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NEW-ENGLAND NOVELS

THREE STORIES OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY

JANE G. AUSTIN

V&K

Kriegs-Einband

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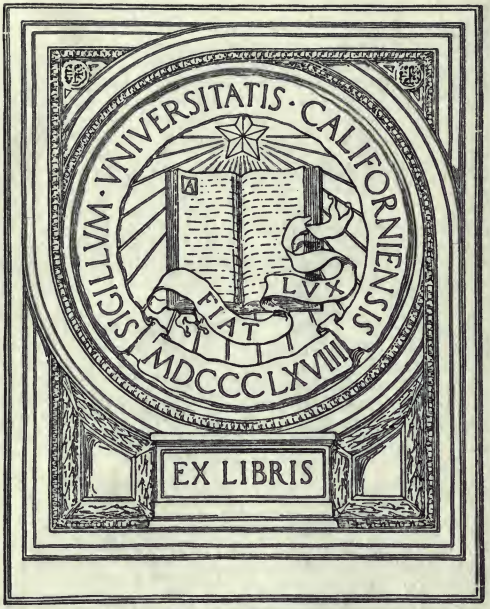
Sammlung französischer und englischer Schulausgaben. Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Th. Engwer, Prof. Dr. M. Kuttner und Prof. Dr. A. Herrmann in Berlin.



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THREE STORIES OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY

JANE G. AUSTIN

Mit Anmerkungen zum Schulgebrauch

herausgegeben von

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Biographische Einleitung.

Jane Goodwin Austin wurde am 25. Februar 1831 in dem Städtchen Worcester in Massachusetts als Tochter Isaac Goodwins geboren. Von ihren äußeren Lebensumständen ist wenig Bemerkenswertes zu melden. Zwanzig Jahre alt heiratete sie und folgte ihrem Gatten L. H. Austin nach Concord und später nach Boston, wo sie den größten Teil ihres Lebens zubrachten. Dort starb sie am 30. März 1894. An diesem Brennpunkt der amerikanischen Bildung und der literarischen Bestrebungen entdeckte sie ihren schriftstellerischen Beruf und trat mit einer Reihe kurzer Erzählungen vor die Öffentlichkeit, welche alle das Leben und die Schicksale der ersten Pilgerväter und ihrer Nachkommen zum Gegenstande haben. Beseelt von der Liebe zu ihrer engeren Heimat und stolz auf ihre Abstammung von John Howland, der mit den Pilgern ausgezogen war, wurde sie eine der ersten Vertreterinnen einer Literaturgattung, die man heute Heimatkunst zu nennen pflegt. Wie Bret Harte den Schauplatz seiner Dichtungen nach Kalifornien, Mark Twain an die westlichen Grenzen und auf den Mississippi, Cable nach Louisiana verlegen, so fanden Massachusetts und Neu-England ihre besten Darsteller in einer Anzahl diesen Staaten entstammender Schriftstellerinnen, wie Mrs. Stowe, Rose Cooke, Sarah Jewett, Mary

Wilkins, unter denen auch Jane Austin ein ehrenvoller Platz gebührt. Ihre bekanntesten und am meisten geschätzten Geschichten sind *Dora Darling* (1864), *Standish of Standish, Betty Alden, Nantucket Scraps* und ihr letztes Werk (1892) *David Alden's Daughter and other Stories of Colonial Times*, dem die vorliegenden Erzählungen in fast unverkürzter Gestalt entnommen sind.

Geschichtliche Einleitung.

Es liegt stets ein eigner Reiz darin, den Anfängen großer Reiche nachzuspüren und die Ursachen aufzudecken, die ihr Wachsen, Gedeihen und ihren Verfall herbeiführen. Eine der wunderbarsten menschlichen Schöpfungen ist ohne Zweifel der Großstaat, der sich zwischen den Gestaden des Stillen und des Atlantischen Ozeans erstreckt, und seine Beziehungen zu der übrigen Welt sind so zahlreiche, daß es unser lebhaftes Interesse erwecken muß, einen Einblick in das Innere des amerikanischen Volkes zu gewinnen, an dessen Zusammensetzung fast alle Nationen Europas mehr oder minder stark beteiligt sind. Dadurch erhalten wir auch am ehesten eine Antwort auf die Frage, die sich naturgemäß aufdrängt, wie es gekommen ist, daß das ungeheure Gebiet der Vereinigten Staaten mit seinen so verschiedenartigen Bestandteilen dennoch ein vorwiegend englisches Gepräge erhalten konnte.

