healthy flesh, knew nothing of the hysterical clairvoyant moods and trances familiar to so many lean, bilious American women. She ran for camphor, carbonate of soda and arnica, bathed Miss Muller's head, bent over her, fussing, terrified, anxious.

"Is it a pain? Is it in your stomach? Did you eat anything that disagreed with you?" she cried.

"Eat! I believe in my soul you think of nothing but eating!" trying resolutely to still the trembling of her limbs and chattering of her teeth. "I was only conscious of a presence when I entered that room. Some one who long ago passed out of my life, stood by me again." The tears ran weakly over her white cheeks.

"Somebody in the shop!" Kitty went to it on tiptoe, quaking at the thought of burglars. "There's nobody in the shop. Not even the cat," turning back reassured. "How did you feel the Presence, Maria? See it, or hear it, or smell it?"

"There are other senses than those, you know," pacing slowly up and down the room with the action of the leading lady in a melodrama; but her pain or vision, whatever it was, had been real enough. The cold drops stood on her forehead, her lips quivered, the brown eyes turned from side to side asking for help. "When *he* is near shall I not know it?" she said with dry lips.

Kitty stole up to her and touched her hand. "I'm so glad if you are in love!" she whispered. "I thought you would think it foolish to care for love or—or babies. I used to care for them both a great deal."

"Pshaw! Now listen to me, child," her step growing steadier. "Oh dear! Haven't you any belladonna? Or coffea? That would set me right at once. As for a husband and children, they are obstructions to a woman—nothing more. If my head was clear I could make you understand. I am a free soul. I have my work to do. Marriage is an accident: so is child-bearing. In nine cases out of ten they hinder a woman's work. But when I meet a kindred soul, higher, purer than mine, I give allegiance to it. My feeling becomes a part of my actual life: it is a spiritual action: it hears and sees by spiritual senses. And then—Ah, there is something terrible in being alone — *alone!*" She called this out loudly, wringing her hands. Kitty gave a queer smile. It was incredible to her that a woman could thus dissect herself for the benefit of another.

"But she's talking for her own benefit," watching her shrewdly. "If there's any acting about it, she's playing Ophelia and Hamlet and the audience all at once.—Was it Doctor McCall you fancied was in the shop?" she asked quietly.

Miss Muller turned, a natural blush dyeing her face and neck: "He has been here then?— Oh, there! there he is!" as the young man came in at the gate. She passed her hands over her front hair nervously, shook down her lace sleeves and went out to meet him. Kitty saw his start of surprise. He stooped, for she was a little woman, and held out both his hands.

"Yes, John, it is I!" she said with a half sob.

"Are you really so glad to see me again, Maria?" She caught his arm for her sole answer, and walked on, nestling close to his side.

"It may be spiritual affinity, but it looks very like love," thought Kitty. It was a different love from any she had known. They turned and walked through the gate down into the shadow of the wooded creeks, the broad strong figure leaning over the weaker one. Kitty fancied the passion in his eyes, the words he would speak. She thought how she had noticed at first sight that there was unusual strength and tenderness in the man's face.

"There will be no talk there of new dresses or reformatory schools, I'm sure of that," she said, preparing to go to bed. She felt somehow wronged and slighted to-night, and wished for old Peter's knee to rest on. She had no friend like old Peter, and never would have.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## OVERDUE.

THE beads from the wine have all vanished,
    Which bubbled in brightness so late;
The lights from the windows are banished,
    Close shut is the gate
Which yesterday swung wide in joyance,
    And beckoned to fate.

The goblet stands idle, untasted,
  Or, tasted, is tasteless to-night;
 The breath of the roses is wasted;
    In sackcloth bedight,
The soul, in the dusk of her palace,
    Sits waiting the light.

Ah! why do the ships waft no token
  Of grace to this sorrowful realm?
Must suns shine in vain, while their broken
    Rays clouds overwhelm?
Tender Breeze, if some sail bear a message,
    Rule thou at the helm!

But if haply the ruler be coming,
  Drug the sea-sirens each with a kiss:
Stroke the waves into calmest of humming
    Over ocean's abyss:
Speed him soft from the shore of the stranger
    To the haven of this.

And the soul-bells in joyous revival
  Shall peal all the carols of spring;
The roses and ruby wine rival
    Each other to bring,
In the crimson and fragrance of welcome,
    Delight to the king.

MARY B. DODGE.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MILLIONAIRE.

QUEEN VICTORIA either is or ought to be a very wealthy woman. Her income was at the beginning of her reign fixed at £385,000 a year. This sum, it was understood, would, with the exception of £96,000 a year, be divided between the lord steward, the lord chamberlain and the master of the horse, the three great functionaries of the royal household. Of the residue, £60,000 were to be paid over to the queen for her personal expenses, and the remaining £36,000 were for "contingencies." It is probable, however, that the above arrangements have been much modified, as time has worked changes.

The prince-consort had an allowance of £30,000 a year. The queen originally wished him to have £100,000, and Lord Melbourne, then prime minister, who had immense influence over her, had much difficulty in persuading her that this sum was out of the question, and gaining her consent to the government's proposing £50,000 a year to the House of Commons, which, to Her Majesty's infinite chagrin, cut the sum down nearly one-half.

During the happy days of her married life the expenditure of the court was very much greater than it has been since the prince's death. Emperors and kings were entertained with utmost splendor at Windsor. During the emperor of

Russia's visit, for instance, and that of Louis Philippe, one or two hundred extra mouths were in one way or another fed at Her Majesty's expense. The stables, too, were formerly filled with horses—and very fine ones they were—whereas now the number is greatly reduced, and many of those in the royal mews are "jobbed"—*i. e.* hired by the week or month, as occasion requires, from livery stables. This poverty of the master of the horse's department excited much angry comment on the occasion of the princess Alexandra's state entry into London.

But besides the previously-mentioned £60,000 a year, and what residue may be unspent from the rest of the "civil list," as the £385,000 is called, Queen Victoria has two other sources of considerable income. She is in her own right duchess of Lancaster. The property which goes with the duchy of Lancaster belonged originally to Saxon noblemen who rose against the Norman Conqueror. Their estates were confiscated, and in 1265 were in the possession of Robert Ferrers, earl of Derby. This nobleman took part with Simon de Montfort in his rebellion, and was deprived of all his estates in 1265 by Henry III., who bestowed them on his youngest son, Edmund, commonly called Edmund Crouchback, whom he created earl of Lancaster. From him dates the immediate connection between royalty and the duchy. In 1310, Thomas, second earl of Lancaster, son of Edmund Crouchback, married a great heiress, the only child of De Lacy, earl of Lincoln. By this alliance he became the wealthiest and most powerful subject of the Crown, possessing in right of himself and his wife six earldoms, with all the jurisdiction which under feudal tenure was annexed to such honors. In 1311 he became involved in the combination formed by several nobles to induce the king to part with Piers de Gaveston. The result of this conspiracy was that the unhappy favorite was lynched in Warwick Castle. The king, Edward II., was at first highly incensed, but ultimately pardoned the conspirators, including the earl of Lancaster; but that very imprudent personage, subsequently taking up arms against his sovereign, was beheaded.

In 1326 an act was passed for reversing the attainder of Earl Thomas in favor of his brother Henry, earl of Lancaster. Earl Henry left a son and six daughters. The son was surnamed "Grismond," from the place of his birth. He greatly distinguished himself in the French wars under Edward III., and was the second knight companion of the Order of the Garter, Edward "the Black Prince" being the first. Ultimately, to reward his many services, Edward III. created him, about 1348, duke of Lancaster, and the county of Lancaster was formed into a palatinate or principality. This great and good nobleman, who seems to have been the soul of munificence and piety, died in 1361, leaving two daughters to inherit his vast possessions, but on the death of the elder without issue the whole devolved on the second, Blanche, who married John of Gaunt (so called because born at Ghent, in Flanders, in March, 1340), son of Edward III. He was created duke of Lancaster, played a prominent part in history, and died in 1399, leaving a son by Blanche — Henry Plantagenet, surnamed Bolingbroke, from Bullingbrook Castle in Lincolnshire, the scene of his birth. He became King Henry IV., and thus the duchy merged in the Crown, and is enjoyed to-day by Queen Victoria as duchess of Lancaster.

Her revenue from this source has been steadily increasing. Thus in 1865 it was £26,000; in 1867, £29,000; in 1869, £31,000; in 1872, £40,000. The largest of these figures does not probably represent a fifth of the receipts of John of Gaunt, but the duchy of Lancaster, like that of Cornwall, suffered for a long time from the fraud and rapacity of those who were supposed to be its custodians. Managed as it now is, it will probably have doubled its present revenue before the close of the century.*

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* How the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall have grown under the admirable management instituted by the late prince-consort, who discovered that peculation and negligence were combining to dissipate his eldest son's splendid heritage, the following will show.

The other source is still more strictly personal income. On the 30th of August, 1852, there died a gentleman, aged seventy-two, of the name of John Camden Neild. He was son of a Mr. James Neild, who acquired a large fortune as a gold- and silversmith. Mr. James Neild was born at Sir Henry Holland's birthplace, Knutsford, a market-town in Cheshire, in 1744. He came to London, when a boy, in 1760, the first year of George III.'s reign, and was placed with one of the king's jewelers, Mr. Hemming. Gradually working his way up, he started on his own account in St. James's street, a very fashionable thoroughfare, and made a large fortune. In 1792 he retired. He appears to have been a man of rare benevolence and some literary ability. He devoted himself to remedying the condition of prisons, more especially those in which persons were confined for debt: indeed, his efforts in this direction would seem to have rivaled those of Howard, for in the course of forty years Mr. Neild visited most of the prisons in Great Britain, and was for many years treasurer, as well as one of the founders, of the society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts. He described his prison experiences in a series of papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which were subsequently republished, and highly praised by the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Neild had three children, but only one, John Camden Neild, survived him. This gentleman succeeded to his father's very large property in 1814.

Mr. James Neild had acquired considerable landed estate, and was sheriff of Buckinghamshire in 1804. His son received every advantage in the way of education, graduated M. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was subsequently called to the bar. He proved, however, the very reverse of his benevolent father. He was a miser born, and hid all his talents in a napkin, making no use of his wealth beyond allowing it to accumulate. From the date of the death of his father, who left him £250,000, besides real estate, he had spent but a small portion of his income, and allowed himself scarcely the necessaries of life. He usually dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons. This he did not allow to be brushed, inasmuch as that process would have worn the nap. He was never known to wear an overcoat. He gladly accepted invitations from his tenantry, and would remain on long visits, because he thus saved board. There is a story of how a benevolent gentleman once proffered assistance, through a chemist in the Strand, in whose shop he saw what he supposed to be a broken-down old gentleman, and received for reply, "God bless your soul, sir! that's Mr. Coutts the banker, who could buy up you and me fifty times over." So with Mr. Neild: his appearance often made him an object of charity and commiseration, nor would it appear that he was at all averse to being so regarded. Just before railway traveling began he had been on a visit to some of his estates, and was returning to London. The coach having stopped to allow of the passengers getting refreshment, all entered the hotel except old Neild. Observing the absence of the pinched, poverty-stricken-looking old gentleman, some good-natured passenger sent him out a bumper of brandy and water, which the old niggard eagerly accepted.

A few days before his death he told

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In 1824 the gross revenue had fallen to £22,000: in 1872 it was nearly £70,000! Loud were the howls of the peculators against "that beastly German" when His Royal Highness took it in hand. But "he knew he was right," and had his reward. When the prince of Wales came of age, instead of having from £13,000 to £14,000, net, a year from his duchy, as the last prince of Wales had, there was a revenue of £50,000 a year clear, and cash enough to buy Sandringham. The income is now increasing at the rate of about £3000 a year, on the average. By net revenue is meant the clear sum which goes into the prince's pocket. Of course his father's prudence and energy saved the country a large sum, which it would otherwise have been compelled to vote for maintaining the prince's establishment.

George IV. had on his marriage, when prince of Wales, £125,000 a year, besides his duchy revenues, £28,000 for jewelry and plate, and £26,000 for furnishing Carlton House. The present prince of Wales has nothing from the country but £40,000 a year, and his wife has £10,000 a year. No application has ever been made for money to pay his debts or to assist him in any way.

one of his executors that he had made a most singular will, but that he had a right to do what he liked with his own. When the document was opened it was found that, with the exception of a few small legacies, he had left all "to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging Her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same, for her sole use and benefit, and that of her heirs." Probably vanity dictated this bequest. To a poor old housekeeper, who had served him twenty-six years, he left nothing; to each of his executors, £100. But the queen made a handsome provision for the former, and presented £1000 to each of the latter; and she further raised a memorial to the miser's memory.

The property bequeathed to her amounted to upward of £500,000; so that, supposing Her Majesty to have spent every penny of her public and duchy of Lancaster incomes, and to have only laid by this legacy and the interest on it, she would from this source alone now be worth at least £1,000,000. Be this as it may, even that portion of the public which survives her will probably never know the amount of her wealth, for the wills of kings and queens are not proved; so that there will be no enlightenment on this head in the pages of the *Illustrated London News.*

Both Osborne House in the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral, were bought prior to Mr. Neild's bequest. These palaces are the personal property of Her Majesty, and very valuable: probably the two may, with their contents, be valued at £500,000 at the lowest. The building and repairs at these palaces are paid for by the queen herself, but those of all the palaces of the Crown are at the expense of the country, and about a million has been expended on Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle during the present reign.

The claims made on the queen for charity are exceedingly numerous. They are all most carefully examined by the keeper of her privy purse, and help is invariably extended to proper objects. But whilst duly recognizing such calls upon her, the queen has never been regarded as open-handed. Her munificence, for example, has not been on the scale of that of the late queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV. It is to be remembered that her father suffered all his life from straitened circumstances, and indeed it was by means of money supplied by friends that the duchess of Kent was enabled to reach England and give birth to its future sovereign on British soil. Although the duke died when his daughter was too young to have heard from him of these pecuniary troubles, she was no doubt cautioned by her mother to avoid all chance of incurring them; and a circumstance in itself likely to impress their inconvenience on her memory was that one of the first acts of her reign was to pay off, principal and interest, the whole of her father's remaining liabilities.

A good deal of sympathy is felt in England for the prince of Wales in reference to his money-matters. His mother's withdrawal from representative functions throws perforce a great deal of extra expense upon him, which he is very ill able to bear. He is expected to subscribe liberally to every conceivable charity, to bestow splendid presents (here his mother has always been wanting), and in every way to vie with, if not surpass, the nobility; and all this with £110,000 a year, whilst the dukes of Devonshire, Cleveland, Buccleuch, Lords Westminster, Bute, Lonsdale and a hundred more noblemen and gentlemen, have fortunes double or treble, no lords and grooms in waiting to pay, and can subscribe or decline to subscribe to the Distressed Muffin-makers' and Cabmen's Widows' Associations, according to their pleasure, without a murmur on the part of the public.

About five years ago the press generally took this view of the subject, and a rumor ran that the government fully intended to ask for an addition to the prince's income; but nothing was done. We have reason to believe that the hesitation of the government arose from the well-grounded apprehension that it would bring on an inquiry as to the queen's income and what became of it. Opinion ran high among both Whigs and Tories that if Her Majesty did not please to expend in representative pomp the revenues granted to her for that specific purpose, she should appropriate a handsome sum annually to her son. It may be urged, "Perhaps she does so," and in reply it can only be said that in such case the secret is singularly well kept, and that those whose position should enable them to give a pretty shrewd guess at the state of the case persist in averring the contrary. However, it will no doubt be all the better for the royal family in the end. The queen is a sagacious woman. She no doubt fully recognizes the fact that the British public will each year become more and more impatient of being required to vote away handsome annuities for a succession of princelings, whilst at the same time it may look with toleration, if not affection, upon a number of gentlemen and ladies who ask for nothing more than the cheap privilege of writing "Royal Highness" before their names. If, then, Queen Victoria be by her retirement and frugality accumulating a fortune which will make the royal family almost independent of a parliamentary grant in excess of the income which the Crown revenues represent, she is no doubt acting with that deep good sense and prudence which are a part of her character. And here we may just explain that the Crown revenues are derived from the property which has always been the appanage of the English sovereign from the Norman Conquest. For a long time past the custom has been to give this up to the country, with the understanding that it cannot be alienated, and to accept, in lieu thereof, a parliamentary grant of income. This Crown property is of immense value. It includes a large strip of the best part of London. All the clubs in Pall Mall, for instance, the Carlton, United Service, Travelers', Reform; Marlborough House, The Guards Club, Stafford House, Carlton House Terrace, Carlton Gardens—which pay the highest rents in London—stand on Crown land; as do Montague House, the duke of Buccleuch's, Dover House, etc. But this property suffers very much from the fact of its being inalienable. It can only be leased. The whole of the New Forest is Crown land, and it is estimated that if sold it would fetch millions, whereas it is now nearly valueless. If the royal family could use their Crown lands, just as those noblemen who have received grants from sovereigns use theirs, it would be the wealthiest in England, and would have no need to come to Parliament for funds.

Half of the people who howl about the expense of royalty know nothing about these Crown lands, which really belong to royalty at least as much as the property of those holding estates originally granted by kings belongs to such proprietors, and if exception were taken to such tenures scarcely any title in England would be safe.

Taking her, then, for all in all, Queen Victoria is not only the best, but probably the cheapest, sovereign England ever had; and her people, although inclined, as is their wont, to grumble that she doesn't spend a little more money, feel that she has so few faults that they can well afford to overlook this. Deeply loved by them, she is yet more respected. REGINALD WYNFORD.

# CRICKET IN AMERICA

CRICKET is the "national game" of England, where the sport has a venerable antiquity. Occasional references to the game are found in old books, which would place its origin some centuries back. The most ancient mention of the game is found in the *Constitution Book of Guildford*, by which it appears that in some legal proceedings in 1598 a witness, then aged fifty-nine, gave evidence that "when he was a scholar in the free schoole at Guldeford he and several of his fellowes did runne and plaie there at *crickett* and other plaies." The author of *Echoes from Old Cricket Fields* cites the biography of Bishop Ken to show that he played cricket at Winchester College in 1650, one of his scores, cut on the chapel-cloister wall, being still extant; and the same writer reproduces as a frontispiece to his "opusculum" an old engraving bearing date 1743, in which the wicket appears as a skeleton hurdle about two feet wide by one foot high, while the bat is the Saxon *crec*, or crooked stick, with which the game was originally played, and from which the name cricket was doubtless derived.

In England the game is universally played: all classes take equal interest in it, and it is a curious fact that on the cricket-ground the lord and the laborer meet on equal terms, the zest of the game outweighing the prejudice of caste. The government encourages it as a physical discipline for the troops, and provides all barracks with cricket-grounds. Every regiment has its club, and, what is odd, the navy furnishes many crack players. It is the favorite *par excellence* at all schools, colleges and universities; every county, every town and every village has its local club; while the I Zingari and its host of rivals serve to focus the ubiquitous talent of All England. The public enjoy it, merely as spectators, to such a degree that a grand match-day at Lord's is only second in point of enthusiasm to the Derby Day. Special trains carry thousands, and the field presents a gay picture framed in a quadrangle of equipages. It is sometimes difficult, even by charging large admission-fees, to keep the number of spectators within convenient limits. Notwithstanding the motley assemblage which a match always attracts, so unobjectionable are the associations of the cricket-field that clergymen do not feel it unbecoming to participate in the diversion, either as players, umpires or spectators.

In this country, while cricket is known in a few localities, it has never been generally adopted. In New York a few English residents have for years formed the nucleus of a somewhat numerous fraternity, and the announcement that an *American Cricketer's Manual* will be published in that city during the present season indicates that home interest in the sport is on the increase. But the chief thriving-place of native American cricket is conceded to be Philadelphia, and it will be interesting, perhaps, to take a retrospect of the progress of the game in this city.

Tradition carries us back as far as the year 1831 or 1832, when cricket was first played on the ground of George Ticknor, Esq., west of the old bridge below Fairmount, by a few Englishmen, who shortly afterward organized themselves under the name of the Union Club. Some of our older native cricketers remember taking their first lessons from the three brothers, George, Prior and John Ticknor, who, with Joseph Nicholls, William Richardson, John M. Fisher, John Herrod, George Parker, Samuel Dingworth, Jonathan Ainsworth, John Kenworthy and George Daffin, met on Saturday afternoons and holidays. In subsequent years a few enthusiastic spirits practiced with home-made bats on the Camden common, and thence we trace the feeble but growing interest in the game, until in 1854 the Philadelphia Cricket Club was organized, with J.

Dickinson Sergeant (who still fills the office) as president, William Rotch Wister as secretary, and Hartman Kuhn (third), James B. England, Morton P. Henry, Thomas Hall, Thomas Facon, Dr. Samuel Lewis, William M. Bradshaw, Henry M. Barlow, R. Darrell Stewart, S. Weir Mitchell and (last, but not least) Tom Senior among its founders. Then came the Germantown Club, of native American boys, organized in 1855, whose highest ambition, for many years, was to play the Philadelphia Club, "barring Tom Senior," then the only fast round-arm bowler in the country. Next came the Olympian, the Delphian, the Keystone Cricket Clubs, and a host of lesser lights, whose head-quarters were at West Philadelphia; and soon after the now famous Young America Cricket Club was formed by the lamented Walter S. Newhall, partly as a training-club for the Germantown. Well did it fulfill its purpose until the breaking out of the war, when the members of the Germantown Club changed the bat for the sabre almost in a body, and the club went out of existence.

With calmer times the old love of cricket came back, and through the energy of Mr. Charles E. Cadwalader the Germantown Club was reorganized, and the *esprit de corps* was such that before the club had taken the field the roll showed more than twice its former numbers. Through the spirit of its patrons, and especially by the kindness of H. Pratt McKean, Esq. (part of whose country-seat was tendered for a cricket-ground), the new life of the Germantown Cricket Club was successfully inaugurated on the 17th of October, 1866, by a victory in its opening match with the St. George Club of New York. That was a red-letter day, when Major-General Meade, on behalf of the ladies of Germantown, and amid the huzzas of thousands of its friends, presented to the club a handsome set of colors, and, hoisting them to the breeze, alluded in his own graceful style to the memories of the past, and the achievements which he predicted the future would witness on this magnificent cricket-field.

But what is cricket? Descriptions of lively things are apt to be dull, and it is indeed no easy task to render a detailed description of cricket intelligible, much less entertaining, to the uninitiated. The veriest enthusiast never thought the forty-seven "laws of cricket" light reading, and, resembling as they do certain other statutes whose only apparent design is to perplex the inquiring layman, they would, if cited here, be "caviare to the general."

But come with us, in imagination, on a bright May-day to a great match—say on the Germantown cricket-ground. You will find a glorious stretch of velvet turf, seven acres of living carpet, level and green as a huge billard-table, skirted on the one hand by a rolling landscape, and hedged on the other by a row of primeval oaks. Flags flaunt from the flag-staffs, and the play-ground is guarded by guidons. The pavilion is appropriated to the players, and perchance the band: the grand stand is already filling with spectators. Old men and children, young men and maidens, are there—the latter "fair to see," and each predicting victory for her favorite club. For it must be known that on the Germantown ground party spirit always runs high among the belles, many of whom are good theoretical cricketers, and a few of whom always come prepared with blanks on which to keep the neatest of private scores. During the delay which seems inseparable from the commencement of a cricket-match some of the players, ready costumed in cricket apparel, "take care," if they do not "beware," of the aforesaid maidens; others, impatient for the call of "time," like jockeys cantering before the race, disport themselves over the field, practicing bowling, batting, and, in ball-players' parlance, "catching flies." The whole picture is one of beauty and animation, and that spirit must indeed be dull which does not yield to the exhilarating influences of such a scene.

Cricket is usually played by eleven players on each side, the tactics of each party being directed by a captain. Two umpires are appointed, whose decrees, if sometimes inscrutable, are always irreversible, and whose first duty it is to "pitch the wickets." Having selected the ground, they proceed to measure accurately a distance of twenty-two yards, and to erect a wicket at either extremity. Each "wicket" consists of three wooden "stumps," twenty-eight inches long, sharpened at the bottom, whereby they may be stuck perpendicularly in the ground, and grooved at the top, in order to receive two short sticks or "bails," which rest lightly across their tops. When pitched, the wickets face each other, and each presents a parallelogram twenty-seven inches high by eight inches broad, erect and firm-looking, while in fact the lightest touch of the ball or any other object would knock off the bails and reduce it to its elements. Each of these wickets is to be the *locus in quo* not only of a party rivalry, but also of an exciting individual contest between the bowler and the batsman, the former attacking the fortress with scientific pertinacity, and the "life" of the latter depending on its successful defence. The "popping-crease" and the "bowling-crease" having been whitewashed on the turf—the one marking the batsman's safety-ground, and the other the bowler's limits—all is now ready for play. The captains toss a copper for choice of innings, and the winner may elect to send his men to the bat. He selects *two* representatives of his side, who, having accoutred themselves with hand-protecting gloves and with leg-guards, take position, bat in hand, in front of each wicket. All the eleven players on the *out* side are now marshaled by their captain in their proper positions as fielders, one being deputed to open the bowling. For a few moments the new match ball—than which, in a cricketer's estimation,

> A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
> Were not a richer jewel—

is passed round among the fielders, just to get their hands in; which ball, we may mention, is nine inches in circumference, weighs five and a half ounces, is in color not unlike a carbuncle, and nearly as hard. The umpires take their respective positions, and at the word "Play!" the whole party, like a pack of pointers, strike attitudes of attention, more or less graceful, and the game begins.

The *bowler*, stepping briskly up to his crease, delivers the ball, and, whether it be a "fast round-arm" or a "slow underhand," his endeavor is so to bowl it that the ball shall elude the batsman's defence and strike the wicket. The *batsman* endeavors, first and foremost, to protect his wicket, and, secondly, if possible, to hit the ball away, so that he may make a run or runs. This is accomplished when he and his partner at the other wicket succeed in changing places before the ball is returned to the wicket by the fielders.

The several ways in which a batsman may be put out are these: 1. "Bowled out," if the bowler succeeds in bowling a ball which evades the batsman's defence and strikes the wicket. 2. "Hit wicket," if the batsman, in playing at the ball, hits his wicket accidentally with his bat or person. 3. "Stumped out," if the batsman, in playing at a ball, steps out of his ground, but misses the ball, which is caught by the wicket-keeper, who with it puts down the wicket before the batsman returns his bat or his body within the popping-crease. 4. "Caught out," if any fielder catches the ball direct from the striker's bat or hand before it touches the ground. 5. "Run out," if the batsman, in attempting to make a run, fails to reach his safety-ground before the wicket to which he is running is put down with the ball. 6. "Leg before wicket," if the batsman stops with his leg or other part of his body a bowled ball, whose course in the opinion of the umpire was in a line with the wickets, and which if not so stopped would have taken the wicket.

At every ball bowled, therefore, the batsman must guard against all these dangers: he must, without leaving his ground, and avoiding "leg before wicket," play the ball so that it will not strike the wicket and cannot be caught. Having hit it away, he can make a run or runs only if he and his partner can reach their opposite wickets before the ball is returned by the fielders and a wicket put down. All the fielders are in active league against the batsman, whose single-handed resistance will be of little avail unless he exceeds mere defence and adds his quota of runs to the score of his side. To excel in this requires, in addition to a scientific knowledge of the game, cool presence of mind, a quick eye, a supple wrist, a strong arm, a swift foot and a healthy pair of lungs. Thus the nobler attributes of the man, mental and physical, are brought into play. As the Master in *Tom Brown's School-days* remarks: "The discipline and reliance on one another which cricket teaches are so valuable it ought to be an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the eleven: he does not play that he may win, but that his side may."

Four balls, sometimes six, are said to constitute an "over," and at the completion of each over the bowler is relieved by an alternate, who bowls from the opposite wicket, the fielders meantime crossing over or changing places, so as to preserve their relative positions toward the active batsman for the time being. Any over during which no runs are earned from the bat is said to be a "maiden" over, and is scored to the credit of the bowler as an evidence of good bowling. In addition to the runs earned on hits there are certain "extras," which, though scored as runs in favor of the *in* side, are not strictly runs, but are imposed rather as penalties for bad play by the outs than as the result of good play by the ins. Thus, should the bowler bowl a ball which, in the opinion of the umpire, is outside the batsman's reach, it is called a "wide," and counts one (without running) to the batsman's side; should the bowler in delivering a ball step beyond the bowling-crease, or if he jerks it or throws it, it is a "no ball," and counts one (without running) to the batsman's side; but if the batsman hits a no ball he cannot be put out otherwise than by being "run out." If he makes one or more runs on such a hit, the no ball is condoned, and the runs so made are credited as hits to him and his side. The umpire must take especial care to call "no ball" instantly upon delivery—"wide ball" as soon as it shall have passed the batsman, and not, as a confused umpire once called, "No ball—wide—out." Again, should a ball which the batsman has not touched pass the fielders behind the wicket, the batsmen may make a run or runs, which count to their side as "byes:" should the ball, however, missing his bat, glance from the batsman's leg or other part of his body, and then pass the fielders, the batsmen may make a run or runs, which count to their side as "leg-byes."

The game thus proceeds until each batsman of the *in* side is in turn put out, except the eleventh or last, who, having no partner to assume the other wicket, "carries out his bat," and the innings for the side is closed. The other side now has its innings, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the game proceeds as before. Usually two innings on each side are played, unless one side makes more runs in one innings than the other makes in both, or unless it is agreed in advance to play a "one-innings match."

So much for the matter-of-fact details of the game of cricket. To enter into the more interesting but less tangible combination of science, chance and skill to which cricket owes not a little of its fascination, would extend this article far beyond its assigned limits. The science of "length-balls" and "twisting lobs," the skill in "forward play" or "back play," the chances of "shooters" and "bailers," are balanced in a happy proportion, and to a cricketer form a tempting theme. But we must content ourselves by referring those disposed to pursue the subject to such books as *The Cricket Field*, *The Theory and Practice of Cricket*, *Felix on the Bat*, *Cricket Songs and Poems*, and to other similar English publications on the game, which are so numerous that if collected they would make quite a cricket library.

Nor can we here refer to the incidental pleasures which a cricket-match affords independently of participation in the game itself. These are depicted, from a lady's point of view, by Miss Mitford in

*Our Village*, where a pretty bit of romance is interwoven with a description of a country cricket-match, the very recollection of which draws from the graceful authoress this admission: "Though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, I never remember being in a more delicious state of excitation than on the occasion of that cricket-match. Who would think that a little bit of leather and two pieces of wood had such a delightful and delighting power?"

And this sentiment is echoed by scores of the fair spectators at our home matches. When, for example, during the last international match at Germantown, one of the English Gentlemen Eleven said to a lady, "We were told we should have a fine game at Philadelphia, but, really, I had no idea we should be honored by the presence of so many ladies," her reply expressed the sentiments of a numerous class: "Oh, I used to come to a match occasionally *pour passer le temps*. At first the cricket seemed to me more like a solemn ceremonial than real fun, but now that I understand the points I like the game for its own sake; and as for a match like this, I think it is perfectly lovely!" Another of the English Eleven —a handsome but modest youth—on being escorted to the grand stand and introduced to a party of ladies, became so abashed by unexpectedly finding himself in the midst of such a galaxy of beauties (and, as a matter of course, the conscious cynosure of all eyes) that, blushing to suffusion, and forgetting to lift his hat, he could only manage to stammer out, "Aw, aw—I beg pardon; but—aw—aw—I fancy there's another wicket down, and I must put on my guards, you know;" whereupon he beat a hasty retreat.*

A game which has for centuries in England afforded healthful recreation to all classes must needs possess some value beyond that of mere physical exercise. Not that we would undervalue the latter advantage. Improvement in health usually keeps pace with improvement in cricket. Mr. Grace, the "champion cricketer of the world," is hardly less a champion of muscular physique: he sought in vain for a companion to walk to town, late at night, from the country-seat of the late Mr. Joshua Francis Fisher, where the cricketers, after a long day's play, had been entertained at dinner—a distance of more than ten miles. We heartily concur in the favorite advice of a physician, renowned alike for his social wit and professional wisdom, who prescribed "a rush of blood to the boots" to all professional patients and head-workers—men who, happening to possess brains, are prone to forget that they have bodies. In no way can this inverse apoplexy be more healthfully or pleasantly induced than by a jolly game of cricket. That the sport is adapted to American tastes and needs we are convinced, and that it may find a *habitat* throughout the length and breadth of our land is an end toward which we launch this humble plea in its interest.

Now we hardly expect all the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine* forthwith to become cricketers, but we venture to suggest, by way of moral, that some of them may take a hint from Mr. Winkle, who, when asked by Mr. Wardle, "Are you a cricketer?" modestly replied, "No, I don't play, *but I subscribe to the club here*."

ALBERT A. OUTERBRIDGE.

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* The following extract from the diary of Mr. Fitzgerald, captain of the English Gentlemen Eleven of 1872, has been published in England, and will be read with interest:

"*Sept.* 21, 1872. Philadelphia, seventh match. Lost the toss. Ground fair to the eye, and immense attendance. The bowling and fielding on both sides quite a treat to the spectators. Total for the English Twelve (first innings), 105. Not considered enough, but a good score against such bowling and fielding—quite first-class.

"*Sept.* 24. Second innings. With but 33 to get, the Twelve looked sure of victory, but a harder fight was never yet seen. Bowling and fielding splendid; excitement increasing. Fall of Hadow—ringing cheers. Advent of Appleby—fracture of Francis. Seven down for 29. Frantic state of Young America. The English captain still cheerful, but puffing rather quickly at his pipe. Six 'maidens' at each end. The spell broken by splendid hit of 'the tormentor.'

"This was the best and most closely-contested match of the campaign, and the scene presented at the finish would lose nothing in excitement and interest by comparison with 'Lord's' on a grand match-day."

A book of *Transatlantic Cricket Notes* has been announced in England as in preparation by Mr. Fitzgerald.

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## IRISH AGENTS.

THE Irish papers mentioned a few months ago the death of Mr. Stuart Trench, whose *Realities of Irish Life* excited so much attention three years ago. Mr. Trench was the most eminent of a class of men peculiar to Ireland, and growing out of the unfortunate condition of that country. He was an agent, which means overlooker and manager of the estates of absentee landlords.

In England, except on very extensive properties, landlords do not employ an agent of this sort, and even where they do his duties are of a very different character. There the landlords, being nearly always in the country, if not on their estates, look after their business themselves, and have merely an overlooker, who does not occupy the position of a gentleman, to superintend and report to them what may be needful, whilst the rents are collected by a solicitor. This is the case in Scotland also.

But in Ireland this would never do. Even where the landlord is resident he almost always has an agent, to save himself the great trouble which would otherwise be entailed on him, while to the non-resident an agent is imperatively necessary.

Most Irish property is still subdivided into very small farms, and this is in itself a source of constant trouble. The tenants get into arrear or become hopelessly insolvent: they very often refuse to quit their holdings nevertheless, and have to be coaxed, bought or turned out, as the case may be; which several processes have to be accomplished by the agent. Then he is compelled to see in many cases that they don't exhaust the land by a repetition of the same crops, and in fact to superintend, either by himself or his sub-agents, in a hundred ways which would never be necessary in England, where the farms are large and their holders of a different class.

He also represents the landlord socially, and is frequently the great man of the district, duly invested with magisterial and other county offices. The office of agent has therefore in Ireland had a high social standing, and agencies are eagerly sought by the younger sons of gentlemen, and even noblemen.

There are three or four estates whose agencies are regarded as special prizes, and of these Mr. Trench held one, the marquis of Lansdowne's. That nobleman—who is descended from the ancient Fitzmaurices, earls of Kerry, and the celebrated *savant* Mr. William Petty, who first surveyed Ireland, and took the opportunity of helping himself pretty freely to some very nice "tit-bits" as "refreshers" by the way—has a very extensive property in Queens county and the wild maritime county of Kerry, in which his ancestors were in bygone days a sort of kings.

Probably Lord Lansdowne's agency was worth to Mr. Trench quite $5000 a year, equal in Kerry, where living is still very cheap, to $15,000 in New York City; and he had two or three other agencies in addition.

On the smaller properties the agent is usually paid five per cent., on the large by fixed salary. The best agency of all is that of Lord Pembroke, who owns the most valuable portion of Dublin and a great deal of adjoining land.

When the duties and risks of an agent are considered, he can by no means be regarded as highly paid. Very many agents have lost their lives, and others are exposed to continual danger. They are sometimes harsh, tyrannical and overbearing, but far less so now, when railroad, press and telegraph let light in upon all parts of the country, than formerly, when they were left to themselves, and as long as the rents were duly paid no heed was taken of their operations.

To do an agent's work well great firmness and knowledge of the Irish character is required, and in some districts in the West a knowledge of the Irish language is very desirable and absolutely requisite.

When an agency becomes vacant a proprietor receives innumerable applications for the vacant office, often from persons ludicrously ignorant of its duties. Thus, some time ago a seeker of such an office accompanied his application—he was a retired army officer—by a sketch of a sort of watch-tower whence he proposed to watch the tenantry, and fire upon them as occasion required! With few exceptions the agents on large estates are gentlemen bred to the business, whose fathers have been agents, and have thus early become initiated into the mysteries of the office.

Many Irish landlords are, and still more used to be, very much in the hands of their agents, of whom they have borrowed money, and further depend on for support in elections. Instances are by no means wanting of men now holding high rank as country gentlemen whose fathers and grandfathers grew rich out of estates confided to them to manage by negligent, reckless landlords, who gradually fell completely into the meshes of their managers.

### RANDOM BIOGRAPHIES.

JULIUS CÆSAR. An ancient Roman of celebrity. He advertised to the effect that he had rather be first at Rome than second in a small village. He was a man of great muscular strength. Upon one occasion he threw an entire army across the Rubicon. A general named Pompey met him in what was called the "tented field," but Pompey couldn't hold a Roman candle to Julius. We are assured upon the authority of Patrick Henry that "Cæsar had his Brutus." The unbiased reader of history, however, will conclude that, on the contrary, Brutus rather *had* Cæsar. This Brutus never struck me as an unpleasant man to meet, but he did Cæsar. After addressing a few oral remarks to Brutus in the Latin language, Cæsar expired. His subsequent career ceases to be interesting.

JOHN PAUL JONES. An American naval commander who sailed the seas during the Revolution, with indistinct notions about gold lace or what he should fly at the main. He was fond of fighting. He would frequently break off in the middle of a dinner to go on deck and whip a British frigate. Perhaps he didn't care much about his meals. If so, he must have been a good *boarder*.

LUCREZIA BORGIA. Daughter of old Mr. Borgia, a wealthy Italian gentleman. Lucrezia was one of the first ladies of her time. Beautiful beyond description, of brilliant and fascinating manners, she created an unmistakable sensation. It was a burning sensation. Society doted upon her. Afterward it anti-doted.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. A philosopher and statesman. When a boy he associated himself with the development of the tallow-chandlery interest, and invented the Boston dip. He was lightning on some things, also a printer. He won distinction as the original *Poor Richard*, though he could not have been by any means so poor a Richard as McKean Buchanan used to be. Although born in Boston and living in Philadelphia, he yet managed to surmount both obstacles, and to achieve considerable note in his day. They show you the note in Independence Hall.

MARK TWAIN. A humorous writer of the nineteenth century. As yet, I have not had the honor of his acquaintance, but when I do meet him I shall say something jocose. I know I shall. I have it. My plan will be to inveigle him into going over a ferry to "see a man." As we pass up the slip on the other side, I shall draw out my flask, impromptu-like, with the invitation, "Mark, my dear fellow, won't you take something?" He will decline, of course, or else he isn't the humorist I take him for. I shall than consider it my duty to urge him. Fixing my eye steadily upon him, so he can understand that I am terribly in earnest, I shall proceed to apostrophize that genial victim as follows:

> "Take, I give it willingly,
> For invisibly to thee,
> Spirits, Twain, have crossed with me."

Then I presume we shall go and "see a man."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. The man who discovered America two points off the port-bow. One day, in his garden, he observed an apple falling from its tree, whereupon a conviction flashed suddenly through his mind that the earth was round. By breaking the bottom of an egg and making it stand on end at the dinner-table, he demonstrated that he could sail due west and in course of time arrive at another hemisphere. He started a line of emigrant packets from Palos, Spain, and landed at Philadelphia, where he walked up Market street with a loaf of bread under each arm. The simple-hearted natives took him out to see their new Park. On his second voyage Columbus was barbarously murdered at the Sandwich Islands, or rather he would have been but for the intervention of Pocahontas, a lovely maiden romantically fond of distressed travelers. After this little incident he went West, where his intrepidity and masterly financial talent displayed itself in the success with which he acquired land and tobacco without paying for them. As the savages had no railroad of which they could make him president, they ostracized him —sent him to the island of St. Helena. But the spirit of discovery refused to be quenched, and the next year we find him landing at Plymouth Rock in a blinding snow-storm. It was here that he shot an apple from his son's head. To this universal genius are we indebted also for the exploration of the sources of the Nile, and for an unintelligible but correspondingly valuable scientific report of a visit to the valley of the Yellowstone. He took no side in our late unhappy war; but during the Revolution he penetrated with a handful of the *garde mobile* into the mountain-fastnesses of Minnesota, where he won that splendid series of victories which, beginning with Guilford Court-house, terminated in the glorious storming of Chapultepec. Ferdinand and Isabella rewarded him with chains. Genoa, his native city, gave him a statue, and Boston has named in his honor one of her proudest avenues. One day he rushed naked from the bath, exclaiming, "Eureka!" and the presumption is that he was right. He afterward explained himself by saying that he cared not who made the laws of a people, so long as he furnished their ballots. Columbus was cruelly put to death by order of Richard III. of England, and as he walked to the scaffold he exclaimed to the throng that stood around him, "The world moves." The drums struck up to drown his words. Smiling at this little by-play, he adjusted his crimson mantle about him and laid his head upon the block. He then drank off the cup of hemlock with philosophic composure. This great man's life (which, by the way, was not insured) teaches the beautiful moral lesson that an excess of virtue is apt to be followed by a redundancy of happiness, and that he who would secure the felicity of to-day must disdain alike the evanescent shadows of yesterday and the intangible adumbrations of the morrow. S. Y.

### THE CRIES OF THE MARCHANDS.

THE other morning I was lying quietly in bed, waiting for the bonne to fetch my café noir, when a most extraordinary sound caught my ear. The cries of Paris marchands early in the morning are curious enough usually, but this one exceeded in quaintness all that I had heard since my arrival. Between the words "Chante, chante, Adrienne!" a horrible braying broke forth, resounding through our quiet faubourg in a manner which brought many a *bonnet de nuit* to the windows. I got up to see what was the matter.

"Chante, chante, Adrienne!" re-echoed again over the smooth asphalte.

By this time a crowd of gamins—the gamins are always up, no matter how early—had gathered in the middle of the street around the object of the disturbance. It was a marchand of vegetables in a greasy blouse, leading an ass. There was a huge pannier on the ass's back full of kitchen vegetables, which the marchand was crying and praising to our sleepy faubourg. With an economy worthy of Silhouette, the scamp had taught Adrienne—for that was the beast's name—to bray every time he said "Pommes de terre, de terre—terre!" As often as he said this, or "Chante, Adrienne, chante!" Adrienne would switch her tail and *chante* lugubriously, setting the whole neighborhood in commotion. So adroitly had he trained the creature—with her thigh-bones sticking in peaks through her hide, and a visage of preternatural solemnity—that when her master but lifted his finger Adrienne would go through her part with admirable gravity, thus helping her lord to get his daily bread. I laughed till the bonne came with my coffee, and was glad to see the pannier gradually emptying as the grotesque procession defiled through our street, with a rear-guard of exhilarated urchins poking at poor meek Adrienne in a manner the most *méchant*. And so on they went till the peasant and his invaluable assistant were quite out of hearing.

There is no end to the originality of the Parisians. If you but go to a kiosque to get a *Figaro*, the white-capped marchande has something clever to say. The rain, the air, the clouds, the sun are full of *esprit* for her—are to her banques de France, upon which she has an unlimited credit—*crédit foncier*, if you will, *crédit mobilier*, or what not. The *conducteur* who stands behind his omnibus and obligingly helps you in, says *Merci!* with an accent so exquisite that it is like wit or poetry or music, utterly throwing you into despair after your months and months of travail and dozens and dozens of louis lavished on incompetent professors.

"Pronounce that for me, please," said I one day to a gentleman who had just spoken some word whose secret of pronunciation I had been trying to filch for weeks—some delicate little jewel of a word, faint as a perfume, expressive as only a tiny Parisian word can be—and he did so in the politest manner in the world, adding some little witticism which I do not recall. Whereupon I went home and instantly dismissed my "professor."

But to return to our theme, the cries of the marchands. It would take a pen like Balzac's, as curiously versatile, as observant, as full of individual ink, to catch all the shades of these odd utterances. You may recollect as you lay in your sweet English bed in London, just as the fog was lifting over the great city early in the morning, the distinct individuality of the voices which, although you did not see their owners, told each its story of sunrise thrift and industry as it cried to you the early peas or the wood or the melons of the season. You may remember, too, how perplexing, how fantastic, many of those cries were, making it impossible for you to understand what they meant, or why a wood-huckster, for example, should give vent to such lachrymose sentimentality in vending his fagots. But quite different is the Paris marchand. With a physiognomy of voice—if the expression be pardoned—quite as marked as the cockney's, what he says is yet perfectly clear, often shrewd, gay, cynical, sometimes even spiced with jocularity, as if it were pure fun to get a living, and the world were all a holiday.

Some years ago a marchand was in the habit of visiting our neighborhood whose specialty it was to vend *baguettes*, or small rods for beating carpets, tapestry and padded furniture. His cry was—"Voilà des baguettes! Battez vos meubles, battez vos tapis, battez vos *femmes* pour UN sou!"

It is said that as this gay chiffonnier went one morning by the fish-markets uttering this jocose cry, a squad of those formidable *poissardes*, the fishwomen of Paris, got after him, and administered a sound thrashing with his own baguettes. Such is the vengeance of the Frenchwoman!

But there is a curious pathos in many of these cries—queer searching tones which go to the heart and set one thinking; tones that come again in times of revolution, and gather into the terrible roar of the Commune. I sometimes wonder if they ever sell anything, those strange sad voices of the early morning struggling up from the street. They are the voices of Humanity on its mighty errand of bread and meat. Some dozen or so traverse our quarter through the day—some of feeble old women, full of sharp complaint; some of strong, quick-stepping men; some of little children with faint modest voices, as if unused to the cruel work of getting a living. It is these poor people who walk from Montmartre to Passy in the morning, and in the evening fish for drowned dogs or pick up corks along the canal of the Porte St. Martin. For a dog it is said they get a franc or two, and corks go at a few sous a hundred.

Such is an inkling of the life-histories wafted through our summer windows by the voices of the street. Well, the sun is brilliant, the Champs are crowded with the world, the jewelers of the Palais Royal are driving a thriving trade, the great boulevards are margined by long lines of absinthe drinkers. Who cares? Only it is a little disagreeable in the early morning to have one's sleep broken by the pathos of life. Let us sleep well on our wine, and dine to-morrow at the Grand Hôtel. We shall forget the misery of these patient voices which visit us with their prayer for subsistence every day. G. F.

## THE ANGEL HUSSAR.

I THINK some of the best talks I have had in my life have been with chance companions on whom I have happened in the course of a roving life—sometimes in a restaurant, sometimes in the railroad-car or steamboat, and not unfrequently in the smoking-room of a hotel.

If you have ever been in Dublin, you know Dawson street, and in Dawson street the Hibernian Hotel. I am not prepared to endorse all the arrangements of that hostelry, nor indeed of any other in that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland: I have suffered too much in them. Still, I will say that the Hibernian is to be praised for a really comfortable and handsome smoking-room, containing easy-chairs deservedly so called, and a capital collection of standard novels. One raw evening in the spring of 1871 I sauntered in, and found some gentlemanlike-looking fellows there, who proved pleasant company, and presently a remarkably *distingué*-looking young man, with an unmistakably military cut, came in and sat down near me. We fell to talking. He was quartered at the Curragh, and was up in Dublin *en route* for the Newmarket spring meeting. He told me that he made some £700 a year by the turf. "I've a cousin, you see, who is a great sporting man, and thus I'm 'in with a stable,' and get put up to tips," he said. "But for this the turf would be a very poor thing to dabble in." And this led to a talk about officers' lives and their money-affairs. "Oh," he said, "you've no notion of the number who go to utter grief. Why now, I'll tell you what happened to me last season in London. I was asked to go down and dine with some fellows at Richmond; and being awfully late, I rushed out of the club and hailed the first hansom I could see with a likely horse in Pall Mall. I scarcely looked at the man, but said, 'Now I want to get down to the Star and Garter by eight: go a good pace and I'll pay you for it.' Well, he had a stunning good horse, and we rattled away at a fine rate; and when I got out I was putting the money into his hand, when he said, 'Don't you know me, B——?' I looked up in amazement, and in another moment recognized a man whom I had known in India as the greatest swell in the —— Hussars, the smartest cavalry corps in the service, and who, on account of his splendid face and figure, went by the sobriquet of 'the Angel Hussar.'

"Well, it gave me quite a shock. 'Good Heavens, H——!' I said, 'what in the world does this mean?' 'Mean, old fellow? It means that I'd not a farthing in the world, and didn't want to starve. It's all my own cursed folly. I've made my bed, and must lie on it.' I pressed a couple of sovereigns into his hand, and made him promise to call on me next day. He came and gave me the details of his descent, the old story of course—wine and its alliterative concomitant, conjoined with utter recklessness." "Well, and could you help him?" "I'm glad to say I could. I got him the place of stud-groom to a nobleman in the south of Ireland: he's turned over a new leaf, is perfectly steady, and doing as well as possible."

### NOTES.

THERE is an old story that Augustus, being once asked by a veteran soldier for his aid in a lawsuit, told the petitioner to go to a certain advocate. "Ah," replied the soldier, "it was not by proxy that I served you at Actium!" So struck, continues the tradition, was Augustus with this response, that he personally took charge of the soldier's cause, and gained it for him. Possibly it may be on the theory that his subjects "do not serve him by proxy" when he needs their services that the Austrian kaiser even to this day holds personal audiences with his people regarding their private desires or grievances. Evidently traditional, this custom is so singular as to merit a more general notice than it habitually receives: indeed, its existence might be doubted by the foreign reader, did not a Hungarian journal, *Der Osten*, furnish a detailed description of it. The only prerequisite to an audience would seem to be the lodging of the subject's name and rank with one of the emperor's secretaries, who thereupon appoints the day and hour for his appearance at the palace. If the emperor has been long absent from Vienna, his next audience-day is always a trying one, as the waiting-room is then crowded with hundreds of both sexes, and all ranks and ages. They are in ordinary dress, too, so that the imperial ante-chamber presents a motley and picturesque scene—the gold-broidered coat of the minister of state and the brilliant uniform of the army mingling with the citizen's plain frock, with the Tyrolean or Styrian hunter's jacket, with the *bunda* of the Hungarian, with the long, fur-lined linen overcoat of the Polish peasant; while the rustling silks of the elegant city lady are side by side with the plain woolen skirt of the farmer's wife. Each of these in regular turn, as written on the list from which he calls them, a staff-officer ushers into the emperor's study. There the petitioner states his case. The emperor listens without interruption, then receives the written statements and documents, sometimes asks a question, but generally dismisses the visitor with a simple formula of assurance that a decision will be duly rendered. There is evidently much form in the matter, as if it were but the empty perpetuation of some ancient ceremony designed to show that the monarch is the father of all his people and hence is personally interested in their individual troubles. But yet it appears that the emperor *does* listen to the harangues, for he is occasionally known to affix his initials to some documents; which act is always interpreted as a good sign, it being equivalent to a special recommendation to the secretaries, indicating that *primâ facie* the cause has seemed to the sovereign to be just. However, the precaution of a written statement is always taken, because it would be impossible for him to remember all the oral explanations. Only a few weeks after each of these audiences the suitors are individually notified of the result. The emperor's sense of etiquette does not allow him to give any sign of impatience during the interview, though some of the visitors are as long-winded and importunate as Mark Twain pretends to have been at one of President Grant's receptions. The emperor answers the German, Hungarian, Tzech, Croat or Italian each in the suitor's own tongue. It is quite possible that in the preliminary registry of the names and condition of suitors care is taken that the emperor shall not be subjected to too great annoyance from any abuse of this curious and interesting privilege.

AMONG the canonizations of the past few months a notable place must be assigned to that of the beatified Benoît Labre. That he was faithful in doctrine needs hardly be said, but it was his manner of life which procured him this posthumous honor, in order that those who read of his career may rank him among those saints who, as in Tickell's line, have both "taught and led the way to heaven," and may seek to imitate his example. The decree of canonization, in reciting his characteristic virtues, says that though of very honorable birth, yet, scorning earthly things as dross, he clothed himself in rags, and ate and drank only what charity gave him. His shelter was the Coliseum or the doorways or desert places of Rome. He washed not, neither did he yield to the effeminacy of the comb; his hair and nails grew to what length Nature wished: in short (for some of the additional details are better fancied than described), he so utterly neglected his person that he became an object of avoidance to many or all. But his neglected body was after death placed under a glass shrine in the church of the Madonna dei Monti. The decree calls upon others to follow the example of the blessed Benoît, or at least as far as the measure of spiritual strength in each will allow; but we apprehend that many will modestly confess that the peculiar virtues of the saint are inimitable.

# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Little Hodge. By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: Dodd & Mead.