Zwei sehr ungleiche Beweggründe waren es vornehmlich, die die Europäer zur Auswanderung nach der Neuen Welt bestimmten; die einen reizte die Abenteuerlust und die Aussicht auf leichten Erwerb großer Reichtümer, die anderen trieb der ideale Drang

nach politischer oder religiöser Freiheit in die Ferne. Es ist nicht schwer, in den Erscheinungen des amerikanischen Lebens noch heute beide Gründe fortwirken zu sehen, den materiellen in dem mächtig entwickelten Unternehmungsgeist und dem Streben nach gewaltigen Reichtümern, den idealen in dem Drang nach politischer und religiöser Selbstbestimmung der Bewohner, die sich ihr Recht darauf in dem harten Ringen mit dem Mutterlande erwarben und sich auch nicht scheuten, selbst um den Preis eines Bürgerkrieges ihre idealen Güter zu verteidigen.

Die Träger dieses Idealismus aber waren weder die reichen Zuckersieder Floridas und Carolinas, noch die aristokratischen Pflanzer Virginiens, es waren die Nachkommen armer englischer Handwerker und Landleute, die mit ihren Familien und ihrem Gesinde im Jahre 1620 an einem unwirtlichen Gestade eine Freistätte für ihren Glauben gründeten. Welche großen moralischen Kräfte mußten in diesen Männern und Frauen wirksam sein, daß aus ihnen die Neu-England-Staaten hervorgehen konnten, die den Kern der Vereinigten Staaten bilden! Diese Kraft schöpften sie allein aus der Religion, besonders aus der protestantischen Lehre, nur Gottes Wort zur Richtschnur alles Denkens und Handelns zu machen und seinen Glauben ohne Menschenfurcht zu bekennen.

In England hatte die Reformation, unterdrückt von der katholischen Maria, nur so langsame Fortschritte gemacht, daß noch im Jahre 1588 drei Viertel der Bevölkerung katholisch waren. Kaum hörte mit Elisabeths Regierungsantritt der äußere Druck auf, so trat eine Spaltung der Reformierten in Protestanten und Puritaner ein, von denen die ersteren ein Kirchenregiment durch Priester, Bischöfe und Erzbischöfe anerkannten, das in der Person des Monarchen gipfelte,

während die letzteren alle Machtbefugnisse in die Hand der Gemeinde legten, die sich ihre Prediger, Ältesten und Lehrer selber wählte.

Die Königin schwankte nicht, auf wessen Seite sie sich stellen sollte. Sie wollte alle, auch die geistliche Autorität in ihrer Person vereinigt sehen, da sie eine Zersplitterung der nationalen Kräfte fürchtete, wenn sie den religiösen Zwiespalt einreißen ließ. Hatte sie doch als warnende Beispiele die durch konfessionellen Hader zerrissenen Niederlande und das durch die Hugenottenkriege zur Ohnmacht verdammte Frankreich vor Augen. Daher verfolgte das Parlament sowohl wie die Bischöfe alle Zuwiderhandelnden mit unerhört strengen Strafen und füllten die Gefängnisse mit den Bekennern der kalvinistischen (puritanischen) Lehre.

Trotz dieser Bedrückungen bildete sich um das Jahr 1606 in einem entlegenen Winkel Englands unter dem Einfluß einiger in Cambridge gebildeter Männer, auf evangelischem Grunde und mit puritanischen Grundsätzen eine kleine Gemeinde, deren Mittelpunkt das Haus des Posthalters Brewster in Scrooby war, einem Dorfe der Grafschaft Nottingham, das im sogenannten Pilgrim-Distrikt lag. Unzählig waren die Verfolgungen, denen die tapferen Bekenner von seiten der herrschenden Kirche und des Staates von Anfang an ausgesetzt waren. Daher entschlossen sie sich, wenn auch schweren Herzens, von Gewissensnot getrieben, ihr Vaterland zu verlassen und, dem Beispiel einer anderen Sekte folgend, sich nach Holland zu begeben, wo Glaubensfreiheit herrschte. Obwohl ihrem Abzuge große Hindernisse in den Weg gelegt wurden, gelang es ihnen (1608), in Gruppen den Hafen von Boston zu verlassen, um zuerst in Amsterdam, dann in Leyden ein Asyl zu finden.

Der Aufenthalt im Auslande unter einem fremden Volke bewirkte einen immer engeren Zusammenschluß und führte zu einer immer festeren Organisation der Glieder dieses kirchlichen Gemeinwesens, dessen Seelsorge der vortreffliche Pastor Robinson in Händen hatte, während Brewster, das angesehenste Mitglied, als „Ältester“ die inneren und äußeren Angelegenheiten leitete.

Doch die Schwierigkeit, in der Fremde ausreichenden Lebensunterhalt zu verdienen, besonders aber die Gefahr, daß die Jugend ihre englische Nationalität verlieren könnte, veranlaßte die Vorsteher schon im Jahre 1617 an eine Auswanderung nach Amerika zu denken. Als geeignetste Stelle erschienen ihnen die nördlichen Gebiete von Virginien, wo sie sicher waren, keine Landsleute vorzufinden. Durch Fürsprecher erlangten sie eine Aussöhnung mit dem Könige Jakob I. und die Konzession eines Landstriches von seiten der Virginia-Gesellschaft, so daß sie endlich im September 1620 auf dem Schiffe Mayflower absegeln konnten. 103 betrug die Zahl der am 21. Dezember 1620 im Hafen New Plymouth an Land gehenden Personen, die man unter dem Namen der Pilgrim-Fathers als Begründer der Kolonie Neu-England feiert.

Diese Angaben mögen genügen, um in dem Leser unseres Buches das Verständnis zu wecken für die Personen und Zustände, die die Verfasserin uns in den vorliegenden Erzählungen nach alten Briefen, Chroniken und Berichten, unter denen die Papiere des Gouverneurs Bradford die wichtigsten sind, entworfen hat. Die erste derselben, *The wife of John Carver,* versetzt uns mitten in die erste Leidenszeit der Pilger hinein, welche, kaum den Gefahren einer stürmischen Seereise entronnen, von tückischen Krankheiten heimgesucht werden, dennoch aber voll Gottvertrauen und Ergebung

ihr Werk fortsetzen. Die zweite Erzählung führt uns an den Beginn des Unabhängigkeitskrieges und schildert die Stimmung des Volkes von Neu-England kurz vor Ausbruch der Feindseligkeiten. Die dritte Geschichte soll durch ihren Ausgang beweisen, daß die Feindschaft und der Haß der beiden verwandten Nationen mit Versöhnung endet. In allen dreien ist ein historischer Hintergrund so deutlich zu erkennen, daß wir imstande sind, uns ein Bild von der politischen Entwicklung Neu-Englands von einer dürftigen Kolonie zu einem selbständigen Staate zu machen. (S. unsere Ausgabe *"The United States of America"*, Engl. auth. 92.)

THE WIFE OF JOHN CARVER.

I.

"A FAIR wind and a strong! Shame it were that it should be wasted as those before have been! Sit you here, Dame Kate, while I go up to the change-house and speak again to Master Jones, who of a truth is treating us but scurvily in thus delaying. You do not fear to tarry here a short half hour, with Roger Wilder for guard and Elizabeth Tillie for company, — eh, Kate?"

"Surely not, John. Go your ways, and we will spend the time in walking up and down the pier. This same fair wind blows somewhat shrewdly for sitting still."

"Nay, if it is cold to thee, sweetheart," replied the husband, a grave man already in middle life, and dressed in the sombre garb of the Separatists, turning back and looking somewhat anxiously into the face of his wife, a young and lovely woman, whose blonde beauty proclaimed her English birth, as her somewhat sad-coloured and demure garments did her adhesion to the strait sect of which her husband was a prominent member. And yet, had Dame Katherine Carver allowed herself the aid of all the coquettish appliances distinguishing the toilet of the gayest beauty among the cavaliers, she

could hardly have selected head-gear so becoming as the hood of dark purple velvet shaped around her face in the fashion first introduced by Mary the unhappy Queen of Scots.

John Carver's thoughtful and somewhat anxious gaze softened as it rested upon her face, and a loving smile stirred the gravity of his expression. But to the tender expostulation, seconded by a movement to lead her away from the pier, Dame Katherine hastily replied: —

"I said not it was too cold, goodman, and I am overweary of staying within-doors. We two, Elizabeth and I, can walk or rest here in all safety until your return, and Roger Wilder shall guard us if you will. Come, Bess."