The pamphlet has changed since the days of Swift and Dr. Johnson, and the modern method, which seeks to influence opinion by means of a short, pointed story, is certainly a gain in persuasiveness and pictorial vigor. It is hard to say what the dean of Saint Patrick's would have thought of *The Battle of Dorking*, or *Ginx's Baby*, or *Lord Bantam*, or *Little Hodge*, by the author of the last two of these. The dean's ferocity of expression no modern writer can allow himself; and the engine of a tremendous intellect is by no means apparent, as it was in his work, behind the efforts of our modern pamphleteers. But the nerves of pity, when exquisitely touched, are as apt to influence action as the feelings of hate or scorn, and Swift's proposal, from the depths of his bleeding heart, to fat and eat the Irish children, was no more adapted to produce reformed legislation than is the picture in *Little Hodge* of the ten deserted children starving under the thatch, the eldest girl frozen and pallid, the father shot by a gamekeeper, after having failed to support his motherless brood. Swift would have put in some matchless touches, but the picture seems adapted to our day of average, mechanical commonplace. It has a nerve of tenderness in it which will work upon the gentler souls of our communities. The father of *Little Hodge* is represented as an honest field-laborer, working for Farmer Jolly at nine shillings a week. The birth of his manikin baby and the accompanying death of his wife increase his cares past bearing. He thereupon commits three crimes in succession: he applies to Jolly for an increase of pay, he joins the agrarian movement of a year ago, and he attempts to run away and find work elsewhere. He is inexorably, minutely and witheringly punished for these several acts, and at last gets his only chance of comfort in a violent death, leaving his poor problems unsolved and his children naked and starving. Such a picture, if drawn by a foreigner, would arouse English indignation from shore to shore; but it is home-drawn. The only foreign delineation is in the author's Jehoiachin Settle, a stage Yankee, whose avocation is planting English children in Canada after the manner of Miss Rye. Settle is a preposterous failure, but every other limb of the writer's argument is strong and operative.

At His Gates. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The author of *Miss Marjoribanks*, who is said to keep writing first a good novel and then a poor novel in careful alternation, will leave her friends in some doubt as to which category she means her last story to be placed in, for it is impossible to call it poor, and conscience-rending to call it good. It is long, and depicts many persons, of whom only one, Mr. Burton's cynical wife, is at all original. Mr. Burton aforesaid, a pompous business-man, places "at his gates," just outside his villa walls, the widow of a man whom he has used as a catspaw. The catspaw was a guileless artist, whom Burton has tempted to take a directorship in his bank when the latter was about to break, he himself retiring in time. The poor painter, in despair, jumps into the water, and his wife, who is proud and aristocratic, is condemned to be the pensioner and neighbor of a vulgar villain, every favor from whom is a conscious insult. Presently the tables are turned. Whether the asphyxiated artist really comes undrowned again, and returns rich from America, nothing could persuade us to tell, as we disapprove of the premature revelation of plots. But the tiresome Burton, at any rate, is bound to come to grief, and his headstrong young daughter to run off with his partner in atrocity, a man as old as her father, and his wife to adapt her cold philosophy to a tiny house in the best part of London. There is one scene, worth all the rest of the book, where this lady tries to bargain with her son, whom she is really fond of, for a manifestation of his love: she is about to yield to his opinion that she should give up her own private settlement to the creditors of her ruined husband, and then, just as she is consenting to this sacrifice, not disinterestedly but maternally, the boy blurts out his passion for a *parvenu* girl, the lost painter's daughter in fact—a rival whom he introduces to her in the moment of her supreme tenderness. She simply observes, "You have acted according to your nature, Ned—like the rest." If there were ten such chapters in the book as the one containing this scene, the novel would be something immortal, instead of what it is—railway reading of exceptional merit. It forms the first of a "Library of Choice Fiction" projected by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of which it forms a very encouraging standard of interest.

Memoirs of Madame Desbordes-Valmore. By Sainte-Beuve. With a Selection from her Poems. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Sainte-Beuve, with whom the art of female biography seems to have died, and who has given us so many softly touched and profoundly understood portraits, is here engaged with one of his own personal friends and contemporaries. This is no study of a heroine long dead, and draped in the obsolete and winning costume of the Empire or the Revolution, but of an anxious woman concerned with the hardship and grime of our own day, "amid the dust and defilement of the city, on the highway, always in quest of lodgings, climbing to the fifth story, wounded on every angle." Only sympathy and a poetic touchstone could bring out the essence and sweetness of a nature so unhappily disguised; but Sainte-Beuve, discarding with a single gesture her penitential mask and hood, finds Madame Desbordes-Valmore "polished, gracious, and even hospitable, investing everything with a certain attractive and artistic air, hiding her griefs under a natural grace, lighted even by gleams of merriment." The poor details of her life he contrives to lose under a purposed artlessness of narrative and a caressing superfluity of loyal eulogy. We learn, however, that Mademoiselle Desbordes was born at Douai in 1786, and died in Paris in 1859. Daughter of a heraldic painter, the necessities of her family obliged her to make a voyage, as a child, to Guadeloupe, in the hope of receiving aid from a rich relative, and a little later to go upon the stage. In the provinces, and occasionally at Paris, she played in the rôle of *ingénue* with an exquisite address, succeeding because such a part was really a natural expression of herself: she thus won the abiding friendship of the great Mars, who turned to the young comédienne a little-suspected and tender side of her own character. Mademoiselle Desbordes' artistic charm was infinite, and she controlled with innocent ease the fountain of tears, whitening the whole parterre with pocket-handkerchiefs when she appeared as the Eveline, Claudine and Eulalie of French sentimental drama. But she felt keenly the social ostracism which was still strong toward the stage of 1800, and bewailed in her poetry the "honors divine by night allowed, by day anathematized." In 1817 she married an actor, M. Valmore, who subsequently disappeared into obscure official life, accepting with joy a position as catalogue-maker in the National Library. Her relatives, and even her eldest daughter, received small government favors, while her own little pension, when it came, was so distasteful that for a long time she could not bring herself to apply for the payments. She was a confirmed patriot, shrank from the favors of the throne, was ill for six weeks after Waterloo, and hailed with delight the revolution of '48, which for some time stopped her pension and impoverished her. After twenty years of the stage she retired into the greater privacy of literature, and published various collections of verse which struck a note of pure transparent sentiment rare in the epoch of Louis Philippe. She had, in an uncommon degree, the gift of intelligent admiration: her addresses to the great men of her time appear to be as far as possible from a spirit of calculation or self-interest, but they secured her an answering sympathy all the more valuable as it was never bargained for. Michelet said, "My heart is full of her;" Balzac wrote a drama at her solicitation; Lamartine, taking to himself a published compliment which she had intended for another, replied with twenty beautiful stanzas; Victor Hugo wrote to her, "You are poetry itself;" Mademoiselle Mars, when past the age of public favor, took from her the plain counsel to retire with kindness and actual thanks; Dumas wrote a preface for her; Madame Récamier obtained her pension; the brilliant Sophie Gay, now Madame Émile de Girardin, wrote of her poetry, "How could one depict better the luxury of grief?" M. Raspail, the austere republican, called her the tenth muse, the muse of virtue; and Sainte-Beuve himself, thinking less of her literary life than of her family life and manifold compassions, terms her the "Mater Dolorosa of poetry." His memoir, however, is valuable for its own grace as much as for the modest sweetness of its subject: without his friendly eloquence the name of Madame Desbordes-Valmore would not have got beyond a kind of personal circle of native admirers, nor the present translator have rendered for foreign ears the whispering story of her pure deeds and the plaintive numbers of her verse.

Memoir of a Brother. By Thomas Hughes, Author of "Tom Brown's School-days." London: Macmillan & Co.

Here is a book that was never meant to be dissected and analyzed by critics and reviewers. It is not hard to imagine the "discomfort and annoyance" which the writer has (he tells us) felt in consenting to give to the public a memoir compiled for a private family circle. Still, on the whole, it is altogether well, and there is good reason to call attention to it, for there is much benefit in the book for many readers. It is the loving record of a life that, from first to last, never challenged the world's attention—that was connected with no great movement or event, political, theological or social; but a life, all the same, that was lived with a truth, an earnestness and a straightness that won the affection and respect of all who came within its influence, and will, or we are much mistaken, glow warmly in the hearts and memories of just all whose eyes now light upon this story of it.

How many boys—ay, and grown men and women too—got up from *Tom Brown's School-days* consciously the better from the reading of it! But there was withal a vague feeling of incompleteness, an unsatisfied longing. The story left off too soon. One wanted to know more of Tom after his school-days. And then, it was, after all, a novel, a fiction. One would have liked to come across that Tom, and perhaps felt half afraid that he might not readily be found outside the cover of the volume. It is true that that longing to know something of the hero's after-life which is one accompaniment of the perusal of a thoroughly good work of fiction was, in the case of Tom Brown, partially gratified. Everybody had the chance of seeing *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and watching their old favorite's course through undergraduate days to that haven and final goal of fiction-writers, marriage. But there he is lost to view for good and all, and one is left to the amiable hypothesis that he lived happy all his days, without being either shown how he managed to do so, or taught how we might manage to do likewise.

Now this *Memoir of a Brother* may be said just to supply the want that we have here endeavored to indicate. It is the whole life—the child life, the school-boy life, the college life and the adult, responsible life in the world and as a family head—of a real flesh-and-blood, actualized Tom Brown; and it stands out depicted with an intense naturalness of coloring that charms one more than the laborious effects of imaginative biography.

George Hughes, the subject of the memoir before us, was the eldest son of a Berkshire squire, and little more than a year older than his brother and biographer. Very pleasant is the glimpse of child life in an English county forty years ago that is given in the story of his first years. From the first he showed the calm fearlessness, the practicality and the helpfulness which seem to have been among his most prominent characteristics. These qualities, and with them a rigorous conscientiousness, a sensitive unselfishness, and—no trifling advantage in these or any other days—a splendid *physique*, he took with him, and preserved alike unaltered, through Rugby, Oxford and after years. Little wonder that the possessor of such gifts became a Sixth-form boy and foot-ball captain at his public school, and achieved boating and cricketing successes, an honorable degree, and the repute of being the most popular man of his day at the university. Most people who take an interest in boat-racing, and many who do not, have heard of that famous race upon the Thames at Henley, in which a crew of *seven* Oxford oarsmen snatched victory from a (not *the*) Cambridge "eight;" but not everybody knows—for the feat was done now thirty years ago, and names are lost while the memory of a fact survives—that George Hughes pulled the stroke-oar of that plucky seven-oared boat.

Oxford days over, and after a three-years' spell of private tutoring—a not uncommon temporary resort of English graduates while they are making up their minds as to what profession or business to take up for life—we find George Hughes settled in London, reading law in Doctors' Commons. By this time his biographer, who has been close by his side, and following his lead in work and play, through all the years of school and college life, is at work in London too, and the two brothers are again together under one roof. The similarity, one may almost say identicality, of the circumstances of their bringing up might, but that such things, luckily, don't always go by rule, have led one to expect to find in them, now full-grown and thoughtful men, something like a coincidence of sympathies and opinions. Nothing of the sort. George is by temperament and conviction a Tory of the kindly, old-fashioned school: his younger brother has become an advanced Liberal, an enthusiastic promoter of workingmen's associations, and a leading spirit among the so-called Christian Socialists. Needless to add that, though never for one moment sundered one from the other in heart or affection by differences of opinion, the two could not work together in this field. Downright, practical George has his objections, and states them. Listen: "'You don't want to divide other people's property?' 'No.' 'Then why call yourselves Socialists?' 'But we couldn't help ourselves: other people called us so first.' 'Yes, but you needn't have accepted the name. Why acknowledge that the cap fitted?' 'Well, it would have been cowardly to back out. We borrow the ideas of these Frenchmen, of association as opposed to competition, as the true law of industry and of organizing labor—of securing the laborer's position by organizing production and consumption—and it would be cowardly to shirk the name. It is only fools who know nothing about the matter, or people interested in the competitive system of trade, who believe or say that a desire to divide other people's property is of the essence of Socialism.' 'That may be very true, but nine-tenths of mankind, or, at any rate, of Englishmen, come under one or the other of these categories. If you are called Socialists, you will never persuade the British public that this is not your object. There was no need to take the name. You have weight enough to carry already, without putting that on your shoulders. . . . The long and short of it is, I hate upsetting things, which seems to be your main object. You say that you like to see people discontented with society as it is, and are ready to help to make them so, because it is full of injustice and abuses of all kinds, and will never be better till men are thoroughly discontented. I don't see these evils so strongly as you do, don't believe in heroic remedies, and would sooner see people contented, and making the best of society as they find it. In fact, I was bred and born a Tory, and I can't help it.'" However, our biographer tells us, "he (George) continued to pay his subscription, and to get his clothes at our tailors' association till it failed, which was more than some of our number did, for the cut was so bad as to put the sternest principles to a severe test. But I could see that this was done out of kindness to me, and not from sympathy with what we were doing."

After a few years of law-work in the ecclesiastical courts, the call of a domestic duty took George Hughes—not, one may well imagine, without a severe struggle—from the active practice of his profession, and bade him be content thenceforward with home life. Idle or inactive of course a man of prime mental and bodily vigor could not be. The violoncello, farming, volunteering, magistrate's work, getting up laborers' reading-rooms and organizing Sunday evening classes for the big boys in his village, gave outlets enough for his superfluous energies. And meanwhile he was now become a paterfamilias, and had boys of his own to send to Rugby, and to encourage and advise in their school-life by letters which—and it is paying them a high compliment to say so—are almost as good as those which his father had, thirty years before, addressed to him at the same place. It is impossible to overestimate the advantage to a school-boy of having a father who can appreciate and sympathize with boyish thoughts and aims, and knows how to use his natural mentorship wisely. We shall be much surprised if readers do not find the letters from George's father to him, and his to his own boys, among the most attractive parts of this book.

Like most men who care heartily for anything, George Hughes always continued to feel a strong interest in public affairs, though circumstances had "counted him out of that crowd" who do the outside working of them. He had a considerable gift of rhyming, and that incident of the ex-prince imperial's "baptism of fire" with which the late Franco-Prussian war opened drew from him some vigorously indignant lines. Here are a few of them:

> By! baby Bunting,
> Daddy's gone a-hunting,
> Bath of human blood to win,
> To float his baby Bunting in,
> By, baby Bunting.
>
> What means this hunting?
> Listen, baby Bunting—
> Wounds—that you may sleep at ease,
> Death—that you may reign in peace,
> Sweet baby Bunting.
>
> Yes, baby Bunting!
> Jolly fun is hunting.
> Jacques in front shall bleed and toil,
> You in safety gorge the spoil,
> Sweet baby Bunting.
>
> Perpend, my small friend,
> After all this hunting,
> When the train at last moves on,
> Daddy's gingerbread *salon*
> May get a shunting.

It is not our place here to do more than record how that suddenly, in the early summer of last year, the true strong man was struck down by inflammation of the lungs and passed away. What the loss must be to all whom his influence touched the pages before us sufficiently attest. It is perhaps well, though, that no life can be faithfully lived in the world without leaving such sore legacies of loss behind it.

## *Books Received.*

The Relation of the Government to the Telegraph; or, a Review of the Two Propositions now Pending before Congress for Changing the Telegraphic Service of the Country. By David A. Wells. With Appendices. New York.

The Country Physician. An Address upon the Life and Character of the late Dr. Frederick Dorsey. By John Thomson Mason. Second edition. Baltimore: William K. Boyle.

Addresses delivered on Laying the Corner-stone of an edifice for the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, October 30, 1872. Philadelphia: Collins.

Mysteries of the Voice and Ear. By Prof. O. N. Rood, Columbia College, New York. With Illustrations. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

The Poems of Henry Timrod. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by Paul H. Hayne. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

Modern Leaders: Being a Series of Biographical Sketches. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Complete Poetical Works of John-Greenleaf Whittier. Household edition. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Earth a Great Magnet. By Alfred Marshal Mayer, Ph. D. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

The Two Ysondes, and Other Verses. By Edward Ellis. London: Basil Montagu Pickering.

Jesus, the Lamb of God. By Rev. E. Payson Hammond. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Social Charades and Parlor Operas. By M. T. Calder. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Yale Naught-ical Almanac for 1873. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

Julia Reid: Listening and Led. By Pansy. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

*POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

JULY, 1873.

# THE NEW HYPERION.

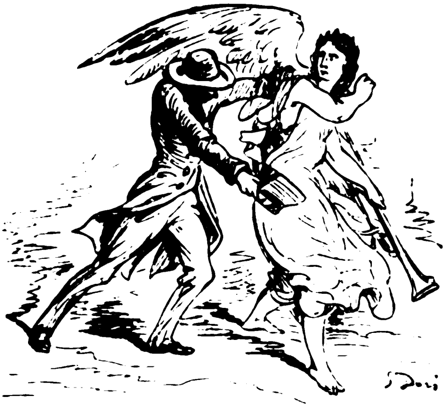
## FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

[The author's vignettes neatly copied by Gustave Doré.]

### I.—PREAMBULARY.

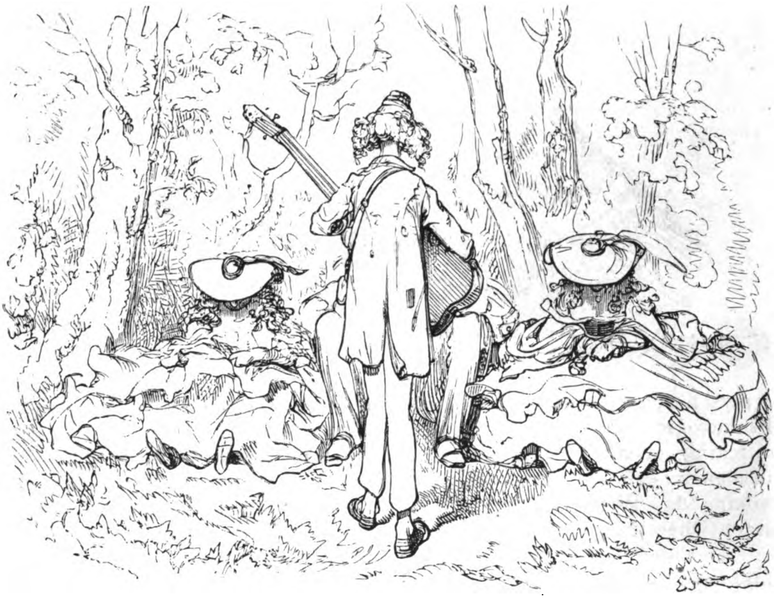
THE behavior of a great Hope is like the setting of the sun. It splashes out from under a horizontal cloud, so diabolically incandescent that you see a dozen false suns blotting the heavens with purple in every direction. You bury your eyes in a handkerchief, with your back carefully turned upon the west, and meantime the spectacle you were waiting for takes place and disappears. You promise yourself to nick it better to-morrow. The soul withdraws into its depths. The stars arise (offering two or three thousand more impracticable suns), and the night is ironical.

Having already conquered, without boasting, a certain success before the reading public, and having persuaded an author of renown to sign his name to my bantling, my Expectation and Hope have long been to surpass that trifling production. You may think it a slight thing to prepare a lucky volume, and, tapping Fame familiarly on the shoulder, engage her to undertake its colportage throughout the different countries of the globe. My first little work of travel and geography had exceeded my dreams of a good reception. It had earned me sev-



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

eral proposals from publishers; it had been annotated with "How true!" and "Most profound!" by the readers in public libraries; its title had given an imaginative air to the ledgers of booksellers; and it had added a new shade of moodiness to the collection of Mudie. The man who hits one success by accident is always trying to hit another by preparation. Since that achievement I have thought of nothing but the creation of another impromptu, and I have really prepared a quantity of increments toward it in the various places to which my traveling existence has led me. That I have settled down, since these many years past, at the centre and capital of ideas would prove me, even without the indiscretions of that first little book, an American by birth. I need not add that my card is printed in German text, **Paul Flemming**, and that time has brought to me a not ungraceful, though a sometimes practically retardating, circumference. Beneath a mask of cheerfulness, and even of obesity, however, I continue to guard the sensitive feelings of my earlier days. Yes: under this abnormal convexity are fostered, as behind a lens, the glowing tendencies of my youth. Though no longer, like the Harold described in Icelandic verse by Regner Hairy-Breeches, "a young chief proud of my flowing locks," yet I still "spend my mornings among the young maidens," or such of them as frequent the American Colony, as we call it, in Paris. I still "love to converse with the handsome widows." Miss Ashburton, who in one little passage of our youth treated me with considerable disrespect, and who afterward married a person of great lingual accomplishments, her father's late courier, at Naples, has been handsomely forgiven, but not forgotten. A few intelligent ladies, of marked listening powers and conspicuous accomplishments, are habitually met by me at their residences in the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe or at the receptions of the United States minister. These fair attractions, although occupying, in practice, a preponderating share of my time, are as nothing to me, however, in comparison with that enticing illusion, my Book.

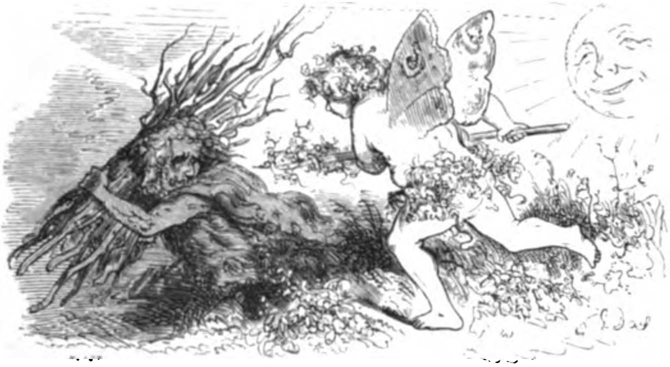


The scientific use of the imagination in treating the places and distances of

Geography is the dream of my days and the insomnia of my nights.

Every morning I take down and dust the loose sheets of my coming book or polish the gilding of my former one. It is in my fidelity to these baffling hopes—hopes fed with so many withered (or at least torn and blotted) leaves—rather than in any resemblance authenticable by a looking-glass, that I show my identity with the old long-haired and nasal Flemming.

Yet, though so long a Parisian, and so comfortable in my theoretic pursuit of Progressive Geography, my leisure hours are unconsciously given to knitting myself again to past associations, and some of my deepest pleasures come from tearing open the ancient wounds. Shall memory ever lose that sacred, that provoking day in the Vale of Lauterbrunnen when the young mechanic in green serenaded us with his guitar? It had for me that quite peculiar and personal application that it immediately preceded my rejection by Miss Mary. The Staubbach poured before our eyes, as from a hopper in the clouds, its Stream of Dust. The Ashburtons, clad in the sensible and becoming fashion of English lady-tourists, with long ringlets and Leghorn hats, sat on either side of me upon the grass. And then that implacable youth, looking full in my eye, sang his verses of insulting sagacity:



She gives thee a garland woven fair;
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear;
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

Meeting him two or three times afterward as he pursued his apprentice-tour, I felt as though I had encountered a greenworm. And I confess that it was partly on his account that I made a vow, fervently uttered and solemnly kept, never again to visit Switzerland or the Rhine. Miss Ashburton I easily forgave. The disadvantage, I distinctly felt, was hers, solely and restrictedly hers; and I should have treated with profound respect, if I had come across him, the professional traveler who was good enough to marry her afterward.

But these bitter-sweet recollections are only the relief to my studies. It is true they are importunate, but they are strictly kept below stairs.

Nor would any one, regarding the stout and comfortable Flemming, suspect what regrets and what philosophies were disputing possession of his interior. For my external arrangements, I flatter myself that I have shaped *them* in tolerable taste.

My choice of the French capital I need not defend to any of my American readers. To all of you this consummation is simply a matter of ability. I heartily despise, as I always did, all mere pamperings of physical convenience. Still, for some who retain some sympathy with the Paul Flemming of aforetime, it may be worth while to mention the particular physical conveniencies my soul contemns. I inhabit, and have done so for eight years at least, a neat little residence of the kind styled "between court and garden," and lying on the utmost permissible circumference of the American quarter in Paris—say on the hither side of Passy. For nearly the same period I have had in lease a comical box at Marly, whither I repair every summer. My town-quarters, having been furnished by an artist, gave me small pains. The whole interior is like a suite of rooms in the Hôtel Cluny. The only trouble was in bringing up the cellar to the quality I desired and in selecting domestics—points on which, though careless of worldly comfort in general, I own I am somewhat particular.

G. Doré
HUYOT

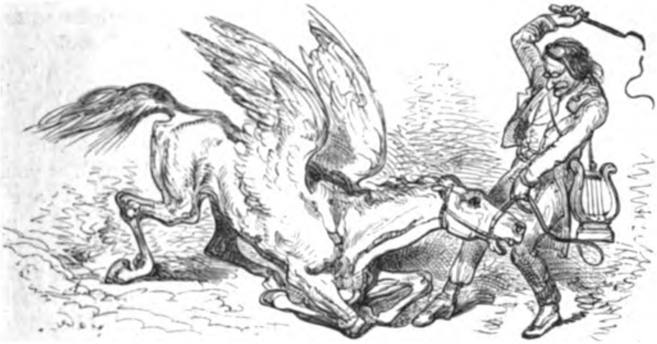
No gentleman valets for me — rude creatures presuming to outdress their masters. What I wanted was the Corporal Trim style of thing—bald, faithful, ancient retainer. After a world of vexation I succeeded in finding an artless couple, who agreed for a stipulation to sigh when I spoke of my grandfather before my guests, and to have been brought up in the family.

But I am wandering, and neglecting the true vein of sentiment which so abounds in my heart. All my pleasure is still in mournful contemplation, but I have learned that the feelings are most refined when freed from low cares and personal discomforts. I was going to cite a letter I wrote to my oldest friend, the baron of Hohenfels. It was sketched out first in verse, but in that form was a failure:

"15th March.

"The snow-white clouds beyond my window are piled up like Alps. The shades of B. Franklin and W. Tell seem to walk together on those Elysian Fields; for it was here (or sufficiently nigh for the purpose) that in days gone by our pure patriot dwelt and flirted with Madame Helvetius; and yonder clouds so much resemble the snowy Alps that they remind me irresistibly of the Swiss. Noble examples of a high purpose and a fixed will! Do B. and W. not move, Hyperion-like, on high? Were *they* not, likewise, sons of Heaven and Earth?

"I wish I knew the man who called flowers 'the fugitive poetry of Nature.' That was a sweet carol, which I think I have quoted to you, sung by the Rhodian children of old in spring, bearing in their hands a swallow, and chanting 'The swallow is come,' with some other lines, which I have forgotten. A pretty carol is that, too, which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in spring, what time it builds its nests in the chimneys and gracefully diverts the draft of smoke into the interior. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Some housekeepers might object to that, and say that there was but imperfect joy in moving; but I am about to propose to you, as soon as I have taken a little more string, a plan of removal that will suit both us and the season. My friend, the time of storms is flying before the pretty child called April, who pursues it with his blooming thyrsus. Breathing scent upon the air, he has already awakened some of the trees on the boulevards, and the white locust-blossoms in the garden of Rossini are beginning to hang out their bunches to attract the nightingales. He calls to the swallows, and they arrive in clouds.



"He knocks at the hard envelope of the chrysalis, which accordingly prepares to take its chance for a precarious metamorphosis—into the wings of the butterfly or into the bosom of the bird. How very sweet!

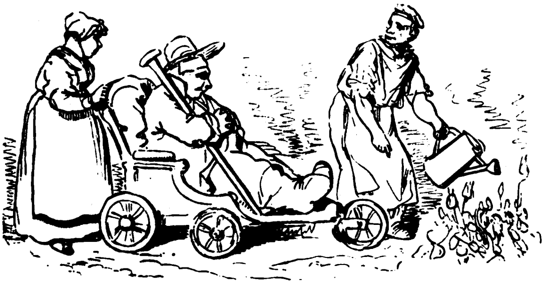
"Strange is the lesson, my friend, which humanity teaches itself from the larva. Even so do I, methinks, feed in life's autumn upon the fading foliage of Hope, and, still feeding and weaving, turn it at last into a little grave. A neat image that, which, by the by, I stole from Drummond of Hawthornden. Do you recollect his verse?—but of course I should be provoked if I thought you did—

For, with strange thoughts possessed,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope—which me deceives,
And thousand webs doth warp within my breast.
And thus, in end, unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison. No! but even a Grave!

"To pursue my subject: April, having thus balanced the affairs of the bird and the worm, proceeds to lay over the meadows a tablecloth for the bees. He opens all the windows of Paris, and on the streets shows us the sap mounting in carnation in the faces of the girls.

"My dear Hohenfels, I invite you to the festival which Spring is spreading just now in the village of Marly. My cabin will be gratified to open in your honor. May it keep you until autumn! Come, and come at once."

Having signed my missive, I tucked it into an envelope, which I blazoned with my favorite seal, the lyre of Hyperion broken, and rang for Charles. In his stead, in lieu of my faithful Charles, it was Hohenfels himself who entered, fresh from the Hôtel Mirabeau.



"Look alive, man! Can you lend me an umbrella?" said he briskly.

I looked out at the window: it was snowing.

The moment seemed inopportune for the delivery of my epistle: I endeavored to conceal it—without hypocrisy and by a natural movement—under the usual pile of manuscript on my table devoted to Progressive Geography. But the baron had spied his name on the address: "How is that? You were writing to me? There, I will spare you the trouble of posting."

He read my sentences, turning at the end of each period to look out at the snow, which was heavily settling in large damp flakes. He said nothing at first about the discrepancy, but only looked forth alternately with his reading, which was pointed enough. I said long ago that the beauty of Hohenfels' character, like that of the precious opal, was owing to a defect in his organization. The baron retains his girlish expression, his blue eye, and his light hair of the kind that never turns gray: he is still slender, but much bent. He went over to the fireplace and crouched before the coals that were flickering there still. Then he said, with that gentle, half-laughing voice, "Take care, Paul, old boy! Children who show sense too early never grow, they say: by parity of argument, men who are poetical too late in life never get their senses."

"I have given up poetry," said I, "and you cannot scan that communication in your hand."

"But it is something worse than poetry! It is prose inflated and puffed and bubbled. You are falling into your old moony ways again, and sonneteering in plain English. Are you not ashamed, at your age?"

"What age do you mean? I feel no infirmities of age. If my hair is gray, 'tis not with years, as By—"

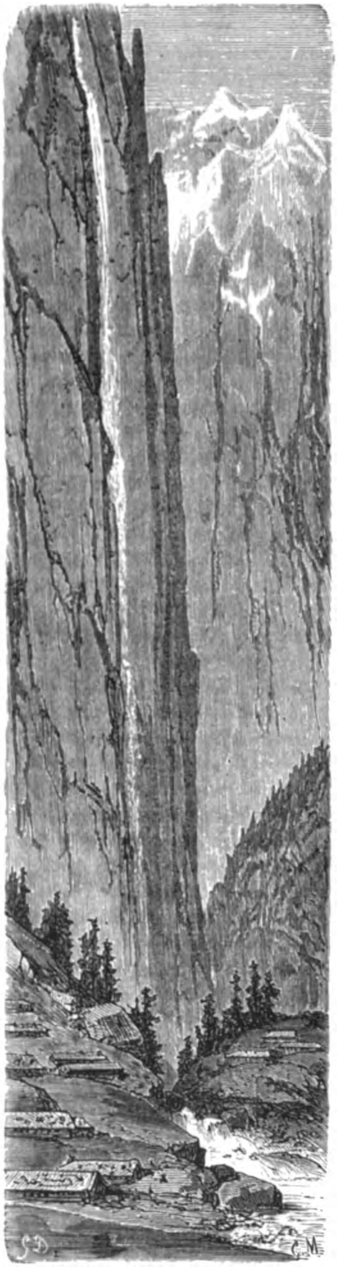
"If your hair is gray, it is because you are forty-eight, my old beauty."

"Forty-five!" I said, with some little natural heat.

"Forty-five let it be, though you have said so these three years. And what age is that to go running after the foot of the rainbow? Here you are, my dear Flemming, breathing forth hymns to Spring, and inviting your friends to picnics! Don't you know that April is the traitor among the twelve months of the year? You are ready to strike for Marly in a linen coat and slippers! Have you forgotten, my poor fellow, that Marly is windy and raw, and that Louis XIV. caught that chill at Marly of which he died? Ah, Paul, you are right enough. You are young, still young. You are not forty-eight: you are sixteen—sixteen for the third time."

Hohenfels, whose once fine temper is going a little, stirred the fire and suddenly rose.

"Lend me an umbrella!" he repeated imperatively.



"Are you in such a hurry to go? That is not very complimentary to me," I observed. "Have you done scolding me?"

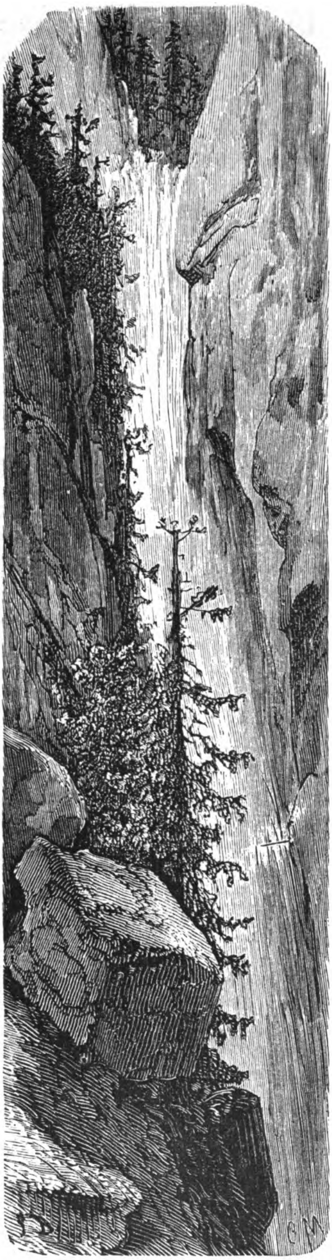
What is called by some my growing worldliness teaches me to value dryness in an old friend as I value dryness in a fine, cobwebbed, crusty wine. It is from the merest Sybaritism that I surround myself with comrades who, like Hohenfels, can fit their knobs into my pattern, and receive my knobs in their own vacancy. My hint brought him over at once into the leathern chair opposite the one I occupy.

"Paul, Paul," he said, "I only criticise you for your good. What have you done with your three adolescences? You are getting stout, yet you still write poetically. You have some wit, imagination, learning and aptitude. You might make a name in science or art, but everything you do lacks substance, because you live only in your old eternal catchwords of the Past and the Future. You can sketch and paint, yet have never exhibited your pictures except in ladies' albums. You profess to love botany, yet your sole herbarium has been the mignonette in sewing-girls' windows. You are inoffensive, you are possessed of a competency, but in everything, in every vocation, you rest in the state of amateur — amateur housekeeper, amateur artist, amateur traveler, amateur geographer. And such a geographer as you might be, with your taste for travel and the Hakluyt Society's publications you have pored over for years!"

This chance allusion to my grand secret took me from my guard. Hohenfels, blundering up and down in search of something to anathematize, had stumbled upon the very fortress of my strength. I deemed it time to let him into a part of my reserved intellectual treasure—to whirl away a part at least of the sand in which my patient sphinx had been buried.

"I have indeed been a reader," I said modestly. "When a youth at Heidelberg, I perused, with more profit than would be immediately guessed from the titles, such works as the Helden-Buchs and the Nibelungen-Lieds, the Saxon Rhyme-Chronicles, the poems of Minnesingers and Mastersingers, and Ships of Fools, and Reynard Foxes, and Death-Dances, and Lamentations of Damned Souls. My study since then has been in German chemistry from its renaissance in Paracelsus, and physical science, including both medicine and the evolution of life. Shall I give you a few dozen of my favorite writers?"

"Quite unnecessary," said the baron with some haste. "But I fancied you were going to speak of geographical authors."



"Are you fond of such writings yourself?" I asked.

"Immensely—that is, not too scientific, you know," said the baron, who was out of his element here. "Bayard Taylor, now, or some such fellows as the Alpine Club."

"My dear baron, the republications by the Hakluyt Society are but a small part of the references I have taken down for my Progressive Geography. You admire Switzerland?"

"Vastly. Steep jump, the Staubbach."

"But the Alps are only hillocks compared with the Andes of Peru, with the Cordilleras, with Chimborazo! Ah, baron, Chimborazo! Well, my dear boy, the system I elaborate makes it a matter of simple progression and calculation to arrive at mountains much more considerable still."

"Such as—?"

"The Mountains of the Moon!"

I then, in a few dexterously involved sentences, allowed the plan of my newly-invented theory to appear—so much of it, that is, as would leave Hohenfels completely in the dark, and detract in no wise from the splendor of my Opus when it should be published. As science, however, truly considered, is the art of dilapidating and merging into confused ruin the theories of your predecessors, I was somewhat more precise with the destructive than the constructive part of my plan.

"Geographical Science, I am prepared to show, is that which modern learning alone has neglected, to the point of leaving its discoveries stationary. It is not so with the more assiduously cultivated branches. What change, what advance, in every other department of culture! In geology, the ammonite of to-day was for Chalmers a parody facetiously made by Nature in imitation of her living conchology, and for Voltaire a pilgrim's cockle dropped in the passes of the Alps. In medicine, what progress has been made since ague was compared to the flutter of insects among the nerves, and good Mistress Dorothy Burton, who died but in 1629, cured it by hanging a spider round the patient's neck "in a nutshell lapped in silk"! In chemistry, what strides! In astronomy, what perturbations and changes! In history, what do we not owe to the amiable authors who, dipping their pens in whitewash, have reversed the judgments of ages on Nero and Henry VIII.! In genealogy, what thanks must we pay to Darwin! Geographical Science alone, stolid in its insolent fixity, has not moved: the location of Thebes and Memphis is what it was in the days of Cheops and Rameses. And so poor in intellect are our professors of geodesic lore that London continues to be, just as it always was, in latitude 51° 30′ 48″ N., longitude 0° 5′ 38″ W., while the observatory of Paris contentedly sits in latitude 48° 50′ 12″ N. and longitude 2° 20′ 22½″ E. from the observatory of Greenwich! This disgracefully stationary condition of the science cannot much longer be permitted."

"And how," said the baron, "will it be changed?" and he poked the fire to conceal a yawn. Excellent man! his time latterly had been more given to the investigation of opera than of the exact sciences.

"Through my theory of Progression and Proportion in geographical statistics, by which the sources of the Nile can be easily determined from the volume and speed of that current, while the height of the mountains on the far side of the moon will be but a pleasing sum in Ratio for a scholar's vacations. Nor will anything content me, my dear Hohenfels, till this somewhat theoretical method of traveling is displaced by bodily progression; till these easy excursions of the mind are supplemented by material extensions; till the foot is pressed where the brain has leaped; and till I, then for the first time a traveler, stand behind the lunar rim, among the 'silent silver lights and darks undreamed of!'"

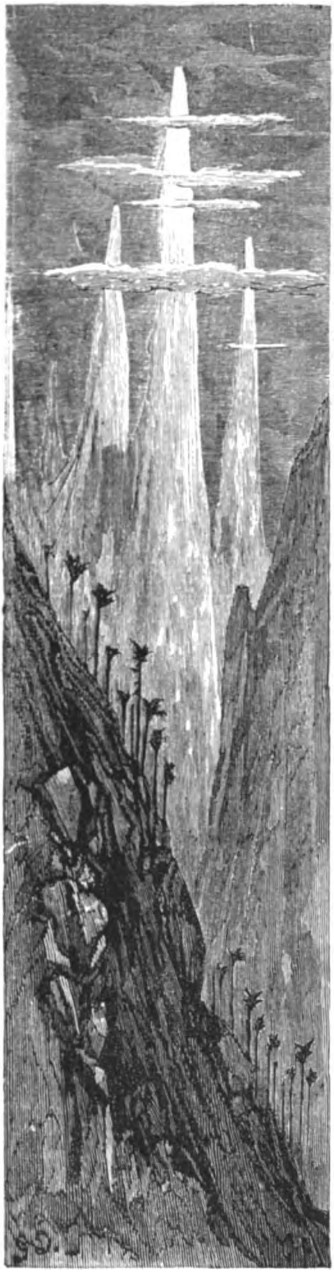
"I am unable to appreciate your divagations," humbly observed Hohenfels, "though I always thought your language beautiful. Meantime, my hat is spoiled in coming hither, and you have the effrontery to write bucolics to me during the most frightful weather of the year. Once for all, do you refuse me an um—"

He did not finish his sentence. A world of sunshine burst like a bomb into the chamber, and our eyes were dazzled with the splendor: a sturdy beam shot directly into the fireplace, and the embers turned haggard and gray, and quickly retired from the unequal contest. I opened the window. A warm air, faint with the scent of earth and turf, invaded the apartment, and the map-like patches of dampness on the asphaltum pavement were rapidly and visibly drying away.

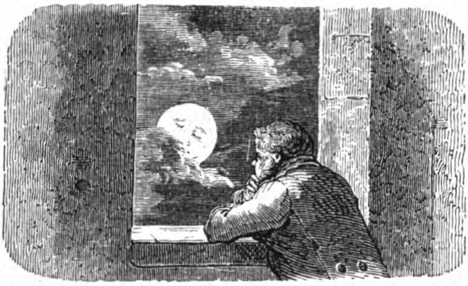
"I'm off!" said Hohenfels, with a rapid movement of retreat.

"But you are forgetting your—"

"What, my gloves?"



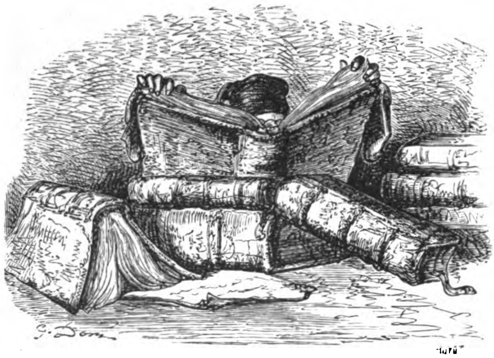
"No, the umbrella." And I presented him the heaviest and longest and oldest of my collection. He laughed: it was a hoary canopy which we had used beside the Neckar and in Heidelberg—"a pleasant town," as the old song says,



"when it has done raining." We sealed a compact over the indestructible German umbrella. I agreed to defer for a fortnight my departure for Marly: on his side he made a solemn vow to come there on the first of May, and there receive in full and without wincing the particulars of my Progressive Geography. As he passed by the window I took care that he should catch a glimpse of me seated by accident in a strong light, my smoking-cap crowded down to my spectacles, and my nose buried in my old geographers.

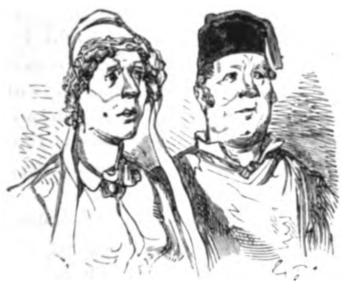
For the next few days the weather supported the side of Hohenfels. It scattered rain, sunshine and spits of snow. At last the sun got the upper hand and remained master. The wisterias tumbled their cataracts of blue blossoms down the spouts; rare flowers, of minute proportions, burst from the button-holes of the young horsemen going to the Bois; the gloves of the American colony became lilac; hyacinths, daffodils and pansies moved by wagon-loads over the streets and soared to the windows of the sewing-girls. Overhead, in the steaming and cloud-marbled blue, stood the April sun. "Apelles of the flowers," as an old English writer has styled him, he was coloring the garden-beds with his rarest enamels, and spreading a sheet of varied tints over the steps of the Madeleine, where they hold the horticultural market.

This sort of country ecstasy, this season at once stimulating and enervating, tortured me. It disturbed my bibliophilist labors, and gave a twang of musty nausea even to the sweet scent of old binding-leather. I was as a man caught in the pangs of removing, unattached to either home; and I bent from my windows over the throngs of festal promenaders, taciturn and uneasy. I fancied that wings were sprouting from my brown dressing-robe, and that they were the volatile wings of the moth or dragon-fly. But to establish myself at Marly before the baron, would not that be a breach of compact? Would he not make it a *casus belli?* Luckily, we were getting through April: to-morrow it would be the twenty-eighth.



On that memorable morning the sun rose strong and bright, and photographed a brilliant idea upon my cerebellum.

I would undertake a pedestrian attack upon Marly by winding my way around the suburbs of the capital. What more appropriate, for a profound geographer and tourist, than to measure with my walking-stick that enormous bed of gypsum, at the centre of which, like a bee in a sugar-basin, Paris sits and hums?



The notion gained upon me. Perhaps it was the natural reaction from the Mountains of the Moon; but in my then state of mind no prospect could appear more delicious than a long tramp among the quiet scenes through which the city fringes itself off into rurality. Those suburbs of blank convent walls! those curves of the Seine and the Marne, blocked with low villages, whose walls of white, stained with tender mould and tiled with brown, dipped their placid reflections into the stream! those droll square boats, pushing out from the sedges to urge you across the ferry! those long rafts of lumber, following, like cunning crocodiles, the ins and outs of the shallow Seine! those banks of pollard willows, where girls in white caps tended flocks of geese and turkeys, and where, every silver-spangled morning, the shore was a landscape by Corot, and every twilight a landscape by Daubigny! How exquisite these pictures became to my mind as I thought them forth one by one, leaning over a grimy pavement in the peculiar sultriness of the year's first warmth!

"Quick, Charles! my tin botany-box."

I could be at Marly on the first of May at the dinner hour as punctually as Hohenfels — before him, maybe. And after what a range of delicious experience! How he would envy me!

"Is monsieur going to travel all alone?" said keen old Charles, taking the alarm in a minute. "Why am I not to go along with monsieur?"

The accent of primitive fidelity was perfect. I observed casually, "I am going on a little journey of thirty-six hours, and alone. You can pack everything up, and go on to Marly as usual. You may go to-morrow."

"Shall I not go along with monsieur, then?" repeated Charles, with a turn for tautology not now for the first time manifested.

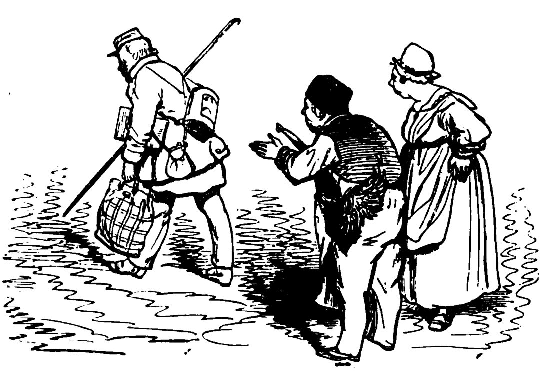
"What for? Am I a child?"

"Surely not—on the contrary. But, though Monsieur Paul has a sure foot and a good eye, and is not to say getting old, yet when a person is fifty it is not best for a person to run about the streets as if a person was a young person."

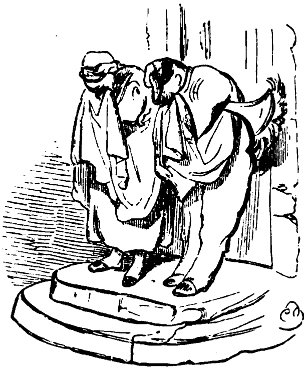
It was Josephine who did me the honor to address me the last remark.

I confess to but forty-five years of age; Hohenfels, quite erroneously, gives me forty-eight; Josephine, with that raw alacrity in leaping at computations peculiar to the illiterate, oppressed me with fifty. Which of us three knew best? I should like to ask. But it is of little consequence. The Easterns generally vaunt themselves on not knowing the day of their birth. And wisdom comes to us from the East.

I decided, for reasons sufficient to myself, to get out of Paris by the opposite



side. I determined to make my sortie by way of the Temple Market and the Belleville abattoirs. On the thirtieth of April,



at an ambitiously early hour, wearing my gardening cap, with my sketch-book sticking out of my pocket, my tin box in one hand and my stout stick in the other, I emerged among the staring porters of the neighboring houses, and it was in this equipment that I received the renewed lamentations of Charles and Josephine.

"Will you dare to go along the Boulevard looking like that, sir?" said Josephine.

"A gentleman in a cap! They'll take you for a bricklayer—indeed they will, sir," said Charles; "or rather for a milkman, with his tin can. I can't stand that: I will carry it rather myself, though I feel my rheumatics on these damp pavements."

"Monsieur Paul must take a cab—at least to the barrier: it will not be pleasant to make a scandal in the street."

"Who will tend Monsieur Paul these two days, now?" This was uttered with manly grief by Charles.

"And whoever will cook for him along the road?" It was Josephine who asked the question with a heavy sigh.

To make an end of this charming scene of Old Virginia faithfulness, I put my best leg out and departed with gymnastic sprightliness. An instant after I turned my head.

Charles and Josephine were fixed on the doorstep, following me with their regards, and I believed I saw a tear in the left eye of each. What fidelity! I smiled in a sort of indulgent and baronial manner, but I felt touched by their sensibility.

Come on! It is but a twenty-four hours' separation.

Go forth, then, as I remember saying long ago, without fear and with a manly heart, to meet the dim and shadowy Future. EDWARD STRAHAN.

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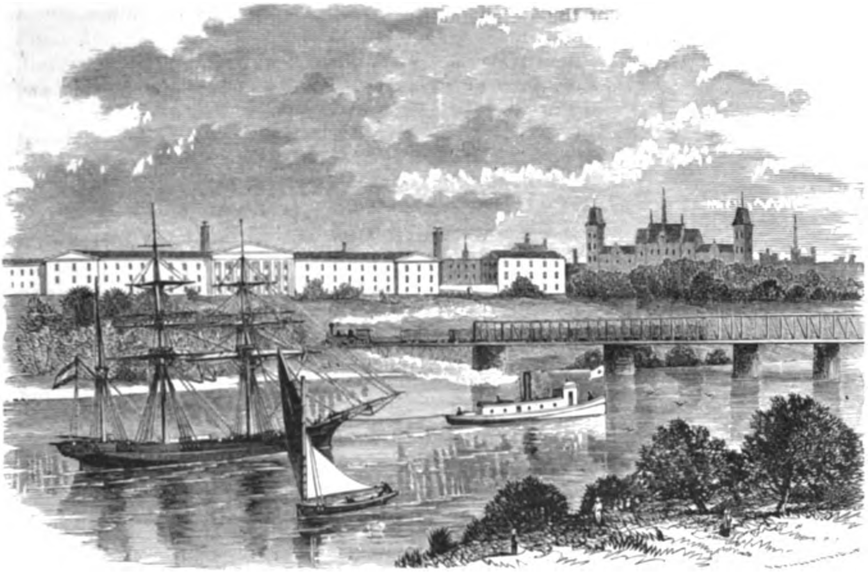
## FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE.

IN 1832 a few adventurous men obtained a charter for a railroad from Baltimore to Port Deposit: other charters were granted by Delaware and Pennsylvania in succeeding years, and at last in 1838 all were consolidated as the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, and became a through all-rail line, interrupted only by the Susquehanna and some minor water-courses, under one management, beginning at Philadelphia and ending at Baltimore. But the country was too young and weak to make this a strong road, either in capital or business. It struggled along with a heavy debt, poor road-bed, imperfect rail (in some parts the old strap rail), few locomotives and cars, and inconvenient dépôts, making but little progress up to 1851, when Mr. Samuel M. Felton was brought from Boston to assume the presidency.

Seeing the actual and future importance of the line, some Eastern men



VIEW OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER AND WEST PHILADELPHIA.

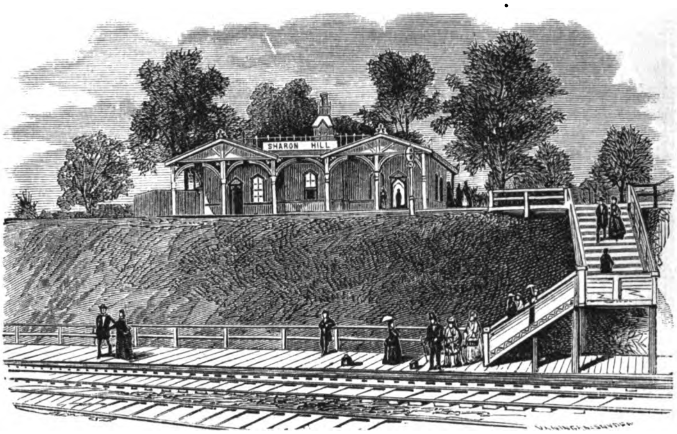
bought up the stock, put in the necessary money and encouraged Mr. Felton to begin an entire revolution in the road. The road-bed was perfected and widened for a double track, new dépôts erected in Baltimore and Philadelphia, new rails laid, new branches opened; and whereas Mr. Felton found the road with only a single track, 25 locomotives and 308 cars, he left it with many miles of double track, its dépôts rebuilt, 49 locomotives and 1145 cars. When he took the road its locomotives traveled 312,840 miles per year, and earned $718,010, at a cost of $252,184 54: when he left it, borne down by disease, the locomotives traveled 780,537 miles per year, at a cost of $1,960,649. The capital stock in 1851 was $3,850,000, and paid three and a half per cent.: it is now $13,486,250, and pays eight per cent.

When the war broke out in 1862 this road was the key of the continent, and the fact that it was officered and controlled by Northern and energetic men saved it from destruction or becoming an engine in the hands of our enemies. Over it hundreds of thousands of soldiers and citizens were carried to the front, and millions of tons of merchandise and supplies were poured into the quartermaster's, commissary's and medical departments all along the line.

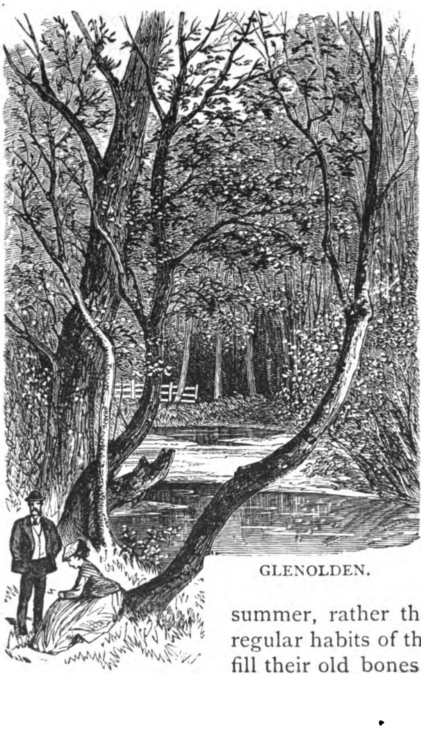
In 1864, worn out by disease, the able manager laid down his authority, to be taken up by another vigorous New England man, who in his turn has given almost life-blood to carry the road on to greatness.