And putting her hand within the arm of her companion, a sweet English lass, not yet past her seventeenth summer, and fresh and blooming as an English spring, Mistress Carver led her down the pier, while John Carver, the smile still lingering upon his lips, walked rapidly back toward the town.

"There he is again, dame," said Elizabeth, suddenly, as the two women approached the end of the pier.

"He? And what he, my girl?" asked the elder lady, a little coldly.

"Why, the young man of whom I was speaking yester-eve. I said that he looked in desperate case, and as if but little more were wanting to send him off the end of the pier, where he sits to-day as he sat then, gazing now into the water

at his feet, now at our vessel riding there at anchor. I marvel if he may be wishing to join himself to us."

"If he does, he should make his petition to Master Bradford, or Master Carver, or Captain Standish. Of a truth he does look in evil case; and what is worst of all, he seems too downcast to bestir himself to the mending of his condition. I would that my goodman were here, that I might ask him to give the poor soul opportunity to speak with him."

Even as she spoke, chance and the wind presented the coveted opportunity to the object of this conversation; for, as Mistress Carver drew from her pocket a handkerchief somewhat heretically embroidered, the breeze snatched it from her hand, and would have whirled it into the water, had not the young man sitting at the end of the pier caught it as it flew past him, and, rising, come toward the two ladies with an eagerness of manner immediately noted by the younger.

"Beshrew me, mistress, but he is glad enough of the chance to speak with us," said she, softly.

"Hush, Bess," replied the other, and the next moment returned the obeisance of the young man, with a gesture courteous, but full of dignity and reserve, while she said: —

"Truly, sir, I am beholden to you, and render you my thanks."

"It is nothing, madam. If I might venture to say it, I am myself your debtor in being permitted even so simple a service."

"You have my thanks, sir, and good-even to you."

"Pardon, madam, if my foolish words have offended you. I spoke only as I felt."

"I am not offended, young man, but I and my husband, and this young gentlewoman my friend, are of the adventurers in yonder vessel, and, as perhaps you know, we of that sort hold not to compliments and courtly phrases, such as you seem to have been bred in."

"I have, indeed, been bred to other things than I have attained, madam," said he, gloomily; "and, although not yet past my seven-and-twentieth birthday, have come to the end both of my patrimony and my friends. Poor as this suit may be, it will last my life out, and serve for grave-clothes, too."

The last words, muttered to himself as he turned away, and not intended for the lady's ear, reached it, nevertheless, and she exclaimed: —

"What is that? A full-grown man, hale and sound of limb, and not untaught, and speak after that fashion! Nay, sir, you shall give me warrant for your words, and if I have not skill or means to help your hurt myself, it may chance that I know those who can. What is this deadly trouble which has turned your brain, as it seems to me?"

As the sweet, somewhat imperious, but kindly and womanly tones fell upon the young man's ear, he turned suddenly, and, raising his haggard eyes to the lady's face, exclaimed: —

"You are the first woman, madam, who has

spoken to me for mine own good since my mother died."

"Poor lad! And will it help you to tell me something of your case? I would not intrude, but it may be I or mine can help you."

"What there is to tell, madam, I will gladly narrate; but there is not much chance of help."

"Say not so. Had we, whom you call Separatists, been thus easily daunted and dismayed, I had not been here to-day to listen to you," said Mistress Carver, seating herself upon a bench beside a pile of merchandise, and motioning Elizabeth to sit beside her. "Know you not, young man, that we sailed out of the Low Countries nigh upon two months by-gone, and that since we finally bade farewell to home and friends we have twice been turned back from the unknown road we are bound to travel. But come, get thee to thy story, for my husband will be here anon to take us on shipboard."

"First, then, madam, my name it is John Howland, and I come of a good family in Essex; but my father and mother being dead, and my elder brother in possession of their estate, I, with my younger son's portion, have long been a stranger to the house where I was born; and it is now three years since the last sixpence of that portion left my pocket. Since when I have lived I know not how, save that I have never begged or stolen, or done aught of which I need to be ashamed. For this week past I have watched your vessel there at anchor, and wondered if by any chance

it might befall that those holy adventurers would receive among them an unholy adventurer desperate as myself; but I have no money, and no recommendation; and now that the Speedwell is condemned, and her passengers crowded upon the Mayflower, I should never dare to ask to be taken."

"I said, Dame Carver, that he fain would go," murmured Elizabeth Tillie; and John Howland turned his hollow, hungry eyes upon her for the first time.