Since 1864 the advance in earnings has not been so great as in the four preceding years, because of the necessary reduction in travel and transportation since the war. But enormous improvements have been made, thousands of steel rails have been laid, locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars of the most beautiful description have been added to the stock, new dépôts made (some of the finest in the country), a new line planned and executed, carrying the road from the

meadows and marshes of the Delaware through the valleys and beautiful rolling uplands of Delaware county to Chester, avoiding all danger from floods, and going over or under twenty-seven streets to enter the city without possible peril to life or limb. A whole railroad system subsidiary to this road has been developed in Delaware, and to-day, with the best road-bed, double tracks, steel rails, the best locomotives, the best passenger cars in the country, supplied with all the modern improvements of brake, platform and signal, and a perfectly drilled corps of subordinates, this road may challenge the attention of the country, and be pointed out as one of the best evidences of the growth and prosperity of Philadelphia.

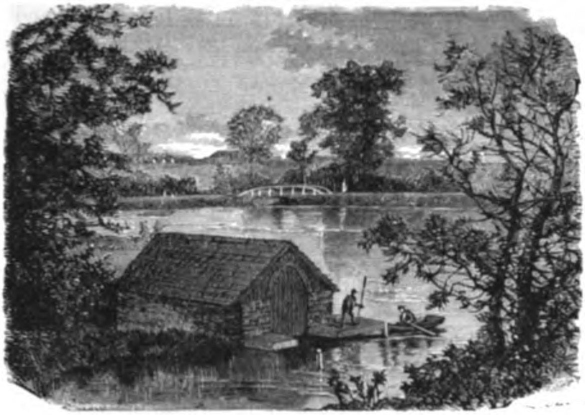


SHARON HILL.



GLENOLDEN.

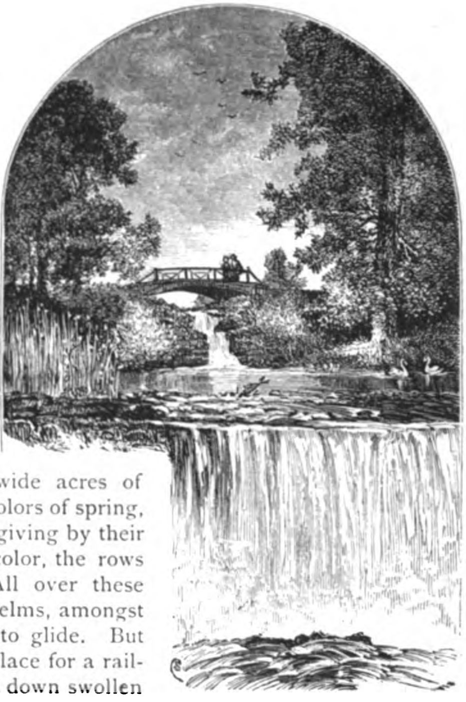
The dépôt in Philadelphia, at the corner of Broad street and Washington avenue, is a large and spacious building, which does not pretend to be a model of domestic architecture, but is roomy and reasonably well ventilated. The bell rings, we take our seats and move out through the usual coal-yards and shanties and suburbs, passing the United States Arsenal, until we reach Gray's Ferry, where we see the Schuylkill, beautiful at high tide, the high banks opposite once a famous estate, now the seat of the Almshouse, where four thousand paupers live in the winter and about fifteen hundred in the summer. So mild and pleasant is this climate that the majority of the paupers creep out, like the blue bottleflies, with the coming of spring, preferring to sleep in barns or under the green trees all the summer, rather than endure the hard beds, discipline and regular habits of the Almshouse. The rains of summer may fill their old bones with rheumatism for winter, but there are



RIDLEY PARK.

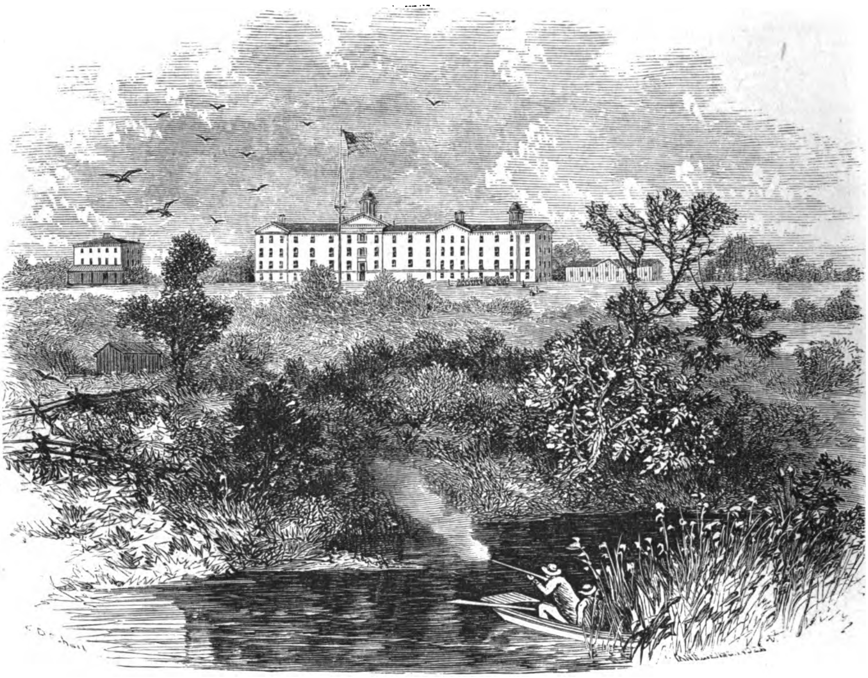
charms in the life of the stroller, who feeds to-day at a farm-house, or works a few hours to-morrow for a trifle to get whisky and tobacco, but has no notes to pay, no house to maintain, no servants to support.

Gray's Ferry is an old historic name, for here Washington and the men of the Revolution crossed again and again. The old rope ferry was succeeded by the old horse ferry, and now there are three railroads here — the Darby Improvement, the Junction (which goes to West Philadelphia and makes the connection for the great Southern Air-line), and the old line, which leads us out, through the old Bartram Gardens, where an enthusiastic botanist made the first and best collection of trees and plants in this country, on to the marshes of the Delaware. The mighty river, widening into a bay, flows on to the ocean, its bosom furrowed by thousands of keels and whitened by myriad sails. We look over wide acres of marshes, now green with the tender colors of spring, the corn-fields of the higher portion giving by their brown earth beautiful contrasts of color, the rows of corn just coming into sight. All over these meadows stand huge oak trees and elms, amongst whose branches the vessels seem to glide. But beautiful as the scene is, it is a bad place for a railroad, for when the great river rushes down swollen by some freshet, and is met by the incoming tide, the water sets back over the marshes and threatens to sweep away the track or put out the fires of the locomotives; and to cross streams and tideways many drawbridges, with their attendant dangers, must be maintained. To avoid all these difficulties, Mr. Hinckley planned the change which is known as the Darby Improvement, carrying the road from Gray's Ferry to Chester over and through the high lands of Darby and Ridley. We shall no longer hear the brakeman shout out "Gibson's," "Lazaretto," "Tinicum" (called by the Indians *Tenecunck*), "Crum Creek." We shall no longer wonder that the train should be stopped for so few passengers to get on or off,



CRUM LYNNE FALLS.

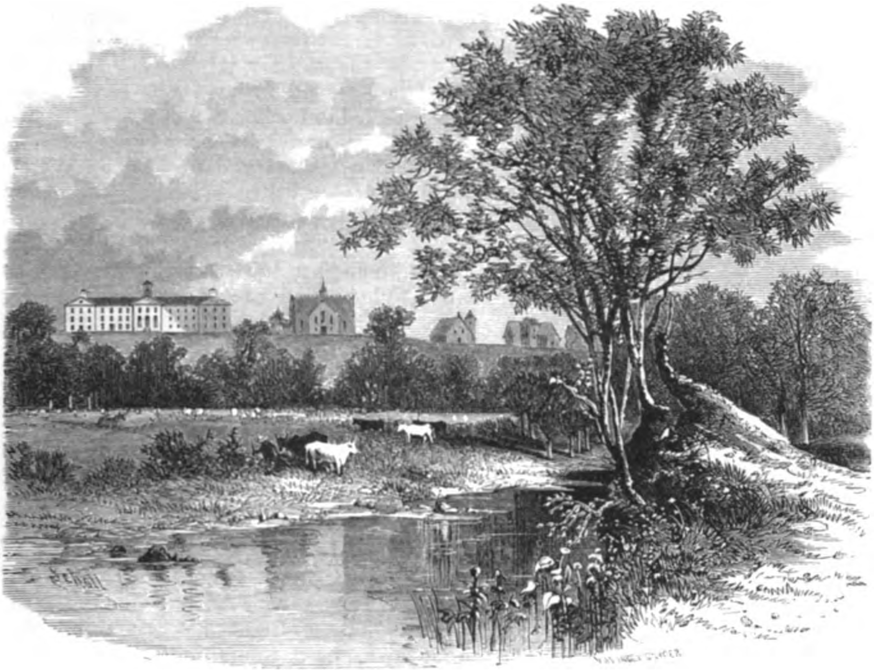
for in future our car will take us over a road-bed so perfectly laid with steel rails that a full glass of water will not spill as the train hurries on through a thickly settled country. Look quickly from the window at the country you are traversing: see the beautiful station at Bonnaffon, and the magnificent oak tree, worth a hundred stations, that stands in a field just beyond. We cannot enumerate all the beauties and objects of interest that line the road: every valley opens a pleasant view, every hill is covered with handsome houses, comfortable farmeries or superb trees. Before the road was made, these lands, lying on a ridge high above the river, perfectly healthy and offering the most desirable homes for city people, were inaccessible, but now they can be reached, and have been already appreciated. Most of the land has grown too valuable for farming, and has been bought up and laid out with different degrees of care for suburban residences.


DISTANT VIEW OF LANDSCAPE, SHOWING MILITARY INSTITUTE AT CHESTER.

Darby is one of the oldest towns in the State, and contributes largely to the business of the road. Mills were built here in 1696, and it was divided into Upper and Lower Darby in 1786. The first of the new towns is Sharon Hill, where a large amount of land has been laid out in the rectangular method, and already many of the lots are sold to actual settlers: a machine-shop has been established, and the railroad has built a very nice station for passengers.

Next to Sharon Hill comes Glenolden, where hill and dale, wood and meadow and a beautiful stream, offer all the picturesqueness that can charm an enthusiastic or artistic eye, together with good building-sites and every advantage that fertile and forest-clad land can give to one who would exchange the heat and pavements of a city for rural life. From Glenolden it is but a short distance to Norwood and to Moore's Crossing, where the company are erecting turnouts, engine-houses, etc., and from here, eight miles from the city, numerous trains will run to Philadelphia to accommodate the workingmen who, it is believed, will come out to live on these cool and breezy uplands.

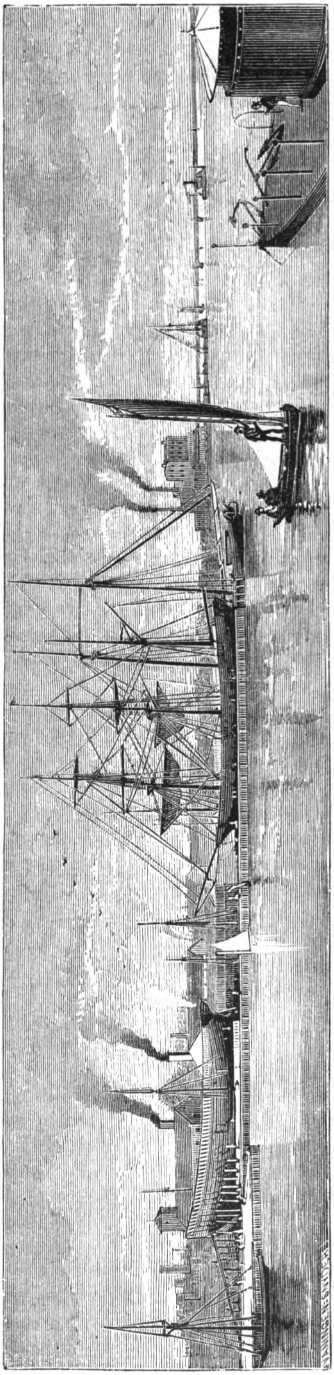
From Moore's we soon get to Ridley Park, which was described at length in a former Number. The two stations at Ridley are models of beauty in their way: the principal station spans the road-bed, wide enough here for four tracks, and is probably the most picturesque in the country, as well as very convenient. Crum Lynne Station is remarkable for the beautiful sculpture of the capitals of the pilasters to the architraves of the windows, the architect having designed each one for this building, using the flowers and fruits and birds and animals of the region for his ornamental work, instead of the usual cornice and frieze and capital of Grecian architecture.



CROZER SEMINARY.

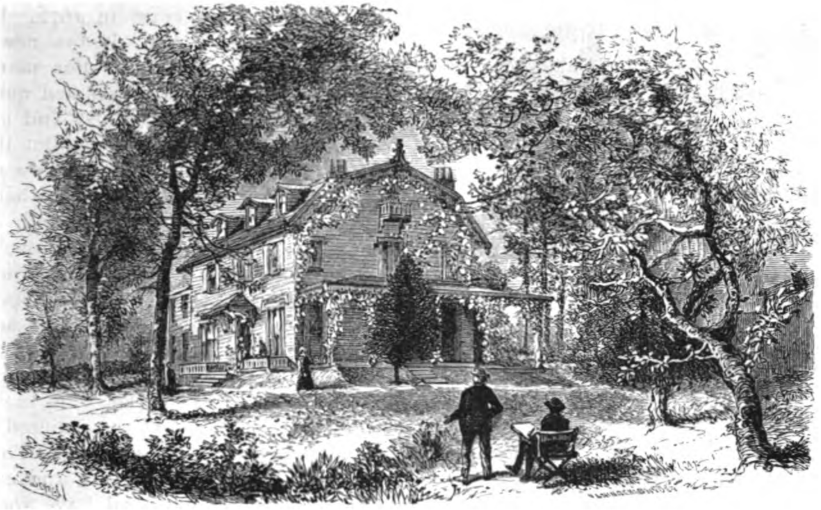
But the train sweeps us away from Ridley limits, past Leiperville with its primeval railway, and on to Chester. As we round the curve and rush through the woods we see on the left the broad river with its three-masted schooners, ships and steamers, and on the right the spires and houses of the town; and first and predominant the Military School of Colonel Hyatt. This school was incorporated by act of Legislature in 1862, and is devoted to both civil and military education. The studies and drill are so combined as to secure good mental and physical culture; and to ensure good military instruction the State and the United States have contributed arms of all kinds. Scholars come from all parts of the country, and even the West Indies; and as the standard of scholarship is high, the graduates compare favorably with those from other institutions.

Chester is one of the oldest towns on the line of the road by actual years, but one of the youngest in growth. First called by the Indians *Mackaponacka*, and then by the settlers *Upland*, it had a justice of the peace court in 1676. Its court-house was built in 1724. Its first newspaper was published in 1819. For many years Chester dozed away in dignified quiet as the county-town: its court-house and jail gave it all the honor it required. But the streams made good mill-sites, the deep water-front along the river offered splendid wharfage and chances for shipbuilding, and, as good luck would have it, a rivalry awoke which ended in loading Media with the county buildings and relieving Chester. Since then it has doubled and trebled: mills and factories are on all sides, and its shipyards are not easily surpassed. Roach's shipyard covers twenty-three acres. The firm make their own engines and everything required in iron shipbuilding from keel to topmast. They have six vessels now on the stocks, and employ eleven hundred men, and have room for sixteen hundred. They have built for every trade from the coaster to the East Indiaman, varying in size from six hundred to four thousand tons, and their vessels pass unchallenged amongst the best in the world.


VIEW OF CHESTER.

Nor is trade the only feature of the town. About half a mile from the dépôt, on a gentle eminence, is the Crozer Theological Seminary. The approach from Chester for the pedestrian, along the shrub-, vine- and tree-clad banks of Chester Creek into and across the wide lawn, is a delightful walk. The principal building was erected by John P. Crozer for a normal school. During the war he gave it to the government for a hospital, and when he died in 1866 left it to his sons, desiring them to devote it to some benevolent use. They have responded in a munificent manner by establishing a school for training young men for the ministry, with accommodations for a hundred students, houses for the professors, a church, a library building, lecture-halls and all the required conveniences for a great and successful school. They have added an endowment fund of two hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars, the whole gift being about three hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and one of the family has since given twenty-five thousand dollars as a library fund. The seminary was opened in 1868 with fifteen students: there are now fifty from all parts of the Union.

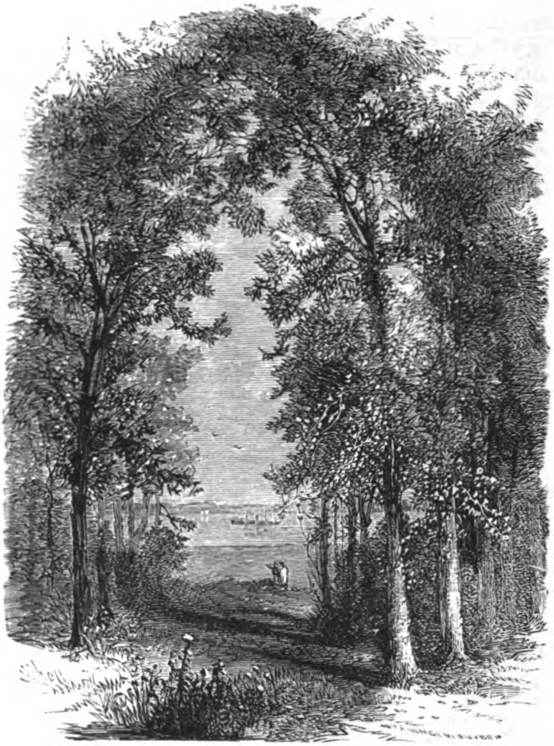
But the most complaisant conductor of the most accommodating special train could not



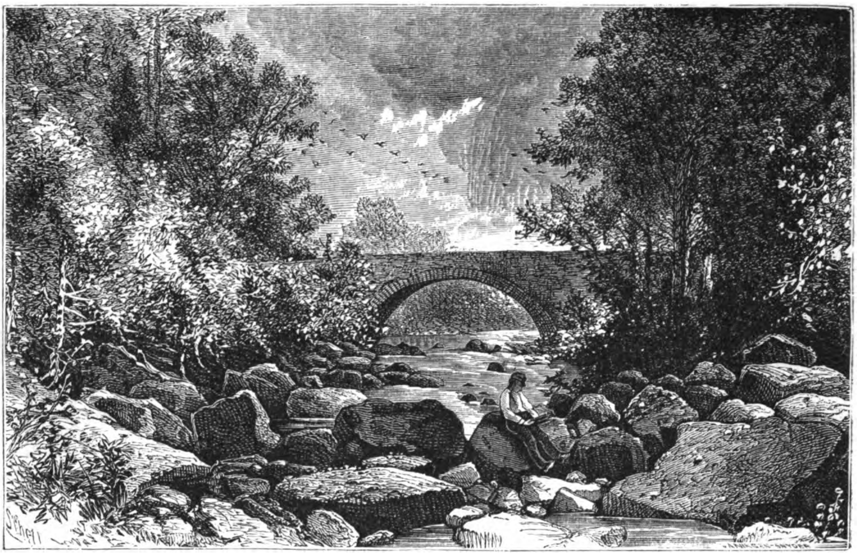
RESIDENCE OF MR. F. O. C. DARLEY.

wait any longer for us, and we must hurry on through Lamokin, where the Baltimore Central, a tributary road, turns off and traverses a most picturesque country, round by Port Deposit to Perryville, where it again reaches the main road. At Lamokin are works where steel of a peculiar kind is manufactured under a European patent. From here the road again clings to the shore of the Delaware, and until we reach Wilmington the river, with its sails and its blue water, is on the left — on the right a high ridge, which ends in the valley of the Shell Pot and Brandywine at Wilmington.

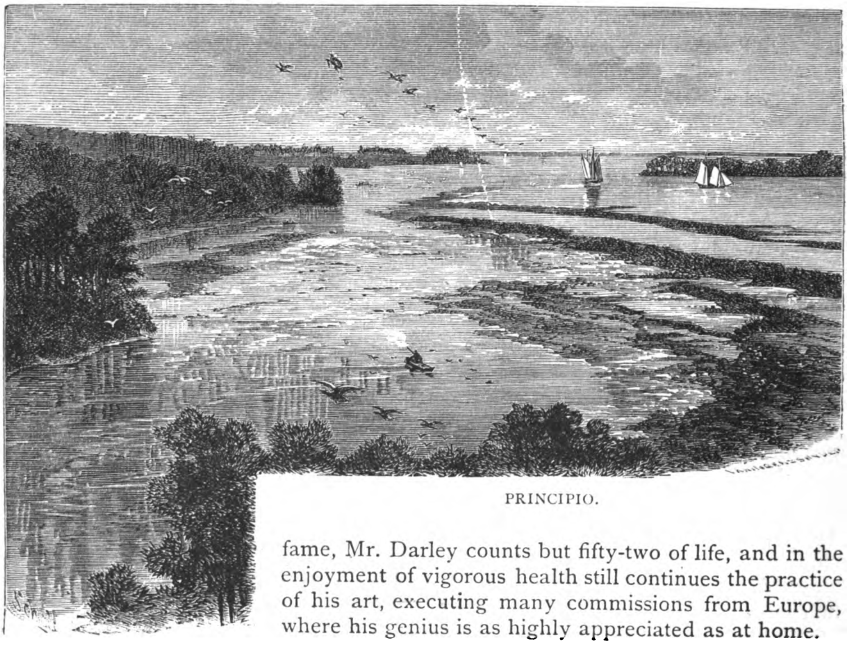
We flash past Linwood to stop a moment at Claymont, where the ridge comes nearer the river and offers superb sites for buildings. Why Claymont has not grown more no one seems to know. There are schools and churches, fine rolling land, noble river-views, and all that can make a country



VIEW OF DELAWARE RIVER NEAR CLAYMONT.



VIEW AT CLAYMONT: CREEK AND BRIDGE.



PRINCIPIO.

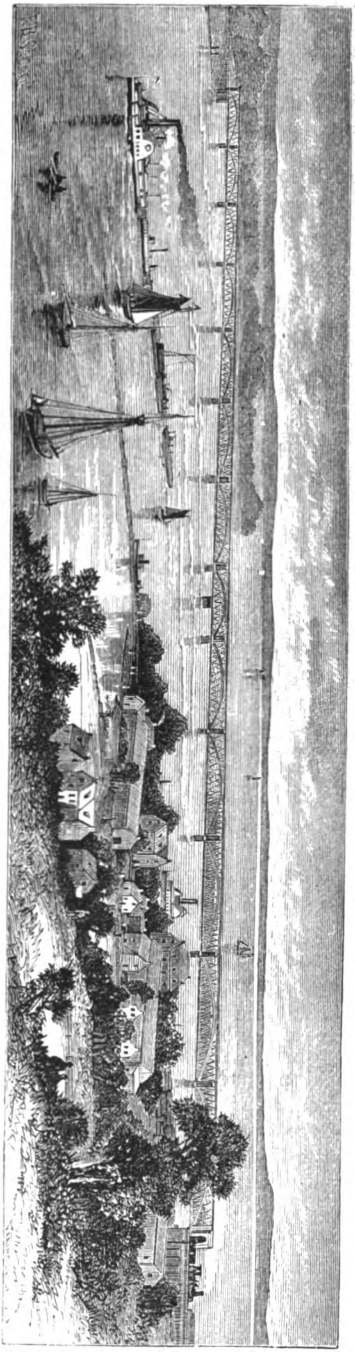
home delightful. That the place has attractions for lovers of the picturesque may be inferred from the fact that it counts among its residents an artist of such wide and well-founded celebrity as Mr. F. O. C. Darley, whose delineations of American life and scenery, especially in the form of book-illustrations, have been familiar to the public for the past thirty years. With so many years of fame, Mr. Darley counts but fifty-two of life, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health still continues the practice of his art, executing many commissions from Europe, where his genius is as highly appreciated as at home.

But we must stick to our train, which carries us through the Red Bank Cut to Ellerslie Station, where occurred the first accident of a serious character which has happened on this road for eighteen years, and which was due only to a willful violation of orders by an old and very trusted conductor. At Ellerslie are the Edgemoor Iron-works of Messrs. William Sellers & Co., where every known improvement in the manufacture of iron is being tested and applied. The next curve in the road shows us the meadows of the Shell Pot and the Brandywine, with Wilmington in the distance. The Brandywine, famous in our history, runs through as picturesque a valley as there is in America, combining all that the climate of Delaware permits in trees, shrubs, vines and flowers with the wildness and variety of the valley of the Pemigewasset or the wild Ammonoosuck. In this rare valley are mills as old as the settlement of the country, and quaint hamlets that seem to belong to Europe rather than America.

At Wilmington the system of the Delaware railroads begins: it spreads out over the peninsula of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland like a huge left hand. The thumb touches Chestertown and Centreville, the fore finger Oxford, the middle finger Cambridge, the ring finger Crisfield, the little finger Lewes; and this hand gathers into the main road every year millions of baskets of peaches, and millions more of oysters in baskets and sacks, and crates of berries, and car-loads of hardwood and lumber. Under the influence of these roads the sleepy peninsula is beginning a new career.

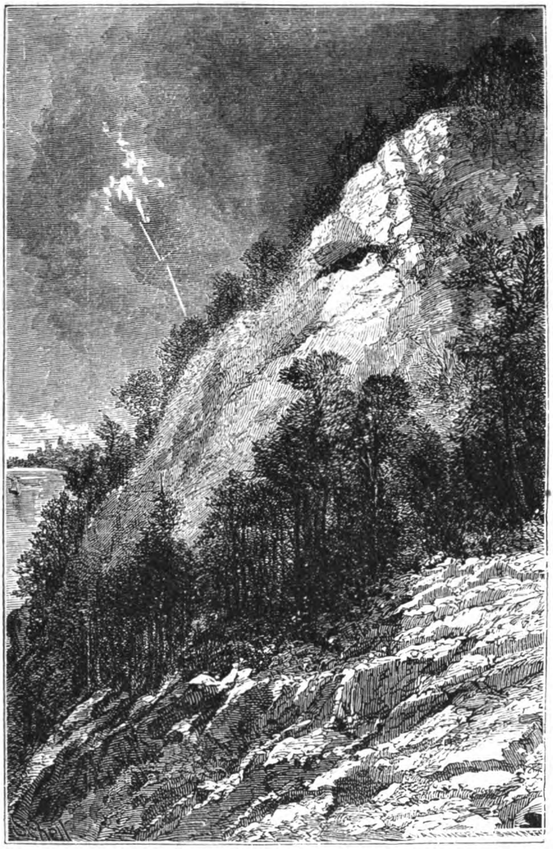
We cannot go down the peninsula, so let us keep on to Baltimore, pausing, however, for a moment as we cross Mason and Dixon's line near Elkton. Little did Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon dream, as they set that tangent point for the determination of the boundary-lines of the three States, how famous they would become. But there the simple monument stands in the open fields, and there it must remain so long as the three States need a boundary.

Soon after leaving Mason and Dixon we strike the first of the great estuaries of the Delaware and Susquehanna, which are the delight of the sportsman, the naturalist and the tourist. No matter at what season of

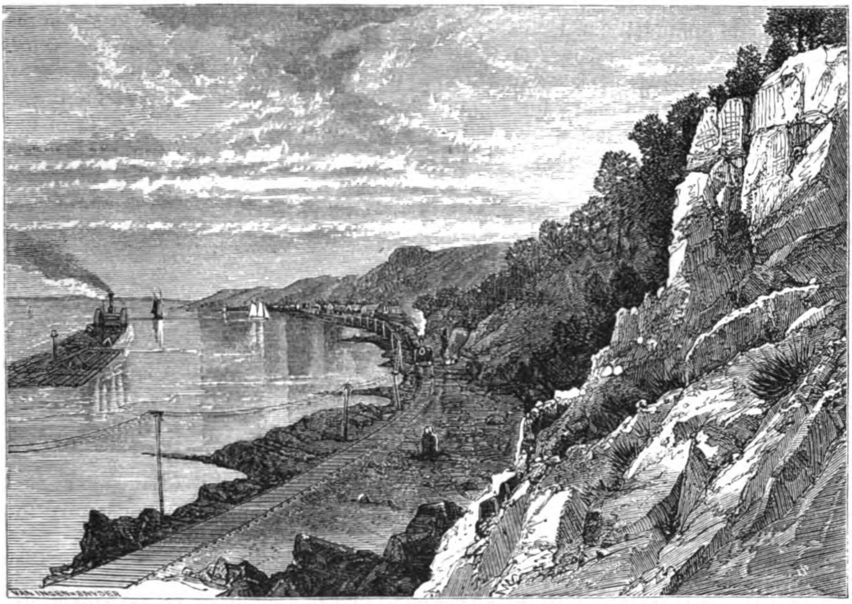


BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

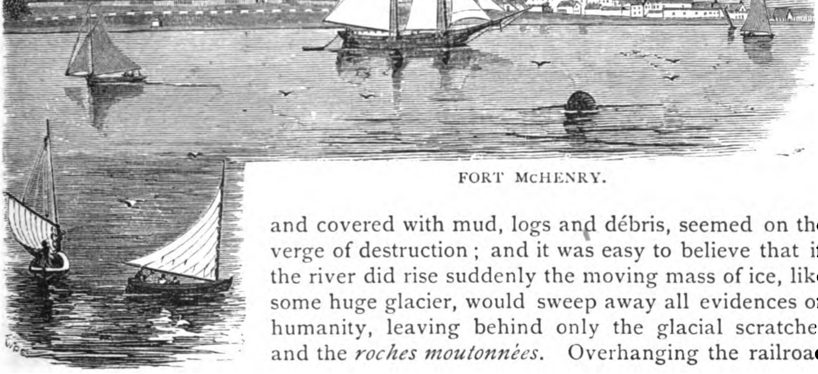
the year you approach North-east, Principio, the Susquehanna River or Stemmer's Run—no matter at what time of the day—the views are always fine. The water spreads out in huge widening bays, and loses itself in the forest or hides behind some projecting headland; and when, as is often the case, the surface of the water is actually darkened with large flocks of wild-fowl, the variety as well as beauty of the scene could not be heightened. Such shooting-ground for sportsmen exists nowhere else on this coast easily accessible. At Perryville, Havre de Grace, Bush River and many other places the chance sportsman can find every accommodation, while clubs of gentlemen have leased many of the best points, and established little houses where they may be comfortable when the day's sport is over, and where they can leave from season to season boats, decoys and all the paraphernalia of the sport. To recount the names of canvas-backs, red heads, bald pates and innumerable other ducks, to tell of the tens, fifties, hundreds shot in a single day, would add nothing to the excitement of any sportsman who has seen from the cars the huge flocks of birds rise and sweep out to sea when scared by some passing train or boat.


MOUNT ARARAT—PROFILE ROCK.

If every passenger could stop once, and study the Susquehanna bridge crossing the river between Perryville and Havre de Grace, he would have a most profound respect for its projectors and builders. For many years all transport by cars was interrupted here, and travelers and merchandise were transported by ferry-boat, causing wearisome delays and extra expense. But now a bridge 3273 feet long and with 1000 feet of trestling, resting on thirteen huge piers built on foundations in water from twenty-seven to sixty feet deep, and costing a million and a half of dollars, carries all safely over, and defies floods and ice. This bridge, one of the triumphs of engineering and a just source of pride to the road, has already saved in time and trouble a large percentage of its cost. It was threatened the past winter by the ice-pack which filled the river back to Port Deposit, and which seemed to promise for some time the destruction of that well-named little town. It is hard to believe that in a country so extensive as ours, with all kinds of lands and town-sites, any one could begin to



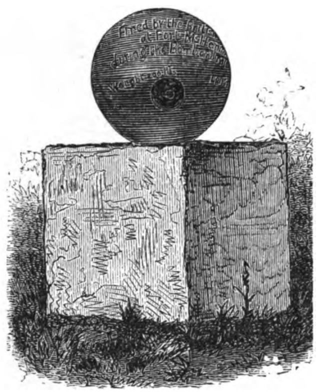
PORT DEPOSIT.



FORT McHENRY.

build a town in such a situation. It clings to the broken and rocky shores and hillsides as lichens adhere to rocks and to the bark of trees or swallows' nests to the eaves of a barn. There it is, however, and, judging from its costly houses, churches and business appearance, its inhabitants have found it a profitable place to stay in. Port Deposit last winter, when the river was filled with ice from shore to shore and for miles in both directions, fissured and cracked and covered with mud, logs and débris, seemed on the verge of destruction; and it was easy to believe that if the river did rise suddenly the moving mass of ice, like some huge glacier, would sweep away all evidences of humanity, leaving behind only the glacial scratches and the *roches moutonnées*. Overhanging the railroad is a very remarkable profile rock which has attained some celebrity, and is shown in one of our sketches.

From Port Deposit to Baltimore the country is more rolling than from Perryville to Wilmington, and there are many picturesque points. One could find at Gunpowder River and Stemmer's Run several beautiful points of view, but by the time he reaches these places the traveler begins to get impatient for the great city, the terminus of his wanderings, which soon begins to announce itself by more thickly congregated houses, and roads cut straight through hill and valley, regardless of cost or the destruction of local charms of hill and dale.



THE BRITISH SHELL.

If one were to judge by the streets, he would think Baltimorians lived only on oysters, for the new streets seem wholly built of their shells, making them very white, glaring and offensive to the unaccustomed eye. But the attention is soon diverted from houses and roads to the bay and to Fort McHenry, which lies before the town like a sleeping lion. Few forts in the country are more interesting or have played a more important part in our military history; but all its military reputation is less interesting than the fact that whilst confined to a British vessel, one of the fleet unsuccessfully bombarding the fort, Francis Key wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner," now a national hymn. A bomb thrown into the fort at that time by the British has been preserved on a pillar ever since—almost the only local reminder of the facts of the bombardment.

At Baltimore we leave the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, sorry to part from so good a road and one so important to the welfare of the country. It is a link in the great system, and one kept very bright and well polished by its managers. Their course has been to pay only a moderate dividend, and use the rest of the earnings to improve the road and its belongings, and to foster the interests of the people who use it. Such wise policy must build it strongly into the affections and interests of those who live along it, and ensure its being each year a better and better-paying road.

ROBERT MORRIS COPELAND.

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## CHARITY CROSS.

TINTED are her cheeks with rose:
She is waiting in the snows
Of the falling apple-blows.

Tinklings of a drowsy rill
Come from the upland orchard hill,
Niches in her dreams to fill.

Dotted is her rustic shawl
With the apple-leaves that fall:
Twilight splendors cover all.

Deeper lined than earthly grace,
Rest of heaven doth in her face
Rejoice in its abiding-place.

Charity Cross, it groweth late:
Household duties for you wait,
Just beyond the garden-gate.

Leave the apple-blooms to fall,
Far-off brook to vainly call:
Lightly climb the orchard wall.

All your dreamings softly fold:
Let them drift away untold
In the dying sunset's gold.

Down the path that leads between
Ferns and mosses, shaded green,
The gabled house is dimly seen.

Winds, with poplar trees at play,
Chafe with tossing boughs all day
Weather-beaten walls of gray.

Open wide the trellised door:
Sunset glories go before,
Fall upon the kitchen floor,

Turn to gold the swinging loom
Standing in the corner's gloom
Of the low brown-raftered room.

Brazen dogs that ever sleep
Silently the entrance keep
Of the fireplace huge and deep.

Charity, stop no more to dream:
Covers lift with puffing steam;
Waiting stands the risen cream.

Change to white your apron gray,
Sprinkled clothes to fold away,
Ready for another day.

Quickly now the table spread
With its homespun cloth of red,
Savory meats and snowy bread.

On the shelf a pink-lipped shell,
That for ever tries to tell
Ocean music, learned so well.

Tiptoe on the cricket stand:
Take it in your sun-browned hand—
Shell from eastern tropic land.

Let your clear voice through it ring,
Homeward the hired help to bring
From the distant meadow-spring.

Far away they hear the call:
Look! they come by orchard wall,
Where the apple-blossoms fall.

One that foremost leads the plough
Sees you in the doorway now—
Breaks a bending apple-bough;

Waves it by the meadow creek:
Answering blushes on your cheek
Tell the words you do not speak.

Out upon the rippling river
Purple lights of sunset quiver,
Rustling leaves reflected shiver.

Shell in hand, she goes to greet
Her lover, where the turf-grown street
And the meadow pathway meet.

Insect voices far away,
Hushed in silence through the day,
Whisper in the night of May,

While in vain the pink-lipped shell,
Murmuring in its hollow cell,
Would its own love-story tell.

Through the drifting apple-snow,
Where the four-leafed clovers grow,
Hand in hand they homeward go;

And they vow, whate'er the weather,
Mid the brier, through the heather,
They will walk life's way together.

Parting when the day grows late,
If a moment at the gate
One alone is left to wait,

Yet each other they will greet
Where life's shadeless, dusty street
And the heavenly pathway meet.

MARGARET MASON.

# BERRYTOWN.

## CHAPTER XI.

CATHARINE sprang from her bed at daybreak that morning. She could scarcely stop singing in the bath. She had so much to do, so much to do! The air blew briskly, the factory bells were clanging, the bees buzzed, the pretty white curtains were flapping. It was a busy world, and she was busiest of all. Had she not Hugh Guinness's fate in hand? She felt like a lad when he comes of age or makes his first venture in business. Jane heard her singing noisily for a while, but when breakfast was ready she did not come down.

She was standing in front of her glass, staring at it as though the chubby, insignificant face there were the Sphinx and could answer the riddles of life. McCall's remark had suddenly recurred to her: "What is Hugh Guinness to you? You belong to another man." With a flash, Mr. Muller, natty and plump, had stood before her, curiously unfamiliar, mildly regarding her through his spectacles. *Her husband!* Why had she never understood that until this morning? Her crossed hands lay on her wide blue-veined shoulders. She almost tore the flesh from them. "I belong to no man!" she cried.

She could not shake off the thought of him, as she usually did. He stood beside her, do what she would—the fat body and legs, the finical dress, the wearisome platitudes, a regiment of blue-coated, thick-lipped children behind him.

"If the best were done for them that could be hoped, they would but grow up miniature Mullers; and to think of *that!*" said Kitty. She had given her life to him. If she lived to be gray-headed, he alone owned her, mind and body. "If I were dead in my coffin, he would put his mild, fat little hand on me, and look forward to owning me in heaven! Oh-h!" This last was the one unendurable pang to Catharine.

Jane at the moment thrust her black face in: "He's come. Hurry up, honey! Mr. Muller, ob course. Shell I do up your hair, chile?"

Kitty shook her head and smiled. She would have had a kind smile for Jane and her like if she had been held by thumbscrews. Stooping to button her gaiters, she caught sight of her face in the glass. There were dark hollows under the eyes: they had the look of an older, graver woman than she had ever been before. Kitty hung up the green dress she had meant to wear, and took down a rose-colored one. Mr. Muller was talking down stairs. There was reality. There was her work and her husband. Why, she had the account-books of the school in her upper bureau-drawer at that moment, and in the lower ones her wedding things. Dresses and cloaks all made; and such lovely linen! As for Hugh Guinness, he was, after all, but a perplexing shadow, a riddle that turned from her the more she tried to make him real. She went down.

"Why, Catharine!" He held her hand, patting it between his own, which were warm and moist. "I really could not deny myself a glimpse of you, though I was sent on an errand by Maria to the station. But all roads end for me in the Book-shop. That is natural—he! he!"

"Yes, it is natural."

"It must be only a glimpse, though. I begged of Jane a cup of hot tea, to take off the chill of this morning air. Ah, here it is: thank you, my good girl. Only a glimpse, for Maria's business was urgent: Maria's business always is urgent. But I was to intercept Doctor McCall on his way to the cars."

"Is he going this morning?"

"Yes. Not to return, it appears."

"Not to return?" Her voice seemed hardly to have the energy of a question in it.

"But I," with a shrug and significant

laugh, "am not to allow him to go. Behold in me an emissary of Love! You would not have suspected a Mercury in your William, Catharine?" Within the last month he had begun to talk down in this fashion to her, accommodating himself to her childish tastes.

"What is Mercury's errand?"

"Aha! you curious little puss! How a woman does prick her ears at the mention of a love-story! Though, I suppose, this one is wellnigh its end. Maria made no secret of it. Doctor McCall, I inferred from what she said, had been pouring out his troubles in her ear, and she sent me to bring him back to her with the message that she had found a way of escape from them. Eh? Did you speak? You did not know *what*, dear?"

"I did not know that Maria had the right to bring him back. They are—"

"Engaged? Oh, certainly. At least—It is an old attachment, and Maria is such a woman to manage, you know! Is that the tea-pot, Jane? Just fill my cup again. Oh yes, I suppose it is all settled."

Catharine was standing by the window. The wind blew in chilly and strong, while Mr. Muller behind her sipped his tea and ambled in his talk. Crossing the meadow, going down the road, she saw the large figure of a man in a loose light overcoat, who swung in his gait and carried his hat in his hand as a boy would do. Even if he had loved her, she could not, like Maria, have gone a step to meet him, nor intoned the Song of Solomon. But he did not love her.

She turned to her companion: "There is something I wished to say."

"In one moment, my dear." He was sweetening his tea. Hanging the silver tongs on the lid, he looked up: "Good God, Catharine! what is it?"

"I wished to tell you—no, don't touch me, please—this is a mistake which we have made, and it is better to let it go no farther. It ought to end now."

"End? Now?" But he was not surprised. The pale face staring at her over the half-emptied cup looked as if it had been waiting to hear this; so that they began the subject, as it were, in the middle. So much had already been said between them without words. He set the cup down, even in that moment folding his napkin neatly with shaking fingers. Kitty did not laugh. She never laughed at him afterward. Something in that large, loose figure yonder, going away from her to the woman he loved, had whetted her eyesight and her judgment. She saw the man at last under Muller's weak finical ways, and the manly look he gave her.

"You mean that there must be no—no marriage?"

"No. I'm very sorry. It has been my fault. But I thought—"

"You thought you loved me, and you do not. Don't cry, Kitty."

A long silence followed, which seemed to Catharine like that of death. It was noticeable that he did not make a single effort to change her resolution or to keep her. It seemed as if he must have been waiting for her to waken some day and see the gulf between them.

"Don't cry, Kitty," he said again, under his breath. He stood by the empty fireplace, resting his dainty foot on the fender and looking down on it: he took out his handkerchief, shook out its folds and wiped his face, which was hot and parched. Kitty was sorry, as she said—sorry and scared, as though she had been called on to touch the corpse of one dear to her friends, but whose death cost her nothing. That she was breaking an obligation she had incurred voluntarily troubled her very little.

"Yes, I thought you would say this one day," he said at last. "I think you are right to take care of yourself. I was too old a man for you to marry. But I would have done all I could. I have been very fond of you," looking at her.

"Yes. You never seemed old to me sir."

"And your work for the poor children? I thought, dear, you felt that the Lord called you to that?"

"So I did. But I don't think I feel it so much to-day." Catharine's eyes were wide with this new terror. Was she, then, turning her back on her God?

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She was, after all, he thought, nothing but a frightened, beautiful child.

"I should have been too rough for you," he said. How was he to suspect the heights from which she had looked down on his softness and flippancy?

She observed that he said not a word of the preparations he had made, the house furnished, the expectant congregation, or the storm of gossip and scandal which would follow him as a jilted lover. Was the real wound, then, so deep? Or did he overlook such trifles, as men do?

"I did not forget the new dresses and underclothes," thought Kitty, mean and mortified.

He roused himself as Jane came in: "No, Jane, no more tea. Yes, that is my cup on the mantel-shelf."

"Dah's a gen'leman, Miss Kitty. I took him in the Book-shop. 'T mought be Spellissy 'bout de oats. Tink it is Spellissy."

"You had better go, Catharine," taking up his hat.

"It is not important." The door closed after Jane. She came close to him, irresolute. What could she say? She thought, with the heat of childishness, that she would give the blood out of her body, drop by drop, to comfort him. She wished that she had gone on and married him. "But I cannot say that I love him." This was a matter for life and death—even Kitty's polite soul recognized that—and not for a civil lie.

Again the man asserted himself before the woman: "No, there is nothing for you to say, Catharine," smiling. "There are some things it is better not to varnish over with words." He took up his hat after a pause, and turned a feeble, uncertain face to the window: "I—I might as well go now: I have a prayer-meeting this afternoon."

"And when you go you mean never to come back again?" cried Kitty, pale and red in a moment. "That's to be the end of it all?"

"What more can there be? It's all said." Yet after he had walked to the door he stood on the steps, looking about the room which had grown so familiar and dear to him. At Kitty he did not look.

"Will you have a rose?" breaking one hastily from the trailing branches at the window. "To remember the old Book-shop." She had never given him anything before.

He threw it down: "I do not need a rose to make me remember," bitterly. "It *is* all said, child? You have nothing to tell me?" looking furtively at her.

For a long time she did not speak: "No, nothing."

"Good-bye, Kitty."

Kitty did not answer him. The tears ran hot and salt over her round cheeks as she watched the little man disappear through the walnuts. She went up stairs, and, still crying, chose one or two maudlin sonnets and a lock of black hair as mementoes to keep of him. She did keep them as long as she lived, and used frequently to sigh over them with a sentimental tenderness which the real Muller never had won from her.

## CHAPTER XII.

MISS MULLER'S message was never delivered, but Doctor McCall did not leave Berrytown that morning. Going down the road, he had caught sight of the old Book-house, and Kitty in her pink wrapper at the window. He overheard Symmes, the clerk at the station, say to some lounger that Peter Guinness would be at home that day or the next. He took his valise to the baggage-room.

"My business is not pressing," he said to Symmes. "No need to be off until this evening."

Perhaps he could see the old man, himself unseen, he thought with a boyish choking in his throat. He could surely give one more day to the remembrance of that old sweet, hearty boy's life without wronging the wretched ghost of a wife whose hand clutched so much away from him.

Miss Muller, seeing him on the bridge from the windows of her room, supposed her message had been given: "He has stayed to know how he may win me."

For the first time she faced the riddle squarely. In the morning she had only wished weakly to keep him beside her.

He was married. Popular novels offered recipes by the score for the cure of such difficulties in love. But Maria was no reader of novels. Out of a strict Calvinistic family she and her brother had leaped into heterodoxy—William to pause neatly poised on the line where Conventionalism ended; Maria to flounder in an unsounded quagmire, which she believed the well of Truth. Five years ago she would have felt her chance of salvation in danger if she had spoken to a woman who persisted in loving a married man. But five years work strange changes in the creeds of young women now-a-days; and Maria's heart was choosing her creed for her to-day, according to the custom of her sex.

She saw Doctor McCall idly leaning over the foot-bridge of the creek while he smoked. Passion and brilliancy unknown to them before came into her dark eyes: she stretched out her hands as though she would have dragged him to her: "Must I give him up because of this wife whom he long ago cast off?"

If she tempted him to marry her? She knew what name her old church, her old friends, even her father, who was still living, would apply to her. Some of these people with whom she had lately cast in her lot had different views on the subject of marriage. Hitherto, Maria had kept clear of them. "The white wings of her Thought," she had said, "should not be soiled by venturing near impurity." Now she remembered their arguments against marriage as profound and convincing.

"I could not suggest to him myself this way of escape," she thought, the red dying her face and neck. "I could not." But there was to be a meeting that very evening of the "Inner Light Club," in which Maria was a M. H. G. (Most Honorable Guide), and the subject for discussion would be, "Shall marriage in the Advanced Consolidated Republic be for life or for a term of years?" The profoundest thinkers in the society would bring to this vital question all their strength and knowledge, and, as they had all made up their minds beforehand against bondage and babies, the verdict was likely to be unanimous.

She would contrive that McCall should be one of the audience: the wisdom and truth of the arguments would shine in like a great light on his life, and he would start up a new man, throwing aside this heaviest yoke of social slavery. She would be there ("with a black lace mantilla and veil—so much better than a bonnet," she breathlessly resolved), and at the sight of her he would feel the divine force of true love bringing them together, and claim her as his own.

The modern Cleopatra fights upon the rostrum, in lieu of "sixty sail," and uses as weapons newspaper and club, instead of purple robe and "cloyless sauce of epicurean cook," but the guerdon of the battle is none the less Mark Antony.

At sundown that evening Doctor McCall was piloted by little Herr Bluhm to his office; the Herr, according to his wont, sternly solemn, McCall disposed to be hilarious, as suited the pleasant temperature of the evening.

"Club, eh? Inner Light? Oh yes, I've no objections. One picks up good ideas here, there, anywhere. Meets in your office?"

"Yes—a shabby, vulgar place to the outer eye, but so many noble souls have there struggled out of darkness into light, such mighty Truths have been born there which will guide the age, that to me it is the very Holy Ground of Ideas."

"So?" McCall looked at the little man out of the corner of his eye, and nodded gravely.

"It is a Woman's Club, though men take part in it. But we have such faith in the superior integrity and purity of woman's mind when brought to bear on great but hackneyed questions that we willingly stand back until she has given her verdict. The magnet, sir, pointing out with inexplicable intelligence the true path to humanity."

"Well, I don't know about that.

Though it's very likely, very likely," hurriedly. McCall had no relish for argument about it. He was more secure of his intellect in the matter of peaches than inner lights. Cowed and awed as he could have been by no body of men, he followed Bluhm up a dirty flight of stairs into the assemblage of Superior Women. The office was by nature a chamber with gaudy wall-paper of bouquets and wreaths. Viewed as an office, it was well enough, but in the æsthetic light of a Holy Ground of Ideas it needed sweeping. The paper, too, hung in flaps from the damp walls: dusty files of newspapers, an empty bird cage, old boots, a case of medical books, a pair of dilapidated trousers filled up one side of the room. A pot of clove-pinks in the window struggled to drown with spicy fragrance the odor of stale tobacco smoke. There was a hempen carpet, inch deep with mud and dust, on the floor. Seated round an empty fireplace, on cane chairs and in solemn circle, were about forty followers of the Inner Light. McCall perceived Maria near the window, the dusky twilight bringing out with fine effect her delicate, beautiful face. He turned quickly to the others, looking for the popular type of the Advanced Female, in loose sacque and men's trousers, with bonnet a-top, hair cut short, sharp nose and sharper voice. She was not there. A third of the women were Quakers, with their calm, benign faces for the most part framed by white hair—women who, having fought successfully against slavery, when that victory was won had taken up arms against the oppressors of women with devout and faithful purpose. The rest McCall declared to himself to be "rather a good-looking lot—women who had," he guessed shrewdly, "been in lack of either enough to eat or somebody to love in the world, and who fancied the ballot-box would bring them an equivalent for a husband or market-money."

A little dish-faced woman in rusty black, and with whitish curls surmounted by a faded blue velvet bonnet laid flat on top of her head, had the floor: "Mr. Chairman—I mean Miss Chairman—the object of our meeting this evening is, Shall marriage in the Consolidated Republic—"

"I object!" Herr Bluhm sprang to his feet, wrapping a short mantle like a Roman toga across his chest, and wearing a portentous frown upon his brow. "There is business of the last meeting which is not finished. Shall the thanks of this club be presented to the owners of the Berrytown street-cars for free passes therein? That is the topic for consideration. I move that a vote of thanks be passed;" and he sat down gloomily.

"I do *not* second that motion." A tall woman, with the magisterial sweep of shawl and wave of the arm of a cheap boarding-house keeper, rose. "I detect a subtle purpose in that offer. There is a rat behind that arras. There is a prejudice against us in the legislature, and the car company wish no mention of Woman Suffrage to be made in Berrytown until their new charter is granted. Are we so cheaply bought?—bribed by a dead-head ticket!"

"The order of the day," resumed the little widow placidly, "is, Shall marriage in the Consol—"

"Legislature!" piped a weak voice in the crowd. "They only laugh at us in the legislature."

"Let them laugh: they laughed at the slave." The speaker hurled this in a deep bass voice full at McCall. She was a black-browed, handsome young woman, wrapped in a good deal of scarlet, who sat sideways on one chair with her feet on the rung of another. "How long will the world dare to laugh?" fixing him fiercely with her eye.

"Upon my word, madam, I don't know," McCall gasped, and checked himself, hot and uncomfortable.

A fat, handsomely-dressed woman jolted the chair in front of her to command attention: "On the question of marriage—"

"Address the chair," growled Bluhm.

"Miss Chairman, I want to say that I ought to be qualified to speak on marriage, being the mother of ten, to say nothing of twice twins."

"The question before the house is the

street-car passes," thundered Bluhm. "I move that we at least thank them for their offer. When a cup of tea is passed me, I thank the giver: when the biscuits are handed, I do likewise. It is a simple matter of courtesy."

"I deny it," said the black-browed female with a tone of tragedy. "What substantial tea has been offered? what biscuits have been baked? It is not tea: it is bribery! It is not biscuits: it is corruption!"

"I second Herr Bluhm's motion."

"Miss Chairman, put the question on its passage."

A mild old Quakeress rose, thus called on: "Thee has made a motion, Friend Bluhm, and Sister Carr says she seconds it; so it seems to me— Indeed I don't understand this parliamentary work."

"You're doing very nicely."

"All right!" called out several voices.

"Why should we have these trivial parliamentary forms?" demanded the Tragic Muse, as McCall called her. "Away with all worn-out garments of a degraded Past! Shall the rebellious serf of man still wear his old clothes?"

"But," whispered McCall to Bluhm, "when will the great thinkers you talked of begin to speak on those mighty truths—"

"Patience! These are our great thinkers. The logical heads some of them have! Woman," standing up and beginning aloud, apropos to nothing—"Woman is destined to purify the ballot-box, reform the jury, whiten the ermine of the judge. [Applause.] When her divine intuitions, her calm reason, are brought into play—" Prolonged applause, in the midst of which Bluhm, again apropos to nothing, abruptly sat down.

"The order of the day," said the little woman in black, "is, Shall marriage—"

"What about the car company?"

"Let's shelve that."

"The question of marriage," began Bluhm, up again with a statelier wrap of his toga, "is the most momentous affecting mankind. It demands free speech, the freest speech. Are we resolved to approach it in proud humility, giving to the God within ourselves and within our neighbor freedom to declare the truth?"

"Ay!" "Ay!" from forty voices. Maria, pale and trembling, watched McCall.

"Free speech is our boast," piped the widow. "If not ours, whose?"

"Before you go any farther," said the Muse with studied politeness, "I have a question to put to Herr Bluhm. Did you or did you not, sir, in Toombs's drug-store last week, denominate this club a caravan of idiots?" A breathless silence fell upon the assembly. Bluhm gasped inarticulately. "His face condemns him," pursued his accuser. "Shall such a man be allowed to speak among us? Ay, to take the lead among us?"

Cries of "No!" "No!"

"What becomes of your free speech?" cried Bluhm, red and stammering with fury. "I was angry. I am rough, perhaps, but I seek the truth, as those do not who"—advancing and shaking his shut hand at the Muse—"who 'smile and smile, and are a villain still.'"

"The order of the day"—the widow's voice rose above the din tranquilly—"*is*, Shall marriage in the Consolidated Republic be contracted for life or for a term of years?"

The next moment Maria felt her arm grasped. "Come out of this," whispered McCall, angry and excited. "This is no place for you, Maria. Did you hear what they are going to discuss?"

"Yes," as he whisked her out of the door.

"Then I'm sorry for it. Such things oughtn't to be mentioned in a lady's presence. If I had a sister, she should not know there was such a thing as bigamy. Good God!" wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, "if women are not pure and spotless, what have we to look up to? And these shallow girls, who propose to reform the world, begin by dabbling with the filth of the gutter, if they do no worse?"

"Shallow girls?" He was so big and angry that she felt like a wren or sparrow in his hold. But the stupidity of him! the blind idiocy! She eyed him from head to foot with a bitterness and contempt unutterable—a handsome six-foot animal, with his small brain filled with smaller, worn-out prejudices! The way of escape had been set before him, and he had spurned it—and her!

"I don't see what it can matter to you," she said politely, disengaging herself, "whether I make friends with these people and am stained with the filth of the gutter or not?" She had a half-insane consciousness that she was playing her last card.

"Why, to be sure it matters. You and I have been good friends always, Maria, and I don't like to see you fellowship with that lot. What was it Bluhm called them?" laughing. "That was rough in Bluhm—rough. They're women."

"You are going?"

"In the next train, yes. I waited to see a—a friend, but he did not come. It's just as well, perhaps," his face saddened. "Well, good-bye, Maria. Don't be offended at me for not approving of your friends. Why, bless my soul! such talk is—it's not decent;" and with a careless shake of the hand he was gone.

Maria told herself that she despised a man who could so dismiss the great social problem and its prophets with a fillip of his thumb. She turned to go in to the assemblage of prophets. They were all that was left her in life. But she did not go in. She went to her bare chamber, and took Hero up on her lap and cried over him. "*You* love me, doggy?" she said.

She had an attack of syncope that night, for which no pack or sitz proved a remedy; and it was about that time that the long and painful affection of the ulnar nerve began which almost destroyed her usefulness as a surgeon.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THAT evening, as Miss Muller sat alone with Hero in her room (just as the neuralgia was beginning), the door opened and Miss Vogdes entered. The girl turned a harassed, worn countenance toward Maria, and stumbled awkwardly over her words. It was not, certainly, because she was conscious that she had used William Muller cruelly. She had forgotten that William Muller lived.

She had been thinking of Maria all day. She was the woman whom Doctor McCall loved. By the time night came Kitty had a maddening desire to see again this woman that he loved — to touch her, hear her speak. She had been used to regard her as a disagreeable bore, but now she looked on her as a woman set apart from all the world. She had made a poor excuse to come up to the Water-cure: now that she was there she half forgot it. Maria's delicate face, her quick grace of motion, her clear, well-bred voice, were so many stabs to Kitty, each of which touched the quick. Maria's hair hung loosely over her shoulders: it was very soft and thick. She wondered if Doctor McCall had ever touched it. "Though what right have *I* to know?" For some reason this last was the pang that tugged hardest at Kitty's heart.

"I brought a message for Doctor McCall," she said, fumbling in her pocket —"that is, for you to deliver to him, Maria."

Miss Muller turned her shoulder to her: "Doctor McCall is gone—I don't know where."

She started forward: "Gone? To come again, you mean?"

"No—never to come back!" vehemently.

Kitty stood by her silent a moment: "William told me that you sent for him, that he loved you, Maria — that you would be married some of these days."

Miss Muller hesitated: there was no use in revealing her humiliation to this girl: "There was an obstacle in the way. Doctor McCall is peculiarly hedged in by circumstances."

"And you could not find the way of escape?"

"No." She did not see the flash of triumph on the girl's face, or notice when she went out.

Kitty was human. "At least," she muttered going down the hill, "I shall not have to see *her* his wife." When she had reached the Book-shop she took from her pocket a coarse yellow envelope containing a telegram directed to Hugh Guinness in his father's care. She turned it over. This was a bond between them which even Maria did not share: she alone knew that he was Hugh Guinness.

"What am I to do with this?"

Doctor McCall was gone, never to come back. It was like touching his hand far off to read this message to him. Besides, Kitty was curious. She opened the envelope.

"Come to me at once. You will soon be free," without any signature but an initial. The melodramatic mystery of it would have cautioned knowing women, but Kitty was not knowing.

"If he had received this an hour ago, the 'way of escape' would have been found. He would have been free to marry Maria." So much she understood. She sat down and was quiet for half an hour. It was the first wretched half hour of her life—so wretched that she forgot to cry.

"It would make him very happy to marry Maria," she said, getting up and speaking aloud. Then she opened the door and went up to her chamber, her thoughts keeping time with her swift motions. It seemed to her that she still spoke aloud. "If I were a man I could go to this house in Philadelphia and receive this message, which will set him free" (beginning to fold the dresses in her closet). "It will never reach him otherwise. I could find and bring him to Maria. But I never was five miles from Berrytown in my life. *I* never could go" (dragging out a great trunk and packing the dresses into it). "It would be a friendly thing for some man to do for him. Maria could not do so much" (cramming in undergarments enough for a year's wear). "If I were a man! He'd not snub me then as he does now, when I am only Kitty. If this could be done it would bring happiness for life to him." (The trunk was packed as she had seen her mother's. She was on her knees, trying to force down the lid, but her wrists were too weak.) "He would come back at once. How lovely Maria looked in that black lace mantilla! He would kiss her mouth and smooth her hair." (Kitty, still kneeling, was staring at the wall with pale cheeks and distended eyes. The lock snapped as it shut. She rose and began putting on her gray hat and veil.) "No woman could go to the city through that dark; and there is a storm coming. If I did it, what would he care for me? I am only Kitty. I would sit in the window here alone year after year, growing into a neglected old maid, and watch him go by with his happy wife and children. I need not interfere. I can throw the telegram into the fire and let them both go their ways. What are they to me?" She had buttoned her sacque and gloves, and now went up to the glass. It was a childish face that she looked at, but one now exceptionally grave and reserved.

She walked quickly down and tapped at the kitchen door: "When the porter comes for my trunk, Jane, give it to him. Tell my mother when she comes it was necessary for me to leave home to help a friend. I shall be back in a few days—if I am alive."

"De Lord be good to us, honey!" Jane stood aghast. Kitty came suddenly up to the old woman and kissed her. She felt quite alone in the world in beginning this desperate undertaking. The next moment she passed the window and was gone.

Miss Muller, with a satchel and shawl-strap, would have started coolly at an hour's notice alone for the Yosemite or Japan. But Kitty, with the enormous trunk, which was her sole idea of travel, set out through the night and storm, feeling death clutching at her on every side.

An hour after nightfall that evening the Eastern express-train reached the station beyond Berrytown, bringing home Peter and his wife, triumphant. Her money had covered a larger extent of muslins and laces than she hoped for—enough to convert the raw school-girl Kitty, when she was married, into a leader of church-going fashion.

Mrs. Guinness leaned back in the plush car-seat, planning the wedding-breakfast. That was now her only care. Out in the world of shops and milliners her superstitious dread of a man long since dead had seemed to her absurd.

"I have had some unreasonable fears about Kitty," she said to Peter, who was beginning to nod opposite to her. "But all will be well when she is Muller's wife."

Another train passed at the moment they reached the station. Her eye ran curiously over the long line of faces in the car-windows to find some neighbor or friend.

She touched Peter's arm: "How like that is to Kitty!" nodding toward a woman's head brought just opposite to them. The train began to move, and the woman turned her face toward them: "Merciful Heaven, it *is* Kitty!"

The engine sent out its shrill foreboding whistle and rushed on, carrying the girl into the darkness. Behind her in the car as it passed her mother saw the face of Hugh Guinness.

## CHAPTER XIV.

DOCTOR MCCALL had been five minutes too late for the first train, and so had been delayed for the express in which Kitty started on her adventure. Commonplace accidents determine commonplace lives, was a favorite maxim of the Berrytown Illuminati. The Supreme Intelligence whom they complimented with respect could not be expected to hold such petty trifles or petty lives in His controlling hand.

Doctor McCall had seen Catharine when she first entered the station. Her very manner had the air of flight and secresy. Puzzled and annoyed, he sat down in the rear of the car, himself unseen. When they reached Philadelphia it was not yet dawn. The passengers rushed out of the cars: Kitty sat quiet. She had never slept outside of the Book-house before. She looked out at the dim-lighted dépôt, at the slouching dark figures that stole through it from time to time, the engines, with their hot red eyes, sweeping back and forward in the distance, breaking the night with portentous shrieks. Where should she go? She had never been in a hotel in her life: she had no money. If she ventured into the night she would be arrested, no doubt, as a vagrant. She had a gallant heart to take care of Hugh Guinness's life, but her poor little woman's body was quaking in deadly fear for herself. In a moment a decent mulatto woman, whom McCall had sent, came from the waiting-room into the deserted car.

"There is a room for ladies, where you can be comfortable until daybreak, madam," she said respectfully.

"I am much obliged to you," said Catharine.

When she saw how young she was, the mulatto, a motherly body, took her into a little inner snuggery used to store packages: "You can turn the key, and sleep if you will until morning."

"I'll not close my eyes until my errand is done," thought Kitty, and sat down in a rocking-chair, placing her satchel beside her. In five minutes she was fast asleep. McCall, pacing up and down the platform, could see her through the open window. He forgot to wonder why she had come. There was a certain neatness and freshness about her which he thought he had never observed in other women. After her night's travel her dress fell soft and gray as though just taken from the fold, her petticoat, crisp and white, peeped in one place to sight. How dainty and well-fitting were the little boots and gloves! Where the hair was drawn back, too, from her forehead he could see the blue veins and pink below the skin, like a baby's. He did not know before what keen eyes he had. But this was as though a breath of the old home when he had been a child, one of the dewy Bourbon roses in his father's garden, had followed him to the stifling town. It made the station different — even the morning. Fresh damp winds blew pleasantly from the reddening sky. The white marble steps and lintels of the street shone clean and bright; the porters going by to the freight dépôt gave him good-day cheerfully. In the window the old mulatto had some thriving pots of ivy and fragrant geraniums. Even a dog that came frisking up the sidewalk rubbed itself in a friendly fashion against his legs.

McCall suddenly remembered a journey he had made long ago, and a companion whose breath was foul with opium as her head at night rested on his shoulder. But there was no need that one woman's breath should sicken him even now with the whole world; and again he stopped in his walk to look at Kitty.

The fresh wind blowing on her wakened her presently. The mulatto was anxious to serve her: it was always the case with people of her class after Kitty had once spoken to them.

"I should like fresh water and towels," she said coolly, as though toilet appurtenances were to be found at every street corner. The woman paused, and then with a queer smile brought them. In a a few moments McCall saw her come out fresher than before.

"Where is this house?" showing a name and number to the mulatto, who read it once or twice, and then looked steadily at Kitty.

"Are you going alone to that place?"

"Certainly."

The woman gave her the directions without further parley, adding that it was about six miles distant, and turned away. Catharine followed her to thank her, and put a dollar note in her hand. It was all the money she had.

She walked on down the rapidly filling streets—for miles, as she thought. The hurry and rush of the day had begun. The sense of nothingness in the midst of this great multitude came upon Kitty. The fear, the excitement began to tell on her: yesterday she had eaten but little in her pity for Muller. "Which was very foolish of me," she said to herself. "Now I've no money to buy anything to eat. I have acted in this matter without common sense." The sun lighted up the yellow leaves of the maples along the sidewalk. The wind blew strongly up from the rivers. She passed a stand with some withered apples and stale cakes, and put her hand in her pocket, then with a wistful look went on.

It was late in the morning before she reached her journey's end. Showing her paper now and then, she had noticed the curious inquiring look which both men and women gave her on reading it. She found herself at last under a long gray stone wall pierced by an iron-knobbed gate. By the side of it a man was setting out on an eating-stand a half-eaten ham, chaffy rolls and pies yellow with age. The man was an old, cleanly shaven fellow, whose aquiline nose reminded her with a twinge of conscience of Mr. Muller.

"Am I near to this house?" showing her paper.

"Here," nodding back at the stone wall, cutting his pies.

"This! What is this place, sir?"

"Moyamensing Prison." He finished cutting the pies carefully, and then, wiping the knife, looked up at her, and suddenly came from behind the stand: "You're not well?" pushing a seat toward her. "Here's some water. Or coffee?"

She sat down: "Oh, it's nothing. Only I've traveled a long way, and I did not know it was a prison I was coming to."

"Won't you have some coffee? You don't look rugged."

"No, thank you."

"Well, it's not what you've been used to, of course. But hot." He put the water within her reach and drew aside, looking at her now and then. He was used to the pale faces and tears of women at that gate. "Though she's different from them as has friends here," he thought, silencing one or two noisy customers by a look. Presently he came up to her: "You're afeard to go in there alone, young lady?"

"Yes, I am. What shall I do?"

"I thought as much. Yonder comes the chaplain. I'll speak to him," going to meet two gentlemen who crossed the street.

"You wished to see a prisoner?" one of them said, coming up to her.

Kitty was herself again. She stood up and bowed with her old-fashioned, grave politeness: "I do not know. It was this that brought me here," handing him the telegram.

"Ah? I remember," glancing at it. "Number 243 sent it, you recollect?" to his companion. "But this is addressed to Hugh Guinness?" turning inquiringly to Kitty.

"I am a—a member of his family. He was not at home, and I came to receive the message for him."

"Will you go in with us, doctor?" The chaplain turned to his companion.

"Presently. There is a man coming up the street I want to see."

The chaplain motioned her to follow him, casting a curious glance back at her. They passed up into the long stone corridors, tier over tier, with the lines of square iron doors, each with its slate dangling outside, with a name scrawled on it. He stopped at one, opened it and drew back, motioning her to enter.

Kitty caught sight of the damp wall of a cell, and stopped.

"Shall I go in with you?" seeing her shiver.

"No: Mr. Guinness might wish the message kept as private as possible."

"It is very probable. The prisoner is very ill, or you could not have a private interview."

She went in, and the door closed behind her. It was a moment before she could distinguish any object in the dimly lighted cell. Then she saw the square window, the cobwebbed walls, and close at hand a narrow pallet, on which lay a woman in a coarse and soiled night-dress. She was tall and gaunt: one arm was thrown over her head, framing a heavy-jawed, livid face, with dull black eyes fixed on Catharine.

"Who are you?" she said.

Kitty went straight up to her. The foul smell made her head reel. But this was only a woman, after all; and one in great bodily need—dying, she thought. Kitty was a born nurse. She involuntarily straightened the wretched pillows and touched the hot forehead before she spoke: "I came instead of Hugh Guinness. You had a message for him."

"I don't know. It doesn't matter for that," her eyes wandering. The soft touch and the kind face bending over her were more to her just now than all that had gone before in her life. "It is here the pain is," moving Kitty's hand to her side. The pain filled the dull eyes with tears. "This is a poor place to die in," trying to smile.

"Oh, you are not going to die," cheerfully. "Let me lift you up higher on the pillows. Put your arm about me—so. You're not too heavy for me to lift."

The woman, when she was arranged, took Kitty's fingers and feebly held them to her side. "It is so long since anybody took care of me. I sha'n't live till to-morrow. Don't leave me—don't go away."

"I'll not go away," said Kitty.

The man whom the prison physician had waited to meet was Doctor McCall. He had followed Kitty so far, unwilling to interfere by speaking to her. But when he saw her enter Moyamensing he thought that she needed a protector. "Ha, Pollard, is this you?" stopping to shake hands. They were old acquaintances, and managed, in spite of their profession, to see something of each other every year. McCall ran up to town once or twice through the winter, and stayed at Pollard's house, and Pollard managed to spend a week or two with him in peach season.

"I thought I knew your swing, McCall, two squares off. Looking for me?"

"No: I followed a lady, a friend of mine, who has just gone in at the gate."

"You know her, eh?" eagerly. "A most attractive little girl, I thought. She went in with the chaplain to see one of the prisoners."

McCall paused, his hand on the gate. A horrible doubt stopped his heart-beating for an instant. But how utterly absurd it was! Only because this black shadow pursued him always could such a fancy have come to him. "The prisoner is a woman?" with forced carelessness.

"Yes. A poor wretch brought here last spring for shoplifting. Her term's out next week. She has had a sharp attack of pneumonia, and has not much strength to bear it: she is a miserable wreck from opium-eating."

"Opium-eating? Can I go in?" said McCall.

"Certainly."

When the woman heard their steps on the corridor she said to Catharine, "I hear my husband coming now."

"That will be pleasant for you," kindly, wondering to herself what sort of a ruffian had chosen this creature for a mate and had the burden of her to carry.

"Yes, I know his step," turning dully to the door. It opened, and Hugh Guinness stood on the threshold.

He halted one brief moment. It seemed to Catharine that he was an older man than she had known him.

"It is you then, Louise?" he said calmly, going up to the bed and looking down on her, his hands clasped, as usual, behind him.

"Yes, it is I. I thought you would like to see me and talk things over before I died, Hugh." She held out her hand, but he did not touch it. Looking at her a moment from head to foot as she lay in her unclean garments, he turned to where the other woman stood, a ray of light from the window shining on her fair hair and innocent face: "Do you know that I am Hugh Guinness, Kitty?"

"I knew that long ago."

"*This*," nodding down at the pallet, "is my wife. Now do you know why I could not go home to my father or to you?"

"God help us!" ejaculated Pollard. The next moment, remembering himself, he put his hand on McCall's shoulder: "I understand. When you were a boy, eh? Never mind: every man has his own trouble to carry."

"I've been a very real trouble to you, Hugh," whined Louise. "But I always loved you: I always meant to come back to you."

"When her later husbands had abandoned her." McCall laughed savagely, turning away.

She started up on the pallet, clenching her bony, dirty hands: "There were faults on both sides. I never would have been the woman I am if you had loved me. What will you do with me now?"

There was a dead silence in the cell, broken only by the heavy breathing of the woman. McCall stood dumb, looking first at Catharine and then at his wife.

"This is what he will do," said Kitty's clear, quiet tones. "You shall be washed and dressed, and taken home as his wife, to live or die as suits God's will."

"Never," muttered McCall.

"How soon can she leave this—this place?" she said, turning as if he had not spoken to Pollard.

"As soon as she is able to be moved. But," hesitating, with a doubtful look at McCall, "is that plan best?"

"Why, she's his wife!" with her innocent eyes wide. "He has no right to desert her. She will die if she is not properly cared for," turning to McCall.

"Do you stay with me: don't leave me," holding Kitty's sleeve. "If you would nurse me, I should get well."

"It is impossible that the lady should nurse you," said Pollard.

Kitty sat down: she began to tremble and turn white. "She has nobody but me. I'll stay," she said quietly.

McCall beckoned his fellow-physician out into the corridor.

"My dear fellow—" Pollard began.

"No: I know you sympathize with me. But we will not talk of this matter. Is that woman dying?"

"I'm afraid—that is, I think not. She is decidedly better to-day than she was last night. With care she may recover."

Kitty came out and stood with them in the corridor. McCall looked at her with amazement. The shy, silly schoolgirl, afraid to find her way about Berrytown, bore herself in this desperate juncture like the sagest of matrons.

"Is there no hospital to which she can be taken?" she said to Pollard.

"Yes, of course, of course."

"I'll go with her there, then. You know," laying her hand on McCall's arm, "you *did* marry her. You ought to try to help her poor body and soul as long as she lives."

"Would you have me take her as my wife again?" .

"Not for an hour!" cried Kitty vehemently. She went into the cell, but came back in a moment: "Will you bring me some breakfast? I shall not be of much use here until it comes."

"She has more of the angel in her than any woman I ever knew," muttered McCall.

"She has a good deal of common sense, apparently," rejoined Pollard.

Kitty went with McCall's wife to the hospital, and helped to nurse her for a week. Pains and chills and nausea she could help, but for the deeper disease of soul, for the cure of which Kitty prayed on her knees, often with tears, there was little hope in her simple remedies, unless the cure and its evidence lay deep enough for only God's eye to see.

The woman's nature, of a low type at birth, had grown more brutal with every year of drunkenness and vice. She died at last, alone with Kitty.

"She said, the last thing, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'" Kitty told the chaplain. "But I am afraid she hardly understood the meaning."

"He understood, my dear child. We can leave her with Him. You must go home now: you have done all you could. Doctor McCall will go with you?"

"No, I shall go alone: I came alone."

"He will follow you home to Berrytown, then?" for the chaplain was but a man, and his curiosity was roused to know the exact relation between McCall and this old-fashioned, lovable girl.

Kitty hesitated: "I think he will come to Berrytown again. There is some business there which his wife's death will leave him free now to attend to."

She went to a sofa and sat down: "I shall be glad to be at home," beginning to cry. "I want to see father."

"Broke down utterly," the chaplain told his wife, "as soon as her terrible work was done."

As for Kitty, it seemed to her that her work in life and death was over for ever.

"You must come back," she said when McCall put her in the cars, looking like a ghost of herself. "Your father will be wanting to see you. And—and Maria."

"Maria? What the deuce is Maria to me?"

It was no ghost of Kitty that came home that evening. The shy, lively color came and went unceasingly, and her eyes sparkled.

"Poor Maria!" she whispered to her pillow as she went to bed—"poor Maria!"

## CHAPTER XV.

It was a long time before he came. Months afterward, one evening when the express-train rushed into the dépôt, Catharine went down through the walnut trees into the garden. She stopped in the shadow as a man's figure crossed the fields. The air was cool—it was early spring. The clouds in the west threw the Book-house into shadow. Hugh Guinness, coming home, could see the narrow-paned windows twinkling behind the walnut boughs. It was just as he had left it when he was a boy. There was the cow thrusting her head through a break in the fence he had made himself; the yellow-billed ducks quacked about the pond he had dug in the barnyard; the row of lilacs by the orchard fence were just in blossom: they were always the latest on the farm, he remembered. He saw Kitty, like the heart of his old home, waiting for him. Her white dress and the hair pushed back from her face gave her an appearance of curious gentleness and delicacy.

When he came to her he took both her hands in his.

"You will come to your father now?" she said, frightened and pale.

They walked side by side down the thick rows of young saplings. There was a cool bank overgrown with trumpet-creeper. Inside, he caught sight of a little recess or cave, and a gray old bench on which was just room for two.

"Will you stop here and sit down one moment?" she said.

It was nothing to him but a deserted spring-house. It was the one enchanted spot of Kitty's life.

Half an hour afterward they found old Peter playing on his violin at the doorstep. Kitty had often planned an effective bringing back of Hugh to him, but she forgot it all, and creeping up put her hands about his neck. "Father! look there, father!" she whispered.

The Book-house still stands among its walnuts in Berrytown. But a shrewd young fellow from New York has charge of it now, who deals principally in school-books and publications relative to Reforms and raspberries. Old Peter Guinness still holds an interest in it, although his chief business is that of special agent for libraries in buying rare books and pamphlets. He comes down for two or three weeks in winter to look into matters. But since his wife died he makes his home in Delaware with his son, who married, as all Berrytown knows, Kitty Vogdes after she behaved so shamefully to Mr. Muller.

Mrs. Guinness died in high good-humor with her son-in-law. "Doctor McCall," she assured her neighbors, "was exactly the man she should have chosen for Catharine. She had known him from a boy, and knew that his high social position and wealth were only his deserts. A member — vestryman indeed —of St. Luke's Church, the largest in Sussex county."

The farm-people in the sleepy, sunny Delaware neighborhood have elected Kitty a chief favorite. "A gentle, good-natured little woman, with no opinions of her own. A bit too fond of dress perhaps, and a silly, doting mother, but the most neighborly, lovable creature alive, after all."

Miss Muller was down in St. George's lecturing last fall, and made her mark, as she always does. But the Guinness men were now hopelessly conservative. She made her home with Kitty.

"A fine woman," old Peter said the morning after she was gone.

"Never knew a woman with a finer mind," said Hugh. "Nor many men."

"She nurses that dog as if it were a baby," said Kitty sharply. "It's silly! It's disgusting!"

Peter twanged his bow on the porch, looking down over the great farm-slopes stretching away in the morning light.

"We have everything to make life good to us, Hugh," he said after Kitty had gone. "And the best thing, to my notion, is an old-fashioned woman in the house, with no notion of ruling, like that Muller girl and her set."

Hugh was romping with his boy: "Do you know your first business in this world, sir? To take care of your mother," glancing at the garden, where Kitty, in her pretty white dress, was clipping chrysanthemums.

She rules him and the house and their lives absolutely, with but little regard for justice. But he has never suspected it. She hardly knows herself that she does it. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

# STRANGE SEA INDUSTRIES AND ADVENTURES.

THE wrecker on the Florida reefs, who steps from the Peninsula into the marine world, will tell you there is nothing so like the land as the water. The crystal atmosphere of this land of meridional spring, the masses of tawny green in forests of the pine, and the deeper foliage of the live-oak and wild-orange, even that fire of flower in phænogamous plants peculiar to the Peninsula, have their fellowship and counterparts in the lustrous scenery of the submarine world. Even the beauty of moon-like lakes and river springs is realized in the salt envelope of the under-world. Washing the keel of the submerged vessel, or bursting with a sudden chill through the tepid waters of the Gulf, with a sensible difference to feeling and to sight, the diver recognizes a river in the strata, a wayside spring in the mid-sea fountain.

As the huge volume of many Florida springs, and their peculiar characteristic of sudden sinking, give them a distinguishable quality, so the like may be recognized in the fresh-water outbursts of the neighboring seas. Silver Spring in Marion county tosses out three hundred million gallons per day; Manatee Spring discharges a less volume, but is noted for the presence of the sea-cow (*Trichecus muriatus*); Santa Fé, Econfinna, Chipola and Oscilla are rivers which, like classic Acheron, descend and disappear with a full head—lost rivers, as they are aptly named. Pass to the marine world, and south-west of Bataban, in the Gulf of Xagua (Cuba), a river-fountain throws up a broad white disk like a flower of water on a liquid stem, visible on the violet phosphorescence of the Caribbean Sea. Its impetuous force makes it dangerous to unwary crafts; and, to add to its recognizable characteristics, in its pure waters is to be found the sea-cow—found there and in Manatee Bay and Spring alone. To the geologist such rivers are not mysteries. The lower strata of the limestone formation are hollowed out into vast cavernous channels and chambers, through which rolls for ever the hoarse murmur of multitudinous waters. It would require the conception of a Milton or the stern Florentine who pictured Malebolge to depict those hollow passages and lofty galleries, wrought into fantastic shapes by carbon chisels, and all pure snow-white, yet unrecognizable in the sublime horror of great darkness.

It is to the animal and vegetable coral the sea owes its arborescent and floriform scenery, the counterpart of the forest and phænogamous beauty that adorns the land. The home of these wonderful creatures must be visited to realize the beauty of their dwellings and the wonderful structures they produce. A diver who explored the serene sea about the Hayti banks gives a beautiful description of the splendors of the under-world. The white, chalky bottom is visible from the surface at a depth of one hundred feet. Over that brilliant floor the filtered sunshine spreads a cloth of gold continually flecked with sailing shadows and fluctuating tints. The singular clearness of the medium removes that lovely violet drapery which surrounds like a pavilion the submarine palace, and allows a wider scope of vision. But the scene here is not the play of sunbeams or the magic glory of the prismal waters. Form adds its grace to the loveliness of color and the play of light and shadow. The structures, the work of astræa, madrepores, andreas and meandrinas, bear a singular resemblance to fabrications of the architect. One massive dome or archway, a hundred feet in diameter, rises to the surface. Its front is carved in elaborate tracery and crusted with serpulæ, looking like the fret- and flower-work that covers Saracenic architecture. Looking through this into the violet ambuscade, the eye falls upon colonnades, light slender shafts a foot in diameter, that seem to support the paly-golden, lustrous roof. It is curiously like a vast temple, spreading every way in vault and colonnade, on which religious enthusiasm or barbaric royalty has worked with a reckless waste of art and labor. Nor is it the cold and shapely beauty of the stone: it seems to be a temple built of many-colored glass. To understand the magnificence of the wonderful structure, the reader must have in mind the laws affecting light in transmission through water—the frangibility of the rays, the frequent alternations in dispersion, reflection, interference and accidental and complementary color. He must recollect that every indentation, every twist of stony serpulæ or fluting of the zoophyte catches the light and divides and splinters it into radiance, burning with a fringe of silver fire or flashing steel. When the mind has conceived of that, there is to add the vivid beauty of the living coral, its hue of molten colored glass spreading a radiant mucus over the stony skeleton.

But he has not yet entered into an entire conception of its loveliness. The arborescent and phænogamous forms of the coral are to be noticed. Here is a plant: it has a pale, gray-blue stalk, and all over it are delicate green leaves, fronds or tentacles, as you please to call them. There is a fan-shaped shrub whose starry fronds recall the *Chæmerops serrulata* of the adjacent shore. The ament, so to speak, of the *Parasmilia centralis*, the catkin of the sea, recalls its terrene counterpart. There are other flowers in fascicles and corymbs. The rose is not lacking, but glows with the radiant beauty of its petaliferous sister; the columnar trunks of stony trees, covered with green, flossy mosses, are scattered about; and fresh fountains gush from the rocks, the white water as clearly distinguishable from the ultramarine as in the upper atmosphere.*

But some varieties of beauty in the coral belong to calmer seas: among others, the Red Sea is noticed for the exquisite loveliness of its coralline formations. An American explorer, well known in submarine diving, once visited that gulf sacred in history, and for a purpose certainly as singular as anything he found there. It was, to use his own words, "to fish for Pharaoh's golden chariot-wheels," lost in that famous pursuit. Is it possible, in the nature of things, for such an expedition to be made by any but an American? It takes a strong Bible faith, allied to a simple but strong self-confidence, to start a man on such an adventure. The curious transforming magic of the sea had its effect on the Arab dragoman he had engaged to assist him. Having settled on the exact spot, the swart Arabian descended, but signaled to return almost immediately, and was brought to the surface in open-eyed wonder. With all the hyperbole of Oriental imagination he swore positively to the finding of the chariot-wheels, and added the jewelry of Pharaoh's household. He was so earnest and so exact in the matter of the golden wheel, set with precious stones, that, though the captain dryly asked if he did not meet King Pharaoh himself, taking a moist throne and keeping court with the fishes, he none the less had the line attached and drew up—the rude wheel of a Tartar wagon, transformed under water, but plain and ugly enough above.

"The djin did it," explained the Arab. "It is a palace of the djins, howadji."

Though the adventurous explorer failed in his design on the defunct Egyptian, he was rewarded by some compensating views and discoveries. He saw there the *Xenia elongata*, a shrub-like coral distinguished for the beauty of its colors, having stellar tentacles, rose-colored, blue and lilac, an inch in diameter, and looking like flowers of living jewelry; another with a long cue, like a tress of hair, and others of allied beauty.

The coral-stone is seen and admired on centre-tables and in jewelry, but this is really the least pleasing beauty in the organism. The animal, subjected to exposure, is a brown mucus that dissipates in the sun and air, but clothed in its native element this glutinous substance is instinct with radiant life, the bodies being rose-color and the arms a pure white. Sometimes they grow in clusters and corymbs, gleaming with a pure, translucent color that fluctuates and changes in the light

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* The difficulty, I am aware, in venturing on a description is, that it will appear rather a fever of fancy than an accurate chromoscope. I can only point to the fact that the revelation of the intense beauty of the sea has in recent years fallen rather to the naturalist than the poet, the accurate and scientific prose of the former surpassing the idealization of the latter.

> Like colors of a shell,
> That keep the hue and polish of the wave.

Our searcher found one unexpected verification of the story in Exodus. The passage in the Bible does not leave altogether in mystery the natural means by which the transit was effected. We are told of the strong east wind and the wall of waters. At the point near Suez a shoal extends quite across the sea. For several days this wind had borne back the shallow waters, descending as it did from the rugged mountain-slopes, and opening or sweeping back the deep as it were. Then the tide came, thrust forward in accumulated volume, until it made a real wall of waters that stood up in a huge crested, angry foam. It was sufficiently like to cause the explorer to apprehend the possibility of finding Pharaoh by traveling the same watery road. Another question that has puzzled scholars found a solution in the American's observation. Smith's *Bible Dictionary* discusses learnedly the name of this curious gulf, written *ἡ ἐρυθρὰ ϑάλασσα* in the Septuagint. The *Dictionary* surmises that the name was derived from the red western mountains, red coral zoophytes, etc., and appears to give little weight to the real and natural reason which came under our American's notice. On one occasion the diver observed, while under sea, that the curious wavering shadows, which cross the lustrous golden floor like Frauenhofer's lines on the spectrum, began to change and lose themselves. A purple glory of intermingled colors darkened the violet curtains of the sea-chambers, reddening all glints and tinges with an angry fire. Instead of that lustrous, golden firmament, the thallassphere darkened to crimson and opal. The walls grew purple, the floor as red as blood: the deep itself was purpled with the venous hue of deoxidized life-currents.

The view on the surface was even more magnificent. The sea at first assumed the light tawny or yellowish red of sherry wine. Anon this wine-color grew instinct with richer radiance: as far as eye could see, and flashing in the crystalline splendor of the Arabian sun, was a glorious sea of rose. The dusky red sandstone hills, with a border of white sand and green and flowered foliage, like an elaborately wrought cup of Bohemian glass enameled with brilliant flowers, held the sparkling liquid petals of that rosy sea. The surface, on examination, proved to be covered with a thin brickdust layer of infusoriæ slightly tinged with orange. Placed in a white glass bottle, this changed to a deep violet, but the wide surface of the external sea was of that magnificent and brilliant rose-color. It was a new and pleasing example of the lustrous, ever-varying beauty of the ocean world. It was caused by diatomaceæ, minute algæ, which under the microscope revealed delicate threads gathered in tiny bundles, and containing rings, like blood-disks, of that curious coloring-matter in tiny tubes.

This miracle of beauty is not without its analogies in other seas. The medusæ of the Arctic seas, an allied existence, people the ultramarine blue of the cold, pure sea with vivid patches of living green thirty miles in diameter. These minute organisms are doubly curious from their power of astonishing reproduction and the strange electric fire they display. Minute as these microscopic creatures are, every motion and flash is the result of volition, and not a mere chemic or mechanic phosphorescence. The *Photocaris* lights a flashing cirrus, on being irritated, in brilliant kindling sparks, increasing in intensity until the whole organism is illuminated. The living fire washes over its back, and pencils in greenish-yellow light its microscopic outline. Nor do these little creatures lack a beauty of their own. Their minute shields of pure translucent silex are elaborately wrought in microscopic symbols of mimic heraldry. They are the chivalry of the deep, the tiny knights with lance and cuirass, and oval bossy shield carved in quaint conceits and ornamental fashion. Nor must we despise them when we reflect upon their power of accretion. The *Gallionellæ*, invisible to the naked eye, can, of their heraldic shields and flinty armor, make two cubic feet of Bilin polishing slate in four days. By straining sea-water, a web of greenish cloth of gold, illuminated by their play of self-generated electric light, has been collected. Humboldt and Ehrenberg speak of their voracity, their power of discharging electricity at will, and their sporting about, exhibiting an intelligent enjoyment of the life God has given to them. Man and his works perish, but the monuments of the infusoriæ are the flinty ribs of the sea, the giant bones of huge continents, heaped into mountain-ranges over which the granite and porphyry have set their stony seal for ever. Man thrives in his little zone: the populous infusoriæ crowd every nook of earth from the remote poles to the burning equatorial belt.

As the coral, in its soft, milky chalk, gives a name to tropical seas, so also it is a question to my simplicity if the Yellow Sea, Black Sea and White Sea do not owe their color and name, in part at least, to microscopic infusoriæ. One of these, the Yellow Sea, is very similar in many characteristics to our beautiful southern gulf, and there is connected with it an incident or two illustrative of submarine adventure which is the partial purpose of this desultory sketch.

About the time our American was investing in Pharaoh's golden chariot-wheels an East Indiaman was trading its way from the English docks, eighteen weary weeks' sail by seamen's law, and more tedious by delays. They exchanged for bullion on the Gold Coast; for bullion and bad Cape brandy at Good Hope to sell to the Mohammedans, who are forbidden to drink it. At Bombay and Calcutta they exchanged bullion and brandy for opium to sell to the Chinese, who are forbidden to buy or use it. Whether the coolie trade was included in its iniquities or not, I cannot say. Very possibly that was the return cargo. From Ceylon they proceed to Siam, and thence to Hong-Kong, where they drop anchor in the offing, and by a special custom the cargo is sold and paid for in sycee silver before disfreighting, and the bullion is in the safe of the huge smuggler, although the opium has not yet been removed. The Chinese restrictive laws are very severe; but when we note that ninety thousand gallons of confiscated whisky were seized in godly Massachusetts in one year, we can infer the difficulties in the Maine law of the Celestials. The custom is for a hong, a smuggler in a Chinese junk, to draw up beside the English contrabandist and transfer the cargo in the outer harbor.

It is afternoon, and the great slumbering ocean breathes, but not with the quick, palpitating tide of the Atlantic. The smuggler sits on the oleaginous sea, tinged to ochreous yellow, waiting for evening and the confederate junk. The tropic twilight comes on swift red-golden wings that fan the vivid stars to brightness, and the rising tide breaks the surface into wrinkles of phosphorescent fire. High over head is the wide, unbroken canopy of the Pacific sky, and the gush of a larger moon than ours fills all the sphere with splendor as the huge ship stirs lazily in its Narcissus poise over its own reflection. There is a reddish glow in the western horizon over Hong-Kong, a fainter glimmer west by south over Macao, and farther west and north the reflected glories of the sacred city of Canton. The three make a semicircular crescent, like a great floating moon, on the horizon. A coral islet juts out between the cities under which the huge smuggler affects to play "I spy"—only affects, for she does not care for the authorities she bribes nor the laws she despises.

But the wind draws up the curtain of cloud by strands of rainy cordage, and men aloft are loosing the reefed topsail, bracing the after-yards and setting them for a run in on the larboard tack. They handle gaskets, bunt-lines, leech-lines, fix her best bib and spencer, like a country girl for a run up to town. Men are swarming about the yards and rigging. That is not all: Lascars, stevedores, supercargoes, the hong merchants, agents, are all busy breaking bulk. The India opium is covered with petals of the plant and stowed in chests lined with hides and covered with gunny; and these cases are locked in by stays, spars and bulkheads to prevent jamming. Helter-skelter and confusion alow and aloft, on the yards, rigging, deck, between decks and under hatches. The captain and purser are gloating over the sycee silver, for the Chinese government is as jealous of its exportation as of the importation of opium; and the sky and the sea are dark and angry. In a slovenly way the sails are trimmed, and she edges clumsily around the point with the bullion and opium, the full freight and gains of a year's voyaging and trading. Half an hour or an hour hence she will be free, and the junk dropping down to sea with the drugs in her. All at once a shriek or yell of "Hard aport!" and a great iron outward-bound steamer from Hong-Kong bursts into the unwieldy Chinaman, goes crunching through her like ripping pasteboard; tears her open; snarls through steamy nostrils and cindery fiery mouth, and growls over her wreck. And the sodden, stupefied merchantman, as if drunk with opium, goes yelling and staggering with her sleepy drugs to the bottom, and stays there, sycee silver and all.

From pricking his way across the Tartar plains, and probing in the Dead Sea and eating its fruits, just to know that living crustaceæ could be found in one and pulpy flesh in the other, our Launfal, looking for the Sangreal in chariot-wheels, wound his devious way to the Flowery Kingdom, having tried a stroke or two at pearl-diving, and given some valuable hints, that were wasted, in Red Sea fishing and the Suez Canal. The sleepy Celestial seasons had gone flowering their way to paradise, and the opium-smuggler and her sycee silver lay safe and swallowed in ribs and jowl of quicksand. Our American proposed to have it up by the locks. Two things said Nay—the coral insect, which was using it in its architectural designs, and the hungry quicksand. Worst of all, the American could not find it. They hid the bulky vessel in hills of sand, and after two months' labor in submarine armor the speculator was beaten. "Get a coolie," said a resident China merchant, and he did.

Every seaport city of China is a twin. It is two cities—one inland, narrow-streeted, paved with rubble stones; the other at sea, floating on bamboo reeds. The amphibious inmates of the marine town never go ashore, but are a species of otter or seal. Besides, they are first-class thieves, as well as cowardly, cruel pirates and wreckers. They will steal the sheathing from a copper-bottomed vessel in broad daylight, and at night a guard-boat is necessary for protection. They will defy a sentry on shipboard—steal his ship from under him while he is wondering what he is set to guard. They are all expert divers, as familiar with the sea-bottom as with their own ugly little hovels. Such a native was found, and for a dollar spotted the submerged vessel in her matrix of sand and coral.

"Now set a guard-boat," said the Englishman, "or he will steal the line, to get another dollar for finding the smuggler again."

But the want of experts defeated the plan, after all. It was necessary to use a petard to lay bare the treasure, and no one had the necessary skill. When the American consented to lost time and defeat the cyclone threw another spoil in his way. The East like the West Indies is the brooding-place of storms, which in gyratory coils, like a lasso thrown wide and large, go twisting north by west. It caught a French frigate in the loop, and flung her poor bones on the coral reefs, and the hungry sand absorbed her. It is a peculiarity of those seas. But she was found, and the petard, like a huge axe wielded by a giant's arms, cut into her treasure-house and rescued it. The American's expenses for a journey round the world were paid.

I have heard a sufficiently incredible story of a man submerged in a Chinese junk and under water twelve hours, yet taken out alive. A Chinese junk is the nightmare of marine architecture. It is owned in partnership by a company, but there is this difference from an ordinary charter-party. Each man owns his share or allotment of the vessel, and it is divided off into actual compartments or boxes made water-proof; and each one of these pigeon-holes the hong or merchant owns and stocks to suit himself. All open out upon the upper deck, and are battened down—sometimes with a glass skylight if used as a chamber. The structure in junk form is the thing's proper registry, since any departure from the ancient model would subject her to heavy taxation as an alien vessel.* It is a very effectual mode of preventing any improvement in shipbuilding among the Chinese.

One of these clumsy arks went on the rocks in a typhoon, and was covered over her deck, leaving, however, the projecting skylight on or near a level with the surface. The hong was in this cuddy-hole, frantic between personal loss and personal peril. Suddenly there was a jar and a crash, and the sea beat over her. Fortunately, the skylight was closed water-tight, but, unfortunately, some of the spars and rigging blocked up the exit, even if he had dared the venture. The bolts of the sea barred him in.

But Chinese wreckers and Chinese thieves are on the alert. Wattai, or some such queer piratical Celestial with devilish propensities, went for the spoil, settling the salvage by arithmetic of his own. The wreck was removed from the skylight, and under the water, in that dense chamber, stagnant with mephitic air, the bruised, stupefied hong was found.

As is apparent from a previous example, the tendency of the sea-sand to absorb and conceal a sunken vessel is one of those difficulties that beset the explorer. But for that the recovery of treasure would be more frequent, the profession or business more lucrative. The number of vessels sunk annually, we learn from Lloyd's statistics, is one hundred thousand tons to the English commercial marine; and out of 551 vessels lost to the royal navy, 391 were sunk. Sir Charles Lyell estimates that there might be collected in the sea more evidences of man's art and industry than exist at any one time on the surface of the earth. But while the sea preserves, it hides. An example of the kind occurred in the wreck of the Golden Gate, a California steamer heavy with bullion. It occurred during the war, and the only expert diver within reach was an expatriated rebel. He had been a man of fortune, but, venturing too rashly in the Confederacy, he lost by confiscation and perhaps persecution. However, he was the man for the insurance companies, and a treaty was concluded, allowing him sixty per cent. salvage.

The vessel had gone down in tide water. The persistent sea had rocked and rocked it, and washed the tenacious quicksands about it, and finally concealed it. The search for it was long and tedious, and once given up or nearly given up. But as the disappointed diver was preparing to ascend his foot touched something firm, which proved to be a part of the wooden frame of the ship.

But even when found the difficulties had only begun. The tenacious, elastic sand defied all tools or leverage: no petard could blast so fickle and treacherous a substance. Wit and ingenuity can devise where ordinary art or engineering has failed. The diver took a lesson from the neighboring gold-miner, whose hydrostatic pump chisels away the mountain-side to lay bare the mother quartz. Fitted with such an engine, he swept the silted sand from the deck of the prize, and dug it out of the elastic matrix after the fashion of Macduff's birth.

By a great misfortune, incipient jealousies and the eager spirit of covetousness now showed themselves. It was at first whispered, and then asseverated, that if the bullion was once recovered the rebel might whistle for his sixty per cent. salvage. It was a bitter, bad time—a time of mistrust and suspicion—and the plan of defrauding the diver was only too feasible. He would be involved in a suit with a wealthy company at a time when prejudice, if not the form of law, regarded him as having forfeited a citizen's right. It placed him in a difficult position—more difficult because he could get no safe assurance, and was evidently suspected and watched. The diver concluded that his only way to secure his sixty per cent. salvage was to take it.

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* By recent provision the Chinese are allowed to buy foreign vessels.

So it was that, with something of the feelings of the resurrectionists, a bold, dark party went to rob the charnel-house of the sea, to spoil it of its golden bones and wedgy ingots of silver. They chose a mirky night, when the thick air seemed too clotted and moist to break into hurly-burly of storm, and yet too heavy and dank to throw off the black envelope of fog and cloud. The black, oleaginous water seemed to slope from the muffled oar in a gluey, shining wave, and the heavy ripple at the bow of their boat parted in a long, adhesive roll, sloping away, but not breaking into froth or glisten of electric fire. The air and the sea seemed brooding in a heavy, hopeless misery, and the strange sense of plundering, not the living, but the dead, as if the sunken veſsel was a huge coffin, was upon them. With that cautious sense of superstitious dread choking their muttered whispers, they reached the spot and prepared to descend. The task of sinking through that pitchy consistence, into the intricacy of that black, coffin-like hold, among the drowned corpses, to do a deed of doubtful right, must have intensified the horror of great darkness and that sublimity of silence that in the under-sea peoples the void shadows with horrible existences and fills the concave with voices. But it was done; and with trembling eagerness the weighty ingots, the unalloyed bars, were safely shipped, loading down the boat. Then louder and louder came the dash of oars. For a few moments they felt the way with muffled stroke into the shrouding shadows. But practiced ears caught the softened roll in the rollocks, and keen eyes marked the shadowy boat in the deepening gloom. It must be the skilled oar and adroit steering that saves them now, but not far away lie the long shadows of the shelving coast and its black-bearded forest. The swing of the oars became bold, open and exciting, and angry challenges passed. But the burden of the heavy gold fought against them, like the giant's harp calling Master! Master! on the shoulders of flying Jack of the Bean-stalk. The light, trim craft of the pursuers edged upon them, and the shadow of an angry struggle in the pitchy, reeking night gloomed over them. "No, no," said the leader: "no bloodshed for the cursed stuff! Here, give me a lift;" and with a heave and plunge the massy rouleaux splashed into the water, and the boat rose lighter with an easier conscience. The sea shut close-fisted over its own, while the pursuing boat paused and eddied about it, as if held to the treasure by invisible, impalpable strands. The pursuit was abandoned, and the betrayed or treacherous diver escaped. But busy rumor reports that he returned at leisure to the spot, and that the bullion of the Golden Gate went to replenish the forfeited fortune of the bold ex-rebel. Believe as you like, good reader.

The sea-sand, in its industrious zeal in covering up memorials of man's art and industry, is often curiously assisted by the zoophytes and vegetation of the ocean, as well as guarded in its labor by abnormal monsters of piscine creation. An example of this occurred in an amusing venture after Lafitte's gold. While the Gulf coast of Western Louisiana is fortified, in its immature *terre tremblante*, by the coral reefs and islets, it has the appearance of having been torn into ragged edges by the hydrostatic pressure of the Gulf Stream. On one of these little islets or keys, hard by Caillon Bay, the rumor went that the buccaneer had sunk a Spanish galleon laden with pieces of eight and ingots of despoiled Mexico. The people thereabout are a simple, credulous race of Spanish Creoles, speaking no English, keeping the saints' days, and watching the salt-pans of the more energetic but scarcely more thrifty Americans with curious wonder. They chanced in their broken tongue to commit the story of the treasure to a diver of an equally simple faith, who set about putting it to more practical use than to gild an hour with an old legend. They told how the spook of the Spanish captain haunted the wreck, and that the gold was guarded by a dragon in the shape of a monstrous horned and mottled frog, or some other devil of the sea; to which the diver did seriously incline, but not to make him give up the undertaking. He prudently, however, consulted with an old Indian witch, and so received the devil's good word, and piously got a bottle of holy water from the priest; and thus was well fenced in above and below.

But his coadjutors were inexperienced, and perhaps his own courage was of that saccharine character that gets oozy and slushy in moist perils. When descending with his leaded boots on the dark green outline of sea-mosses that in the clear Gulf invested the vessel in a verdurous coat, by some mistake he was let down with a slip, and went hurtling through the rotten planks, losing his holy water and sending his witch's wand —well, to its original owner. He crushed through, and the infinite dust of infusoriæ and diatomaceæ choked his vision. The *Teredo navalis*, whose labors are so destructive in southern seas, had perforated the old hulk, and converted the vessel into a spongy mass of wood, clay and lime. Innumerable algæ and curious fungi of the sea, hydroids, delicate-frost formed emerald plumuluria and campanuluria, bryozoa, mollusks, barnacles and varieties of coral had used it as a builder's quarry and granary. As the geologist finds atom by atom of an organism converted into a stony counterfeit, these busy existences had preserved the vessel's shape, but converted the woody fibre to their own uses. He could see nothing at first but a mixture of green and ochreous dust, through which tiny electric fires went quivering and shaking. In the confusion he lost the signal-line, and had no way of making his condition known. Plunging about as the sea-dust began to settle, and already more intent on finding the life-line and getting out of that than of securing Lafitte's gold, he observed some spectators not pleasant to look upon. A lobster or a crab is much pleasanter upon the table than in the sea; and there were other things he knew, and some he believed, might not take his hasty visit pleasantly. There was the horseshoe-fish with ugly strings hanging from his base, disagreeable arachnides, strange star-fish and their parasites, and, curiously, a large wolfish fish that had built a nest and was watching it and him—watching him with no agreeable or timid expression in its angry eyes. He was just expecting Victor Hugo's devil-fish to complete his horror when a sudden, sharp, bone-breaking shock struck him from an electrical eel or marine torpedo. This was a real and sensible danger, and as he struggled to ascend the hulk to the rotten half-deck, the spongy substance gave way, the treacherous quicksand, with its smooth, tenacious throat-clutch, slid down and caught him. The danger was real and imminent, when his companions above, observing the slide, drew him up. And that, I believe, was the first and last attempt to levy on Lafitte's gold.

But the experience of Pharaoh and the danger of our rambling wrecker are not the only instances of the wall of waters or the destruction it causes. Nine days after a storm in the Gulf, a traveler, finding his way from the salt-pans of Western Louisiana, took a little fishing-craft. There was that fresh purity in the air and the sea which follows the bursting of the elements. The numerous "bays" and keys that indent the shore looked fresher and brighter, and there was that repentant beauty in Nature which aims to soothe us into forgetfulness of its recent angry passions. The white-winged sea-birds flew about, and tall water-fowl stood silently over their shadows like a picture above and below. The water sparkled with salt freshness, and the roving winds sat in the shoulder of the sail, resting and riding to port.

The little bark slipped along the shores and shallows, and in and out by key and inlet, seeing its shadow on the pure white sand that seemed so near its keel. The last vestige of the storm was gone, and the little Gulf-world seemed fresher and gladder for it. The tropical green grasses and water-plants hung their long, linear, hairlike sheaths in graceful curves, and patches of willow-palm and palmetto, in many an intricate curve and involution, made a labyrinth of verdure. The wild loveliness of the numerous slips and channels, where never a boat seemed to have sailed since the Indian's water-logged canoe was tossed on the shadowy banks, was enhanced by the vision of distant ships, their sails even with the water, or broken by the white buildings of a sleepy plantation in its bower of fig and olive and tall moss-clustered pines.

Suddenly the traveler fancied he heard a cry, but the fishermen said No—it was the scream of water-fowl or the shrill call of an eagle far above dropping down from the blue zenith; and they sailed on. Again he heard the distant cry, and was told of the panther in the bush and wild birds that drummed and called with almost human intonation; and they sailed on again. But again the mysterious, troubled cry arose from the labyrinth of green, and the traveler entreated them to go in quest of it. The fishers had their freight for the market—delay would deteriorate its value; but the anxious traveler bade them put about and he would bear the loss.

It was well they did. There, in the dense coverts of the sea-swamps, amid the brackish water-growths and grasses, they found a man and woman, ragged, torn, starved. For nine days they had had no food but the soft pith of the palmetto, coarse mussels or scant poison-berries, their bed the damp morass, and their drink the brackish water; and they told the wild and terrible story of Last Island.

Last Island was the Saratoga and Long Branch of the South, the southernmost watering-place in the Gulf. Situated on a fertile coral island enriched by innumerable flocks of wild-fowl, art had brought its wealth of fruit and flower to perfection. The cocoanut-palm, date-palm and orange orchards contrasted their rich foliage in the sunshine with the pineapple, banana and the rich soft turf of the mesquit-grass. The air was fragrant with magnolia and orange bloom, the gardens glittering with the burning beauty of tropical flower, jessamine thickets and voluptuous grape arbors, the golden wine-like sun pouring an intoxicating balm over it; graceful white cottages festooned with vines, with curving chalet or Chinese roofs colored red; pinnacled arbors and shadowy retreats of espaliers pretty as a coral grove; and a fair shining hotel in the midst, with arcades and porches and galleries—the very dream of ease and luxury, as delicate and trim as if made of cut paper in many forms of prettiness. Here was the nabob's retreat; in this balmy garden of delight all that luxury, art and voluptuous desire could hint or hope for was collected; and nothing harsh or poor or rugged jarred the fullness of its luxurious ease.

Ten nights before its fragrant atmosphere was broken into beautiful ripples by the clang and harmony of dancing music. It was the night of the "hop." The hotel was crowded. Yachts and pleasure-vessels pretty as the petals of a flower tossed on the water, or as graceful shells banked the shores; and the steamer at twilight came breathing short, excited breaths with the last relay, for it was the height of the summer season. In their light, airy dresses, as the music swam and sung, bright-eyed girls floated in graceful waltzes down the voluptuous waves of sound, and the gleam of light and color was like a butterflies' ball. The queenly, luscious night sank deeper, and lovers strolled in lamp-lighted arcades, and dreamed and hoped of life like that, the fairy existence of love and peace; and so till, tired of play, sleep and rest came in the small hours.

Hush! All at once came the storm, not, as in northern latitudes, with premonitory murmur and fretting, lashing itself by slow degrees into white heat and rain, but the storm of the tropics, carrying the sea on its broad, angry shoulders, till, reaching the verdurous, love-clustered little isle, it flung the bulk of waters with all its huge, brawny force right upon the cut-paper prettinesses, and broke them into sand and splinters. Of all those pretty children with blue and with opalescent eyes, arrayed like flowers of the field; of all those lovers dreaming of love in summer dalliance, and of cottages among figs and olives; of all the vigorous manhood and ripe womanhood, with all the skill and courage of successful life in them,—not a tithe was saved. The ghastly maw of the waters covered them and swallowed them. A few sprang, among crashing timbers, on a floor laden with impetuous water—the many perhaps never waked at all, or woke to but one short prayer. The few who were saved hardly knew how they were saved—the many who died never knew how they were slain or drowned.

It has twice been my fortune in life to see such a storm, and to know its sudden destruction: once, to see a low, broad, shelving farm-house disappear to the ground timbers before my eyes, as if its substance had vanished into air, while great globes of electric fire burst down and sunk into the ground; once, to see a pine forest of centuries' growth cut down as grass by the mower's scythe. I do not think it possible to see a third and survive, and I do not wish my soul to be whirled away in the vortex of such a storm.

At noon or later, after the ruin of Last Island, a gentleman of a name renowned in South-western story found himself clinging to a bush in the wild waters, lashed by the long whips of branches, half dead with fatigue and fear. For a time the hurly-burly blinded and hid everything, and the long roll rocked and tore at him in desperate endeavor to wrench loose his bleeding fingers. The impulse of the wind and storm at such a time is as of a solid body, and there is a look of solidity in the very appearance of the magnificent force. But as it abated he thought he heard a faint cry, and looking around he saw a poor girl in the ribbons of her night-dress clinging to a branch, and slipping from her feeble hold. Tired as he was, and wild and dangerous as the attempt might be, he did not dare to leave her to perish. Choosing his time in a lull, he struck out to the bush, and reached it just as her ebbing strength gave way. He took her in his sturdy arms, and, clinging with tooth and nail, stayed them both to their strange anchorage. Faint, half conscious, disrobed as she was, in the sweet, delicate features, the curve of the lip, and the raven tresses clothed in seaweed, he recognized the Creole belle of last night's hop. He cheered and encouraged her, pointing out that the storm was abating, had abated. It could not be long until search-boats came, and while he had strength to live she should share it. It proved true. Generous and hardy fishers and ships had come at once to the scene of disaster, and were busy picking up the few spared by wind and wave. They found the two clinging together and to that slight bush, and took them off, wrapping them in ready, rough fishermen's coats. The reader can see the end of that story. A meeting so appointed had its predestined end in a love-match. So we leave it and them: the rest of their lives belongs to them, not to us.

The pair found by our fishing-smack were a wealthy planter and his wife. For nine days of starvation and danger they had clung together. When I think of the husband's manly care in thus abiding by the wife, I find it hard to reconcile it with the fact that he only valued his life and hers at a few dollars —not enough to compensate the traveler for the loss incurred as demurrage to the fishermen.

Now Last Island is but a low sandy reef, on which a few straggling fruit trees try to keep the remembrance of its bygone beauty. It is as bare and desolate as the bones of those who filled its halls in the cataclysm of that dreadful night—bones which now waste to whiteness on sterile shores or are wrought into coral in the under-sea.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

# POSEY'S NUGGET.

WHEN the California "gold fever" broke out in the spring of 1849, Doctor Hanchett was living at Clarksville in Southern Indiana. Doctor Hanchett, it should be stated, had received his professional title not by the favor of any medical college or other learned institution, but through the simpler and less formal method that obtains among the free and generous people amongst whom his lines were cast. The process may be explained in a few words. In the fall of 1846 a recruiting station was established at Vicksburg to enlist volunteers for the war with Mexico, and Hanchett, at that time a resident of Vicksburg, and laboring in a profession—the saltatorial, to wit—a shade less illustrious than that to which he was so soon to attain, was the first man in the city to enlist. This momentous circumstance procured for him not only the prompt recognition of a patriotic press, which blazoned his name abroad with so many eccentricities of spelling that he came near losing his identity, but also gave him a claim in courtesy to such a position in the organization of his company, within the grasp of the mere high private, as he might select. After due deliberation he chose that of company commissary—an office unknown, I think, to the *United States Army Regulations*, but none the less familiar to our volunteer service. To this post he was promptly appointed by his captain; and, thus placed in the line of promotion, he rose rapidly till he attained the rank of hospital steward. The thing was done. Hanchett was Doctor Hanchett from that day, and the title was very much the larger part of the man ever after. How he had lived for forty years or more without it is still a mystery.

When the war was over, Doctor Hanchett stranded upon the northern bank of the Ohio, in the State of Indiana. As a returning brave he was, naturally, quite warmly received. As a veteran not unwilling to recount his adventures by flood and field, he speedily became famous as the hero of many deeds of valor and of blood. He had been assistant surgeon of his regiment, it appeared, but nevertheless had fought in the ranks in every important engagement of the war from Monterey to Churubusco, and the number of men who had fallen by his own hand from first to last he could not undertake to estimate. Though traces of a somewhat lively imagination might be detected in most of the doctor's stories, there is really no good reason to doubt that he spoke the simple truth when he averred that with his red right hand he had mowed down men like grass, for he actually retained the position of hospital steward throughout the whole term of his service.

Finding himself after the lapse of a few weeks not without honor in this Indiana town, he struck out suddenly one day a brilliant idea: he would devote his remaining years to the practice of the profession into which Fortune had so kindly inducted him. He hired a house, hung out his banner, and wrote to his wife and daughter, who had remained at Vicksburg, to come on immediately to his new home, as his fortune was now made.

Hanchett had married, at an early stage in his original career, the only daughter of a bankrupt Vicksburg storekeeper. This young woman, who had doubtless found ample opportunity for the practice of domestic economy in the paternal home, soon proved herself to be a most excellent housekeeper on her own account. She was a jewel indeed to her improvident husband, who, finding that she made shift by one means or another to keep the family larder supplied, whether he kept her purse supplied or not, dismissed a great care from his mind at once and for ever, and thenceforth to the end of his days never exerted himself beyond his natural bent.

As the daughter, Dora Hanchett, grew to womanhood, she divided her mother's burden with her, and ultimately, as the mother's health failed, relieved her of it almost entirely.

The family once reunited and domiciled in their new home, it soon became evident to the most casual observer that Dora exercised the functions of commander-in-chief of that force, and that the doctor, notwithstanding his brilliant record in the field, had been incontinently reduced to the ranks, and subjected to a rather rigid discipline. Let it not be inferred, however, that Dora ruled with a high hand or with a rod of iron. Far from it. She was the quietest and meekest of tyrants, controlling not by conscious will or effort, but by divine commission, as many a woman does.

Not only was Dora the head of the household in the sense of directing its internal affairs, but she likewise soon proved herself to be its mainstay as bread-winner. The doctor under her hands became a dignified and not unornamental figure-head to the concern, in whom she took a certain filial pride. His banner was still allowed to hang upon the outer wall, and, as some slight justification of the legend borne upon it, the semblance of an office was maintained for him, where he spent many solitary and irksome hours daily in the semblance of professional study and work. But his income did not amount even to a semblance, and upon Dora, therefore, devolved the task of maintaining the cuisine as well as the character of the establishment. She had been accustomed to this duty indeed ever since, upon becoming a school-teacher at the age of sixteen, she had proved her capacity to perform it. She early found her place in the public schools of Clarksville, and so the pot was soon boiling merrily, and the demands of the doctor's magnificent appetite were duly honored at sight.

Thus, Doctor Hanchett was enabled to live a life of elegant leisure, devoid of care and fruitful of enjoyment to a man of his temperament, for some fourteen months. Then he was suddenly smitten with the "gold fever," and went raging through the town, seeking whom he might infect. It was one of the curiosities of this singular epidemic that it claimed not only those youthful and adventurous spirits who were by common consent held to be its legitimate victims, but carried off also old and infirm men, chronic invalids, and, stranger still, such shiftless, incompetent and altogether worthless cumberers of the ground as this Doctor Hanchett; thus proving itself to be, like most other contagions, a not entirely unmixed evil.

Not wholly through the efforts of Doctor Hanchett, it is safe to say, but in due process of time and events, a company was mustered in Clarksville to go overland to California, as so many other companies were mustered in hundreds of other towns all over the country in that memorable spring of '49. This company, composed principally of men from the surrounding country, and containing only two or three residents of the village proper, regarded itself as peculiarly fortunate in being able to count among its members a gentleman like Doctor Hanchett, who, besides being a physician, was an old campaigner, and thus likely to prove doubly desirable as a comrade in an expedition like that upon which they were embarked.

It being definitely settled that the doctor was to march with his company upon a certain day not far distant, it devolved upon his chancellor of the exchequer to provide the sinews of war. Whether Dora found this duty an agreeable one or not, she performed it promptly and cheerfully. The little hoard that by the sharpest economy the frugal girl had contrived to save from her earnings was placed in the doctor's hands without reserve, to be appropriated, first to the purchase of an outfit, and next to the defrayment of the general expenses of the campaign.

Proverbially careful and judicious in the expenditure of money, as may be supposed, in the purchase of his supplies on this occasion Doctor Hanchett quite outshone himself. Besides the indispensable pans and shovels and picks with which every man provided himself, Doctor Hanchett laid in an assortment of miscellaneous drugs and surgical instruments, that added a new lustre to his distinction in the eyes of his comrades. But it was in the compilation of his wardrobe and his deadly weapons that he displayed an individuality of taste altogether unique. It being now the month of May, and the journey across the Plains being expected to occupy about three months, the doctor, who was a small man, bought first a great—uncommonly great—coat, that fitted him about as snugly as a sentry-box might have done; secondly, a pair of cavalry boots, the tops of which towered almost to his eyebrows; and thirdly, a silk hat of the very finest and very tallest description to be found in the market. Then he purchased a pair of large Colt's revolvers, handsomely mounted in silver, and had his name engraved on the plate in bold letters—"ELIAS HANCHETT, M. D.;" and his armory was completed by the addition of numerous and various knives of vast length and breadth of blade, into the hasp of each of which was let a neat silver plate, upon which was engraved his name—"ELIAS HANCHETT, M. D." Thus clad and thus arsenaled, he bore down upon Dora with much elation as she was returning home from her school, and proudly challenged her admiration. Of course the loving girl responded heartily, notwithstanding her thrifty and methodical soul was racked to see such few of her hardly-earned coins as remained unexpended falling to the ground and rolling away in all directions as the doctor turned pocket after pocket inside out in search of yet another and another knife to surprise her withal.

At last the company got off, going by river to Council Bluffs, and thence striking out upon the almost interminable trail that, however surely it might lead to fortune, was far from being a royal road thereto. It was two months later when a member of the party, compelled by ill-health to abandon the tedious journey and return home, brought to Clarksville the first intelligence of the achievements of Doctor Hanchett in the capacity of a physician and surgeon in actual practice. These achievements cannot be recorded here, but a single incident may be mentioned as indicating the estimation in which the doctor's skill speedily came to be held by his companions. Before the expedition had been three weeks upon the march his surviving comrades, taking alarm at the rapidly augmenting number of lonely graves with which they were dotting the dreary trail, hastily formed a conspiracy to despoil him of his enginery of death. Under the silent stars, what time the doctor was sleeping the deep sleep of the overworked practitioner, his medicine-case and his miscellaneous assortment of cutlery were quietly spirited away, and were never seen again. The doctor proclaimed his loss upon waking in the morning, and felt it keenly. He declared, however, that he deplored the casualty chiefly in the interest of his companions, who were thus deprived, at one fell blow, of his further services; and he cursed very heartily, in the same interest, the "dastardly red-skins," whom he assumed to be guilty of the theft.

Dora and her mother waited long and anxiously for a letter from the doctor's own hand, and after many months it came. It was dated from "the Heart of the Gold Region," and, after asking them to join him in due ascriptions of thanks to the Almighty Powers for his deliverance from many perils and his safe arrival in the promised land, and after passing lightly over the invaluable services he had been able to render to his companions in his professional capacity—it was not for a modest man to dwell upon these—the doctor proceeded to state frankly that his success in the gold fields had far exceeded his most sanguine hopes; that, indeed, he might even then call himself an opulent man, inasmuch as nothing but the necessary papers were wanting to confirm him in the possession of a half interest in the Big Grizzly Claim—a claim that promised an enormously rich yield as soon as arrangements could be perfected for developing it. He advised his daughter to give up her school at once, and to begin to prepare herself for that happy change in her circumstances which was now so near at hand; and he closed by requesting her to send him by return of mail fifty dollars, and more if she could possibly spare more, as he urgently required a little money for "present needs."

Is it necessary to say how this clear-headed and conscientious girl acted upon reading this transparent balderdash? She knew, as well as you and I know, that the whole thing was a clumsy game of her worthy sire to deplete once more the little hoard that had been slowly growing during his absence. She knew that her mother, who had worn her life out trying to support an ornamental husband, was fast failing in health, and might very soon require such attendance as nothing but money could procure. And of course she went directly to the bank, drew out her entire deposit, and sped it on its way to Elias Hanchett, M. D., before the sun went down.

It was nearly a year after the arrival of his first letter when another epistle was received from the absent doctor. Bad news this time—the worst of bad news. He had been stricken down by a terrible malady at a most critical moment in his affairs, and the consequence was that his interests had suffered irretrievably. He might call himself, in short, a ruined man. He felt that his distress of mind, together with the physical anguish of his disease, was more than he could bear up against for many hours longer. It was hard for an old man to die thus among strangers, far from his own hearthstone and the gentle influences that clustered round it. But he should be consoled in his last hour by the reflection that he had always maintained his family liberally, and had tried to be a kind and indulgent husband and father; and he hoped that his daughter, thus left alone in the world without any earthly protector, would not wholly despair, but would strive for his sake to bear up against adversity, and prove herself worthy of the father who had lost his life in trying to serve her in his old age. And so farewell! His eyes were now about to close for the last time upon the scenes of this earth. Signed ELIAS HANCHETT, M. D., with the customary flourish beneath the name, as bravely executed as if the writer might have twenty years of life ahead of him yet. But stay! P. S. Would not his dear daughter, for whom he had sacrificed so much, grant him one last little favor? He had not means enough left out of the sad wreck of his fortune to procure him decent burial. Would she not send him a small sum for that purpose? She might direct it to his own address, for if he were gone it would be received by a friend, who would apply it faithfully according to the directions he should leave. "And now again farewell! And may we meet above!" Signed ELIAS HANCHETT, M. D. Flourish as usual.

I do not believe that Dora Hanchett's honest estimate of this letter was very far different from our own. I am persuaded that she was mentally incapable of being seriously deceived by it. But the heart of woman is the mystery of the universe. In the face of her honest judgment, in the truth of that clear common sense that constituted the strongest trait in her character, this absurd girl went about bemoaning in dead earnest and in the bitterest grief the death of her father. This lasted a week; by which time she had succeeded in convincing her mother, at least, that the affliction was a real one; and that good lady, being finally, as she believed, released from her responsibility, and having no occasion to live longer, quietly and peacefully passed away. And Dora, by the light of this actual sorrow, came after a while to acknowledge to herself that she had been breaking her heart over a fictitious one.

Of course the money had gone on before this time, and she was far from wishing to recall it now. If her father was alive, he was welcome to it, she said, for he could not possibly put it to a worse use than that to which it had been dedicated.

A girl as good as Dora could not be

left friendless, whatever domestic affliction she might suffer; and so with all her trouble she had no opportunity to become absorbed in her sorrow. It would have pained her unspeakably if she had been aware that her friends generally, however, so far from inclining to grieve with her grief at the possibility of her father's death, were quite unanimous in the view that such a dispensation would be "the best thing for Dory that ever turned up." For her part, she could not, after all, rid her mind of the apprehension that her father might possibly have been in as serious extremity as his letter represented. And if so, and she neglected to do her utmost to succor him in his need, what peace could she ever find in this world again? In this way she dwelt upon the subject, until at last she convinced herself that her whole duty lay in nothing less than an immediate effort to go to him. If, fortunately, she should find him alive and well, she would gladly share his fortune, however hard it might be, and would never leave him so long as he lived. But if, as she feared, he should prove to be indeed sick and near his end in that wild region, where, she asked, should his daughter be but at his side?

This is the ridiculous way in which such headstrong creatures as this Dora Hanchett are accustomed to meet you when you seek to point out to them the unreasonableness of a line of conduct on which they have set their hearts.

Deaf to all arguments, therefore, Dora shut up her house and set about making preparations for her journey. In the adjoining county, as she had learned, a company of gold-hunters had been organized, and was then on the point of starting for the Sacramento Valley, in which was situated the little town from which her father had last written. Of this company of sixty men she knew but one, and he was a mere boy in years, the youngest of the party. This was Hiram Bridge, familiarly termed Posey in honor of his native county, who four years before had been one of Dora's first pupils in her Clarksville school. She was little more than a girl herself at that time, and Hiram was her biggest boy; and her recollection now of the bond of good-fellowship that soon grew up between herself and the shy, overgrown but not overbright lad relieved her of any hesitation she might otherwise have felt in applying to him to obtain permission for her to accompany his party to its destination.

"Yes, you can go, Miss Hanchett," Posey quietly replied to her appeal.

"But will the rest of the men be willing?" she suggested.

"Doesn't signify," said Posey.

She did prevail on him, however, as a matter of form, to mention the subject to his comrades; but as he never took the trouble to report to her what action, if any, they took in the matter, she started at last, relying altogether on his single friendship for protection. That was no mean reliance, though, as she soon began to realize. He was an immense fellow, six feet two in height, and broad in proportion; and he soon proved to Dora that, however readily he had undertaken her safe conduct, he did not lightly esteem that charge, but was determined to aid and befriend her in every way possible. Thus at the outset she found herself relieved of much of the embarrassment and annoyance she had believed to be inseparable from such a journey in such companionship. Posey himself she did not find to be companionable in the ordinary sense of that word, notwithstanding his constant kindness. He was of a quiet turn, reserved of speech, rather forbidding of countenance, and did not wear his excellent heart upon his sleeve. There were few surface indications of the gold that was in him. Dora was not long, however, in finding the auriferous vein; and, to drop metaphor, she soon became conscious of a very warm sentiment of gratitude growing up in her heart toward her uncouth guide, philosopher and friend.

Posey's outfit consisted of a pair of powerful mules and a covered wagon, with the usual mining and cooking utensils, and the provisions necessary for the journey. In the forward part of this wagon, while the expedition was on the march, Dora sat enthroned; and in its dusky recesses she made her couch at night. Not only did the loyal Posey devote himself to her guardianship by day, but he kept watch and ward by night, sitting bolt upright within a couple of yards of his precious charge until the stars grew pale in the dawn. Then, if opportunity offered, he would snatch a surreptitious nap, still disdaining to lie down, however; and it frequently occurred that the earlier risers in the camp would discover Posey sitting on the ground, embracing his nether limbs with his long arms, while his head, with its close-cut, sandy hair, sank slumberous between his towering knees, like the sun going down between two mountain-peaks. To such a length did he carry these romantic vigils that he shortly came to look as gaunt and hollow-eyed as Famine. In addition to which he had to endure no end of raillery from his not too considerate or fastidious companions, who, so far from inclining to harm a hair of Dora's head, were generally wholly indifferent to her presence, and could not enter into Posey's solicitude on her behalf.

Just here, also, Jake Savage, who had spent a year in the mines and was piloting the present expedition, was reminded of a story, which he obligingly related to Posey, apropos.

"You see, Posey," said Jake, "me and Hooker—Hooker was my chum—had been scratchin' and washin' for about seven or eight dollars a day down there to McCracken's Bend, till we got disgusted, and we made up our minds that if we couldn't make more'n that we might as well give up and strike for the States. But just then who should come along but little Bill Skinner, bound all so fast for up the gulch? Bill had been prospectin' around all summer on his own hook, but hadn't struck nothin' yet, and was so much worse off than we was that Hooker and me concluded to stay by a while longer. A day or two afore, we found out, little Bill had run across a Digger somewhere that had told him—the Lord knows how, for I never see a Digger that could talk English more'n a mule,—but this Digger told little Bill that up the gulch there was rich diggin's. And so Bill was on the rampage to get there. Of course me and Hooker we didn't take no stock in that yarn, and little Bill went off alone.

"A couple of months after that me and Hooker see we'd got to do something pretty quick or starve, and so we made up our minds to prospect a little. We headed up the gulch, but without ever thinkin' of little Bill, and as indications was good, we kept on in the same direction for a couple of days. It was on the third day out, and we'd got about twenty miles from the Bend, and hadn't struck nothin' yet to bet on, when all of a sudden Hooker yells out, 'Holy Moses, Jake! look-a there!' and what do you s'pose we see?

"About as fur as from here to that mule there, leanin' ag'in a tree, sot little Bill Skinner—what was left of him, I mean, for he was as dead as a dornick. And what do you s'pose he was a-settin' on? A nugget of the pure metal worth forty thousand dollars! Yes, sir! We could see in a minute how it was. Bill had found this nugget, and bein' weak for want of grub, of course he couldn't carry it. So he had sot down on it to guard it. And there he sot and sot. He dassent go to sleep for fear somebody'd hook it, and he couldn't leave it to get any grub for the same reason. We could see he'd browsed 'round on the bushes as fur as he could reach, but that couldn't keep him alive long, and so there he'd sot and sot till finally he'd pegged out.

"And that's what's the matter with Posey. I wakes up in the night and sees him a-settin' thar by that wagon, and says I to myself, 'Thar sets Posey on his nugget!' And one of these fine mornin's we'll find nothin' but Posey's bones a-settin' there, and his buttons and such like."

About this time, as they were now nearing the region where danger from Indian raids was apprehended, Savage's company and another party hailing from Illinois joined forces for mutual protection, and all proceeded thenceforward under Savage's direction. Accompanying this Illinois party was a woman going out to the diggings to join her husband, who was prospering, and had sent for her to come on. The two women thereafter keeping constantly together, Posey felt his responsibility so far lightened that he occasionally indulged himself in a "square" night's sleep, while Dora and her new-found friend slumbered beneath his ample wagon-cover.

His partial separation from Dora, occasioned by the advent of this other woman on the scene, soon opened Posey's eyes to the fact that a total separation from her would take the ground entirely from under his feet, and leave him in a condition that he felt disinclined to contemplate so long as there might be a chance to avert such a calamity. He accordingly improved the first opportunity that offered, and cast himself at the feet of Dora—literally, mind you, on the lee side of a sage bush—and lisped his love. On this sacred ground let us tread as lightly as may be. Suffice it that Posey's suit prospered, and that presently a little programme came to be agreed upon between the contracting parties to this effect: They would go on for the present precisely as if nothing had happened—Dora to seek her father and Posey to seek his fortune. As soon, however, as Dora should have succeeded in restoring the doctor to health, or had haply buried him, Posey should be notified, and they would thereupon be married. Then Dora would open a school somewhere, wherever she might chance to find the indispensable children, while Posey, accompanied by his newly-fledged father-in-law, if perchance that worthy individual should be spared, would launch into the mines and conquer Fortune at the point of the pick.

Time flew fast with the lovers after this, and they were quite startled one day when Savage informed them that they were upon the very borders of the promised land.

That evening, an hour before sunset, the train was halted for the night at a point whence the travel-worn adventurers could look down for the first time into the Sacramento Valley, and render thanks in their various ways that the end of their tedious pilgrimage was almost reached. As Dora Hanchett and Posey stood together upon a green knoll, following with their eyes the winding trail that their feet were to descend on the morrow, they descried, toiling slowly toward them, one of those returning bands of unsuccessful and discouraged veterans—the reflux of the great wave of immigration constantly pouring into the golden valley—which they had frequently met in the course of their long journey. As the cavalcade drew nearer, Dora's attention fixed itself upon a curious figure that brought up the rear. Mounted upon a loose aggregation of bones and ears that purported to be a mule, this mysterious figure gradually approached, while Dora watched it as if fascinated. On and on it came, and still she gazed, spell-bound. Opposite her it paused. There was no longer any doubt: it was He. Clad in the mangled remains of the original great-coat, the original boot-tops yet towering in the region of his ears, and the upper half of the original beaver crowning his well-developed brain, there He was. Slowly and carefully he descended from the back of his shambling steed, settled himself well in his boots, pulled up the collar of his great-coat—and there was little but collar left of it—tipped the curtailed and weatherbeaten stovepipe to the proper angle, opened his paternal arms and feebly embraced his daughter. He announced himself to all concerned as a broken man—a poor unfortunate going home to die, where his bones might rest with those of his ancestors, and where his humble name and his honorable record in the service of his country would be cherished by his fellow-citizens after he should be gone. Providence had surely, in his extremity, drawn his daughter to his succor. Now he was relieved of all anxiety, and might turn his mind to things above. His daughter would fan the spark of life, and keep it burning, God willing, till the old home should be reached. Then he would release her from her labor of love. Then he would be at peace with all the world, and would cheerfully die in the midst of his weeping friends. He had up to this hour been haunted with the apprehension that his poor old frame might be left to moulder somewhere in the wide, inhospitable desert that stretched between him and his roof-tree. Now that dreadful apprehension was banished. The Lord had remembered his own. Dora would walk beside his beast and protect him, and the knowledge that she had thus been instrumental in prolonging her father's life would be her exceeding great reward.

A most enchanting prospect for Dora, was it not? Even she did not put her neck under the yoke until she had first informed her father of her momentous secret, and invited him to assume his rôle in the programme already mentioned as arranged by her lover and herself. But, as a matter of course, he scorned the suggestion. Posey begged and raved, but without avail. The girl never had a question in her mind as to her duty from the moment she saw her father approaching. She must do as he said—go back with him as his slave. There was no help for it.

And so the lovers held a hurried consultation, pledged eternal fidelity and all that, agreed that Posey should go on and make his fortune, and that when Dora should be released by death from her duty to her father he should either come back for her or she should go to him, and then they would be married. Meantime, he engaged to write to her frequently, and she promised to write to him faithfully once every week. And then farewell!

By this time the doctor's party had left him far behind, and naturally, considering the capabilities of his steed, he was growing impatient to move on. The early stars were already coming out, and he testily reminded Dora, as she lingered over her leavetaking, that there was no more time to lose. And so, without a murmur, the devoted soul turned her back upon all her new-born hope and joy, and dutifully took up the long and dreadful homeward march on foot. And Posey, his heart in his mouth and his tongue charged with unutterable execrations, gazed gloomily down into the darkening valley, that half an hour before had been filled with a radiance "that never shone on land or sea." And as he gazed all the bad in him persistently rose up to curse the despicable author of his woe, while all the good in him—about an even balance—rose up to bless the fast-disappearing idol of his heart.

Slowly and painfully, day after day, the little company of stragglers toiled on toward their distant homes, the redoubtable doctor, with his unwilling beast and his willing bond-woman, ever bringing up the rear. No one but Dora herself could know how grievously she suffered in her chains—how her very heart's blood was gradually consumed by the vampire whom she chose to cherish and obey because it was her misfortune to be his daughter.

The old home was reached at last. On the whole, the doctor had rather enjoyed the journey, and brought to the family board, as of yore, a tremendous appetite. He "resumed practice at the old stand" without delay, publishing a card to that effect in the village newspaper. He seemed scarcely to note the absence of his wife, who for a quarter of a century had been wearing her life out in a vain endeavor to justify his existence on this globe. In short, he speedily settled back into his old habit of life, and appeared to have totally forgotten that he had come home to die. And Dora, too, soon lapsed into her old routine of schoolkeeping, and so once more the pot boiled merrily. Once a week, with scrupulous regularity, she wrote her promised letter to Posey, and she waited long and anxiously for some word from him, but in vain. Weary weeks lost themselves in months, and month after month crept slowly away till almost a year had passed, and still the faithful soul famished for some token that she was not forgotten. Then one evening she went home from her school to find that the heavens had fallen. Her father, whom she had left four hours before apparently in the highest health and spirits, was dead. The village physician attributed his sudden death to apoplexy, which seems illogical. But he was dead, whatever the cause, and his orphaned daughter mourned him with as genuine a grief as ever wrung a human heart.

When in process of time the first transports of grief had subsided there seemed to be nothing left for Dora to do but to concentrate all the overflowing tenderness and devotion of her heart upon her lover, and to brood and pine over his long-continued silence. She never doubted that he had written to her, for the mail-service to and from the gold regions was notoriously unreliable in those days, and she was by no means the only one who looked in vain for letters thence. At last she could bear the suspense no longer. The spring had opened early, and a party in a neighboring town was to start for the diggings by the middle of April. This party, in which were already included two women, Dora resolved to join. Once let her reach that indefinite region denominated "the mines," and she felt the most unquestioning faith in her ability to find her lover.

And so once more the dauntless girl set out upon that long and tedious journey of three thousand miles. Not many weeks passed before the inevitable homeward-bound stragglers began to be encountered, and of these Dora eagerly sought information concerning the object of her quest.

"Bridge? No, marm," was almost uniformly the reply to her first question in that direction.

"He was sometimes called Posey," she would then suggest; and at last she found a man who acknowledged that he knew Posey. "He was at the Buny Visty in Carter's Gulch at last accounts," this individual informed her, but he omitted to commit himself as to the nature of Posey's occupation. "Wife, p'r'aps?" he observed, incidentally.

"No, sir," said Dora.

"Sister?"

"No."

"Ah! Well, he's a stocky chap, that Posey, and ought to make his fortune in the mines, if anybody could. But nobody can't—take my word for't. Look at me!"

He was a spectacle indeed. The retrogressive Doctor Hanchett had been quite an exquisite in the matter of apparel compared with this tatterdemalion. With Dora's companions he was less reticent concerning the character and calling of Posey than he had been with Dora herself. By his account it appeared that Posey had spent about a month in the mines without striking a single streak of luck to hearten him. At the end of that time, completely discouraged, he went to the nearest village and advertised himself as willing to work for his board at anything that might offer. The thing that offered was a situation as assistant bar-tender at the Buena Vista gambling-house. Posey accepted this situation with ardor, and discharged the delicate duties pertaining to the place so satisfactorily that he very soon found himself promoted to the distinguished position of "stool pigeon." In this capacity he developed shining talents, and the Buena Vista's gaming-tables soon became the most famous resort in all that region for those confiding birds whose favorite amusement appears to lie in being plucked. And thus Posey went on prospering until he achieved a partnership in the concern; and his partner soon after being suddenly called to that bourne whence no traveler returns, Posey found himself sole proprietor and manager of an uncommonly flourishing concern in an uncommonly lively line of business.

All this information was carefully kept by her companions from the ears of Dora, of course; and she, having obtained the long-coveted trace by means of which she felt sure that she could not fail to find her lover, was quite cheerful and happy throughout the remainder of the seemingly endless journey.

The end neared at last, however, and as Dora recognized the familiar landmarks that told her she had almost reached the fruition of her hope deferred, her eyes brightened daily, a new flush came into her thin cheeks; and though she grew more quiet and abstracted than formerly, it was plain that her reveries had no tinge of darkness, her hope no shadow of fear, her faith no alloy of doubt. And when the time came for her to part with the good people in whose company she had traveled so far, she bade them adieu with a light heart, and at once set out alone by stage for Carter's Gulch.

Reaching the straggling, ill-conditioned village at nightfall, she asked the driver, as she alighted in front of the stage-office, to direct her to the Buena Vista.

"The Buny Visty! The Buny Visty's not a hotel, ma'am," that individual explained. "It's the Golden Gate that you want, I reckon."

"No, sir," she replied confidently. "I have a friend at the Buena Vista—Mr.—Mr. Posey. Perhaps," she went on, with a little tremor in her voice, "you can tell me if he is well?"

"Posey!" He stopped some moments at the word and looked in blank amazement at the delicate, tender, unmistakably honest face that confronted him. Then he continued hastily: "Never better. Saw him yesterday morning. You see that green lantern? That's the Buny Visty. Good-night, ma'am. *I* stay here—if you should want a friend, you know. Good-night."

Dora thanked him for his kindness, returned his salutation, and tripped away with unruffled spirits. She had been so much concerned to conceal her own agitation as she mentioned the name of her lover that she had quite overlooked the astonishment with which that name had seemed to transfix the driver.

As she picked her way along the dark and muddy sidewalk she could not help complaining a little petulantly to herself because the stage-office had not been located nearer to that distant green lantern. But she was not the girl to lose heart now. Bravely she plodded on, and when at last she was able to discern the words "Buena Vista" upon the beacon toward which she was toiling, suddenly her heart gave a great bound, the tears rushed to her eyes, her knees quaked beneath her, and from her pious soul there went up an earnest thanksgiving to the dear Father of us all for His great mercy in bringing her safely to the end of her momentous journey.

It was some minutes before she could so far compose herself as to be able to proceed; and when she did move forward again, I think a vague notion of the true character of the Buena Vista began to cast a shadow upon her ardor. As she came within a couple of rods of the isolated wooden building in front of which the green lantern was suspended she was suddenly startled at hearing several shots discharged in quick succession within, and a minute later three or four men rushed hastily into the street and hurried away, evidently without noticing her, though they passed within a few feet of her as she stood, almost paralyzed with alarm, just outside the door. Her fright was gone in a moment, however—soon enough, indeed, to enable her to satisfy herself that none of these fugitives was the man she sought. As the door stood wide open, there seemed nothing for her to do but enter, which she did at once. The front apartment of the saloon, though lighted, she found to be a mere ante-room, bare of all furniture save a few chairs; and without pausing here the resolute girl, who must have had a foreboding of the awful truth by this time, passed on into the gambling-room in the rear. There, stretched upon the floor, shot through the heart, lay the stark form of the man she had journeyed so far and so patiently and hopefully to find. He had grown muscular and brawny since she parted with him. His face, too, had changed, and not for the better: it was flushed, sodden and bearded, and the beard was dyed black. She knelt down beside the corpse and took one of the great hands in her own. It was still warm! But the chill of death crept over it as she held it to her heart, and thus her last ray of hope expired.

She sat still by her dead till the man's former companions came to prepare the body for burial. As it was borne to the lonely grave upon the hillside she walked beside the rough coffin. And when the grave was reached she dropped upon her knees beside it, and poured forth in a clear voice a fervent petition to the Most High to receive, for the sake of the dear Saviour who died for all the world, the soul of this poor sinner.

They had said that she might bear up till the funeral was over, but that then she would break down. She did not. The next morning she set her face to the East, and began again, for the fourth time, that awful journey across the Plains. We need not follow her throughout its length. She reached her home worn and sick, but nevertheless at once took up her old school and went on with it a few weeks. And then the end came.

LOUIS A. ROBERTS.

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# FRANCESCA'S WORSHIP.

IN the deep afternoon, when westering calms
Brooded above the streets of Rome, and hushed
Their noisier clamor, at her orisons,
In San Domenico, Francesca knelt.
All day her charities had overflowed
For others. Husband, children, friends had claimed
Service ungrudged; the poor had gotten their dole,
Doubled by reason of her soothing hands;
Sick eyes had lifted at her coming, as lifts
The parcht Campagna grass at the cool kisses
Of winds that have been dallying with the snows
Of Alban mountain-tops. And now, released
From outward ministries, and free to turn
Inward, and up the solemn aisle of thought
Conduct her soul, she bowed with open page
Before the altar: "*Tenuisti manum*
*Dexteram meam.*"
On her lips she held
The words caressingly, as she would taste
Each syllable and drain its separate sweetness,
When, breaking on her still seclusion, came
A messenger: "Sweet mistress, grace I pray!
But unaware our lord hath come again,
Bringing his gossips; and he bade me fetch
My lady, if only for a one half hour,
Saying the wine was flavorless without
Her hand to pour it."
At the word she rose,
And unreluctant followed. No undertow
Of hidden regret disturbed the azure calm
Of those clear eyes that still reflected heaven.
Then, when they all had drunk and been refreshed,
And forth had ridden, Francesca sought her place,
And pored again above the Psalter's leaf:
"*In voluntate tua deduxisti,*"

Conning it over with a tender joy,
As if she verily felt her human hand
Close claspt in God's, and heard Him guiding her
With audible counsel; when there fell a touch
Upon her arm: "The Sister Barbara
Comes seeking wherewithal to dress some wounds
Got in a brawl upon the Esquiline."

And now athwart the western windows streamed
Rainbows of shafted light, as thither again
Francesca came to read her "Offices."
A beam, that seemed a golden pencil held
Within the fingers of the Christ that glowed
In the great oriel, pointed to the words
Where she had paused to do the Sister's hest:
"*Cum gloria suscepisti me.*" She kissed
The blazoned leaf, thanks nestling at her heart,
That now, at last, no duty disallowing,
Her loosened soul out through the sunset bars
Might float, and catch heaven's crystal shimmer. But scarce
Had meditation smoothed the wing of thought
Before the hangings of the door were parted
With yet a further summoning. From a Triton
That spouted in the court her three-year boy,
Who thither had climbed, had fallen, and naught would soothe
The bruised brow save the sweet mother-kiss.

"I come," she said, her forehead half divine
With saintly patience. "For Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
That Thou art just as near me ministering
At home as in these consecrated aisles;
And 'tis true worship, pouring of the wine
For him I love, or holding 'twixt my hands
The little throbbing head; since where my duty
Calls is the altar where I serve Thee best."

When under the Campagna's purple rim
The sun had sunken so long that all was gray,
Softly across the dusky sacristy
Francesca glided back. The Psalter lay
Scarcely discernible amid the gloom;
But lo the marvel! On the darken'd page
The verse which thrice she had essayed to read
Now shone illuminate, silver-clear, as though
God's hand had written it with the flash of stars.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

# OUR HOME IN THE TYROL.

## CHAPTER V.

WE had not gone many yards when we noticed a grand old mansion with gray slopes of roof and stone galleries on arched pillars, and, asking its history, learned that it was a deserted seat of the counts of Arlberg, inhabited now by our guide in quality of forester, and where he had his sister Nanni and brother Hansel to live with him.

We kept gradually ascending by the side of deep, turfy meadows, passing many a rich brown wooden chalet, with views ever and anon of our distant village and its stately Hof. Soon we turned into a woody gorge and began climbing the steep saddle of the Scharst; and as we slowly toiled upward in the pleasant summer air, amongst the aromatic fir trees, some verses came into my head out of a little German book, *Jakob Stainer*, by Herr Reif, which we had given as a parting present to Schuster Alois:

> The fiddle-maker Stainer
>   Goes whistling on his way:
> A master like to Stainer
>   Is not found every day.
>
> He passes lofty beech trees,
>   And old oaks stout and good,
> Because that which he seeks for
>   Grows not in every wood.
>
> But yonder in the sunshine,
>   Above the dark green shade,
> Behold a hazel-fir tree—

"Jörgel," said I, "as you are a forester and know all the trees in the wood, I wish you would show me a hazel-fir tree."

"*Wohl gut,*" he replied. "Higher up the chances are small but what we pass one. I only pray the gracious Fräulein to say those verses over again."

When I had done so he wished to know whether the fiddle-maker Stainer were a real man or no.

"Why, good Jörgel," I replied, "he was a real Tyroler like yourself, only you are not likely to have met with him, seeing that he died and was buried some two hundred years ago. Yes, a very real man, who did his work well, but to little profit. He was a peasant lad of Absam, who, probably going to Innspruck whilst the archduke Leopold and his Italian consort, Claudia dei Medici, kept their gay court there, thought Italian violins were harsh and unsatisfactory in tone, and so quietly worked out one of a different make from his own principles; which has since gained for him the name of 'the father of the German violin.' He never expected to earn such a title. He had begun making violins when he was twenty: he worked very slowly, only made a few, and sold them at a moderate price to the foreign dealers who came to the fairs at Hall. They soon became asked after, for they excelled as instruments from the first moment that they were touched, and retain to this day the clearest and the fullest notes, like the middle tones of the flute, wonderfully sympathetic and rich. The peculiar excellency is probably owing to the extreme care which he showed in the selection of the wood. He used the hazel-fir tree, it is said. He selected the wood himself, striking the trunk with his hammer to hear its tones before he felled it. He would wander for days through the mountain forests searching suitable trees. He studied each one, and only chose that which exactly answered his purpose—generally those of which the topmost boughs were already dead.

"When wood was being precipitated down the mountain-slides, he would seat himself in some safe spot near at hand, and listen to the different tones which the trunks uttered as they struck against the rocks in their fall. He chose from these 'singing trees' those which pleased his ear the most. He was also particular about the rings on the stems of the felled trees. They must be harmonious and regular, neither too near nor too far apart. For those portions of the violin which were made in separate pieces he used very old wood, preferring old inner doors and wainscoting.

"Although one of the most celebrated violin-makers that ever lived, this peasant always remained poor. It is true that one grand duke favored him, but then his patron died, and whilst the emperor permitted him to be the court fiddle-maker, he was scandalized, like the rest of the world, by his reading Lutheran books, picked up in the market at Hall. These books caused him to be thrown into prison as a heretic, and although in time released, debts and poverty embittering his life, he became introverted and melancholy, until finally the humble, patient worker, who had sent forth so much melody into the world, was strapped to the wooden bench of his cottage at Absam, a heart-broken maniac. The merciful messenger Death released him after several years, but the bench and the hole in the wood by means of which he was bound may still be seen.

"When the artist was forgotten his works increased greatly in value. This occasioned other makers to endeavor to multiply their number, introducing many spurious Stainer violins, which gradually brought down the market value. Nevertheless, genuine Stainer violins are recognizable, and still retain a fancy price. Mozart possessed one which he greatly prized, using it as his solo quartette instrument. It belongs now to a professor in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, and was played upon at the Mozart festival in 1856.

"But a violin with a still more remarkable history figured during the festivities attending the marriage of the present emperor of Austria. During the visit of the emperor Charles VI., King Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia and other princes to the great nobleman Count Wenzel von Trautmannsdorf, the generous and lavish host became sorely perplexed how to provide George Stezitzky, a splendid violinist, with a suitable instrument. At this point he opportunely heard that there was an old fiddler in the court who begged permission to play before the august company. The request being granted, the musician commenced playing, and immediately sent princes and nobles into raptures over the tones of his violin. The count therefore stopped him, and offered to buy it. This quite threw the old man into despair. 'It was a Stainer violin,' he replied, 'and his whole livelihood was bound up in it.' The count, however, was not to be thwarted: he gave him fifty ducats for the piece he had played, and then concluded the bargain on the following conditions: three hundred gulden for the violin, besides a house to live in, food and a quart of wine daily; ten gulden monthly, two barrels of beer and one suit of clothes yearly, fruit and as many hares as he needed for his kitchen. The agreement having been concluded, George Stezitzky played a solo on the violin: then received it as a present from the count. The man who had parted with it lived sixteen years more, thus costing the count in actual money 8733 florins 20 kreuzers, equal to 10,380 florins 24 kreuzers of the present currency. A large sum to give for a violin."

"Yes," replied Jörgel, who appeared to have been much interested by the whole history; "but what puzzles me is, how a poor devil who worked so slow could be a genius. I thought sharp people took more after the Almighty, and hurried up their work in the twinkling of an eye."

"Do the trees which you look after shoot up in the twinkling of an eye?"

"Why, no. Good, stout wood, with strength enough to resist storms and to cleave to the rocks of these mountain-sides, takes a lifetime. I often warn the peasants against cutting their trees down. It is easy to destroy, but not to build up, I tell them; and the trees as they stand are the best preventatives against land-slips."

"Have you always been a forester?" we asked.

Not he. It was true that in fine weather he often wandered for thirty miles a day, his district reaching as far, but he had seen more of the world than these fir woods. He had been in the habit, as a young man, of taking horses for sale into Italy, where he had seen Milan cathedral and the town-hall in Bergamo. He, however, gave up his trade in 1831, as his father died in that year of dropsy, and his mother ten days after of sorrow, and he thought it only right to stay with his sister Nanni. Franz had gone off and married a rich widow against his advice, for he knew she would treat a second husband as a day-laborer; and what he had predicted proved true. However, she and her money were gone out of the family now. Her body lay in the graveyard, and he supposed that the priest who said masses for her soul knew where it was by this time. As for Hansel, he was still at liberty, and had well played his part in the world. He had protected the emperor Ferdinand when he fled with his consort to Innspruck in 1848, standing as sentinel at the gate of the faithful city. Later on he had marched with the Tyrolese imperial Jäger corps into Hungary, and fought for the same master there. Again in 1866 he was fighting under the archduke Albert, until, on the feast of Johanni, he was disabled at the battle of Custozza by a wound in his foot. The victory over the Italians made him for a time forget the pain, but afterward it grew dreadful, lasting for seventeen months, and not an army surgeon could help him. Then, however, he determined to try a cow-doctor, who in two weeks set him on his pins again.

"And you might not believe it," continued Jörgel, who grew animated in his narration, "but I too have seen service. In the last war between Italy and Austria the students of Innspruck formed a corps, and young Count Arlberg, being an active volunteer, proposed that I should go as cook. The motion was carried, and I marched with one hundred and ninety-three young gentlemen to Bira. Sometimes with help and sometimes with none, I cooked for them all. I fed them on meat dumplings and plenten, until in a few weeks the cook and the *soldaten*—or the cook and the *salaten*, which you will—had to pull up stakes and beat an honorable retreat through the Breimer. At Brixen I bade farewell to my regiment, and have since, under Count Arlberg the father, looked after stocks and stones, and not soldiers. Well, well! Austria has lost Italy, but the Tyrol can hold up its head, for it stands now as a great natural rampart between the two countries."

We had been resting during Jörgel's narration: the long rays of the declining sun now warned us to hasten on. Margaret, full of energy and desirous ot pushing forward up the almost vertical path, soon began to lag behind. Thus I, looking back and waiting for her, saw a comely peasant-woman who, quickly climbing the hill behind, offered her the assistance of her arm. Although this was gratefully declined, the stranger, apparently troubled at the sight of the tired lady, tarried at her side, trying to be of service. She had a melodious voice and a restful air, which made us, though she was but a poor illiterate woman, feel better for her presence. Thus she was allowed to carry our shawls, and whenever we rested she strayed into wayside glens, returning with offerings of mellow bilberries; and finally she cheered our lagging energies with the assurance that we should soon see blue sky peeping through the trees, and that then there would be no more climbing. At this point, Jörgel, who had been carefully examining each tree as we passed, expressed his fear that no actual hazel-fir tree grew along this path. He, however, pointed out a well-grown fir tree, saying that a *hazelfichte* merely possessed a straighter and a smoother stem.

We had begun truly to descend, and our friendly woman, seeing that "Shank's mare" required no further encouragement, bade us a friendly good-evening, with a cheerful "May you live long and well!" She had almost dipped out of sight when our Jörgel, with praiseworthy forethought, called after her to apprise the bath people, as she passed, of our advent.

The path had become broader and more beaten. There was a gradual sense of some human being, either from personal or unselfish interests, having once been at work to make the woods still more attractive and enjoyable. Benches of flat stones were raised at points where snow-fields, fantastic and stern dolomite peaks and wooded slopes formed exquisite pictures set in frames of stately, well-grown fir trees—here a smooth lawn with its little shrine and wooden seat for the wayfarer to meditate on the Flight into Egypt, which Jörgel called the "witches' ground;" there, under a spreading tree, a rural table and seats—proofs that we must be approaching the bath-house; and no little were we pleased by these signs of care and judgment, especially as none of the rural bowers were either bran-new or in a state of decay, but harmonizing with the tidy negligence of the woods themselves.

"These paths promise well for the baths," we remarked to Jörgel.

"Might have done so once," he replied, "but it was the old Frau Wirthin who put them up. She was a woman with a head and a will, and she took a pride in the place, seeing that the baths are as old as the mountains, and they had been in her family since the Lord made the Tyrol. Now they are in the hands of her son Seppl and his sister Moidel. However, I never mix myself up in what does not concern me. The master is at liberty, and so is she, and it is not for me or my old Nanni to speak against unmarried people. Both they and we are bound for *Herzing* when we die, the spinsters to howl in the moor and we men in the wood. That is what the lads and lasses say of us;" and he gave a dry little laugh. "Ask my opinion of the water, and I'll answer you straightforward. It's an elixir, a perfect elixir;" and he repeated the sentence with the proud consciousness of using a dictionary word. "As for the house, the master and the old maid, judge for yourselves, or ask them that sent you here."

So saying, he sturdily marched on ahead, as if fearing to be compromised. We did not feel encouraged, especially with night steadily falling down upon us. Still less was the future hopeful when Jörgel pointed with his stick in advance, exclaiming, "Arrived at last!"

Yes, arrived at an old weatherbeaten chalet, with a crazy barn to keep it company, dilapidated and tottering as if in the bankruptcy court, standing abruptly on the borders of the black fir wood, the air filled with the odor of concentrated pigstye; dark male figures playing at skittles on the path, and having to stop the game to enable us to reach the door; black male figures playing at cards and drinking wine in the dusky, close old parlor or *stube*, made still more gloomy by the large, projecting brick stove, unlighted at this season of the year.

We should never have proceeded on a voyage of discovery had not the thick folds of a woman's yellow petticoat flickered before us on the steps of a smoke-stained ladder.

Jörgel, who, with the utmost determination, resolved to fulfill his duty as guide, marshaled us up this old creaking ladder, then up a second, until we stopped in an open gallery sheltered by the wooden eaves, where a feeble old woman nursed an idiot child in the gloaming. And yet what a landscape to relieve this desolate foreground!—slumbrous mountains, dewy meadows, peaceful villages, over which the calm of Sunday lay. We stood drinking in the tranquil scene, when a woman in blue apron and of rapid motion quickly touched my elbow with a large key; and bidding us follow she hastily flung open the door of a narrow wainscoted closet, smelling of hay. "She had no other room," she blurted forth, and then, without word of apology, disappeared as speedily as she had come. We found ourselves the owners of two large bedsteads and two dilapidated chairs: everywhere in the house we had caught glimpses of broken-backed chairs, witnesses either of poverty or riot.

A modest tap at the door announced worthy Jörgel. He tried to comfort us in his rough and honest way, with "They that sent you here are to blame."

We interrupted him, saying that the fault lay with ourselves.

"Well, well! how could you tell? But have no fears. This house is disorderly for the want of a head, but remember, there's an elixir of life in the water. I'm very much satisfied with what you have paid me, and the next time we meet we shall regard each other as old acquaintance."

He lifted his empty *kraxe* upon his shoulders, and went out. We waited to see his square figure appear in the path below, like those who were parting not only from a friend, but a protector. It was some minutes before he was visible. We discovered shortly afterward that not wishing to leave us in our desolation, and perceiving that some "Herrschaft" must be in the house, as the best room had not been given us, he had boldly introduced himself to them, and thus we found ourselves committed by Jörgel to a fresh Good Samaritan in the shape of a well-to-do draper's wife, Frau T——. We knew her by name, but did not deal at her shop. Still, she was ruled by no selfish thoughts, and out of the genuine kindliness of her heart she joyfully fulfilled Jörgel's commission. It was she who insisted on preparing our supper; it was her cloth that was spread on the table in the gallery as the quietest, most suitable spot in the riotous house, she smoothing our scruples by declaring it her pleasure, only regretting that we should have arrived on such a noisy night, for the house was usually very still. It was her servant who showed the deaf old woman, the one help of the establishment, how to make our beds.

The aged crone, Nanni — half the female population of the Tyrol are called either after the Virgin Mary or her traditionary mother, Saint Ann—gazed in intense astonishment when we screamed to her our simple requirements. We asked for a light, and she brought us a tallow candle stuck in a bottle. We asked for a pitcher of water, and she muttered something about the spout.

Worn-out, weary, very grateful to the good Frau T——, we went to bed, but not to sleep. That would have been a vain endeavor, for shrill laughter, loud words and boisterous songs, in which the high tones of wild female-voices rose painfully above the gruff singing of half-besotted men, penetrated the room, whilst the old rafters groaned and creaked from the heavy tramp of dancers below. All our belief in the sobriety and goodness of the Tyrolese seemed swept away, and a sense of their coarseness and dissipation to have taken its place. We were in a very pandemonium, which never ceased until the sun was rising. Nor was the evil mitigated when we learned from the landlord's sister a few hours later that the guests were only returning from Scapulary Sunday in Reischach. Most of them belonged to the next village, and had rested here on their way. After prayers it was right to sing and dance: why should they not? And, look you, when wine got into people's head, what could she do? She could not turn them out.

"Yes, but the master, her brother, might."

She shook her head ominously, and hurried into the kitchen—a smoky old kitchen, but quaint from the little windows with the old ox-eyed panes of thick glass.

It impressed itself forcibly on our minds that Seppl had compromised himself on the preceding night. He was to be seen nowhere; only the bustling sister Moidel, who had already swept out and cleaned the scene of the late dissipation, and was now busy over our coffee, and the old Nanni, who with bare feet and wet petticoats intimated that she had scrubbed the female bath-room and placed two freshly scoured tubs there at our disposition.

Both women meant kindly by us: the pleasant fir woods and the fresh air seemed to whisper to us to stay. So we gave up the plan which we had resolutely made in the night of leaving that very morning, and by so doing found Bad Scharst not only endurable, but really, in a very rough and ready way, enjoyable. The remembrance of the wild, riotous night even became enveloped with a certain interest when we recollected that this grim attempt at pleasure was in sober reality one of those Tyrolese peasant balls which are represented in such fair and attractive colors on the stage, in pictures or in novels. It was well to be undeceived, and to see the deep shadows as well as the bright side of Tyrolese life.

And what matter if for one night we had lost our sleep, whilst we breathed exhilarating ozone and drank water which, to quote Jörgel, was truly an elixir of life? For all our temporary and trifling inconveniences we found rich compensation when after an easy ascent of two hours we reached the topmost platform of the mountain, the Kronplatz. To the north, reaching from east to west, a long, unbroken chain of glaciers, from the Furtschläg to the Gross Venediger Spitze with its untrodden snows. Below us, at some four thousand feet, the broad, rich Pusterthal, with its comfortable villages and its pastoral tributary valleys. To the south, the stern limestone peaks of the dolomite region; the Vedretta Marmolata, with its breastplate of ice, king of these barbaric giants, the splintered pinnacles of the Drei Zinnen, the pyramidal Antalao, and many another jagged, appalling mountain, stern as the bewildering doctrines of election and reprobation, whilst the pure glistening snow, green meadows and pleasant woods opposite seemed to breathe forth the gentle, winning truths of the glad tidings of peace.

It was delicious to lie on the short turf in an ethereal region with a perception of the burden and heat of the day in the valley below; yet the fresh breeze of the mountain drove us with a sense of hunger back to the baths.

Having spoken of the scenery, let us now speak of the guests. There were not many. Frau T——, ourselves and a young woman, a sewing-machinist, occupied the available chambers of the chalet. The rest were used as receptacles for hay and milk: the ground floor contained the *stube*, the kitchen, the pigstye, or rather the room set apart for the pig, and the cow-house. Several poor guests, men and woman, hovered about the door of the barn. They slept in the various lofts, divided into rooms, and cooked for themselves in a common kitchen adjoining the bath-rooms. These were two long wooden sheds, in which rows of large tubs were placed. The patients bathed twice a day, being covered over with boards and a horse-rug, but the head was left free. There was no doctor: each could doctor himself by lying in the hot water and drinking more or fewer glasses of the iron water daily. It poured from a spout into a wooden trough between the chalet and the barn; and this explained old Nanni's mutterings after our arrival.

Although the peasant bathers as a class made no distinct impression on us, the half dozen men looking like facsimiles of each other, and the seven women appearing always to be one and the same, still there were one or two figures which stand prominently forth, from the more direct relations into which we came with them.

First, an old peasant-woman, whom we heard, as we descended from the Kronplatz, singing to a crying baby as we approached the house:

> Engeli, Bengeli, wilt thou go to America?
> Rumelti, Pumelti, wilt thou go to England?

She instantly stopped her ditty when she saw us emerge from the wood.

Curious, was it not? and yet we had neither brought our passports with us, nor had we followed the example of previous guests and proved our learning by writing our names and birthplaces in the visitors' book—a large volume for which every door-lintel and piece of wainscot in the house acted as leaves. No, but some little bird had been whispering about us on the mountain-side.

The next figure is another peasant-woman, tall and somewhat thin, with a patient, beseeching look in her face. This I quietly perceived whilst I sat busily writing near the house at a table which Moidel had carried out for me, yet I would not look up, because she stood eyeing me with an innocent stare, as if wishful to enter into conversation. A few minutes later a buxom matron stepped forth from the passage of the chalet. It acted as a convenient thoroughfare on the road between Reischach and Geisselburg. Her daughter, a girl of sixteen, who was with her, wore two beaver hats, the uppermost evidently bran-new and a fresh purchase. The first peasant-woman addressed the new-comer with a "God greet thee, Trina! Thou hast been shopping, I see."

"God greet thee, Gertraud! It is only a new hat for the moidel. We were going down for Scapulary Sunday; so I thought I might go on to town and sell thirty pounds of cow-hair, the savings of ten years; for, now there's to be a railway, beds are wanted, and as I received more than I expected, Moidel got her hat."

Then lowering her voice and pointing in my direction: "One of the strange ladies? I saw the other in the wood gathering strawberries. I heard she came from America, but she was quite pretty, without either black skin or thick lips. There must be some mistake. But, Gertraud, how's the sick little maid?"

"Very weak—cannot last long. The doctor was up yesterday, and he said it was useless his coming again: however, he left it something soothing. Adieu, Trina: greet all at home."

At first amused by the notions these fellow-creatures possessed of us, then forgetting them in the trouble which I perceived occupied the poor woman's mind, I lifted up my head when her friends were gone and inquired if she had a sick child.

"Oh, na, na! not of my own. I'm nursing a little maid of five years old: the father is a government postilion and the mother in service, and so she brought her up here to see if the air and the water would strengthen her. She is their only child. No, I myself live about an hour from here: you can see my cottage amongst the cherry trees on the slopes yonder. It looks nearer than it is, for there is a hidden ravine between. Ah, Herr je! I've had children too, and have had to give them all up. They are waiting for me with the dear God; but, Herr je! it's long toiling and hoping to reach them. However, you'll oblige me and tell me where you have really come from?"

"From Rome," was the reply.

"Mein Gott! as far off as heaven! The creation is frightfully big! Well, I must not loiter. I came out to say a prayer, then to chop wood for Moidel."

An hour later, while sitting at supper in the passage, the most convenient and quiet place as we imagined, we found all the guests marching past us, each saluting us with "A good appetite to you!" or else "May you eat well!" They had been called together by Frau T—— and the sewing-machinist, Fräulein Magdalena, for Rosenkranz.

Hardly were they kneeling in the chapel, a small building at the farther side of the chalet, when the pig marched also up the passage, and grunting out his "Guten appetit," proposed taking his place at our table. We drove him out of doors: he waited behind the house corner to avoid detection until we were comfortably seated, when again he was at our side, snuffing the dishes in the air and grunting his "Guten appetit."

We were in despair. Moidel was not forthcoming, and we found that we could not shut the door against our intruding visitor.

"*Was thust du? Na, na! Draus, draus, Kloane!*" ("What dost thou? No, no! Out with thee, little one!"), said a voice in the passage; and a short man, with a good-natured, half-foolish face, after releasing himself from a heavily-laden basket which he carried on his back, walked through the passage and out of the farther door, attended by the pig, who lovingly rubbed his snout against him. The stranger knelt down at one of the shattered windows of the chapel, his four-footed companion standing patiently by him, until the orison was over and the worshipers trooped out of the little chapel. Then the knowing pig trotted off to his own quarters, whilst one voice exclaimed, "You are back again, Seppl?"

"You've not forgotten my bread?" said a second.

"You've brought me the knitting needles?" said a third.

"You left the letter at the Lamb and Flag?" added a fourth.

This, then, was the master, evidently the common messenger of all, who, whilst the guests called him behind his back "Headless Seppl," had managed to fulfill two dozen verbal commissions to everybody's satisfaction. This was the landlord, whom we had pictured lying in a drunken lethargy in some hay barn after the bout of the night before. How we had maligned an evidently simple, honest soul, who had been toiling from early morning, and who, having discharged the orders of his different customers, started up the steep mountain-side, and we heard him calling "*Koos, koos, koos,*" lovingly to his cows! It was only when he had milked them, patted them, called each by its name, seen them comfortably housed for the night, that he had time to think of resting or eating his dumplings for supper.

It was the fourth morning of our stay, and we were preparing to leave. Seppl's basket was already packed with our belongings, and he, the good beast of burden, had orders in half an hour to act as our guide, when suddenly Moidel flew out of the kitchen, exclaiming, "He is coming! he is coming!" and wiping her arms on her apron rushed down the green meadows beyond the chapel. Fräulein Magdalena, dropping her work, uttered a joyful cry. "Yes, it is he! it's Herr Pflersch!" she said, turning to us. "The king of Bad Scharst. Ah! why don't you stay, for glorious days will begin? I've been here eleven years at the same time as Herr Pflersch, and we have none of us gone to bed for seven days together. We play at cards and he tells us tales."

The excitement in the whole establishment became universal. Herr Pflersch was our grocer, a burly, good-natured man, who bowed politely to us when he arrived at the house, led by a troop of admiring and rejoicing friends. He was attended by his cook, and had brought with him a sackful of provisions and his feather bed, which came toiling up the hill in a cart.

Fräulein Magdalena stood rapturously before the welcome guest, offering him a quart glass of water: "No beer to offer you, Herr Pflersch, but glorious water, Herr Pflersch."

Moidel apologized for not going a step of the way with us, "But Herr Pflersch had come;" and whilst she said so she began putting one of Herr Pflersch's own wax candles into a brass candlestick. "I have, however, a favor to ask of you," she continued: "that is, if we ever happen to meet on the high-road in the Pusterthal, you'll allow me to recognize you." A humble request indeed, poor soul!

Gertraud came down from the barn to say good-bye to us. The "little maid" was still lingering, but she added mysteriously, "She'll be knocking thrice at her mother's door to-morrow."

Walking across the meadows, this time taking a different way from that by which we had arrived, we met several groups of peasant-men carrying bundles in their hands, who asked Seppl if the Herr had arrived, and being answered in the affirmative, they hurried on, as if desirous to act as Knights of the Round Table to King Pflersch.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN sending word to Anton to fetch us from the inn at Nieder Olang that especial afternoon, we had not been aware that we had chosen a place and hour when most of the pious male Catholics were gathered thither to accord an unflinching, unequivocal assent to the Infallibility dogma, as well as to condemn from the bottom of their clerical or rustic souls the foul heresy of Old Catholicism, which was spreading far and wide in the adjoining kingdom of Bavaria. Most of the farmers and all the parish priests were assembled. The spacious *Widum* or parsonage, in festal array, kept open house, the large church was full to overflowing, whilst the ample inn being still more crammed we preferred waiting for Anton in a shady nook opposite. Here we had ample leisure to observe the rows of clerical and bucolic backs ranged against the open inn windows, and to listen to the hum of serious voices, sounding as if a spiritual mass meeting were being held over seitels of wine. It was a curious sight a quarter of an hour later, the conclave being at an end, to watch the priests flocking forth, some so old and shabby, in such stained, rusty frockcoats, that their very assumption of dignity appeared painfully grotesque; others, more scrupulously clean, displayed with pride a blue silk ribbon bound as an order across their breasts; but whether shabby or decent, whether singly or in groups, they were invariably received bareheaded by the respectful villagers waiting outside, whilst a double salvo of homage was awarded by priest and layman to a tall, elegant Italian monsignor from Brixen, who, tucking up gracefully his rich violet garments, walked with infinite care from the inn to the Widum, disappearing from view under the gateway.

All the clergy now departing in various directions were complacently chuckling over the security of their position, their quiet, unquestioning sheep obediently following whithersoever they might lead them. It was not always so in the Tyrol. In former ages, especially at the time of the Reformation, the people had used their independent judgment, allowing themselves neither to be oppressed nor led astray. In these latter days, however, their freer, nobler instincts have been overpowered by the marvelous, almost incredible, influence of the Jesuits. In the last century, when this order was suppressed, the Tyrolese gymnasiums were immediately improved, schools for the people were opened, and such was the spirit of the age that the barons Sternbach, Turn, Taxis and other noblemen became Freemasons—an act which their descendants, now shackled with Jesuitical influences, regard with the deepest horror. After the revolution of 1848 a spirit of reaction arose in the Tyrol, which holds the people back, retards progress and keeps the country far behind other European lands.

A very embodiment of this retrograding subordination stood before us in the form of Seppl, who, dull, poor both in mind and pocket, still lingered entranced with wonder and amazement at a power which appeared to him capable of governing both earth and heaven.

Rich bauers and poor laborers in this peaceful, wealthy portion of the Tyrol become daily more blindly attached to the priests. Should there happen to be a thinker amongst them, he must keep his questionings to himself: he will find no sympathy in his neighbors. In towns such as Innsbruck, however, he will discover many fellows, for a feeling of reaction has awakened there a more liberal, independent spirit.

If Seppl might be taken as an extreme type of the provincial mode of thought, so might a young student with whom we shortly became acquainted be regarded as representing that of the town. Pursuing a long course of medical studies at the Innsbruck University, he implied rather by his actions than by any outward expressions that he regarded his worthy country relations as zealots, absented himself from Rosenkranz and long family graces, and spoke compassionately of his relatives as being "very naïve;" and these simple, unsophisticated people in their turn, though staggered by this spirit of quiet innovation and rebellion in their midst, made their minds easy on the score that a man of the world, such as he was, and honorably providing for himself, could not be expected to be such as they were. He had not time for prayers and confessions: he must study, and then must enjoy relaxation; but some of their extra petitions might be put to his account. Not that this was ever expressed in so many words: it was rather from our own quiet observations that we drew these inferences. . Nor did opportunities fail, seeing that our new acquaintance was in fact no other than the "Herr Student," the saintly personage whom we had imagined in long black Noah's Ark coat, wearing the orthodox clerical stock embroidered with blue and white beads, leading Rosenkranz, and, should we ever have the honor of his acquaintance, saying three Ave Marias before conversing with heretics.

Instead of this, behold a good-looking, cheerful young man in gold spectacles, wearing a suit the color of ripe chestnuts, who, whilst we began impatiently to look for Anton, appeared before us like a good genius from the inn, introduced himself and apologized that we should have been kept waiting. "I regret," he added, "that I was not aware of your arrival until the kellnerin pointed you out through the window; otherwise I should have taken the liberty to explain to you that my brother may be a little late. He brought me and two friends over earlier in the day, and had then to attend to a little business. *Mein compliment;*" and with a low bow he returned to the inn.

We no longer anxiously inquired of each other whether the ever-ready Anton had received our message, rather whether we had not put him to considerable inconvenience when there was business of the Hofbauer's to be attended to. And next, how in the world, if the Herr Student, who had so suddenly appeared on the scene, were here with two friends, we could all return in the gig?

Nor did this dilemma seem likely to decrease when we spied in the far distant windings of the road, dotted over with the receding black groups of priests and their supporters, a moving object approaching in our direction bearing unmistakable resemblance to the gig and broad-backed horse, but with a female figure seated behind Anton—a perplexity which grew greater when, the distance becoming less, the figure assumed a still more elegant form, holding a fashionable sunshade in her hand, which suddenly began to wave persistently in our direction.

Who could it be? We imagined, we hoped, we doubted, until ten minutes later our astonishment ended in a joyous reality as we clasped in our arms our dear friend E——. She had arrived in our absence on a visit to us at the Hof, and the good family, desirous of affording us a joyful surprise, had proposed that Anton should drive her over to meet us at Nieder Olang. The Herr Student was in the secret. This had made him prudently cut our conversation short and return to his friends in the inn.

E—— brought bouquets of flowers for us from the aunt and Moidel, but there was no reason for us to hurry back: there were still several hours of daylight. The sturdy horse having already accomplished some eighteen or twenty miles since morning, made no objection to a rest and feed of hay in the stable, whilst Anton was content to sit with his brother and his two friends in the *stube* before the trio started on foot for the Hof. It seemed rather a desire to show the strangers the neighborhood than any inclination to attend the clerical meeting which had brought the Herr Student to Nieder Olang this afternoon. And we, glad of an hour's delay, started immediately with E——, the sunny summer afternoon made brighter by this joyous meeting, to visit the adjoining hamlet of Mitter Olang.

The three small adjacent villages of Upper, Middle and Lower Olang, lying amongst monotonous fields and destitute themselves of any picturesque beauty, would be passed over by the stranger as totally devoid of interest; but, thanks to Dr. Staffler's topographical work, *Das deutsche Tirol und Voralberg*, the mention of Peter Sigmair of Mitter Olang had excited a strong desire in us to see the spot where he had lived and died.

After the battle of Austerlitz, in 1805, the defeated emperor of Austria signed a treaty with Napoleon ceding Venice to the French and the Tyrol to their ally, Bavaria. The Tyrolese thus found themselves suddenly separated from an empire the fortunes of which they had shared for some five hundred years. If the country had outwardly become Bavarian, the hearts of the people remained essentially Austrian, and bitterly did they resent having to obey a government in league with the French, the sworn foe of Austria. Thus they determined on the first opportunity to throw off the hated yoke. The Bavarians had promised by the treaty to leave intact the Tyrolese constitution. They soon, however, forced the young men into the army to fight their battles, dissolved the religious houses, and eventually dismissed both bishops and parish priests. This was more than these extremely religious people could brook. The Bavarians had broken faith in not preserving the constitution: now they were free from their oath, they declared. In this sentiment the emperor of Austria warmly seconded them, and secret plots of rebellion began speedily to ferment through the land. In 1809, the memorable, never-to-be-forgotten year *Nine* of Tyrolese history, the earnestly longed-for opportunity arrived. In April of this year the Austrians declared war against France, and on the 8th of the same month the enthusiastic patriot Johann Maria von Kolb appeared in the market-place of Innichen, where he issued written proclamations, still preserved at Bruneck, bidding all the parish priests and the inhabitants of the Upper Pusterthal instantly to rise, throw off the Bavarian yoke and join the beloved Austrian troops, which were now marching in that direction.

Incited by Von Kolb and other leaders, the people rose and welcomed the Austrians. The Bavarian troops stationed at Bruneck hastily retreated to Brixen, and the Austrians entered the chief town of the Pusterthal on April 12. Peace now reigned in the district for several months. The rest of the Tyrol, however, was in commotion. In May the Bavarians were again back in the country, and the French coming to their assistance. The people rose under the leadership of the brave Hofer. They won a great victory at Iselberg, but in October the French had taken possession of Innsbruck, and the treaty of Schönbrunn immediately followed, in which the Tyrolese, again handed over to Bavaria, were ordered to lay down their arms.

The people disobeyed: they were incredulous, believing the official documents to be forged; and, although he knew better, Von Kolb strengthened them in this belief. He, together with Peter Kemenater, a wealthy wirth, and George Lantschner, the priest of Weitenthal, urged the people to rise and fight for their country, setting at naught any treaty of peace. Thus, though the French troops were allowed by the town authorities to enter Bruneck on November 5, the people remained in a state of turbulence, the men of Taufers immediately rising and fighting the French at Gaisz, the first village in their valley, and although defeated and driven back, the neighboring peasants of Aufhofen took up the attack, having in their turn their village plundered and some of the inhabitants killed by the enemy.

Von Kolb and his party next encouraged the Landsturm or people *en masse* to assail the French general Moreau in Brixen, causing his friend, General Almeras, to leave Bruneck in charge of a small troop and to hurry to his rescue. The very same afternoon (November 30) the priest Lantschner, accompanied by the wirth of Mühlen in the Taufersthal, Johann Hofer, marched at the head of an army of peasants on Bruneck. In the mean time, Almeras, prevented by a general uprising from reaching Brixen, turned back with his troops dressed as a private, and made most of the way by mountain-paths on foot, fearing to remain in his carriage, as immediately after starting his cook had been shot dead on the coach-box. Approaching Bruneck, the general discovered the concourse of the armed peasants to be far greater than he had imagined, and a whole day elapsed before his entry into the town could be effected. On December 2 the insurgents advanced nearer and nearer, pouring down from the neighboring village of Percha, which they had chosen as their head-quarters. At one o'clock they pushed before them two sledges loaded with hay from Edelsheim, and one filled with straw from Percha, and, forming by this means a barricade in front of the Capuchin monastery, began firing, whilst troops of peasants still marched forward from other villages. More used to ploughshares than swords, however, the peasants, numbering ten thousand men, instead of surrounding the town, as they might easily have done, merely attacked it on the north side, thus enabling the French general with a handful of cavalry and infantry to surprise them in the rear. Confusion and a most ignominious defeat ensued, the peasants fleeing across the meadows and fields, some being killed and others taken prisoners.

Although repulsed, they were not reduced, and animated by the rash, vindictive Von Kolb, made several fresh skirmishes. Standing up in the village street of Percha, this leader animated them still to fresh attacks, and sent special messengers north, south, east and west, vowing fire and vengeance to all who succumbed; but on December 6, fresh French troops having come to the aid of General Almeras, the peasants saw that their cause was lost and refused to listen. Thus ceased the peasant war.

The town of Bruneck, which had suffered greatly from the double siege, still venerates the memory of General Almeras, who exerted himself on its behalf, whilst his liberality toward the peasants, whom he regarded as ignorant and misguided, was equally praiseworthy, mitigating in many instances the severity of the council of war.

Although the insurgents were dispersed, most of the French officers, unlike General Almeras, condescended to the bitterest revenge against the disarmed people. All the leaders who had not concealed themselves were captured and summarily shot without trial. Von Kolb, however, escaped with his life: disguised as a seller of lemons, he fled over the Redensberg, and passing through Antholz managed to reach Stiermark. Another still more remarkable man, Father Joachim, known amongst the people as Red Beard, wading through deep snow managed to hide himself for many months in the castle of Goldrain. In August of 1810, disguised as an artisan, he reached Switzerland, Milan, and finally Vienna, where the emperor, as a reward for his valiant deeds, presented him with the living of Hietzing in the neighborhood of Vienna.

Our long but necessary preamble now brings us to Peter Sigmair. He too had a price set on his head, having acted as lieutenant in the popular cause, and had accordingly sought a safe retreat in the mountains. Soon, however, a friend brought him word that his old father, George Sigmair, the Tharer-wirth of Mitter Olang, when attending to some business in Bruneck on St. Thomas's Day, had been arrested by command of General Broussier, with orders that he should be shot if his son did not give himself up before three days. The son might have comforted himself with the thought that it would be impossible for the general to put so tyrannical a threat into execution, but the consciousness of his father in such danger conquered all other feelings. He immediately started for Bruneck, and gave himself up. His father was instantly liberated, whilst he, bound in chains, was sent to Bozen, but brought back to Bruneck at the beginning of January, 1810, when in his cell in the castle he quietly heard his sentence—that he should be shot before the door of his father's inn at Mitter Olang, and that his body should then be hung on a gallows as a solemn warning to refractory peasants. His young wife, maddened with grief, penetrated to the presence of the French general, clasped his knees and plead in vain for mercy. He remained perfectly impassive to her entreaties, but granted a favor to a young priest, Franz von Mörl, who accompanied the prisoner in his last moments—namely, that, instead of before the window, the execution should take place at a small wayside chapel on the confines of the village. And so Peter Sigmair was shot at the age of thirty-six, honored for his valor, but still more for his filial piety.

We were now standing on the very spot, before the humble, whitewashed chapel. Above the entrance, which was closed, a rude fresco, much injured by weather, commemorated the deed. Some soldiers in very high-waisted regimentals were taking aim at Peter Sigmair, who knelt blindfolded, wearing the full peasant costume, which, more ordinary in those days, is still used for marriages, and is consequently represented even now on mortuary tablets as indicative of the heavenly wedding-garment.

After seeing the now desolate, forsaken chapel, we bent our steps into the village to visit the Wirth-haus. A friendly, quiet peasant-woman met us in the dark passage, and showed us into a clean, comfortable wainscoted room, the *seckstube*. We ordered some wine for the good of the house, which was brought by an equally quiet peasant-man. Setting it on the table, he hovered about the room in an uncertain way, but confided to us eventually that he was the landlord. The woman then came and introduced herself as his sister, and they both stood silently before us in a house as silent as themselves, the great festival at the neighboring hamlet having probably thinned their custom. It was evident that they had plenty of leisure to answer any questions, and we had soon learned from them that the old Tharer-wirth was their grandfather.

"You must know," said the sister, "I have read in big printed letters that Onkel Peter's little children, holding up their little hands, prayed the cruel general with tears to spare their father. It is a pity that what is put in print can never be altered, because he had no children. He had only a young wife, who afterward married a bauer at Antholz, where their son is the priest."

"Yes," said the wirth. "If there had been children, they would have succeeded, not my mother. It was before either of us was born, but she often told us of it—how cold it was, in the depth of winter, on the Name of Jesus Day. Onkel Peter marched with a cross placed in his hands, which were bound behind him, from Bruneck, being led to a house near the inn at Nieder Olang, since burnt down, where he confessed. At the wayside chapel he next received the sacrament, and then the soldiers shot him."

Were there any mementoes of him in the house? we asked.

"Oh, not now. His belt used to lie about the house, but had been either carried off or lost." And then one of the good souls intimated that it was sad to have a relation publicly executed: he must pass as a criminal. It did their hearts good to find that strangers from other parts did not look upon him as such. It was natural that they and the villagers should think well of him, but they were poor ignorant people at the best. However, criminal or not, all the school-children in Tyrol read about him now. He was stuck in their primers and called a hero and a patriot; only, even in the lesson-book, the mistake had again been made of giving him children. The wirth thought it must be for effect — to make the tale more thrilling.

"We often puzzle ourselves about the rights and wrongs of Onkel Peter's death," concluded the simple man; "but this will always be clear to us, that three foreign ladies visiting the house out of respect to his memory speaks well for him."

Thus we left the staid brother and sister quietly gratified by our call, and returning to Nieder Olang found the kellnerin of the now deserted inn awaiting us with a nosegay of stately white lilies. The gig too was ready, and with our dear friend E—— at our side we drove homeward in the silent summer evening. We passed Percha, a small group of peaceful houses and a church, contrasting forcibly with the wild, tumultuous scenes which it must have witnessed when the enthusiast Von Kolb and his companions convulsed the peasantry;—and passed over the upland plains where the ten thousand peasants had been repulsed and scattered — a corn-giving land, affluent with myriad golden shocks, like a perpetual Joseph's dream.

The Hof proved too quiet and healthful a resting-place, and its inmates too genuinely good and honest, for us to bid it a lasting farewell in '71. Behold us, therefore, in the following summer again within its friendly walls, where we at first settled down to a harmonious, industrious routine of several weeks: then an extreme desire seizing upon some of us to see more of the glories of mountain and valley around, we set out one and all for six days of pure holiday enjoyment; part of the programme being for the more adventurous, attended by Moidel, to climb to the Olm on a visit to Jakob. MARGARET HOWITT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# WITH THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE CORPS AT PARIS.

WE were sitting under the trees in the Champs Élysées, in sight of the ruined Tuileries, when my friend gave me the following reminiscences. In repeating what I can recall of them, as nearly as I can in his own language, I shall use names with almost as great freedom as he did—a fact for which I think I owe no apology.

"Restore that wreck of the Tuileries," said my friend—but I shall let him tell his story without quotation-marks, and without the interruption of my urging and questionings, that finally got him almost as much interested in his subject as I was myself—Restore that wreck of the Tuileries, and these gay equipages and these loiterers in the Avenue would repeat for you, very nearly, the scene of my first service with the American ambulance. That was before I was a regular member of the corps—in fact, before the corps which operated at the siege of Paris had been properly formed. Dr. Sims, Dr. Tom Pratt, Frank Hayden and others, with three ambulance-wagons, were going to the front: we heard a great deal of "*à Berlin!*" in the streets in those days. I came down this way to the Palais d'Industrie to see them off, and when I did see the American ladies raising the colors to march through the crowd, I couldn't help taking part in the procession. So I put on the *brassard* of Geneva—a red cross on a white band strapped on the arm, being the ambulance badge established in 1864 by the International Convention of Geneva—and seized one of the sticks with a sack on the end of it, and began asking contributions for the wounded as the cortege moved on.

It was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed, our march for miles through the crowded boulevards to the station of the Northern Railway. Dr. Sims walked behind his own horses, which headed the procession, and the throng everywhere commented admiringly upon the *chic* of the fine animals. The American ladies—there were three of them—marched beside the wagons, bearing the French and American colors and the red cross of the International ambulance. We filled and emptied and refilled our sacks with the Napoleons from the *monde* in their flash barouches and from the loungers of the clubs, and with the greasy sous of the working-men and grisettes. Many took out purses containing five sous and gave three: many took out purses containing silver and copper, and gave the silver. Old men with feeble sight and hearing would hobble up to us through the crowd and ask, "What is this?"

"For the wounded," we would say—"for France!"

And trembling hands would be thrust into pockets, and "God's blessing on you!" would go with their silver or sous.

Well, well, it was a great day. It was, I believe, the largest collection ever taken up in Paris for the wounded. We shouted ourselves hoarse when the train bore the corps away for Mézières. They served through the war, part of the time with the French, part of the time with the Prussians. Many of them have since been decorated by both governments.

It is to Dr. Evans that the American ambulance owes more perhaps than to any one man. It supported itself, our corps did, and Dr. Evans furnished the largest portion of the money. He had some American ambulance-wagons and the material for a field hospital brought over and exhibited at the Exposition of 1867, and these were still in his possession. They were early offered to the American corps, but a misunderstanding between Dr. Evans and Dr. Sims caused the latter to go to the field with wagons, etc. furnished by the International ambulance. So we who formed the American corps at Paris during the siege had the use of Dr. Evans's wagons and material. The doctor himself accompanied the empress in her flight; but from England he sent money whenever he could get it into Paris, and did all in his power for the ambulance.

Some time before the Prussians had closed in upon us it was ordered that the useless mouths (*bouches inutiles*) should leave the city. Of course thousands left. We who remained expected we should have to go into the ranks. I liked the excitement of the thing, and stayed through it all. Meanwhile, Dr. John Swinburne, who was formerly, I believe, a health officer of New York, had been invited to take charge of the American hospital at Paris. Dr. Evans's tents were pitched in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, in the place where the dog-show used to be. This was our head-quarters all through the siege, though at last, as winter came on, the tents were not large or comfortable enough to hold the wounded, and so we built barracks there. George Kidder, Will Dreyer and I joined the corps together. My first service was to beg Bowles Brothers' American flag and hoist it over our tents. Then our duties consisted for a while in loafing about the grounds, driving tent-pegs, greasing the wagons and drawing up rules for our own government, for there was no fighting just then. Those were the bright, sunny days of September. Montretout and Châtillon had been taken, the Zouaves had disgraced themselves, and we were utterly cut off from the world. We elected two captains. One was William B. Bowles, and the other Joseph K. Riggs of Washington. They were to serve on alternate days.

One morning we went down in our wagons, drawn by horses belonging to members of our corps, and reported to the "International Society for the Aid of the Wounded." We found them at the Palais d'Industrie. They did not think much of us, as we could not help perceiving, but they finally consented to let us go out at the first sortie—namely, that of Villejuif, when the French tried to take the villages of Thiais and L'Hay. We got upon the field just as the firing was over. The French had taken one village at the point of the bayonet, but at last they had retired so precipitately that they had left their wounded in the Prussian lines. There the poor fellows lay, in among the yellow wheat, with great well-fed Prussians prancing around them on horseback. It was a terrible scene, especially to me, being the first of the kind I had ever seen. But after a while I was so busy with the others, picking up the wounded and burying the dead, that somehow I lost my first overwhelming sense of the horror of the spectacle.

We smelt our first powder—that is, a few stray balls came among us—at Châtillon. Returning from this latter fight, we saw the burning of the palace of St. Cloud. It was a beautiful October sunset and evening, and the sight was indescribably grand.

You will, however, get a better idea of our share in a sortie if I tell you more particularly of the next one, that of Malmaison. It was there, in fact, that we began to make our reputation. This was the sortie fraught with most real danger to the Germans. They had not then had time to establish their lines, and if the attack had been followed up with more men, the French, it is thought, might have taken Versailles and cut the enemy's line of communication. As it was, the Prussians had everything packed and horses saddled, ready to leave Versailles at a moment's notice. Dr. Sarazin, chief surgeon of Ducrot's corps, had asked us to rendezvous at the Rond Point de Courbevoie, just behind Mont Valérien, where the French had a battery. On our way out there that beautiful October afternoon, as we were driving up the hill from Porte Maillot, the American flag and the colors of the International ambulance flying over our five wagons, we were met by the whole provisional government of France. Jules Ferry hailed us and asked a ride. They were going to see the fight. We took them all in: we had in our wagon Rochefort, Ferry and Favre; the others took seats as the wagons came up. We left them on a sort of platform which had been built for them upon the pedestal of the famous knee-breeches-and-cocked-hat statue of the First Napoleon, which was replaced by the Roman-togaed one upon the Column Vendôme. The first-mentioned statue had even then been toppled over and carted away. We went on to the top of the hill of Courbevoie, whence, however, we were promptly ordered back. From our station farther in the rear, lying down in our wagons, we watched the bombs and the smoke of the musketry rising over the hill. The French were beating the Prussians back with great slaughter, as we heard from couriers constantly sent in.

Suddenly, Dr. Sarazin rode into our midst and shouted, "Ambulance Américaine, en avant!" Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped down the road, we following at a brisk trot. Halfway to Rueil he drew up and said, "Pass that windmill, turn to the right, and you will be on the field." We plunged on through potato-patches and vineyards, our hearts in our mouths. As we drew past the windmill, which was on a knoll in the descent from Mont Valérien, we came upon the French reserves, massed by regiments behind the artillery and mitrailleuses which lined the crest of the hill we were on. Just behind them were Trochu and his staff. An aide-de-camp galloped toward us as we approached, and told us to take down our flags, shouting that we would draw fire. He had to tell us that only once: our flags came down like a shot. The fight was going on in the valley just beneath us. The sun was setting, the windows of Mont Valérien shimmered with its slanting rays, the green woods grew darker, and the blue smoke curled lazily over the combatants. Away in the distance the aqueduct of Marly ran in gray relief against the red of the evening sky. From this aqueduct, as we learned afterward, King William, the crown prince, Moltke and Bismarck were watching the struggle. Our little red-legged liners had pushed the Germans across the open space and were pressing them in the wood. We grew excited, and the boys began making for the crest of the hill among the artillery, when one of our party, a well-known American here in Paris, cried out, "Gentlemen, as a clergyman and father of a family, I forbid you to go any farther forward and risk your lives." Whereupon Mr. William Bowles, aroused, but in his usual manner in moments of excitement—namely, with his hands in his vest pockets and his eyes beaming through his gold spectacles—observed, "Gentlemen, oh that be d—d! As an American and your captain, I command you to follow me." And we followed him, singing at the tops of our voices, "While we were marching through Georgia."

What would have become of us, carried away as we were, no one knows, if we had not been marched back again by higher orders. We were straightway sent down to the right, toward Malmaison, to gather the wounded. We passed Trochu and staff, who saluted us, and we wound down the hill, with the infantry before us, and the cannon and mitrailleuses behind us bellowing over our heads. The French soldiery sent up cheer after cheer for "les Américains" as we made our way, still shouting, "While we were marching through Georgia." There were twenty or twenty-five of us, and we made some noise. In the streets of Rueil we found the dead and wounded very thick. We filled our wagons with the wounded, and started back for our hospital at Paris. In our wagon we had seven, so we had to walk along beside it. It was late in the night when we reached the city gate. There we were confronted by sentinels with glaring torches, challenged, asked the number of our wounded, and then allowed to rattle and creak over the drawbridge. Just inside the walls we were met by a surging mass of anxious men, women and children.

"What regiment have you?" they would shout. "Has the Hundred-and-fifth been engaged? Have the Zouaves been in?"

"Yes," exclaimed one from our wagon, rising on his elbow, "they have been in, and many haven't come out again." Then snatching his fez from his head, he waved it in the glare of the torches, and cried, "Vive la France! vive la République!"

That poor fellow was shot in the hip. We so far cured him at the hospital that I saw him hobbling into the fight upon a cane, his gun strapped across his back, at the last sortie of the besieged. I got very well acquainted with him, too, at the hospital, as I did with many another gallant fellow on both sides. He was an educated gentleman of Alsace: he had entered the Zouaves as a volunteer at the outbreak of the war, and had fought it all through in the ranks. He was sergeant when he was wounded. After the war and Commune were over I was touched on the shoulder by some one sitting upon the seat back of me at the Opéra Comique one night, and there was my brave friend the sergeant, safe and almost sound through all.

At the hospital, the night after the sortie I have just been telling you of, we worked with our wounded until nearly morning. Dr. Swinburne, I think, did not go to bed at all. And right here I ought to introduce you more particularly to the old doctor. Take the portrait of General Grant, run a good many streaks of gray through his hair and beard, a few more lines on his forehead and crows' feet around his eyes, and you have an idea of the doctor's looks. He is a man of great energy and few words—a surgical genius and a great lover of horses. He could or would explain nothing. At last we got to calling him "Old Compound Fracture," for he would say, when we were starting for a fight likely to be serious, "Boys, don't mind those slightly wounded fellows—let the Frenchmen pick them up: just bring me along the compound fractures." These latter were his hobby. He fairly doted on a man whom ordinary surgeons would have given up in despair; and I believe he was the happiest man in Paris when the first patient who had his leg shattered in a half dozen places began hobbling about the camp on crutches. The soldiers got to hear of him at last. More than one poor fellow lying on the field grievously wounded swore he would be taken to no place but to the American hospital.

Our next important sortie was at Champigny. That was the occasion when Ducrot was surely going to push through the German lines. In his proclamation he had announced that he would re-enter Paris victorious or dead. Of course he did not keep his promise. We were all to rendezvous at the Champs de Mars that morning at four o'clock. About three of the same morning Mont Valérien opened fire, and then Issy, then Vanves, then Mont Rouge, and so the flash and roar of cannon went round the whole city. That was our reveille. It was cold, very cold, that morning, and we waited at the rendezvous a long time in company with the French, Italian, Swiss and other ambulance corps. The great Doctor Ricord was there, and some of us heard then for the first time that he is an American from Baltimore. Chenu, Nellaton and several other famous surgeons were also there, shivering with us as we waited and waited for the push through the lines, which never came. Well, when at last the fight did occur, it made plenty of work for our wagons. For the next two days they were constantly going to and fro between the field and our hospital. Everywhere we went along the lines now we were recognized and made way for. One night, as one of our wagons was trying to cross the field, it was halted with the question, "What ambulance is that?"

"Is it necessary to ask?" shouted a French soldier out of the darkness. "It is the Americans', of course: they are everywhere."

At this sortie there rode with us a little French abbé, whom some of the boys had picked up weeks before roaming about the outposts among the trenches. He had won their hearts by his utter contempt of fire as he prayed with and confessed everybody he could lay hands on. At the sortie of Châtillon he had discovered one of our corps bringing in to the wagons at the risk of his life a huge pumpkin. The abbé imagined that Americans must set great value upon pumpkins if they were willing to secure them at such hazard, and he described the whole incident in *L'Univers*, the ultra-Catholic paper of Paris. In the course of a few days the ambulance Améric aine received two or three polite notes from religious French maiden ladies, saying that they had a few pumpkins which were at the service of the gentlemen of the corps. We received the pumpkins, and skirmished for the ingredients of pumpkin-pie, which the matron of our hospital baked for us. This was an unknown use for pumpkins in France, and those pies cost about their weight in silver. Sugar we had—it was the eggs that cost. Horsemeat and pumpkin-pie! There was a wild extravagance in that dinner, but then it was patriotic—at least the dessert was.

We nearly froze to death at Bourget, but I have not time to tell you of it. I must pass on to the last sortie—toward Montretout and Malmaison. That was a dark, foggy, leaden morning, with a drizzling rain. We passed through the whole French army on our way out—line, National Guards, Mobiles, artillery, cavalry: we passed through them all, everywhere meeting with a grateful reception. Sometimes they cheered us and our wagons (now increased to eight) and our immense coffee-pot. This last was an institution: it consisted of three great boilers mounted on wheels. Before the meat gave out we used sometimes to put soup in our coffee-pot and take it to the field. Coffee by some means we still had. Even on the desolate morning I am now telling you of many a poor foot-soldier who had been upon the almost impassable roads all night had been cheered by a sly tin cupful of the precious liquid as we trudged on toward the field. Well, we were finally ordered to halt at the little village of Rueil, within a stone's throw of the church where Josephine and Hortense lie buried. I climbed a hill on the left, and saw the French pushing toward Buzenval. They could see nothing before them but a line of fire—not a Prussian above the low wall in front of the thick mass of wood. Though I could see these Frenchmen dropping down by hundreds, they went steadily on and on. Some of them were National Guards who had never before been under fire. It was here that young Henri Regnault fell, with many other Parisians known in literature and art. After a while the Germans began shelling the hill on which I was, and I scampered down to the open square where the wagons were. It was not long, however, till another German battery got to throwing shells into this square, each discharge bringing them nearer and nearer to us. Suddenly a shell struck the corner house in front of us. The door opened in a very deliberate way, and out came a man in a blouse, smoking a pipe, and followed by a woman with a baby in her arms. He leisurely locked the door behind him, and put the key into his pocket. Then he started slowly across the square, with his wife and baby still behind him. As he passed us I exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, what are you doing here with that baby? Don't you see they are shelling all around us?"

"Yes, I see, I see: one of them struck our house just now. I've got another one up here, and we're moving to it." And without taking his hands out of his pockets or his pipe out of his mouth, he strolled on across the open square, followed by his wife, who seemed absorbed only in hushing the baby as it wailed in fright at the sound of the bursting shells.

The French line was soon thrown back, and we filled our wagons with wounded and started for the city, the shells still falling unpleasantly thick and near. One of them struck right under our coffee-pot, and, exploding, sent it in a hundred directions. The horses which drew it did not happen to be hit, but they took fright and dashed off, wrecking what was left of the coffee-pot wagon. We got back to town as fast as we knew how that day. We tried to go out again at night, but could make no headway against the crowd of wagons, artillery and the retreating army on the roads. It was an utterly demoralized mob. We barely escaped massacre by a regiment of Belleville National Guards, who were mad, raving mad, accusing everybody of incapacity and treason. The next day we went out with a burying-party, and found members of this same National Guard thickly strewn among the vines of Buzenval and Montretout, and we buried them. In their new knapsacks we found crested note-paper and many such things, showing their owners' rank and want of military experience at the same time. Some of these articles were stained with blood. We saw out there the young lady who was soon to have married Henri Regnault. She was looking for his body among the dead, and found it during the day. Young Regnault, it is claimed, was introducing a new school in French painting. He had made some remarkable studies in Algiers, one of the results of which was the well-known picture of Salomé in the Salon of 1870. I have said we saw his betrothed searching for his body among the dead; and the memory of that sweet, brave girl in that awful scene has lent a pathos to the story of his life and death which I do not get out of the writers and painters who have since dwelt so much and so lovingly upon the subject.

George McFarland of New York and two other fellows got lost from our wagons the night before, when we left the field. They took refuge in a tomb, where half a dozen poor wounded had crawled before them. They remained there for three long hours, hearing the shells burst around them from a tremendous cross-fire of the Germans. These three fellows, by the by, were the unlucky men of the ambulance. Whenever, by any chance, any of us were missing late at night, it was always they. When the wagons were full, the roads dusty or covered with sleet, it was they too who failed to get a seat, and had to walk to town. When our eatables had disappeared, or we had no wine or drink of any kind, they were sure to come in hungry, thirsty and foot-sore from some distant part of the field. At Champigny they slept on a billiard-table; upon the Plateau d'Avron they just happened around when the Prussians began the awful bombardment which obliged the French to scurry off, leaving guns and stores. This, they said, was their worst day out, for they half ran, half rolled down the hillside through a rain of shells, about a hundred guns, they maintained, having been concentrated upon that particular plateau. At Rueil one of them was just coming up to get a cup of coffee when the shell struck our coffee-pot. I witnessed the escape that time, and it did truly seem miraculous.

I think I may state it as a fact that if it had not been for the loss of that coffee-pot we should never have eaten the cook's dog. It came about in this natural—or perhaps I should say unnatural—way. In the early days of the siege, you see, some poor wretch who lived near our hospital possessed, as is almost always the case with a Frenchman removed a quarter of a degree, say, above abject poverty, a favorite dog. One day his beast and house were made glad by the appearance of two pups. They were tawny, bright-eyed little fellows, and the Frenchman loved them with a love that the Anglo-Saxon knows not of, especially in the matter of dogs. Well, provisions got scarcer and scarcer, and finally, with an anguish that I have no right to ridicule, and as the only thing left for him to do, the poor Frenchman brought his pups around and presented them to the cook of our hospital. Here the little fellows waxed fat and strong, and were soon great favorites, not only of the good-natured cook, but of all the fellows of the ambulance. Perhaps you never saw a pot of horse-soup boiling: if you have, you will never forget the great blotches of fat that float upon the surface of it. Many skimmings of this did John Cook, as we used to call our *chef*, put aside for the pups. In the course of time, however, famine began to invade the ambulance. The canned meat and the hams had long since disappeared; a horse belonging to one of our corps, found overtaken by mysterious death in his stall, had been devoured; but the two pups, fat and tender, no one ventured to attack. And they had the powerful protection of the cook. Still, it made our mouths water to see them gambol in their sleekness. At length came the memorable morning of the last sortie at Montretout. Then for the first time we mounted the cook upon our coffee-pot wagon, with an extra large *brassard* around his arm, allowing him about three times the ordinary amount of linen to show how peacefully and culinarily he was neutral. Poor fellow! I am sorry to say he was soon demoralized that day. The coffee he had brewed was a success, but he could not stand Krupp shells. Long before one of them had exploded under his coffee-pot he had wanted to go home. At that fearful moment he completely lost his head and —his white cap. How he got back to the hospital not even himself ever knew. It was long after nightfall when he wandered in, weary, listless, sorrowful. One of the pups came up to greet him as he crossed the threshold of the kitchen. The *chef* met that welcome with an unfeeling kick, he was so demoralized. The fate of the pup was sealed. Scarce had the cook found his way to a bed in one of the tents when the scullions made for the pup, and had his fat frizzing on the gridiron and his bones dancing in a seething soup-pot. We all had a feast that night. Even the cook himself had a greasy morsel brought to his bedside. But somehow thenceforth the name of that dog was never mentioned, and his brother led a more luxurious, a sleeker life than ever. We had learned, I think, the old moral of being moved by sorrow for the dead to be kinder to the living.

As I have said before, we became very well acquainted with many of the wounded men at our hospital. With some, indeed, we contracted strong friendships. We buried many by subscription, thus rescuing them from the *fosse commune* to which soldiers, French or German, were as a rule consigned within the French lines. Among others was a fair-haired Saxon by the name of Bruno, almost a boy in years, who was brought in from Champigny. He won our hearts from the very first by asking that a suffering Frenchman who lay beside him might have his wounds dressed before his own. He was dangerously and painfully wounded himself, yet no one ever heard him complain. I shall never hear the "Wacht am Rhein" without thinking of him, for he was the first one that I ever heard sing it. He sang it to me one night in return for some old German songs I had tried to cheer him with; that is, he sang some of it: his voice was so feeble that I had to stop him. He seemed to expect death, and was prepared for it. His long, wavy blonde hair and his beardless boy face were always beautiful, but imagine them when his blue eyes were lit up by the sentiment of that song!

The next night, when I came to visit Bruno, a French National Guard was dying not far from him, with wife and family kneeling around the bed. The tent was hushed, and I hesitated a moment at the door. One or two American ladies, volunteer nurses of the ambulance, were grouped near the dying man back of the family. Suddenly, Lisette, an Alsatian nurse who worked devotedly night and day for friend or foe alike, and who in her neat white cap had been standing in a corner wiping her eyes, approached me and said in her broad German French, "*Partonn*, but I will pray for this poor unfortunate." And she dropped on her knees beside the bed and commenced aloud in German a simple, earnest, honest prayer to which the scene and the language gave an effect utterly indescribable. There were few dry eyes in the tent. Soon after that I could tell by the movements about the bed that the poor National Guard was dead. I turned to the bedside of the wounded Saxon, and found his hands clasped upon his breast and his lips muttering a prayer for his enemy.

It was near Christmas then, and to cheer Bruno after the foregoing scene I spoke to him of the merry Christmas-times in the Fatherland. He shook his head mournfully: "Ach Gott! die werd' ich nie wiedersehen" ("I shall never see them again"). The only thing which he seemed very much to regret was that he should not live long enough to get the cross he had won, so that it might be sent to his father at his little village on the Elbe. Well, the next afternoon we were gathered in the same mournful and hushed way about his bedside. The dying Saxon alone broke the silence. There is no way of reproducing in English the wonderful pathos of his speech, mellow even in its faintness. I suppose I ought to say that his mind was wandering, but at the time it did not seem so to me. He spoke first of the green fields approaching his native village, then of the flowers; and then finally he exclaimed, "There gleams the Elbe, and there comes father!—Father!" And in the joy of that meeting, real or imaginary, a smile parting his lips, he died.

We gave the gentle Saxon the poor honor of a separate grave, and as soon after the siege as I could get a letter out I wrote to his father, sending the few little trinkets that had been trusted to my keeping. In the answer and thanks of the lonely old man—for he was now widowed and childless—there was something almost as sad as the death I have been telling you of. He could not hear enough of his son's last days, and our correspondence ceased only when my minutest details had been given.

I have already told you of our last sortie, and really of our last service as a corps. A few days after the loss of our coffee-pot the armistice was declared. Those were sad times. I can't tell you of the despair of that whole city. It makes me dizzy even to remember it. When the people saw that their endurance, suffering, starvation for those long months had been unavailing, there were no bounds to their speech or acts. The two words, "Treason!" and "Bread!" were heard everywhere. Men wept like children. Many actually lay down and died, half starved, half heartbroken. These things will never be written up—they never can be written up. It needed hope with the scant food so many had lived on. The city at the mercy of the conquerors— But there is no use in trying to recall those wild, miserable days. The air was charged with the common despair. I saw the burning of the Tuileries and all the horrors of the Commune, but nothing ever had such an effect upon me as that.

I must, however, before I draw these reminiscences to a close, tell you about Major O'Flynn, of Her Majesty's Indian army. It was he who brought the pumpkin into camp at Châtillon. That he should have risked his life most recklessly in doing it was nothing odd, as you will soon learn. It was only a little droll that he should have taken just that time and place to gratify his curiosity. He had heard Americans talk a great deal about pumpkin-pies, and he wanted to know if they were as good as their reputation; so he took the first chance and the first pumpkin that came in his way. Major Thomas Vincent O'Flynn, of Her Majesty's Indian army, was of course an Irishman. He was tall, tawny, impassive as any Englishman; modest and mild-mannered in camp, and in the field utterly unconscious of bullets or shell. He had married a Hindoo lady, whom we called the Begum. She was just as excitable as he was impassive. He owned a pair of splendid black horses, which he generally drove himself in one of our wagons. Sometimes, however, he rode, as *estafette* or orderly, a splendid sorrel stallion, also his property; and this stallion, "Garryowen" by name, was the pride and delight of our hearts, the pet of our camp. The major had a poodle dog too, distinct from the Begum's. It was generosity rather than effeminacy on his part to have this dog, for he bought it to save its life: the former owners were about to eat it when the major came to the rescue. The dog was white, and our Indian warrior used to spend much time washing it on the eve of a fight. The dog would ride stretched across its master's feet on the front of the wagon; and upon the field, if the major was capable of the sense of fear—which I doubt—it was exercised solely for his horses and dog. When away from these he was always getting to the front. The only provision he made against any possible danger was to fill his pocket with silver five-franc pieces. A man didn't know, he said, when he might be taken prisoner by those "thaves" of Prussians, and he'd better have his money with him till he could get his remittances from across the Channel. He had enough of living upon next to nothing—which was horse-flesh —and he didn't want to live on nothing among the Germans. Those five-franc pieces, however, he always put to the drollest uses. He would find his way in among the artillerymen, and, pointing to a given spot, he would tell them in the worst imaginable French to throw a shell in there: "Ploo haut, ploo haut, mon bong ami: aim at the chimney, the chimney." Then he would step aside, with hands in his pockets, and watch results. If it was a good shot, he would give the gunner a five-franc piece. Thus he would pass along the line until he had exhausted the money with which he had fortified himself against starvation among the Prussians. And this was all for pure love of fighting, for the major saw so much of the French officers' incompetency that he soon had precious little sympathy for their cause.

At the second assault on Bourget, O'Flynn grew tired of waiting for the attack, and, what is more, terribly hungry. "I've lived long enough on horse-mate," exclaimed the major, "especially when I've none of it at all!" So he unhitched one of his black horses from the ambulance-wagon, and, taking a saddle from an orderly, tore off his *brassard* and other ambulance insignia, threw away his cap, so as not to compromise us, and rode bareheaded down to the very frontest of the front. The advance were lying crouched down in the rifle-pits, awaiting the signal to storm the village. Motioning to the amazed soldiery, he cried, still in his horrible French, "Now or never! *Voilà* Bourget! Follow me! See, there's Bourget. Sooivez moi!" All this to the rattle of German musketry. Seeing that he got no response in one place, he rode madly to the other rifle-pits and repeated the invitation, the officers shouting to him as he passed that he was riding into certain death, and conjuring him to save himself. But the major could not or would not understand them. Finally, some officers ran out, and, taking him forcibly from his horse, led him away.

The major often went on commissions from our camp on the Avenue de l'Impératrice down into the city. In those days many of the young French swells, to keep from going into the field, had donned the ambulance uniform and passed their time loafing about the cafés in the Boulevards. This became so great a scandal that Trochu was obliged to issue an order forbidding the uniform to be worn except on active duty. One day, as the major, bound on some errand in the interest of a Frenchman lying wounded in our hospital, was majestically riding his superb stallion Garryowen down the Champs Élysées, his long tawny side-whiskers waving gently in the breeze, his wiry frame erect as a ramrod, the blue regulation-coat buttoned close to his throat with American buttons, the International *brassard* on his arm and the ambulance shield on his cap,—as the major, I say, sailed down in this state, he was hailed by one of the chiefs of the French ambulance, which just then was all powerful in Paris. The major pulled up Garryowen leisurely, and the little Frenchman, who spoke tolerable English, demanded brusquely, "Don't you know General Trochu has forbidden to wear ambulance uniform when off duty? And we want this thing stopped."

The major very deliberately leaned over and caught the little French official by the button of the coat, and in an undertone asked, "And, sure, who are you?"

"I am Mr. So-and-so," mentioning the name of one of the chiefs of the French International corps.

"Oh, ye are, are ye?" rejoined the major, retaining his hold of the little man's button. "Then, Mr. So-and-so, give my compliments—Major O'Flynn's compliments, if ye loike it better—to General Trochu, and tell him, if you plase, that the gentlemen of the American ambulance and meself buy our own clothes and pay for them, ride our own horses and fade them; and when we want or have time to parade aither the one or the other, we will ask permission from the general himself."

Releasing his hold of the Frenchman's button, the major saluted and rode gracefully away upon his errand of mercy. And after this specimen of his politeness none of us was ever interfered with.

I have heard from others that the major and the Begum are still alive and thriving. One day in the times of the Commune I had crept up behind the Arc de Triomphe, during a lull in the fire, to take a look at the Communist batteries at Porte Maillot. Now, the major lived halfway between the Arc and the batteries. Suddenly from my concealment I saw the gateway of his house open, and the major sally forth on Garryowen. He gave merely a glance at the batteries, and slowly rode up toward the Arc. There was not a soul else visible on the highway, and it must have been he who drew the attention of the Versaillais, for their guns opened at once and the shells came spinning around in the neighborhood. Garryowen, the grand, the beautiful, was as accustomed to fire as his rider was: neither was shaken from his equilibrium. With the same easy pace they gradually wound their way up to and around the Arc de Triomphe, and thus calmly down the Champs Élysées. The droll, gallant fellow waved me a graceful good-day as he passed me peeping from behind my hiding-place; and that was my last sight, and a characteristic one, of Major Thomas Vincent O'Flynn, of Her Majesty's Indian army.

RALPH KEELER.

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# THE HUMMING-BIRD.

POISED in a sheeny mist
Of the dust of bloom,
Clasped to the poppy's breast and kissed,
Baptized in pools of violet perfume
From foot to plume!

Zephyr loves thy wings
Above all lovable things,
And brings them gifts with rapturous murmurings:
Thine is the golden reach of blooming hours,
Spirit of flowers!

Music follows thee,
And, continually,
Thy life is changed and sweetened happily,
Having no more than rose-leaf shade of gloom,
O bird of Bloom!

Thou art a wingèd thought
Of tropical hours,
With all the tropic's rare bloom-splendor fraught,
Surcharged with Beauty's indefinable powers,
Angel of flowers!

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

# A PRINCESS OF THULE.

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

## CHAPTER X.

### FAIRY-LAND.

"WELCOME to London—!"

He was about to add "Sheila," but suddenly stopped. The girl, who had hastily come forward to meet him with a glad look in her eyes and with both hands outstretched, doubtless perceived the brief embarrassment of the moment, and was perhaps a little amused by it. But she took no notice of it: she merely advanced to him and caught both his hands, and said, "And are you very well?"

It was the old and familiar salutation, uttered in the same odd, gentle, insinuating fashion, and in the same low and sweet voice. Sheila's stay in Oban and the few days she had already spent in London had not taught her the difference between "very" and "ferry."

"It is so strange to hear you speak in London—Mrs. Lavender," he said, with rather a wry face as he pronounced her full and proper title.

And now it was Sheila's turn to look a bit embarrassed and color, and appear uncertain whether to be vexed or pleased, when her husband himself broke in in his usual impetuous fashion: "I say, Ingram, don't be a fool! Of course you must call her Sheila—unless when there are people here, and then you must please yourself. Why, the poor girl has enough of strange things and names about her already. I don't know how she keeps her head. It would bewilder me, I know; but I can see that, after she has stood at the window for a time, and begun to get dazed by all the wonderful sights and sounds outside, she suddenly withdraws and fixes all her attention on some little domestic duty, just as if she were hanging on to the practical things of life to assure herself it isn't all a dream. Isn't that so, Sheila?" he said, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"You ought not to watch me like that," she said with a smile. "But it is the noise that is most bewildering. There are many places I will know already when I see them, many places and things I have known in pictures; but now the size of them, and the noise of carriages, and the people always passing, and always different, always strangers, so that you never see the same people any more— But I am getting very much accustomed to it."

"You are trying very hard to get accustomed to it, any way, my good girl," said her husband.

"You need not be in a hurry: you may begin to regret some day that you have not a little of that feeling of wonder left," said Ingram. "But you have not told me anything of what you think about London, and of how you like it, and how you like your house, and what you have done with Bras, and a thousand other things."

"I will tell you all that directly, when I have got for you some wine and some biscuits."

"Sheila, you can ring for them," said her husband, but she had by that time departed on her mission. Presently she returned, and waited upon Ingram just as if she had been in her father's house in Borva, with the gentlemen in a hurry to go out to the fishing, and herself the only one who could serve them.

She put a small table close by the French window; she drew back the curtains as far as they would go, to show the sunshine of a bright forenoon in May lighting up the trees in the square and gleaming on the pale and tall fronts of the houses beyond; and she wheeled in three low easy-chairs, so as to front this comparatively cheerful prospect. Somehow or other, it seemed quite natural that Sheila should wheel in those chairs. It was certainly no disrespect on the part of either her husband or her visitor which caused both of them to sit still and give her her own way about such things. Indeed, Lavender had not as yet ever attempted to impress upon Sheila the necessity of cultivating the art of helplessness. That, with other social graces, would perhaps come in good time. She would soon acquire the habits and ways of her friends and acquaintances, without his trying to force upon her a series of affectations, which would only embarrass her and cloud the perfect frankness and spontaneity of her nature. Of one thing he was quite assured—that whatever mistakes Sheila might make in society they would never render her ridiculous. Strangers might not know the absolute sincerity of her every word and act, which gave her a courage that had no fear of criticism, but they could at least see the simple grace and dignity of the girl, and that natural ease of manner which is beyond the reach of cultivation, being mainly the result of a thorough consciousness of honesty. To burden her with rules and regulations of conduct would be to produce the very catastrophes he wished to avoid. Where no attempt is made, failure is impossible; and he was meanwhile well content that Sheila should simply appear as Sheila, even although she might draw in a chair for a guest or so far forget her dignity as to pour out some wine for her husband.

"After all, Sheila," said Lavender, "hadn't I better begin and tell Ingram about your surprise and delight when you came near Oban and saw the tall hotels and the trees? It was the trees, I think, that struck you most, because, you know, those in Lewis—well, to tell the truth—the fact is, the trees of Lewis—as I was saying, the trees of Lewis are not just—they cannot be said to be—"

"You bad boy, to say anything against the Lewis!" exclaimed Sheila; and Ingram held that she was right, and that there were certain sorts of ingratitude more disgraceful than others, and that this was just about the worst.

"Oh, I have brought all the good away from Lewis," said Lavender with a careless impertinence.

"No," said Sheila proudly. "You have not brought away my papa, and there is not any one in this country I have seen as good as he is."

"My dear, your experience of the thirty millions of folks in these islands is quite convincing. I was wholly in the wrong; and if you forgive me we shall celebrate our reconciliation in a cigarette—that is to say, Ingram and I will perform the rites, and you can look on."

So Sheila went away to get the cigarettes also.

"You don't say you smoke in your drawing-room, Lavender?" said Ingram, mindful of the fastidious ways of his friend even when he had bachelor's rooms in King street.

"Don't I, though? I smoke everywhere—all over the place. Don't you see, we have no visitors yet. No one is supposed to know we have come South. Sheila must get all sorts of things before she can be introduced to my friends and my aunt's friends, and the house must be put to rights, too. You wouldn't have her go to see my aunt in that sailor's costume she used to rush about in up in Lewis?"

"That is precisely what I would have," said Ingram: "she cannot look more handsome in any other dress."

"Why, my aunt would fancy I had married a savage: I believe she fears something of the sort now."

"And you haven't told even her that you are in London?"

"No."

"Well, Lavender, that is a precious silly performance. Suppose she hears of your being in town, what will you say to her?"

"I should tell her I wanted a few days to get my wife properly dressed before taking her about."

Ingram shrugged his shoulders: "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps, indeed, it would be better if you waited six months before you introduced Sheila to your friends. At present you seem to be keeping the footlights turned down until everything is ready for the first scene, and then Sheila is to burst upon society in a blaze of light and color. Well, that is harmless enough; but look here! You don't know much about her yet: you will be mainly anxious to hear what the audience, as it were, say of her; and there is just a chance of your adopting their impressions and opinions of Sheila, seeing that you have no very fixed ones of your own. Now, what your social circle may think about her is a difficult thing to decide; and I confess I would rather have seen you remain six months in Lewis before bringing her up here."

Ingram was at least a candid friend. It was not the first nor the hundredth time that Frank Lavender had to endure small lectures, uttered in a slow, deliberate voice, and yet with an indifference of manner which showed that Ingram cared very little how sharply his words struck home. He rarely even apologized for his bluntness. These were his opinions: Lavender could take them or leave them, as he liked. And the younger man, after finding his face flush a bit on being accused of wishing to make a dramatic impression with Sheila's entrance into London society, laughed in an embarrassed way, and said, "It is impossible to be angry with you, Ingram, and yet you do talk so absurdly. I wonder who is likely to know more about the character of a girl than her own husband?"

"You may in time: you don't now," said Ingram, carefully balancing a biscuit on the point of his finger.

"The fact is," said Lavender with good-natured impatience, "you are the most romantic card I know, and there is no pleasing you. You have all sorts of exalted notions about things—about sentiments and duties, and so forth. Well, all that is true enough, and would be right enough if the world were filled with men and women like yourself; but then it isn't, you see, and one has to give in to conventionalities of dress and living and ceremonies, if one wants to retain one's friends. Now, I like to see you going about with that wide-awake—it suits your brown complexion and beard—and that stick that would do for herding sheep; and the costume looks well and is business-like and excellent when you're off for a walk over the Surrey downs or lying on the river-banks about Henley or Cookham; but it isn't, you know, the sort of costume for a stroll in the Park."

"Whenever God withdraws from me my small share of common sense," said Ingram slowly, "so far that I shall begin to think of having my clothes made for the purpose of walking in Hyde Park, well—"

"But don't you see," said Lavender, "that one must meet one's friends, especially when one is married; and when you know that at a certain hour in the forenoon they are all to be found in a particular place, and that a very pleasant place, and that you will do yourself good by having a walk in the fresh air, and so forth, I really don't see anything very immoral in going down for an hour or so to the Park."

"Don't you think the pleasure of seeing one's friends might be postponed till one had done some sort of good day's work?"

"There now!" cried Lavender, "that is another of your delusions. You are always against superstitions, and yet you make work a fetish. You do with work just as women do with duty: they carry about with them a convenient little god, and they are always worshiping it with small sacrifices, and complimenting themselves on a series of little martyrdoms that are of no good to anybody. Of course, duty wouldn't be duty if it wasn't disagreeable, and when they go nursing the sick—and they could get it better done for fifteen shillings a week by somebody else—they don't mind coming back to their families with the seeds of typhus about their gowns; and when they crush the affections in order to worship at the shrine of duty, they don't consider that they may be making martyrs of other folks, who don't want martyrdom and get no sort of pleasure out of it. Now, what in all the world is the good of work as work? I believe that work is an unmistakable evil, but when it is a necessity I suppose you get some sort of selfish satisfaction in overcoming it; and doubtless if there was any immediate necessity in my case—I don't deny the necessity may arise, and that I should like nothing better than to work for Sheila's sake—"

"Now you are coming to the point," said Ingram, who had been listening with his usual patience to his friend's somewhat chaotic speculations. "Perhaps you may have to work for your wife's sake and your own; and I confess I am surprised to see you so content with your present circumstances. If your aunt's property legally reverted to you, if you had any sort of family claim on it, that would make some little difference; but you know that any sudden quarrel between you might leave you penniless to-morrow."

"In which case I should begin to work to-morrow, and I should come to you for my first commission."

"And you shouldn't have it. I would leave you to go and fight the world for yourself; without which a man knows nothing of himself or of his relations with those around him."

"Frank, dear, here are the cigarettes," said Sheila at this point; and as she came and sat down the discussion ceased.

For Sheila began to tell her friend of all the strange adventures that had befallen her since she left the far island of Lewis—how she had seen with fear the great mountains of Skye lit up by the wild glare of a stormy sunrise; how she had seen with astonishment the great fir-woods of Armadale; and how green and beautiful were the shores of the Sound of Mull. And then Oban, with its shining houses, its blue bay and its magnificent trees, all lit up by a fair and still sunshine! She had not imagined there was anywhere in the world so beautiful a place, and could scarcely believe that London itself was more rich and noble and impressive; for there were beautiful ladies walking along the broad pavements, and there were shops with large windows that seemed to contain everything that the mind could desire, and there was a whole fleet of yachts in the bay. But it was the trees, above all, that captivated her; and she asked if they were lords who owned those beautiful houses built up on the hill and half smothered among lilacs and ash trees and rowan trees and ivy.

"My darling," Lavender had said to her, "if your papa were to come and live here, he could buy half a dozen of those cottages, gardens and all. They are mostly the property of well-to-do shopkeepers. If this little place takes your fancy, what will you say when you go South—when you see Wimbledon and Richmond and Kew, with their grand old commons and trees? Why, you could hide Oban in a corner of Richmond Park!"

"And my papa has seen all those places?"

"Yes. Don't you think it strange he should have seen them all, and known he could live in any one of them, and then gone away back to Borva?"

"But what would the poor people have done if he had never gone back?"

"Oh, some one else would have taken his place."

"And then, if he were living here or in London, he might have got tired, and he might have wished to go back to the Lewis and see all the people he knew; and then he would come among them like a stranger, and have no house to go to."

Then Lavender said, quite gently, "Do you think, Sheila, you will ever tire of living in the South?"

The girl looked up quickly, and said, with a sort of surprised questioning in her eyes, "No, not with you. But then we shall often go to the Lewis?"

"Oh yes," her husband said, "as often as we can conveniently. But it will take some time at first, you know, before you get to know all my friends who are to be your friends, and before you get properly fitted into our social circle. That will take you a long time, Sheila, and you may have many annoyances or embarrassments to encounter; but you won't be very much afraid, my girl?"

Sheila merely looked up to him: there was no fear in the frank, brave eyes.

The first large town she saw struck a cold chill to her heart. On a wet and dismal afternoon they sailed into Greenock. A heavy smoke hung about the black building-yards and the dirty quays; the narrow and squalid streets were filled with mud, and only the poorer sections of the population waded through the mire or hung disconsolately about the corners of the thoroughfares. A gloomier picture could not well be conceived; and Sheila, chilled with the long and wet sail and bewildered by the noise and bustle of the harbor, was driven to the hotel with a sore heart and a downcast face.

"This is not like London, Frank?" she said, pretty nearly ready to cry with disappointment.

"This? No. Well, it is like a part of London, certainly, but not the part you will live in."

"But how can we live in the one place without passing the other and being made miserable by it? There was no part of Oban like this."

"Why, you will live miles away from the docks and quays of London. You might live for a lifetime in London without ever knowing it had a harbor. Don't you be afraid, Sheila. You will live in a district where there are far finer houses than any you saw in Oban, and far finer trees; and within a few minutes' walk you will find great gardens and parks, with lakes in them and wild-fowl, and you will be able to teach the boys about how to set the helm and the sails when they are launching their small boats."

"I should like that," said Sheila, with her face brightening.

"Perhaps you would like a boat yourself?"

"Yes," she said frankly. "If there were not many people there, we might go out sometimes in the evening—"

Her husband laughed and took her hand: "You don't understand, Sheila. The boats the boys have are little things a foot or two long—like the one in your papa's bed-room in Borva. But many of the boys would be greatly obliged to you if you would teach them how to manage the sails properly, for sometimes dreadful shipwrecks occur."

"You must bring them to our house. I am very fond of little boys, when they begin to forget to be shy, and let you become acquainted with them."

"Well," said Lavender, "I don't know many of the boys who sail boats in the Serpentine: you will have to make their acquaintance yourself. But I know one boy whom I must bring to the house. He is a German-Jew boy, who is going to be another Mendelssohn, his friends say. He is a pretty boy, with ruddy-brown hair, big black eyes and a fine forehead; and he really sings and plays delightfully. But you know, Sheila, you must not treat him as a boy, for he is over fourteen, I should think; and if you were to kiss him—"

"He might be angry," said Sheila with perfect simplicity.

"I might," said Lavender; and then, noticing that she seemed a little surprised, he merely patted her head and bade her go and get ready for dinner.

Then came the great climax of Sheila's southward journey—her arrival in London. She was all anxiety to see her future home; and, as luck would have it, there was a fair spring morning shining over the city. For a couple of hours before she had sat and looked out of the carriage-window as the train whirled rapidly through the scarcely-awakened country, and she had seen the soft and beautiful landscapes of the South lit up by the early sunlight. How the bright little villages shone, with here and there a gilt weathercock glittering on the spire of some small gray church, while as yet in many valleys a pale gray mist lay along the bed of the level streams or clung to the dense woods on the upland heights! Which was the more beautiful —the sharp, clear picture, with its brilliant colors and its awakening life, or the more mystic landscape over which was still drawn the tender veil of the morning haze? She could not tell. She only knew that England, as she then saw it, seemed a great country that was very beautiful, that had few inhabitants, and that was still and sleepy, and bathed in sunshine. How happy must the people be who lived in those quiet green valleys by the side of slow and smooth

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rivers, and amid great woods and avenues of stately trees, the like of which she had not imagined even in her dreams!

But from the moment that they got out at Euston Square she seemed a trifle bewildered, and could only do implicitly as her husband bade her—clinging to his hand, for the most part, as if to make sure of guidance. She did indeed glance somewhat nervously at the hansom into which Lavender put her, apparently asking how such a tall and narrow two-wheeled vehicle could be prevented toppling over. But when he, having sent on all their luggage by a respectable old four-wheeler, got into the hansom beside her, and put his hand inside her arm, and bade her be of good cheer that she should have such a pleasant morning to welcome her to London, she said "Yes" mechanically, and only looked out in a wistful fashion at the great houses and trees of Euston Square, the mighty and roaring stream of omnibuses, the droves of strangers, mostly clad in black, as if they were going to church, and the pale blue smoke that seemed to mix with the sunshine and make it cold and distant.

They were in no hurry, these two, on that still morning, and so, to impress Sheila all at once with a sense of the greatness and grandeur of London, he made the cabman cut down by Park Crescent and Portland Place to Regent Circus. Then they went along Oxford street; and there were crowded omnibuses taking young men into the city, while all the pavements were busy with hurrying passers-by. What multitudes of unknown faces, unknown to her and unknown to each other! These people did not speak: they only hurried on, each intent upon his own affairs, caring nothing, apparently, for the din around them, and looking so strange and sad in their black clothes in the pale and misty sunlight.

"You are in a trance, Sheila," he said.

She did not answer. Surely she had wandered into some magical city, for now the houses on one side of the way suddenly ceased, and she saw before her a great and undulating extent of green, with a border of beautiful flowers, and with groups of trees that met the sky all along the southern horizon. Did the green and beautiful country she had seen shoot in thus into the heart of the town, or was there another city far away on the other side of the trees? The place was almost as deserted as those still valleys she had passed by in the morning. Here, in the street, there was the roar of a passing crowd, but there was a long and almost deserted stretch of park, with winding roads and umbrageous trees, on which the wan sunlight fell from between loose masses of half-golden cloud.

Then they passed Kensington Gardens, and there were more people walking down the broad highways between the elms.

"You are getting nearly home now, Sheila," he said. "And you will be able to come and walk in these avenues whenever you please."

Was this, then, her home?—this section of a barrack-row of dwellings, all alike in steps, pillars, doors and windows? When she got inside the servant who had opened the door bobbed a curtsey to her: should she shake hands with her and say, "And are you ferry well?" But at this moment Lavender came running up the steps, playfully hurried her into the house and up the stairs, and led her into her own drawing-room. "Well, darling, what do you think of your home, now that you see it?"

Sheila looked round timidly. It was not a big room, but it was a palace in height and grandeur and color compared with that little museum in Borva in which Sheila's piano stood. It was all so strange and beautiful—the split pomegranates and quaint leaves on the upper part of the walls, and underneath a dull slate color where the pictures hung; the curious painting on the frames of the mirrors; the brilliant curtains, with their stiff and formal patterns. It was not very much like a home as yet; it was more like a picture that had been carefully planned and executed; but she knew how he had thought of pleasing her in choosing these things, and without saying a word she took his hand and kissed it. And then she went to one of the three tall French windows and looked out on the square. There, between the trees, was a space of beautiful soft green, and some children dressed in bright dresses, and attended by a governess in sober black, had just begun to play croquet. An elderly lady with a small white dog was walking along one of the graveled paths. An old man was pruning some bushes.

"It is very still and quiet here," said Sheila. "I was afraid we should have to live in that terrible noise always."

"I hope you won't find it dull, my darling," he said.

"Dull, when you are here?"

"But I cannot always be here, you know?"

She looked up.

"You see, a man is so much in the way if he is dawdling about a house all day long. You would begin to regard me as a nuisance, Sheila, and would be for sending me out to play croquet with those young Carruthers, merely that you might get the rooms dusted. Besides, you know I couldn't work here: I must have a studio of some sort—in the neighborhood, of course. And then you will give me your orders in the morning as to when I am to come round for luncheon or dinner."

"And you will be alone all day at your work?"

"Yes."

"Then I will come and sit with you, my poor boy," she said.

"Much work I should do in that case!" he said. "But we'll see. In the mean time go up stairs and get your things off: that young person below has breakfast ready, I dare say."

"But you have not shown me yet where Mr. Ingram lives," said Sheila before she went to the door.

"Oh, that is miles away. You have only seen a little bit of London yet. Ingram lives about as far away from here as the distance you have just come, but in another direction."

"It is like a world made of houses," said Sheila, "and all filled with strangers. But you will take me to see Mr. Ingram?"

"By and by, yes. But he is sure to drop in on you as soon as he fancies you are settled in your new home."

And here, at last, was Mr. Ingram come; and the mere sound of his voice seemed to carry her back to Borva, so that in talking to him and waiting on him as of old she would scarcely have been surprised if her father had walked in to say that a coaster was making for the harbor, or that Duncan was going over to Stornoway, and Sheila would have to give him commissions. Her husband did not take the same interest in the social and political affairs of Borva that Mr. Ingram did. Lavender had made a pretence of assisting Sheila in her work among the poor people, but the effort was a hopeless failure. He could not remember the name of the family that wanted a new boat, and was visibly impatient when Sheila would sit down to write out for some aged crone a letter to her grandson in Canada. Now, Ingram, for the mere sake of occupation, had qualified himself during his various visits to Lewis, so that he might have become the home minister of the King of Borva; and Sheila was glad to have one attentive listener as she described all the wonderful things that had happened in the island since the previous summer.

But Ingram had got a full and complete holiday on which to come up and see Sheila; and he had brought with him the wild and startling proposal that in order that she should take her first plunge into the pleasures of civilized life, her husband and herself should drive down to Richmond and dine at the Star and Garter.

"What is that?" said Sheila.

"My dear girl," said her husband seriously, "your ignorance is something fearful to contemplate. It is quite bewildering. How can a person who does not know what the Star and Garter is be told what the Star and Garter is?"

"But I am willing to go and see," said Sheila.

"Then I must look after getting a brougham," said Lavender, rising.

"A brougham on such a day as this?" exclaimed Ingram. "Nonsense! Get an open trap of some sort; and Sheila, just to please me, will put on that very blue dress she used to wear in Borva, and the hat and the white feather, if she has got them."

"Perhaps you would like me to put on a sealskin cap and a red handkerchief instead of a collar," observed Lavender calmly.

"You may do as you please. Sheila and I are going to dine at the Star and Garter."

"May I put on that blue dress?" said the girl, going up to her husband.

"Yes, of course, if you like," said Lavender meekly, going off to order the carriage, and wondering by what route he could drive those two maniacs down to Richmond so that none of his friends should see them.

When he came back again, bringing with him a landau which could be shut up for the homeward journey at night, he had to confess that no costume seemed to suit Sheila so well as the rough sailor-dress; and he was so pleased with her appearance that he consented at once to let Bras go with them in the carriage, on condition that Sheila should be responsible for him. Indeed, after the first shiver of driving away from the square was over, he forgot that there was much unusual about the look of this odd pleasure-party. If you had told him eighteen months before that on a bright day in May, just as people were going home from the Park for luncheon, he would go for a drive in a hired trap with one horse, his companions being a man with a brown wide-awake, a girl dressed as though she were the owner of a yacht, and an immense deerhound, and that in this fashion he would dare to drive up to the Star and Garter and order dinner, he would have bet five hundred to one that such a thing would never occur so long as he preserved his senses. But somehow he did not mind much. He was very much at home with those two people beside him; the day was bright and fresh; the horse went a good pace; and once they were over Hammersmith Bridge and out among fields and trees, the country looked exceedingly pretty, and all the beauty of it was mirrored in Sheila's eyes.

"I can't quite make you out in that dress, Sheila," he said. "I am not sure whether it is real and business-like or a theatrical costume. I have seen girls on Ryde Pier with something of the same sort on, only a good deal more pronounced, you know, and they looked like sham yachtsmen; and I have seen stewardesses wearing that color and texture of cloth—"

"But why not leave it as it is," said Ingram—"a solitary costume produced by certain conditions of climate and duties, acting in conjunction with a natural taste for harmonious coloring and simple form? That dress, I will maintain, sprang as naturally from the salt sea as Aphrodite did; and the man who suspects artifice in it or invention has had his mind perverted by the skepticism of modern society."

"Is my dress so very wonderful?" said Sheila with a grave complaisance. "I am pleased that the Lewis has produced such a fine thing, and perhaps you would like me to tell you its history. It was my papa bought a piece of blue serge in Stornoway: it cost three shillings sixpence a yard, and a dressmaker in Stornoway cut it for me, and I made it myself. That is all the history of the wonderful dress."

Suddenly Sheila seized her husband's arm. They had got down to the river by Mortlake; and there, on the broad bosom of the stream, a long and slender boat was shooting by, pulled by four oarsmen clad in white flannel.

"How can they go out in such a boat?" said Sheila, with a great alarm visible in her eyes. "It is scarcely a boat at all; and if they touch a rock or if the wind catches them—"

"Don't be frightened, Sheila," said her husband. "They are quite safe. There are no rocks in our rivers, and the wind does not give us squalls here like those on Loch Roag. You will see hundreds of those boats by and by, and perhaps you yourself will go out in one."

"Oh, never, never!" she said, almost with a shudder.

"Why, if the people here heard you they would not know how brave a sailor you are. You are not afraid to go out at night by yourself on the sea, and you won't go on a smooth inland river—"

"But those boats: if you touch them they must go over."

She seemed glad to get away from the river. She could not be persuaded of the safety of the slender craft of the Thames; and indeed for some time after seemed so strangely depressed that Lavender begged and prayed of her to tell him what was the matter. It was simple enough. She had heard him speak of his boating adventures. Was it in such boats as that she had just seen? and might he not be some day going out in one of them, and an accident—the breaking of an oar, a gust of wind—

There was nothing for it but to reassure her by a solemn promise that in no circumstances whatever would he, Lavender, go into a boat without her express permission; whereupon Sheila was as grateful to him as though he had dowered her with a kingdom.

This was not the Richmond Hill of her fancy—this spacious height, with its great mansions, its magnificent elms, and its view of all the westward and wooded country, with the blue-white streak of the river winding through the green foliage. Where was the farm? The famous Lass of Richmond Hill must have lived on a farm, but here surely were the houses of great lords and nobles, which had apparently been there for years and years. And was this really a hotel that they stopped at—this great building that she could only compare to Stornoway Castle?

"Now, Sheila," said Lavender after they had ordered dinner and gone out, "mind you keep a tight hold on that leash, for Bras will see strange things in the Park."

"It is I who will see strange things," she said; and the prophecy was amply fulfilled. For as they went along the broad path, and came better into view of the splendid undulations of woodland and pasture and fern, when on the one hand they saw the Thames, far below them, flowing through the green and spacious valley, and on the other hand caught some dusky glimpse of the far white houses of London, it seemed to her that she had got into a new world, and that this world was far more beautiful than the great city she had left. She did not care so much for the famous view from the hill. She had cast one quick look to the horizon, with one throb of expectation that the sea might be there. There was no sea there—only the faint blue of long lines of country apparently without limit. Moreover, over the western landscape a faint haze prevailed, that increased in the distance and softened down the more distant woods into a sober gray. That great extent of wooded plain, lying sleepily in its pale mists, was not so cheerful as the scene around her, where the sunlight was sharp and clear, the air fresh, the trees flooded with a pure and bright color. Here, indeed, was a cheerful and beautiful world, and she was full of curiosity to know all about it and its strange features. What was the name of this tree? and how did it differ from that? Were not these rabbits over by the fence? and did rabbits live in the midst of trees and bushes? What sort of wood was the fence made of? and was it not terribly expensive to have such a protection? Could not he tell the cost of a wooden fence? Why did they not use wire netting? Was not that a loch away down there? and what was its name? A loch without a name! Did the salmon come up to it? and did any sea-birds ever come inland and build their nests on its margin?

"Oh, Bras, you must come and look at the loch. It is a long time since you will see a loch."

And away she went through the thick breckan, holding on to the swaying leash that held the galloping greyhound, and running swiftly as though she had been making down for the shore to get out the Maighdean-mhara.

"Sheila," called her husband, "don't be foolish!"

"Sheila," called Ingram, "have pity on an old man!"

Suddenly she stopped. A brace of partridges had sprung up at some little distance, and with a wild whirr of their wings were now directing their low and rapid flight toward the bottom of the valley.

"What birds are those?" she said peremptorily.

She took no notice of the fact that her companions were pretty nearly too blown to speak. There was a brisk life and color in her face, and all her attention was absorbed in watching the flight of the birds. Lavender fancied he saw in the fixed and keen look something of old Mackenzie's gray eye: it was the first trace of a likeness to her father he had seen.

"You bad girl!" he said, "they are partridges."

She paid no heed to this reproach, for what were those other things over there underneath the trees? Bras had pricked up his ears, and there was a strange excitement in his look and in his trembling frame.

"Deer!" she cried, with her eyes as fixed as were those of the dog beside her.

"Well," said her husband calmly, "what although they are deer?"

"But Bras—" she said; and with that she caught the leash with both her hands.

"Bras won't mind them if you keep him quiet. I suppose you can manage him better than I can. I wish we had brought a whip."

"I would rather let him kill every deer in the Park than touch him with a whip," said Sheila proudly.

"You fearful creature, you don't know what you say. That is high treason. If George Ranger heard you, he would have you hanged in front of the Star and Garter."

"Who is George Ranger?" said Sheila with an air, as if she had said, "Do you know that I am the daughter of the King of Borva, and whoever touches me will have to answer to my papa, who is not afraid of any George Ranger?"

"He is a great lord who hangs all persons who disturb the deer in this Park.'

"But why do they not go away?" said Sheila impatiently. "I have never seen any deer so stupid. It is their own fault if they are disturbed: why do they remain so near to people and to houses?"

"My dear child, if Bras wasn't here you would probably find some of those deer coming up to see if you had any bits of sugar or pieces of bread about your pockets."

"Then they are like sheep—they are not like deer," she said with some contempt. "If I could only tell Bras that it is sheep he will be looking at, he would not look any more. And so small they are! They are as small as the roe, but they have horns as big as many of the red-deer. Do people eat them?"

"I suppose so."

"And what will they cost?"

"I am sure I can't tell you."

"Are they as good as the roe or the big deer?"

"I don't know that, either. I don't think I ever ate fallow-deer. But you know they are not kept here for that purpose. A great many gentlemen in this country keep a lot of them in their parks merely to look pretty. They cost a great deal more than they produce."

"They must eat up a great deal of fine grass," said Sheila almost sorrowfully. "It is a beautiful ground for sheep—no rushes, no peat-moss, only fine, good grass and dry land. I should like my papa to see all this beautiful ground."

"I fancy he has seen it."

"Was my papa here?"

"I think he said so."

"And did he see those deer?"

"Doubtless."

"He never told me of them."

By this time they had pretty nearly got down to the little lake, and Bras had been alternately coaxed and threatened into a quiescent mood. Sheila evidently expected to hear a flapping of sea-fowls' wings when they got near the margin, and looked all around for the first sudden dart from the banks. But a dead silence prevailed, and as there were neither fish nor birds to watch, she went along to a wooden bench and sat down there, one of her companions on each hand. It was a pretty scene that lay before her—the small stretch of water ruffled with the wind, but showing a dash of blue sky here and there, the trees in the enclosure beyond clad in their summer foliage, the smooth green sward shining in the afternoon sunlight. Here, at least, was absolute quiet after the roar of London; and it was somewhat wistfully that she asked her husband how far this place was from her home, and whether, when he was at work, she could not come down here by herself.

"Certainly," he said, never dreaming that she would think of doing such a thing.

By and by they returned to the hotel, and while they sat at dinner a great fire of sunset spread over the west, and the far woods became of a rich purple, streaked here and there with lines of pale white mist. The river caught the glow of the crimson clouds above, and shone duskily red amid the dark green of the trees. Deeper and deeper grew the color of the sun as it sank to the horizon, until it disappeared behind one low bar of purple cloud, and then the wild glow in the west slowly faded away, the river became pallid and indistinct, the white mists over the distant woods seemed to grow denser, and then, as here and there a lamp was lit far down in the valley, one or two pale stars appeared in the sky overhead, and the night came on apace.

"It is so strange," Sheila said, "to find the darkness coming on and not to hear the sound of the waves. I wonder if it is a fine night at Borva?"

Her husband went over to her and led her back to the table, where the candles, shining over the white cloth and the colored glasses, offered a more cheerful picture than the deepening landscape outside. They were in a private room, so that, when dinner was over, Sheila was allowed to amuse herself with the fruit, while her two companions lit their cigars. Where was the quaint old piano now, and the glass of hot whisky and water, and the "Lament of Monaltrie" or "Love in thine eyes for ever plays"? It seemed, but for the greatness of the room, to be a repetition of one of those evenings at Borva that now belonged to a far-off past. Here was Sheila, not minding the smoke, listening to Ingram as of old, and sometimes saying something in that sweetly inflected speech of hers; here was Ingram, talking, as it were, out of a brown study, and morosely objecting to pretty nearly everything Lavender said, but always ready to prove Sheila right; and Lavender himself, as unlike a married man as ever, talking impatiently, impetuously and wildly, except at such times as he said something to his young wife, and then some brief smile and look or some pat on the hand said more than words. But where, Sheila may have thought, was the one wanting to complete the group? Has he gone down to Borvabost to see about the cargoes of fish to be sent off in the morning? Perhaps he is talking to Duncan outside about the cleaning of the guns or making up cartridges in the kitchen. When Sheila's attention wandered away from the talk of her companions she could not help listening for the sound of the waves; and as there was no such message coming to her from the great wooded plain without, her fancy took her away across that mighty country she had traveled through, and carried her up to the island of Loch Roag, until she almost fancied she could smell the peat-smoke in the night-air, and listen to the sea, and hear her father pacing up and down the gravel outside the house, perhaps thinking of her as she was thinking of him.

This little excursion to Richmond was long remembered by those three. It was the last of their meetings before Sheila was ushered into the big world to busy herself with new occupations and cares. It was a pleasant little journey throughout, for as they got into the landau to drive back to town the moon was shining high up in the southern heavens, and the air was mild and fresh, so that they had the carriage opened, and Sheila, well wrapped up, lay and looked around her with a strange wonder and joy as they drove underneath the shadow of the trees and out again into the clear sheen of the night. They saw the river, too, flowing smoothly and palely down between its dark banks; and somehow here the silence checked them, and they hummed no more those duets they used to sing up at Borva. Of what were they thinking, then, as they drove through the clear night along the lonely road? Lavender, at least, was rejoicing at his great good fortune that he had secured for ever to himself the true-hearted girl who now sat opposite him, with the moonlight touching her face and hair; and he was laughing to himself at the notion that he did not properly appreciate her or understand her or perceive her real character. If not he, who then? Had he not watched every turn of her disposition, every expression of her wishes, every grace of her manner and look of her eyes? and was he not overjoyed to find that the more he knew of her the more he loved her? Marriage had increased rather than diminished the mystery and wonder he had woven about her. He was more her lover now than he had been before his marriage. Who could see in her eyes what he saw? Elderly folks can look at a girl's eyes, and see that they are brown or blue or green, as the case may be; but the lover looks at them and sees in them the magic mirror of a hundred possible worlds. How can he fathom the sea of dreams that lies there, or tell what strange fancies and reminiscences may be involved in an absent look? Is she thinking of starlit nights on some distant lake, or of the old bygone days on the hills? All her former life is told there, and yet but half told, and he longs to become possessed of all the beautiful past that she has seen. Here is a constant mystery to him, and there is a singular and wistful attraction for him in those still deeps where the thoughts and dreams of an innocent soul lie but half revealed. He does not see those things in the eyes of women he is not in love with; but when in after years he is carelessly regarding this or the other woman, some chance look, some brief and sudden turn of expression, will recall to him, as with a stroke of lightning, all the old wondertime, and his heart will go nigh to breaking to think that he has grown old, that he has forgotten so much, and that the fair, wild days of romance and longing are passed away for ever.

"Ingram thinks I don't understand you yet, Sheila," he said to her after they had got home and their friend had gone.

Sheila only laughed, and said, "I don't understand myself sometimes."

"Eh? What?" he cried. "Do you mean to say that I have married a conundrum? If I have, I don't mean to give you up, any way; so you may go and get me a biscuit and a drop of the whisky we brought from the North with us."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FIRST PLUNGE.

Frank Lavender was a good deal more concerned than he chose to show about the effect that Sheila was likely to produce on his aunt; and when at length the day arrived on which the young folks were to go down to Kensington Gore, he had inwardly to confess that Sheila seemed a great deal less perturbed than himself. Her perfect calmness and self-possession surprised him. The manner in which she had dressed herself, with certain modifications which he could not help approving, according to the fashion of the time, seemed to him a miracle of dexterity; and how had she acquired the art of looking at ease in this attire, which was much more cumbrous than that she had usually worn in Borva?

If Lavender had but known the truth, he would have begun to believe something of what Ingram had vaguely hinted. This poor girl was looking toward her visit to Kensington Gore as the most painful trial of her life. While she was outwardly calm and firm, and even cheerful, her heart sank within her as she thought of the dreaded interview. Those garments which she wore with such an appearance of ease and comfort had been the result of many an hour of anxiety, for how was she to tell, from her husband's raillery, what colors the terrible old lady in Kensington would probably like? He did not know that every word he said in joke about his aunt's temper, her peevish ways, the awful consequences of offending her, and so forth, were like so many needles stuck into the girl's heart, until she was ready to cry out to be released from this fearful ordeal. Moreover, as the day came near what he could not see in her she saw in him. Was she likely to be reassured when she perceived that her husband, in spite of all his fun, was really anxious, and when she knew that some blunder on her part might ruin him? In fact, if he had suspected for a moment that she was really trembling to think of what might happen, he might have made some effort to give her courage. But apparently Sheila was as cool and collected as if she had been going to see John the Piper. He believed she could have gone to be presented to the queen without a single tremor of the heart.

Still, he was a man, and therefore bound to assume an air of patronage. "She won't eat you, really," he said to Sheila as they were driving in a hansom down Kensington Palace Gardens. "All you have got to do is to believe in her theories of food. She won't make you a martyr to them. She measures every half ounce of what she eats, but she won't starve you; and I am glad to think, Sheila, that you have brought a remarkably good and sensible appetite with you from the Lewis. Oh, by the way, take care you say nothing against Marcus Aurelius."

"I don't know who he was, dear," observed Sheila meekly.

"He was a Roman emperor and a philosopher. I suppose it was because he was an emperor that he found it easy to be a philosopher. However, my aunt is nuts on Marcus Aurelius: I beg your pardon, you don't know the phrase. My aunt makes Marcus Aurelius her Bible, and she is sure to read you bits from him, which you must believe, you know."

"I will try," said Sheila doubtfully, "but if—"

"Oh, it has nothing to do with religion. I don't think anybody knows what Marcus Aurelius means, so you may as well believe it. Ingram swears by him, but he is always full of odd crotchets."

"Does Mr. Ingram believe in Marcus Aurelius?" said Sheila with some accession of interest.

"Why, he gave my aunt the book years ago—confound him!—and ever since she has been a nuisance to her friends. For my own part, you know, I don't believe that Marcus Aurelius was quite such an ass as Plato. He talks the same sort of perpetual commonplaces, but it isn't about the True and the Good and the Beautiful. Would you like me to repeat to you one of the Dialogues of Plato—about the immortality of Mr. Cole and the moral effect of the South Kensington Museum?"

"No, dear, I shouldn't," said Sheila.

"You deprive yourself of a treat, but never mind. Here we are at my aunt's house."

Sheila timidly glanced at the place while her husband paid the cabman. It was a tall, narrow, dingy-looking house of dark brick, with some black-green ivy at the foot of the walls, and with crimson curtains formally arranged in every one of the windows. If Mrs. Lavender was a rich old lady, why did she live in such a gloomy building? Sheila had seen beautiful white houses in all parts of London: her own house, for example, was ever so much more cheerful than this one; and yet she had heard with awe of the value of this depressing little mansion in Kensington Gore.

The door was opened by a man, who showed them up stairs and announced their names. Sheila's heart beat quickly. She entered the drawing-room with a sort of mist before her eyes, and found herself going forward to a lady who sat at the farther end. She had a strangely vivid impression, amid all her alarm, that this old lady looked like the withered kernel of a nut. Or was she not like a cockatoo? It was through no anticipation of dislike to Mrs. Lavender that the imagination of the girl got hold of that notion. But the little old lady held her head like a cockatoo. She had the hard, staring, observant and unimpressionable eyes of a cockatoo. What was there, moreover, about the decorations of her head that reminded one of a cockatoo when it puts up its crest and causes its feathers to look like sticks of celery?

"Aunt Caroline, this is my wife."

"I am glad to see you, dear," said the old lady, giving her hand, but not rising. "Sit down. When you are a little nervous you ought to sit down. Frank, give me that ammonia from the mantelpiece."

It was a small glass phial, and labeled "Poison." She smelt the stopper, and then handed it to Sheila, telling her to do the same.

"Why did your maid do your hair in such a way?" she asked suddenly.

"I haven't got a maid," said Sheila, "and I always do my hair so."

"Don't be offended. I like it. But you must not make a fool of yourself. Your hair is too much that of a country beauty going to a ball. Paterson will show you how to do your hair."

"Oh, I say, aunt," cried Lavender with a fine show of carelessness, "you mustn't go and spoil her hair. I think it is very pretty as it is, and that woman of yours would simply go and make a mop of it. You'd think the girls nowadays dressed their hair by shoving their head into a furze bush and giving it a couple of turns."

She paid no heed to him, but turned to Sheila and said, "You are an only child?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave your father?"

The question was rather a cruel one, and it stung Sheila into answering bravely, "Because my husband wished me."

"Oh. You think your husband is to be the first law of your life?"

"Yes, I do."

"Even when he is only silly Frank Lavender?"

Sheila rose. There was a quivering of her lips, but no weakness in the proud, indignant look of her eyes: "What you may say of me, that I do not care. But I will not remain to hear my husband insulted."

"Sheila," said Lavender, vexed and anxious, and yet pleased at the same time by the courage of the girl—"Sheila, it is only a joke. You must not mind: it is only a bit of fun."

"I do not understand such jests," she said calmly.

"Sit down, like a good girl," said the old lady with an air of absolute indifference. "I did not mean to offend you. Sit down and be quiet. You will destroy your nervous system if you give way to such impulses. I think you are healthy. I like the look of you, but you will never reach a good age, as I hope to do, except by moderating your passions. That is well: now take the ammonia again, and give it to me. You don't wish to die young, I suppose?"

"I am not afraid of dying," said Sheila.

"Ring the bell, Frank."

He did so, and a tall, spare, grave-faced woman appeared.

"Paterson, you must put luncheon on to two-ten. I ordered it at one-fifty, did I not?"

"Yes, m'm."

"See that it is served at two-ten, and take this young lady and get her hair properly done. You understand? My nephew and I will wait luncheon for her."

"Yes, m'm."

Sheila rose with a great swelling in her throat. All her courage had ebbed away. She had reflected how pained her husband would be if she did not please this old lady; and she was now prepared to do anything she was told, to receive meekly any remarks that might be made to her, to be quite obedient and gentle and submissive. But what was this tall and terrible woman going to do to her? Did she really mean to cut away those great masses of hair to which

Mrs. Lavender had objected? Sheila would have let her hair be cut willingly for her husband's sake; but as she went to the door some wild and despairing notions came into her head of what her husband might think of her when once she was shorn of this beautiful personal feature. Would he look at her with surprise—perhaps even with disappointment?

"Mind you don't keep luncheon late," he said to her as she passed him.

She but indistinctly heard him, so great was the trembling within her. Her father would scarcely know his altered Sheila when she went back to Borva; and what would Mairi say—Mairi who had many a time helped her to arrange those long tresses, and who was as proud of them as if they were her own? She followed Mrs. Lavender's tall maid up stairs. She entered a small dressing-room and glanced nervously round. Then she suddenly turned, looked for a moment at the woman, and said, with tears rushing up into her eyes, "Does Mrs. Lavender wish me to cut my hair?"

The woman regarded her with astonishment: "Cut, miss?—ma'am. I beg your pardon. No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose it is only some difference in the arrangement, ma'am. Mrs. Lavender is very particular about the hair, and she has asked me to show several ladies how to dress their hair in the way she likes. But perhaps you would prefer letting it remain as it is, ma'am?"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Sheila. "I should like to have it just as Mrs. Lavender wishes—in every way just as she wishes. Only, it will not be necessary to cut any?"

"Oh no, miss—ma'am; and it would be a great pity, if I may say so, to cut *your* hair."

Sheila was pleased to hear that. Here was a woman who had a large experience in such matters among those very ladies of her husband's social circle whom she had been a little afraid to meet. Mrs. Paterson seemed to admire her hair as much as the simple Mairi had done; and Sheila soon began to have less fear of this terrible tiring-woman, who forthwith proceeded with her task.

The young wife went down stairs with a tower upon her head. She was very uncomfortable. She had seen, it is true, that this method of dressing the hair really became her—or rather would become her in certain circumstances. It was grand, imposing, statuesque, but then she did not feel statuesque just at this moment. She could have dressed herself to suit this style of hair; she could have worn it with confidence if she had got it up herself; but here she was the victim of an experiment. She felt like a school-girl about for the first time to appear in public in a long dress, and she was terribly afraid her husband would laugh at her. If he had any such inclination, he courteously suppressed it. He said the massive simplicity of this dressing of the hair suited her admirably. Mrs. Lavender said that Paterson was an invaluable woman; and then they went down to the dining-room on the ground floor, where luncheon had been laid.

The man who had opened the door waited on the two strangers: the invaluable Paterson acted as a sort of henchwoman to her mistress, standing by her chair and supplying her wants. She also had the management of a small pair of silver scales, in which pretty nearly everything that Mrs. Lavender took in the way of solid food was carefully and accurately weighed. The conversation was chiefly alimentary, and Sheila listened with a growing wonder to the description of the devices by which the ladies of Mrs. Lavender's acquaintance were wont to cheat fatigue or win an appetite or preserve their color. When by accident the girl herself was appealed to, she had to confess to an astonishing ignorance of all such resources. She knew nothing of the relative strengths and effects of wines, though she was frankly ready to make any experiment her husband recommended. She knew what camphor was, but had never heard of bismuth. On cross-examination she had to admit that eau-de-cologne did not seem to her likely to be a pleasant liquor before going to a ball. Did she not know the effect on brown hair of washing it in soda-water every night? She was equably confessing her ignorance on all such points, when she was startled by a sudden question from Mrs. Lavender. Did she know what she was doing?

She looked at her plate: there was on it a piece of cheese to which she had thoughtlessly helped herself. Somebody had called it Roquefort—that was all she knew.

"You have as much there, child, as would kill a ploughman; and I suppose you would not have had the sense to leave it."

"Is it poison?" said Sheila, regarding her plate with horror.

"All cheese is. Paterson, my scales."

She had Sheila's plate brought to her, and the proper modicum of cheese cut, weighed and sent back.

"Remember, whatever house you are at, never to have more Roquefort than that."

"It would be simpler to do without it," said Sheila.

"It would be simple enough to do without a great many things," said Mrs. Lavender severely. "But the wisdom of living is to enjoy as many different things as possible, so long as you do so in moderation and preserve your health. You are young—you don't think of such things. You think, because you have good teeth and a clear complexion, you can eat anything. But that won't last. A time will come. Do you not know what the great emperor Marcus Antoninus says?—'In a little while thou wilt be nobody and nowhere, like Hadrianus and Augustus.'"

"Yes," said Sheila.

She had not enjoyed her luncheon much — she would rather have had a ham sandwich and a glass of spring water on the side of a Highland hill than this varied and fastidious repast accompanied by a good deal of physiology—but it was too bad that, having successfully got through it, she should be threatened with annihilation immediately afterward. It was no sort of consolation to her to know that she would be in the same plight with two emperors.

"Frank, you can go and smoke a cigar in the conservatory if you please. Your wife will come up stairs with me and have a talk."

Sheila would much rather have gone into the conservatory also, but she obediently followed Mrs. Lavender up stairs and into the drawing-room. It was rather a melancholy chamber, the curtains shutting out most of the daylight, and leaving you in a semi-darkness that made the place look big and vague and spectral. The little, shriveled woman, with the hard and staring eyes and silver-gray hair, bade Sheila sit down beside her. She herself sat by a small table, on which there were a tiny pair of scales, a bottle of ammonia, a fan, and a book bound in an old-fashioned binding of scarlet morocco and gold. Sheila wished this old woman would not look at her so. She wished there was a window open or a glint of sunlight coming in somewhere. But she was glad that her husband was enjoying himself in the conservatory; and that for two reasons. One of them was, that she did not like the tone of his talk while he and his aunt had been conversing together about cosmetics and such matters. Not only did he betray a marvelous acquaintance with such things, but he seemed to take an odd sort of pleasure in exhibiting his knowledge. He talked about the tricks of fashionable women in a mocking way that Sheila did not quite like; and of course she naturally threw the blame on Mrs. Lavender. It was only when this old lady exerted a godless influence over him that her good boy talked in such a fashion. There was nothing of that about him up in Lewis, nor yet at home in a certain snug little smoking-room which these two had come to consider the most comfortable corner in the house. Sheila began to hate women who used lip-salve, and silently recorded a vow that never, never, never would she wear anybody's hair but her own.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" said Mrs. Lavender abruptly.

"Sometimes," said Sheila.

"How often? What is an average? Two a week?"

"Oh, sometimes I have not a headache for three or four months at a time."

"No toothache?"

"No."

"What did your mother die of?"

"It was a fever," said Sheila in a low voice, "and she caught it while she was helping a family that was very bad with the fever."

"Does your father ever suffer from rheumatism?"

"No," said Sheila. "My papa is the strongest man in the Lewis—I am sure of that."

"But the strongest of us, you know," said Mrs. Lavender, looking hardly at the girl—"the strongest of us will die and go into the general order of the universe; and it is a good thing for you that, as you say, you are not afraid. Why should you be afraid? Listen to this passage." She opened the red book, and guided herself to a certain page by one of a series of colored ribbons: "'He who fears death either fears the loss of sensation or a different kind of sensation. But if thou shalt have no sensation, neither wilt thou feel any harm; and if thou shalt acquire another kind of sensation, thou wilt be a different kind of living being, and thou wilt not cease to live.' Do you perceive the wisdom of that?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and her own voice seemed hollow and strange to her in this big and dimly-lit chamber.

Mrs. Lavender turned over a few more pages, and proceeded to read again; and as she did so, in a slow, unsympathetic, monotonous voice, a spell came over the girl, the weight at her heart grew more and more intolerable, and the room seemed to grow darker: "'Short, then, is the time which every man lives, and small the nook of the earth where he lives; and short, too, the longest posthumous fame, and even this only continued by a succession of poor human beings, who will very soon die, and who know not even themselves, much less him who died long ago.' You cannot do better than ask your husband to buy you a copy of this book, and give it special study. It will comfort you in affliction, and reconcile you to whatever may happen to you. Listen: 'Soon will the earth cover us all; then the earth, too, will change, and the things also which result from change will continue to change for ever, and these again for ever. For if a man reflects on the changes and transformations which follow one another like wave after wave, and their rapidity, he will despise everything which is perishable.' Do you understand that?"

"Yes," said Sheila, and it seemed to her that she was being suffocated. Would not the gray walls burst asunder and show her one glimpse of the blue sky before she sank into unconsciousness? The monotonous tones of this old woman's voice sounded like the repetition of a psalm over a coffin. It was as if she was already shut out from life, and could only hear in a vague way the dismal words being chanted over her by the people in the other world. She rose, steadied herself for a moment by placing her hand on the back of the chair, and managed to say, "Mrs. Lavender, forgive me for one moment: I wish to speak to my husband."

She went to the door—Mrs. Lavender being too surprised to follow her—and made her way down stairs. She had seen the conservatory at the end of a certain passage. She reached it, and then she scarcely knew any more, except that her husband caught her in his arms as she cried, "Oh, Frank, Frank, take me away from this house! I am afraid: it terrifies me!"

"Sheila, what on earth is the matter? Here, come out into the fresh air. By Jove, how pale you are! Will you have some water?"

He could not get to understand thoroughly what had occurred. What he clearly did learn from Sheila's disjointed and timid explanations was that there had been another "scene," and he knew that of all things in the world his aunt hated "scenes" the worst. As soon as he saw that there was little the matter with Sheila beyond considerable mental perturbation, he could not help addressing some little remonstrance to her, and reminding her how necessary it was that she should not offend the old lady up stairs.

"You should not be so excitable, Sheila," he said. "You take such exaggerated notions about things. I am sure my aunt meant nothing unkind. And what did you say when you came away?"

"I said I wanted to see you. Are you angry with me?"

"No, of course not. But then, you see, it is a little vexing just at this moment. Well, let us go up stairs at once, and try and make up some excuse, like a good girl. Say you felt faint—anything."

"And you will come with me?"

"Yes. Now do try, Sheila, to make friends with my aunt. She's not such a bad sort of creature as you seem to think. She's been very kind to me—she'll be very kind to you when she knows you more."

Fortunately, no excuse was necessary, for Mrs. Lavender, in Sheila's absence, had arrived at the conclusion that the girl's temporary faintness was due to that piece of Roquefort.

"You see you must be careful," she said when they entered the room. "You are unaccustomed to a great many things you will like afterward."

"And the room is a little close," said Lavender.

"I don't think so," said his aunt, sharply: "look at the barometer."

"I didn't mean for you and me, Aunt Caroline," he said, "but for her. Sheila has been accustomed to live almost wholly in the open air."

"The open air in moderation is an excellent thing. I go out myself every afternoon, wet or dry. And I was going to propose, Frank, that you should leave her here with me for the afternoon, and come back and dine with us at seven. I am going out at four-thirty, and she could go with me."

"It's very kind of you, Aunt Caroline, but we have promised to call on some people close by here at four."

Sheila looked up frightened. The statement was an audacious perversion of the truth. But then Frank Lavender knew very well what his aunt meant by going into the open air every afternoon, wet or dry. At one certain hour her brougham was brought round: she got into it, and had both doors and windows hermetically sealed, and then, in a semi-somnolent state, she was driven slowly and monotonously round the Park. How would Sheila fare if she were shut up in this box? He told a lie with great equanimity, and saved her.

Then Sheila was taken away to get on her things, and her husband waited, with some little trepidation, to hear what his aunt would say about her. He had not long to wait.

"She's got a bad temper, Frank."

"Oh, I don't think so, Aunt Caroline," he said, considerably startled.

"Mark my words, she's got a bad temper, and she is not nearly so soft as she tries to make out. That girl has a great deal of firmness, Frank."

"I find her as gentle and submissive as a girl could be—a little too gentle, perhaps, and anxious to study the wishes of other folks."

"That is all very well with you. You are her master. She is not likely to quarrel with her bread and butter. But you'll see if she does not hold her own when she gets among your friends."

"I hope she will hold her own."

The old lady only shook her head.

"I am sorry you should have taken a prejudice against her, Aunt Caroline," said the young man humbly.

"I take a prejudice! Don't let me hear the word again, Frank. You know I have no prejudices. If I cannot give you a reason for anything I believe, then I cease to believe it."

"You have not heard her sing," he said, suddenly remembering that this means of conquering the old lady had been neglected.

"I have no doubt she has many accomplishments," said Aunt Caroline coldly. "In time, I suppose, she will get over that extraordinary accent she has."

"Many people like it."

"I dare say you do—at present. But you may tire of it. You married her in a hurry, and you have not got rid of your romance yet. At the same time, I dare say she is a very good sort of girl, and will not disgrace you if you instruct her and manage her properly. But remember my words—she has a temper, and you will find it out if you thwart her."

How sweet and fresh the air was, even in Kensington, when Sheila, having dressed and come down stairs, and after having dutifully kissed Mrs. Lavender and bade her good-bye, went outside with her husband! It was like coming back to the light of day from inside the imaginary coffin in which she had fancied herself placed. A soft west wind was blowing over the Park, and a fairly clear sunlight shining on the May green of the trees. And then she hung on her husband's arm, and she had him to speak to instead of the terrible old woman who talked about dying.

And yet she hoped she had not offended Mrs. Lavender, for Frank's sake. What he thought about the matter he prudently resolved to conceal.

"Do you know that you have greatly pleased my aunt?" he said, without the least compunction. He knew that if he breathed the least hint about what had actually been said, any possible amity between the two women would be rendered impossible for ever.

"Have I, really?" said Sheila, very much astonished, but never thinking for a moment of doubting anything said by her husband.

"Oh, she likes you awfully," he said with an infinite coolness.

"I am so glad!" said Sheila, with her face brightening. "I was so afraid, dear, I had offended her. She did not look pleased with me."

By this time they had got into a hansom, and were driving down to the South Kensington Museum. Lavender would have preferred going into the Park, but what if his aunt, in driving by, were to see them? He explained to Sheila the absolute necessity of his having to tell that fib about the four-o'clock engagement; and when she heard described the drive in the closed brougham which she had escaped, perhaps she was not so greatly inclined as she ought to have been to protest against that piece of wickedness.

"Oh yes, she likes you awfully," he repeated, "and you must get to like her. Don't be frightened by her harsh way of saying things: it is only a mannerism. She is really a kind-hearted woman, and would do anything for me. That's her best feature, looking at her character from my point of view."

"How often must we go to see her?" asked Sheila.

"Oh, not very often. But she will get up dinner-parties, at which you will be introduced to batches of her friends. And then the best thing you can do is to put yourself under her instructions, and take her advice about your dress and such matters, just as you did about your hair. That was very good of you."

"I am glad you were pleased with me," said Sheila. "I will do what I can to like her. But she must talk more respectfully of you."

Lavender laughed that little matter off as a joke, but it was no joke to Sheila. She would try to like that old woman—yes: her duty to her husband demanded that she should. But there are some things that a wife—especially a girl who has been newly made a wife—will never forget; which, on the contrary, she will remember with burning cheeks and anger and indignation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# SOME PASSAGES IN SHELLEY'S EARLY HISTORY.

SHELLEY'S connection with Stockdale is one of the curiosities of literary history. It is as if Miranda had attached herself to the fortunes of Caliban. An inexplicable thing, except upon the assumption of the young poet's inexperience of men and his ignorance of affairs. It is, moreover, a new passage in his life which has hitherto eluded the most sagacious of his biographers. Who was Stockdale, and what was the relationship between these two personages, so opposite in character, intellect and pursuits? Stockdale's name was altogether unknown to honest folks before Shelley gave it currency and introduced the owner of it to polite society—at all events on paper. He owes his notoriety, therefore, entirely to the boy-poet, into whose way the good man was thrown by one of those inexplicable freaks of chance which often bring about such strange results both to subject and object.

John Joseph Stockdale was, like his father, a bookseller, who did a low sort of business in Pall Mall. For some forty years the Stockdales, father and son, were jointly or separately the John Murrays of the London Bohemians. Their house was the resort of novelists, poets, and especially dramatic writers, for twenty years before and twenty years after the close of the eighteenth century, and they were purveyors-general of circulating libraries, tempting the ambition of young authors with rosy promises of success and alluring baits of immortality, if they could only find the base metals *in quantum suff.* to pay the cold-blooded paper-merchant and the vulgar type-setter. Many a poetic pigeon did the Stockdales pluck, no doubt, by these expedients. For in those days, as in these present, a young suckling full of innocence and his mother's nourishment deemed it the highest earthly honor to be admitted to the society of Bohemian bulls and fire-breathing poets; and to be further allowed the privilege of paying for dinner and wine, with dramatists and men of the Bohemian kidney as guests, was a distinction for which no amount of pecuniary disbursement could by any possibility be regarded as an equivalent.

It is hardly to be supposed, however, that Shelley—even if it could be shown that he actually joined the mob of Stockdale's wits as hale-fellow-well-met—ever participated in this loyalty to their sovran virtues and superiorities. He was the god, not they; and although he hid his divinity under a mask and knew the value of silence in a court of fools, yet he could not fail to be conscious that small and unimportant as he was held to be among those Titans of imagination and song, yet it would be found upon trial that he alone could bend the mighty bow of Ulysses, and had the right to wear the garland and singing-robes of the poet.

But the prior question remains, how Shelley, of all men then living, came to have any knowledge of such a person as Stockdale—still more, any dealings with him.

And it is remarkable that the answer to this question comes from one and the same source; and that is the private journal of Stockdale himself, who, like the petty Boswells of the serial literature of the present day, cozened, by flattery and other arts best known to that class, a considerable number of scholars and authors into a correspondence with him, and carefully preserving these their private letters until time should have enhanced the value of the autographs, and he could glorify himself in the fame of the writers, deliberately ransacked his old archives for this purpose; and finding a number of the boy Shelley's business-letters to him—curious, to be sure, and interesting enough to a hero-worshiper—he audaciously published them in an unclean magazine called *Stockdale's Budget.*

Personally, we know nothing of the *Budget*, but an English bookworm sets it down as "a sort of appendix to the more celebrated *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*," which Stockdale had himself published a few years before. This was so boldly licentious, and so reckless in its attacks upon the private characters of the Upper Ten, that the publisher was prosecuted with merciless persistency until his business gave up the ghost. To convince the public that he was a martyr he started the *Budget* in 1827, and still appears to have kept his poets and dramatic satellites around him, and to have been a man of some repute for good-nature to young authors. Indeed, it is but fair to say that from the first moment of Shelley's introduction to him until we find him betraying Shelley's confidence in him to his father, to save him, if possible, from the publication of an atheistic theorem, he seems to have been fascinated by the young poet's character, and has testified under his own name that he had the highest confidence in his integrity, although it seems he lost a round sum by him in the end; and he adds that, in his belief, Shelley would "vegetate rather than live, in order to pay any honest debt."

It was in 1810 that Shelley, impressed somehow or other with the belief that Stockdale was the poet's friend, rushed pell-mell into the publisher's *Pall Mall* shop, and besought him to do the friendly thing by him, and help him out of a scrape he had got into with his printer by ordering him to print fourteen hundred and eighty copies of a volume of poems, without having the money at hand to pay him. "Aldus of Horsham, the mute and the inglorious," was finally appeased, although not by Stockdale's money, and the edition of the poems passed into Stockdale's hands for sale. The book was entitled *Original Poetry, by Victor and Cazire*, and we are informed that an advertisement of the same appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, September 18, 1810.

Shelley had previously published a romance called *Zastrozzi*, and his first kitten-love, Harriet Grove, is said to have helped both in this performance and the poems. But Harriet was not mindful of the commandment against stealing, and when Stockdale came to examine the poems he found that she had taken one entire poem by Monk Lewis and put it in among the "original" poetry. Shelley ordered the edition to be "squelched," but nearly a hundred copies had already been issued; and this fact, so maddening to the poet, may yet rejoice the collector of rare books.

These poems, the *Wandering Jew*, an epic, the joint production of himself and Captain Medwin, a school-boy production, *St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*, and his first story, *Zastrozzi*, are the first books of the poet; and their history is detailed with more or less interest in the letters which passed between Shelley and Stockdale respecting them. The poet tells Stockdale, in offering him the manuscript of the *Jew* for publication, that he had previously to knowing him sent it to John Ballantyne & Co., and encloses their letter setting forth the reason that they did not publish it—namely, that it contained "atheistical opinions." The canny Scots are sorry to return it, and do so only "after the most mature deliberation." They think that it is better suited, "perhaps," to the "character and liberal feelings of the English than the bigoted spirit which yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country;" adding, "Even Walter Scott is assailed on all hands at present by our Scotch spiritual and evangelical magazines and instructors for having promulgated atheistical doctrines in the *Lady of the Lake*."

Shelley assures Stockdale he is unconscious of atheism in the *Jew*, and asks him "upon his honor as a gentleman to pay a fair price for the copyright."

Stockdale never received the manuscript of the *Jew*, and Shelley, having submitted a copy in manuscript to Campbell and received an adverse judgment, does not seem to have troubled himself further about it. So it remained in must and dust until 1831, when somebody of the Stockdale ilk discovered it, and printed parts of it in *Fraser's Magazine*. Judging from these excerpts, the book was entirely worthless, and as for the stories, they were neither better nor worse than other school-boy pieces of those days.

The betrayal of confidence of which Shelley complained as proceeding from Stockdale arose from a letter of the poet's, in which (November 12, 1810) he asks his friend the publisher to send him a "Hebrew essay demonstrating the falsehood of the Christian religion," and which the *Christian Observer*, he says, calls "an unanswerable but sophistical argument." Have it he must, be it translated into "Greek, Latin or any of the European languages."

Pendulous Stockdale—"long and lank and brown"—comes from the reek and sin and filth of *Harriet Wilson's Memoirs*, his pet publication, and actually trembles with godly fear for the safety of a human soul, and that soul the interior, eternal esse of the son of a baronet; which baronet he hopes to make a good money-friend of by betraying his son's secrets to him. Love, of a sort, for Shelley may also have been a constituent of his motive to this treachery, as the poet called it, for there can be no doubt that he did love him in his way, as all the rough fellows—his Comus crew of the *Budget* office—loved him.

Old Sir Timothy is grateful to the bookseller for abusing the trust put in him by his son, and he thanks him for what he calls the "liberal and handsome manner" in which Stockdale has imparted to him. his sentiments toward Shelley, and says he shall ever esteem it and hold it in remembrance.

The publication of the letters before us sets at rest the disputed point as to the date of Shelley's first acquaintance with Harriet Westbrook, whom he subsequently married. Writing to Stockdale December 18, 1810, he requests him to send copies of the new romance to Miss Marshall, Horsham, Sussex, T. Medwin, Esq., Horsham, Sussex, T. J. Hogg, Esq., Rev. Dayrells Lynnington, Dayrell, Bucks; and Jan. 11, 1811, writing to the same person, he asks him to send a copy of *St. Irvyne* to Miss Harriet Westbrook, 10 Chapel street, Grosvenor Square. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the acquaintance began between the dates of these two letters, for if he had known Harriet when he ordered his book to be sent to Miss Marshall, he would certainly have coupled the two names together and added them to the little list of his friends already given. Our English friend suggests here that Shelley may not have known Harriet personally at this time, but merely through the reports of his sisters, who were always talking about her, as reported in the *Shelley Memorials*. We think this is likely to be the case, as during that period Shelley does not seem to have journeyed to London. The aforesaid friend says also that he possessed a manuscript (unpublished) in which somebody who knows states that Shelley first saw her in January, 1811, and that whenever this manuscript is published it will be seen how very slight was Shelley's acquaintance with Harriet before their marriage, and "what advantage was taken of his chivalry of sentiment and her complacent disposition, and the inexperience of both, and how little entitled or disposed she felt herself to complain of his behavior." "Shelley and his girl-wife visited Windermere," we think are the words of De Quincey in alluding to their sudden apparition in the Lake district just after their union. And two more discordant natures could hardly have been bound together till death.

The last friendly communication which passed between Shelley and his publisher was dated January 11, 1811, as we have seen; and he must immediately afterward have discovered the treachery of Stockdale, for only three days later he writes a vituperative letter against him to Hogg, in that he had been traducing Hogg's character; and informs him that he will, while on his way to Oxford, compel the publisher to explain not only why he "dared to make so free with the character of a gentleman about whom he knew nothing," but why he had been treacherous enough to inform

Sir Timothy that he (Shelley) had sent him "a work" which had been submitted to him in the strictest confidence and honor. This performance was probably the pamphlet which caused Shelley's expulsion from Oxford; and Stockdale hoped to be regarded as a friend of the family by telling Sir T. all about it, and thus preventing a young aristocrat of such high birth and pretensions from falling into the slough of the blackguard Free-thinkers. No doubt he was influenced to do this good turn to the family by the fact that the bill for the last romance was unpaid, and he knew that if Sir Timothy would not, and Shelley, being a minor, could not, liquidate it, he would, between the two unreliable stools, come to the ground. In order to apologize for Shelley, and make it appear to his father that he was not to blame for writing such wickedness, but that another had indoctrinated him with all bad notions, he pitched upon Hogg as the scapegoat. This is, at all events, the English writer's explanation; but it was a futile as well as a foolish thing for the cunning publisher to do, for he made them all his enemies, and Sir Timothy refused to pay a farthing of the printing account. So the publisher lost it. Shelley, it is true, in a cool, polite business letter (April 11, 1811), asks for his account, which is delayed, and does not reach the poet until some time after it is sent, when it finds him in Radnorshire, Wales, too poor to pay it. With an innocency worthy of the days of Adam and Eve, he, after promising to pay as soon as he can, offers Stockdale the manuscript of some metaphysical and moral essays—the result of "some serious studies"—"in part payment of his debt."

JANUARY SEARLE.

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## CHANGES.

ALL things resume their wonted look and place,
  Day unto day shows beauty, night to night:
No whit less fresh and fugitive a grace
  Marks the transitions of the swift year's flight;
    But, gradual, sure and strange,
Throughout our being hath been wrought a chang

Brief while ago the first soft day of spring
  A personal, fair fortune seemed to be;
The soul awoke with earth's awakening,
  With Nature bound in closest sympathy;
    Sunshine or quiet rain
Could soothe life's pulse or make it leap again.

Now, stripped of all illusive veil or haze,
  Each object looms remote, distinct, apart:
We know its worth, its limits, weight and ways;
  It is no longer one with our own heart;
    No answering ecstasy
Is roused in us by earth or sea or sky.

Who will affirm this brave display is real,
  When on a radiant morn the doom is sent

That rends our world asunder, and we feel
The dear, familiar earth, the firmament,
All forms that meet the eye,
An insubstantial, vacant mockery?

A cobweb world of thin, transparent shapes,
Though limp as silk, the magic woof proves wrought
Stronger than steel: no outlets, no escapes
Ope to the struggling spirit, trapped and caught.
Prisoned in walls of glass,
She sees beyond them, but she may not pass.

Though comfort grows thereafter, nevermore
The bond then snapped, the passionate young faith,
Can healing years with all their gifts restore.
From Psyche's wings life's rude and careless breath
Hath dashed the purple dust,
And with it died the rapture and the trust.

EMMA LAZARUS.

# OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## A SLEEPING-CAR SERENADE.

NOT long ago I had to travel by the night-express from Montreal to New York, and feeling drowsy about eleven o'clock, presented my claim for a lower berth in the car paradoxically designated "sleeping," and tantalizingly named "palace," with sanguine hopes of obtaining a refreshing snooze. Knowing from experience the aberrations of mind peculiar to travelers roused from sleep, by which they are impelled to get off at way-stations, I secured my traps against the contingencies liable to unchecked baggage, and creeping into the back of the sepulchral shelf called a bed, I enveloped myself after the fashion of Indian squaws and Egyptian mummies, and fell asleep.

I do not know whether the noise and concussion of the cars excite the same sort of dreams in every one's cranium as they do in mine, but they almost invariably produce in my brain mental phenomena of a pugnacious character, which are nothing modified by palace cars and steel rails. This particular night there was a perfect revelry of dreams in my brain. I was on the frontier with our corps, engaged in a glorious hand-to-hand conflict with men our equals in number and valor. We were having the best of it, giving it to them hot and heavy, crash! through the beggars' skulls, and plunge! into their abominable abdominal regions. "No quarter!" It was a pity, but it seemed splendid.

Bang! roared an Armstrong gun, as I thought, close to my ear: down went a whole column of the enemy like a flash, as I awoke to find it a dream, alas! and the supposed artillery nothing more or less than one of those sharp, gurgling snorts produced during inspiration in the larynx of a stout Jewish gentleman, who had in some mysterious way got on the outer half of my shelf during my sleep, and whose ancient descent was clearly defined in the side view I immediately obtained of the contour and size of his nose. I had got one of my arms out from under the covering, and found I had "cut left" directly upon the prominent proboscis of my friend—a passage of arms that materially accelerated his breathing, and awoke him to the fact that though he had a nose sufficiently large to have entitled him to Napoleon's consideration for a generalship had he lived in the days of that potentate, yet there was something unusual on the end of it, which was far too large for a pimple and rather heavy for a fly. Perhaps it induced a nightmare, and deluded him into the belief that he had been metamorphosed into an elephant, and hadn't become accustomed to his trunk. It puzzled me to know how or why he had been billeted on my palatial shelf, for the whole of which I had paid; but as it was rather a cold night, and there was something respectable in the outline of that Roman nose, I turned my back on him and determined to accept the situation, soothing myself with the reflection that if I repeated the assault upon his nose, such an accident must be excused as a fortuitous result of his unauthorized intrusion.

I had just got freshly enveloped in the "honey-dew of slumber" when my *compagnon de voyage* began to snore, and in the most unendurable manner, the effect of which was nothing improved by his proximity. It seemed to penetrate every sense and sensation of my body, and to intensify the extreme of misery which I had begun to endure in the hard effort to sleep. His snore was a medley of snuffing and snorting, with an abortive demi-semi aristocratic sort of a sneeze; while to add to the effect of this three-stringed inspiration there was in each aspiration a tremulous and swooning neigh. I had been reading *The Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* for several previous days, and began to think I had discovered some wandering Jewish lost link between man and the monkey, and that I actually had him or it for a bedfellow; but by the dim light of the car-lamps I managed to see his hands, which had orthodox nails. I was now thoroughly awake, and found myself the victim of a perfect bedlam of snorers from one end of the car to the other, making a concatenation of hideous noises only to be equaled by a menagerie; though, to give the devil his due, a carful of wild animals would never make such an uproar when fast asleep.

It is a well-known fact that when one's ears prick up at night and find the slightest noise an obstacle to slumber, after much tossing and turning, and some imprecating, tired Nature will finally succumb from sheer exhaustion: she even conquers the howling of dogs holding converse with the moon and the caterwauling of enamored cats. Cats, and even cataracts, I have defied, but of all noises to keep a sober man awake I know of none to take the palm from the snoring in that car. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy, too, among the snorers, for those who did not snore were the only ones who did not sleep.

The varieties of sound were so intensely ridiculous that at first I found it amusing to listen to the performance. A musical ear might have had novel practice by classifying the intonations. The war-whooping snore of my bedfellow changed at times into a deep and mellow bass. To the right of us, on the lower shelf, was a happy individual indulging in all the variations of a nervous treble of every possible pitch: his was an inconstant *falsetto* in sound and cadence. Above him snored one as if he had a metallic reed in his larynx that opened with each inhalation: his snore struck me as a brassy *alto*. The tenors were distributed at such distances as to convey to my ears all the discord of an inebriated band of cracked fifes and split bagpipes playing snatches of different tunes. There were snores that beggar description, that seemed to express every temperament and every passion of the human soul. I cannot forget one a couple of berths off, which seemed to rise above the mediocrity of snores, mellowing into a tenderness like the dying strains of an echo, and renewing its regular periods with a highbred dignity which Nature had clearly not assumed. Another broke away from the harsh notes around in soft diapasons, and with a mellifluous *soprano* which I instinctively knew must belong to a throat that could sing. Was it Nilsson? Just over my head was a jerky croak of a snore, sounding at intervals of half a minute, as if it had retired on half-pay and longed to get back into active service.

It occurred to me, when amid these paroxysms of turmoil I heard a very fair harmony between the bass of my bedfellow and the tenor of a sleeper in the next berth, that if a Gilmore could take snores into training, and by animal magnetism or mesmerism manage to make them snore in concert and by note—

> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders—

we should have a diverting performance in sleeping-cars, and one objection to their use would be actually utilized as an extra inducement to patronize them.

Several times I was strongly impelled to shunt my bass snorer off the bed or twig his Roman nose, but one experiment of a kick roused such a vigorous snort, like that produced by dropping a brick on a sleeping pig, that I abandoned such physical means of retaliation. I thought of tickling his nose with a feather or a straw, but the bed contained neither, and I had not even a pin. And supposing I should stop my shelf-mate, what could I do to suppress the rest? Should I make some horrible noise between a hoarse cough and a crow, and say, if any one complained, that it was my way of snoring? But I thought that the object to be attained, and the possibility of being voted insane and consigned, in spite of protestation, to the baggage-car, would not compensate me for the exertion required; so I determined to submit to it like a Stoic. (*Query:* Would a Stoic have submitted?)

The more one meditates upon the reason of wakefulness, the more his chances of sleep diminish; and from this cause, conjoined with the peculiarity of the situation and the mood in which I found myself, I had surely "affrighted sleep" for that night. As I lay awake I indulged in the following mental calculation of my misery to coax a slumber: The average number of inspirations in a minute is fifteen—remember, snoring is an act of the inspiration—the number of hours I lay awake was six. Fifteen snores a minute make nine hundred an hour. Multiply 900 by 6—the number of hours I lay awake—and you have 5400, the number of notes struck by each snorer. There were at least twelve distinct and regular snorers in the car. Multiply 5400 by 12, and you have 64,800 snores, not including the snuffling neighs, perpetrated in that car from about eleven P. M. until five the next morning!

The question follows: "Can snoring be prevented?" It is plainly a nuisance, and ought to be indictable. I have heard of the use of local stimulants, such as camphire and ammonia—how I longed for the sweet revenge of holding a bottle of aqua ammonia under that Roman nose!—and also of clipping the uvula, which may cause snoring by resting on the base of the tongue. The question demands the grave consideration of our railroad managers; for while the traveling public do not object to a man snoring the roof off if he chooses to do it under his own vine and fig tree, tired men and women have a right to expect a sleep when they contract for it. Is there no lover of sleep and litigation who will prosecute for damages?

There is a prospect, however, of a balm in Gilead. An ingenious Yankee —a commercial traveler—has invented and patented an instrument made of gutta percha, to be fitted to the nose, and pass from that protuberance to the tympanum of the ear. As soon as the snorer begins the sound is carried so perfectly to his own ear, and all other sounds so well excluded, that he awakens in terror. The sanguine inventor believes that after a few nights' trial the wearer will become so disgusted with his own midnight serenading that his sleep will become as sound and peaceable as that of a suckling baby.

And yet there is nothing vulgar in snoring. Chesterfield did it, and so did Beau Brummell, and they were the two last men in the world to do anything beyond the bounds of propriety, awake or asleep, if they could help it. Plutarch tells us that the emperor Otho snored; so did

Cato; so did George II., and also George IV., who boasted that he was "the first gentleman in Europe." Position has nothing to do with cause and effect in snoring, as there are instances on record of soldiers snoring while *standing* asleep in sentry-boxes; and I have heard policemen snore *sitting* on doorsteps, waiting to be wakened by the attentive "relief." We may be sure Alain Chartier did not snore when Margaret of Scotland stooped down and kissed him while he was asleep, or young John Milton when the highborn Italian won from him a pair of gloves; though it did not lessen the ardor of philosophical Paddy, when he coaxingly sang outside of his true love's window—

> Shure, I know by the length of your snore you're awake.

But really, I don't know whether women *do* snore. I'm not sure that the mellifluous *soprano* snore in the car was Nilsson's, and Paddy may have been joking. I know that only male frogs croak.

W. G. B.

## FABLES FOR YOUTH.

THE LION AND THE FOX. The Lion and the Fox once traveled in company. Upon their coming to a public-house, it was agreed that the former should go in and get a dinner, while Master Reynard kept watch at the door. In stalked the Lion boldly, and ordered a haunch of venison and a blood-pudding. The servant-maid, instead of fainting away, bade him throw his mane over a chair and take his ease. Locking the door as she withdrew, she sent for a policeman, and before night King Lion was snugly back in the menagerie whence he and his companion had that morning escaped.

Master Reynard, scenting what was in the wind, took to the woods and was seen no more.

*Moral:* This fable teaches us to beware of that pretended friendship which is specious and hollow.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. The Gorilla, the Hippopotamus and the Snapping-Turtle were once upon a time partaking of a royal dinner at the table of an opulent old Oyster, when the conversation turned upon personal beauty. Each one of the guests present claimed for himself that he alone was the favorite among the ladies for his handsome form and features. As the wine had gone around freely, the discussion grew heated, and upon the suggestion of the Gorilla it was left to their host to decide between them.

In vain did Mr. Saddlerock (for that was the host's name) insist that the point was too delicate for so humble an individual as himself to presume to pass upon.

"Nay," said all three in concert, "tell us honestly what you think."

"But I may offend you," urged the bivalve.

"Oh, that were impossible," smiled the Turtle.

"Quite so," grunted the Hippopotamus.

"My dear friend," added the Gorilla with a leer, "as for myself, I am so confident of being considered an Apollo that I wish for nothing so much as your candid opinion."

"Well, gentlemen," replied Mr. Saddlerock, "since you all urge me to disclose my real sentiments, I will do so. So far from being good-looking, egad! it's hard telling which of you has the ugliest countenance! In fact, you'd better draw lots for it."

No sooner had this remark fallen from his lips than he saw his mistake. He ran to the window, jumped out and vainly attempted to climb a tall sycamore in the garden. The Gorilla, seizing him with a clutch like that of a vice, dragged him ignominiously back to the dining-hall. Here the unhappy Mr. Saddlerock was opened, and the wicked Gorilla swallowed his body in a twinkle, flinging thereafter a shell to each of the other competitors.

*Moral:* When the powerful quarrel, don't let yourself become mixed up with them or you may get hurt.

THE SANGUINARY DUEL. Two men fought a duel. Let us distinguish them by the names of A and B respectively. It was a real, *bona-fide*, powder-and-ball affair. A meant business: so did B.

It was a terrible encounter.

A had all the vocal part of his jaw shot off, and several useful portions of his epiglottis carried away. Totally unfitted for his business as auctioneer, he died some years after of dyspepsia of the brain.

B parted company with his left arm, so he was compelled to pass himself off as a disabled hero of the rebellion and accept a snug little office in the United States custom-house, where there was nothing whatever to do.

That is all.

The dispute grew out of something A had said about B. B said A said that B said something, and B said he hadn't said it.

*Moral:* Don't duel.

THE DOG AND THE SPARE-RIB. A mastiff crossing a bridge, and bearing in his mouth a piece of meat, suddenly swallowed the meat. He immediately observed that the shadow of the aforesaid meat in the water had disappeared.

Such is optics.

*Moral:* We learn from this fable that life is but a shadow.

THE ASS AND THE LOCOMOTIVE. A donkey one day was quietly munching thistles when he heard the screaming whistle of a locomotive. Pricking up his ears, he started into a gallop and raced across lots with his tail high in the air.

*Moral:* This fable teaches what an ass he was.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAT. A mouse once peeped from his hole and saw a cat. The cat was looking the other way, and happened not to see the mouse.

Nobody killed.

*Moral:* This little fable doesn't teach anything. SARSFIELD YOUNG.

### A PICTURE WITH A HISTORY.

IN a number of *Punch* for February, 1873, in the account of "Our Representative Man's" visit to the Exhibition of Old Masters, occurs the following sentence: "No 35. Oh, Miss Linley (afterward Mrs. Sheridan), oh how lovely you are! Oh, Thomas Gainsborough, oh, Thomas Gainsborough, oh! And if Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M. P., ever wishes to offer a testimonial to one who knows nothing whatever about him, and for no particular object, let him send this picture, carriage paid, to the residence of your representative, who as his petitioner will never cease to pray at convenient seasons, etc."

The picture thus apostrophized represents that "Saint Cecilia, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race,* whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art (Reynolds's and Gainsborough's) has rescued from the common decay."

It is not unlikely that Sheridan or his wife may have presented this picture to the Hon. Edward Bouverie.† A letter of

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* This lady's granddaughters, her son's daughters—the duchess of Somerset, Queen of Beauty in the celebrated Eglinton Tournament; the countess Gifford, mother, by her first husband, of Lord Dufferin, viceroy of Canada; and the Honorable Mrs. Norton, the well-known authoress—were famous in their day for beauty. Gainsborough passed many years at Bath, where his intimacy with the Linley family, then resident there, commenced. The following is from Fulcher's *Life of Gainsborough*: "After returning from a concert at Bath, where we had been charmed with Miss Linley's voice, I went home to supper with my friend (Gainsborough), who sent his servant for a bit of clay, with which he modeled, and then colored, her head—and that too in a quarter of an hour—in such a manner that I protest it appeared to me even superior to his paintings. The next day I took a friend or two to his house to see it, but it was not to be seen: the servant had thrown it down from the mantelpiece and broken it." Gainsborough would now and then mould the faces of his friends in miniature, finding the material in the wax candles burning before him: the models were as perfect in their resemblance as his portraits.

† The history of the Bouverie family settling in England is curious. The family had, prior to 1542, long been settled in Flanders. In that year was born, near Lisle in that country, Laurence des Bouveries, as the name was then written, founder of the English branch. Laurence, from mixing with his father's Protestant tenants, had imbibed some of their ideas, and his father, a stern Catholic, told him that if he failed to appear at mass the following Sunday he would have him examined by the Inquisition. In terror he ran away to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and there had the luck to fall in with a sympathetic silk manufacturer, who made him superintendent of his men. Subsequently he married his patron's niece and heiress, and eventually removed to England when Queen Elizabeth offered an asylum there to those of the Reformed faith. His family made wealthy alliances and prospered, and in 1747 his representative was created a peer. He married, first, the heiress of Delapre, and her property went to her second son, Edward. His eldest son by his second marriage took the name of Pusey, and was father of the celebrated Dr. Pusey.

Mrs. Sheridan in 1785 (she died in 1792) is dated from his seat, Delapre Abbey, and she and Sheridan were *habitués* of his house.

It was at the death of General Bouverie, grandson of Mrs. Sheridan's friend, that her picture was sold, a few months ago, to Baron Rothschild; and a romance might well be woven out of the circumstances which caused this painting to be removed from the place which it had so long occupied in the library of Delapre Abbey.

Delapre Abbey is a stately mansion occupying ground once covered by a monastery, of which the only remains serve as offices of the more modern edifice. Approaching the ancient borough of Northampton by the old London road, you observe on your left, about a mile from the town, a beautiful specimen—one of the only three remaining—of the crosses which a king of England raised to commemorate the places where his beloved wife's body rested on her last journey to Westminster. It lay one night at the abbey, and, whilst that is almost obliterated, the cross remains almost perfect after centuries have elapsed, and served mainly as the model for that which has recently been erected close to Charing Cross, where formerly another of these memorials marked the last halt of the royal funereal cortege.

Mr. Edward Bouverie had several sons, and on the marriage of the eldest Delapre Abbey and the estates attached to it were, in conformity to common usage in England, settled upon the children of this marriage, and, failing issue, on the general's younger brothers and their sons in succession. The general's marriage proved childless, his next brother also left no issue, and at length no son remained but a certain somewhat ne'er-do-weel, Frank.

Frank was an officer in the army. Whilst quartered in the north of Ireland he had fallen in love with a girl beneath him in station, and, greatly to the disgust of his family, married her. His father, who was deeply imbued with aristocratic prejudices, ceased to hold intercourse with him, and except that occasional communications passed between him and his mother, his relations with his family ceased. At length he died, and as it became evident that his brothers would never have children, Frank's son was obviously the heir. Under these circumstances the family offered terms to the mother if she would give up her son altogether and consent to his being bred a Protestant. These overtures she declined. The advice of leading lawyers was then sought, but they declared that the settlement of the property could not by any possibility be set aside. Meanwhile the case suddenly assumed a new aspect.

About twelve years ago a lady of prodigious energy and perseverance made her appearance in the law courts of London, who was bent on proving the legitimacy of her grandfather. By "much wearying" she prevailed upon Lord Brougham to introduce a bill which became known as the "Legitimacy Declaration Act." By the provisions of this measure a person who believes himself heir to a property may cite all persons interested to come in at once and show cause why he should not be adjudged rightful heir and representative of a given person and estate.

Frank Bouverie's son resolved, therefore, to take the bull by the horns, and save all future trouble by obtaining a decree of court. The family very unwisely resolved to oppose his claim. It seemed that stories prejudicial to the character of the claimant's mother had been in circulation, and the Bouveries grounded their opposition on the allegation that the claimant* was not in truth a Bouverie at all.

On the other hand, ample testimony was adduced to show that Frank Bouverie, notwithstanding his wife's irregularity of conduct, had always regarded the boy as his son and heir; and one witness told how the father had held the little fellow up to look at the picture of his ancestral home, and said, "All that will one day be yours." So the Bouveries' case broke down entirely, and the ex-private soldier, ex-policeman, stepped into the fine old mansion of Delapre with sixty thousand dollars a year. It is satisfactory to be able to add that he has always borne an excellent character, and seems likely to duly take his place as a country gentleman. Of course nothing but the bare fabric and land came to him: the personalty was all left to his aunt, the general's widow, an old lady near ninety, who yet survives; and it was by her direction that the famous Linley picture once more changed hands.

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* Lord Cairns, then Sir Hugh, opened the case for the claimant, and received, it was said, two hundred and fifty guineas for the work, which occupied about two hours. Sir Fitzroy Kelly appeared as counsel for the family. He spoke for about fifteen minutes, and his fee was the same.

### HINTS FOR NOVEL-WRITERS.

"CONSTANCE," said Philip to his sister, "I have got on very well with my novel. I have written fifty pages, described my hero and heroine, made them thoroughly in love with each other; and now I intend to part them for a season, without letting them be certain of the state of each other's heart. I think narrative my forte, but it will not do to have no conversations, and my dialogues seem so short and trite. Do look over this:

"'*Helena*. Your letter has arrived, I see.'

"'*Bertram*. Yes, I have just read it.'

"'*H*. Well?'

"'*B*. It says I must delay no longer.'

"'*H*. When shall you start?'

"'*B*. To-morrow, at the latest.'

"'*H*. Have you told my aunt?'

"'*B*. Not yet: I must do it now.'

"'*H*. Shall you go direct to London?'

"'*B*. No: I stop one night at the Grange.'

"'*H*. Oh, then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter.'

"'*B*. Is that *all* you will permit me to do for you?'

"'*H*. I am careful not to burden my friends.'

"'*B*. Then you have no belief in true friendship.'"

"Well, Philip, let me try whilst you are at the office, and see what I can suggest:

"'*Your letter has arrived, I see*,' said Helena, turning as Bertram entered, letter in hand.

"'*Yes, I have just read it*,' he replied, advancing and leaning his arm on the mantelpiece.

"'*Well?*' said Helena, stooping as if to warm her hands, but really endeavoring to shade her face.

"'*It says I must delay no longer*,' he answered, trying to assume an air of indifference.

"'*When shall you start?*' she said, resuming her work and fixing her eyes on her pattern.

"'*To-morrow, at the latest*,' he replied, transferring the letter to his pocket.

"'*Have you told my aunt?*' she said, searching her work-basket for her scissors.

"'*Not yet: I must do it now*,' he said, putting back the little ornament his elbow had displaced.

"'*Shall you go direct to London?*' she said, trying to disentangle a skein of colored yarn.

"'*No: I stop one night at the Grange*,' he said quietly, but with an air of decision.

"'*Then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter*,' she added, laying down her work as she spoke.

"'*Is that all you will permit me to do for you?*' he asked anxiously.

"'*Oh, I never burden my friends*,' she said, raising her head and tossing back her curls.

"'*Then you have no belief in true friendship*,' he answered in a tone of bitterness."

"That is pretty good," said Constance to herself, "but I will take these two young people out of doors: perhaps Philip may be better pleased:

"'*Your letter has arrived, I see*,' said Helena, advancing as Bertram opened the garden gate.

"'*Yes, I have just read it*,' he replied as he secured the fastening.

"'*Well?*' said Helena, taking the path to the house.

"'*It says I must delay no longer*,' he replied, proffering her a bunch of wild-flowers he had gathered in his walk

"'*When shall you start?*' said Helena, turning away to pluck some rosebuds, which she added to her bouquet.

"'*To-morrow, at the latest,*' he answered, flinging aside roughly a branch that crossed his path.

"'*Have you told my aunt?*' said Helena, tying the strings of her hat.

"'*No: I must do it now,*' he said, holding out his hand to relieve her of her parasol as they entered the shady avenue.

"'*Shall you go direct to London?*' she asked hurriedly.

"'*No: I stop one night at the Grange,*' he said, inviting her by a gesture to take a seat upon a rustic bench.

"'*Oh, then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter,*' she said, quickening her steps lest he should perceive her emotion.

"'*Is that all you will permit me to do for you?*' he said, with more feeling than he had yet permitted himself to show.

"'*Yes: I am careful not to burden my friends,*' she added, drawing her mantle round her and speaking in a tone of irony.

"'*Then you do not believe in true friendship,*' he replied as they reached the house, and with a heightened color he threw back the hall door and made way for her to enter."

## NOTES.

SINCE the publication of the article on "Salmon Fishing in Canada," in the May Number of this Magazine, the writer has had access to the *Report of the Department of Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada*, for 1872. By this document it appears that an establishment for the artificial hatching of salmon, whitefish and trout is in operation at Newcastle on Lake Ontario, and that two millions of fish eggs were put in the hatching-troughs the last season. Adult salmon, the produce of this establishment, are now found in nearly all the streams between the Bay of Quinté and Niagara River. A salmon-breeding establishment is about going into operation on the Restigouché, and another is contemplated for the Matapedia, both rivers of the Bay of Chaleur.

The reports from the river overseers indicate that under the system of protection all the rivers are improving in the number and size of their salmon. There were taken with the rod in 1872—from Grand River, 70 fish, average weight 14 pounds; Cascapedia, 139 fish, average weight 22 pounds; Restigouche, 500 fish; Upsalquitch, 70 fish; St. Marguerite, 165 fish; Moisie, 219 fish, average weight 18 pounds; St. John, 147 fish, average weight 13 pounds; Mingan, 130 fish; and in most of the rivers the young salmon are very numerous.

IT is a familiar observation that great inventions are commonly foreshadowed in theory or speculation, and very often are approached gradually in a long series of tentative experiments before the perfected result is reached. Exceptions occur to this rule, but they are exceedingly few, since usually it is a general sense of the need of any new device which directs mechanical skill toward supplying it. Nevertheless, it is with no little surprise that one reads how thoroughly a century ago the entire theory of the modern electric telegraph was comprehended; for a most remarkable premonition, so to speak, of this great device is contained in a letter recently brought to public notice, written by the abbé Barthélemy (the once famous author of the *Voyage of Anacharsis*) to the marchioness du Deffand. "I often think," says the abbé, writing under date of Chanteloup, 8th August, 1772, "of an experiment which would be a very happy one for us. They say that if two clocks have their hands equally magnetized, you need only to move the hands of one to make those of the other revolve in the same direction; so that, for example, when one strikes twelve, the other will denote the same hour. Now, suppose that artificial magnets can some day be so improved as to communicate their power from here to Paris: you shall procure one of these clocks, and we will have another. Instead of the hours, we will mark on the two dials the letters of the alphabet. Every day at a certain hour we will turn the hands. M. Wiart will put the letters together, and will read them thus: 'Good-morning, dear little girl! I love you more tenderly than ever.' That will be grandmother's turn at the clock. When my turn comes, I shall say about the same thing. Besides, we could arrange to have the first motion of the hand strike a bell, to give warning that the oracle is about to speak. The fancy pleases me wonderfully. It would soon become corrupted, to be sure, by being applied to spying in war and in politics; but it would still be very pleasant in the intercourse of friendship." In 1774—that is, two years after Barthélemy's letter—Lesage, a Genevese professor of physics, guardedly intimated that an apparatus could be constructed to fulfill these vague suggestions. There were a few experiments in electro-magnetism during the succeeding half century. It was reserved for our own Morse to put into practical application the grand system which the abbé Barthélemy had so curiously foreshadowed in a freak of fancy.

ENDLESS are the blandishments and the seductive devices of trade. A famous dry-goods store lately startled the shopping community of Paris by opening a free restaurant, a billiard-hall and a reading-room for the use and behoof of its customers. When ladies go to purchase at this place, while preparing their lists a polite clerk escorts them to the *buffet*, which is set out with ices, cakes, madeira wine, and so forth; and, having ended their repast, they are again escorted to the counter at which they desire to buy. But sometimes ladies bring their escorts—husbands, brothers or other useful bankers and purveyors of lucre—and the question arises, therefore, how to provide for them. The device of the reading-room and the billiard-table is interposed for this purpose, and a servant in livery informs them when the buying is completed, and when their own duties—namely, of footing the bills—are to begin. The care and ingenuity with which the French guard against having any annoying moments in life are well exemplified in this device. The free reading-room as an adjunct of the dry-goods store is not wholly unknown in New York, but the free *buffet* has not yet, we believe, been transplanted there. A very much cheaper and a far less praiseworthy mercantile trap for catching custom in the same branch of trade also originates at Paris. One popular store has a superb clerk, whose *spécialité* is to place himself near the door, and to murmur whenever a new customer enters, "Hum! la jolie femme!" The storekeeper is said to have observed that the effect was immediate and lasting, the new-comer remaining a faithful and habitual customer; but this device is not to be ranked for breadth of enterprise with the one already mentioned.

THE project to turn the famous palace of Madrid into a museum like that of Versailles inspires Angel de Miranda to recall the strange vicissitudes of government which the vast, majestic edifice has witnessed—it and its predecessor on the same site—during seven centuries. Situated in the western quarter of the city, its principal face dominates a grand esplanade called the "Field of the Moor," after the Moorish camp there established in the twelfth century. A fortress first, the original structure was turned by Peter the Cruel, a lover of fine architecture, into a royal castle, or *alcazar*, as it was then called, the word being borrowed from the Arabic. It became thenceforth an historic spot of Spain. It was the prison of Francis I. after Pavia. It was the dwelling of Philip II., who first made it the official royal residence; and there died his son, Don Carlos, whose tragic career has inspired so much dramatic literature, from Schiller's fierce handling of Philip II. to the widely different treatment of the subject by Don Gaspar Nuñez de l'Arce in his drama played for the first time the past year. In the same palace, continues Miranda, died Elizabeth of Valois. There Philip IV. had farces played by ordinary comedians while the tragedy of his own downfall was enacting without. A fire reduced to ashes the haughty Alcazar at the moment when the Austrian dynasty disappeared from the realm, and on its ruins Philip V., first of the Spanish Bourbons, built the sumptuous palace that exists to-day. Stranger tenants even than its predecessor's it was fated to see — Riperda, Farinelli, Godoy, who began his political rise by his skill with the guitar; and Joseph Bonaparte, to whom his fraternal patron said, "Brother, you will have better lodgings now than mine." There Ferdinand VII. passed his life in breaking his word, and there reigned Isabella II., first adored, then execrated. Marshal Serrano established there his modest head-quarters as regent of a provisory kingdom, and there lived Amadeo, who had the spirit to quit a throne which he could not occupy with dignity. What a story of changed times and manners does it tell, when, in a detached wing of this royal edifice, we find installed Don Emilio Castelar, foreign minister of the Spanish republic!

"I MUST be cruel, only to be kind," says Hamlet. In a different sense the kindness of some people is pretty sure to be cruel, their very charity ferocious. There is a story of an old maiden lady whose affection was centred on an ugly little cur, which one morning bounded into her room with a biscuit in his chops. "Here, Jane," cries the good lady, twisting the tidbit out of his mouth and giving it to her maid, "throw away the bread—it may be poisoned; or stop, put it in your pocket, and give it to the first poor little beggar you find in the street!" The story is hardly overdrawn, for if "all mankind's concern is charity," as Pope says, yet at least some of mankind's methods of exhibiting generosity are questionable. An English paper recounts that a Croydon pork-butcher was lately arrested for selling diseased pork, and the man from whom he bought the pig, being summoned as a witness, admitted that the animal had been killed "because it was not very well"—that he was just about to bury the carcass when the butcher opportunely came and bought it; but the strange point is that, in a burst of munificence, "the head had already been given to a poor woman who lived near." Evidently, the worthy pair thought this to be the sort of charity that covers a multitude of sins; and to a question whether their intents, as a whole, were wicked or charitable, they might properly have answered "Both." The "charities that soothe and heal and bless" are not the only ones that pass current under the general form of almsgiving.

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# LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Literature and Dogma: An Essay toward a Better Apprehension of the Bible. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a tract issued in the author's apprehension that our popular view of Christianity is false, our conception of the Hebrew and Greek Bible altogether hidebound and deadening, our notion of the Deity a picture that is doomed to destruction in the face of science. As it is a sincere scheme of individual opinion (though not of original opinion, being largely made up of graftings from a certain recognizable class of modern scholars), it could only be finally disposed of by following it up root and branch in nearly all its details, at the cost of writing a much larger book. No opponent will be likely to give it so much importance. For our part, we are quite content to exhibit a little tableau of the main theory advanced, and let this tableau speak for itself.

We should perhaps begin with Mr. Arnold's matter, but it is hard to represent him at all without doing some preliminary justice to his manner—his attitude toward the Christian public, his dogma of urbanity, and the value of his way of putting things as a likelihood of making converts. This is the more appropriate as he thinks the Founder of Christianity, and its chief promulgators, such as Peter and Paul, gained most of their successes through manner. "Mildness and sweet reasonableness" he believes to be the characteristic of Christ's teaching—a presentment of truths long afloat in the Jewish mind so winningly and persuasively that they became new and profound convictions in all minds; and he believes that when these characteristics were withdrawn or veiled the teaching was so far ineffectual; that when Christ, addressing the Pharisees, abandoned "the mild, uncontentious, winning, inward mode of working," there was no chance at all of His gaining the persons at whom His sayings were launched; and that Saint Paul certainly had no chance of convincing those whom he calls "dogs." Now, it is inevitable for us to ask ourselves what chance Mr. Arnold, undertaking the most delicate and critical crusade that can possibly be imagined against the dearest opinions of almost everybody, will have with *his* method. The hard hits which the Pharisees got, and which the early churches sometimes received from Paul, were direct, terrible blows, adapted to a primitive age: Mr. Arnold's hits, full of grace and sting, are adapted to our own age, and are rather worse. When he calls Pius IX. the amiable old pessimist in Saint Peter's chair, or when he calls Dr. Marsh, an Anglican divine who had hung in the railway stations some sets of biblical questions and answers which he does not approve, a "venerable and amiable Coryphæus of our evangelical party," he uses expressions that will lash the ordinary Catholic and Churchman of his audience harder than the fisherwoman was lashed in being called an isosceles and a parallelopipedon. Not much more "sweetly reasonable" will he seem to the ordinary Cantab. when he says that the Cambridge addiction to muscularity would have sent the college, but for the Hebrew religion, "in procession, vice-chancellor, bedels, masters, scholars, and all, in spite of the professor of modern philosophy, to the temple of Aphrodite;" nor any more "sweetly reasonable" will he seem to the ordinary innocent, conventional Churchman in asserting that the God of righteousness is displeased and disserved by men uttering such doggerel hymns as "Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise," and "My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow;" or in asserting that the modern preacher, who calls people infidels for false views of the Bible, should have the epithet returned upon him for his own false views; and that it would be just for us to say, "The bishop of So-and-so, the dean of So-and-so, and other infidel laborers of the present day;" or "That rampant infidel, the archdeacon of So-and-so, in his recent letter on the Athanasian creed;" or "*The Rock*, the *Church Times*, and the rest of the infidel press;" or "The torrent of infidelity which pours every Sunday from our pulpits! Just it would be," pursues the author, "and by no means inurbane; but hardly, perhaps, Christian." The question is not so much whether such allocutions are Christian—which they possibly may be in Mr. Arnold's clearer æther—as whether they are adapted to his purpose of winning. He manages here and there, indeed, in trying on his new conceptions of old truths, to be exquisitely offensive. It will seem like trifling, and it will keenly wound, for instance, the person of ordinary piety, to have his "Holy Ghost," his promised "Comforter," called "the Paraclete that Jesus promised, the Muse of righteousness, the Muse of humanity," and to have this solemn Mystery lightly offset against the literary Muse, "the same who no doubt visits the bishop of Gloucester when he sits in his palace meditating on Personality." But he becomes most elaborately and carefully outrageous when, combating this same idea of Personality in the Holy Trinity, he calls it "the fairy-tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys," in allusion to a parable which he is at the pains of constructing about a first Lord Shaftesbury, who is a judge with a crowd of vile offenders, and a second Lord Shaftesbury, who takes their punishment, and a third Lord Shaftesbury, "who keeps very much in the background and works in a very occult manner." This seems like the talk not of a man who wishes to convince, but who wishes to wound: it appears to be completely parallel with the method of those dissenters, whom Mr. Arnold is never tired of inveighing against, who use invective because Christ used it, and who hurl epithets at a state church or titles. As for the new light which Mr. Arnold has to shed on the Bible and religion, it is a recasting in his own way of the old interpretation. He deals with miracles as Renan deals with them, believing that credence in "thaumaturgy" will drop off from the human mind as credence in witchcraft has done—that Lazarus underwent resurrection, since, having found the Life, he had passed through the state of death. The Hebrew God he believes to have been a conception, not positive and pictorial as ours is apt to be (influenced, perhaps, though Mr. Arnold does not say so, by the efforts of Christian art), but a tendency to righteousness, a current of superior virtue, plain enough to the Oriental mind without mere personality; yet it may be objected to this that the Oriental mind made for a personal God, when Jesus came, as delightedly as our Aryan race could do. It is not, however, our purpose to expose much of Mr. Arnold's theory. It will be accepted by some as the last effectual mingling of literary grace and spiritual insight; but others, especially when they find him saying that conduct cannot be perfected except by culture, will think this work the sheep's head and shoulders covering the bust of a Voltaire.

Rhymes Atween Times. By Thomas MacKellar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

When we find actually embalmed in a book the simple and touching song, "Let me kiss him for his mother," our first inclination is to take all its merit for granted and hurry by, capping the matter as we pass with the inevitable quotation which also begins with a *let me*, and refers to making the songs of a people, with infinitive contempt for the adjustment of their laws. The people for whom Mr. MacKellar's ballad was made, being young women in ringlets who press the suburban piano, have, we may reasonably hope, small need of the law any how, and we may be pretty sure that the verses which have touched the great popular heart are made in a spirit which is better than any law, even the law of metre. On reading attentively the poem in question we find a touching theme handled with simplicity, and in a certain sense earning its popular place, though no poem could possibly be so good as the simple fact—an ancient woman in a hospital at New Orleans arresting the coffin-lid they were placing over a young fever-patient from the North with the natural impulse, "Stop! let me kiss him for his mother!" That little sunbeam of pure feeling, sent straight from the affections of the people, is the real poet in the affair, though Mr. MacKellar has succeeded in investing himself with its simplicity, supporting his subject with tenderness and directness. When a writer happens, with luck in his theme and luck in his mood, to strike such a keynote, he is astonished in a moment by a mighty and impressive diapason, a whole nation breaking into song at the bid of his whisper. Mr. MacKellar doubtless would think it strange, and a little hard to be told, that this trifle outweighs the whole bulk, body and sum of his collection. He is a writer of old acceptance and experience, who began to rhyme long ago in *Neal's Gazette*, with "occasional verses" about "no poetry in a hat"—a question which was bandied, in the fashion of the times, through half a dozen assertions and replies, assisted by voluntaries from the public. A stage-ride from New York to Singsing at that day was something of an adventure, affording a subject for six cantos, which Neal was doubtless very glad to get for his journal. Neal's death, and the parting with Henry Reed and Dr. Kane, with some other local changes, extracted short laments from the author, whose tone is nevertheless usually cheerful and canny; but his ballad is his best.

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## *Books Received.*

The Philosophy of Art. By H. Taine, Professor of Æsthetics and of History of Art in the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris. Translated by John Durand. Second edition. Thoroughly revised by the translator. New York: Holt & Williams.

Fleurange: A Novel. From the French of Madame Augustus Craven, author of "A Sister's Story," "Anne Severin," etc. Translated by M. M. R. New York: Holt & Williams.

Love is Enough; or, The Freeing of Pharamond. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Ralph Harding's Success. By the author of "Robert Joy's Victory." Boston: Henry Hoyt.

The Mysterious Guest. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Madame de Chamblay. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Not Forsaken. By Agnes Giberne. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

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