"Said you so, mistress?" asked he, kindly; and the girl, blushing scarlet, murmured assent, while the elder lady slowly said: —

"Of a truth, we are crowded overmuch, but it seems a question of saving a man, body and soul, and — Ah! here is my husband. Elizabeth, take Roger and walk down the pier, and Master Howland may accompany you if he will, while I speak to Master Carver."

Rising as she spoke, with a delicate flush upon her cheek, Katherine Carver went to meet her husband, who received her wonderingly, and listened to her story, at first with some distrust, but finally with grave sympathy.

"And, John, if you would take him for your servant, and bear his charges until we come to Virginia, he will repay you amply with his service. I am sure of it," said the young wife, in conclusion, and so earnestly that Carver smiled.

"Why, dame, if he was thy brother thou couldst

not plead more earnestly," said he. "How can you be so sure of a stranger all at once?"

"I know not, but I am; and I have set my heart upon snatching this goodly brand from the burning; and you will not refuse me your aid, goodman?" replied the wife, with so subtle a smile that it was reflected upon the grave face of her husband as he replied: —

"Why, no, Kate, I will not refuse thee; for thou art such a shrew that indeed I dare not."

"That is well, and as it should be," replied Mistress Carver, merrily; "and now call John Howland and settle matters with him, while I speak with Elizabeth Tillie."

So then it fell out that when, in the course of the next day, Captain Jones was prevailed upon to set sail from Plymouth in England toward what was to be the Plymouth of New England, John Howland was enrolled among the passengers of the Mayflower as "servant to Mr. John Carver."

II.

The annals of that voyage have descended to us; and, simple and unconscious as they are, every page is filled with a story of sublime faith, heroic endurance, and indomitable resolution such as never in the world's history has been excelled, and is only equalled by the inspired voyage of Columbus toward these same shores.

Before the Pilgrims landed upon the famous rock, now become the Mecca of the New World,

Master John Carver was formally chosen governor of the colony about to be founded, and accepted the office in the primitive spirit which ordained that he who would rule should also serve, and that the chief among a people should be he who laboured most anxiously and untiringly for its good. No man, accordingly, wrought more laboriously than the new-made governor at the arduous tasks of unloading the ship, landing the passengers and their effects, felling trees, hewing timber, and building first the common-house, to serve as a temporary refuge for those who first landed, and then smaller cabins for the accommodation of separate families. When these families were small, it was adjudged that they should receive the addition of two or three single men, of whom there were quite a number, and in this manner the hundred and one persons comprising the colony were divided into nineteen households.

The governor, partly out of deference to his position, partly because his family already numbered eight, — namely, himself, his wife, Desire Minter, and another maid-servant, John Howland, Roger Wilder, a servant lad named William, and a little adopted boy called Jasper More, — was allowed to occupy his cabin alone; and it was hardly completed before it began to assume a certain air of refinement and delicate care hardly to be accounted for by the few articles of handsome furniture John Carver had indulged his wife by saving from the wreck of their household plenishing in Leyden.

But it was not the chair, the table, or even Katherine Carver's dainty sewing-stand and carved footstool which gave to the unfinished sitting-room of this cabin its air of taste and elegance: it was the presence of the woman herself; it was the gentle and refined atmosphere which surrounded her, — the impress of her own pure and womanly delight in all that was graceful, beautiful, and fitting. Elizabeth Tillie, coming often hither for refuge from her own noisy and utilitarian home, more than once asked, not without a sigh: —

"What is it, dear Mistress Carver, that makes this house so different from the rest? Certain it is that my mother and I toil more than enough to bring our own home into order, and we, too, have some little furniture from over-sea, but our place is forever in a hurly, or else so cold and formal and forbidding. What is the secret, mistress?"

"Truly I know not, except that John Carver dwells here, and not there," the wife would sometimes reply; but Elizabeth only shook her head, until at last one day John Howland, waiting until Katherine had left the room, said to the despondent girl: —

"Do not be cast down, Elizabeth, because you cannot be like the governor's dame, or make your home like that which takes its hue from her. Do the flowers droop and die because they are not the moon, who shines over all, and whom all may love and admire, even though they never may come anear her, or even imitate her?"

"And you hold the governor's wife even thus above all other women?" asked Elizabeth, sharply.

"I did think, Elizabeth, that you, too, loved Mistress Carver heartily and singularly," replied Howland, a little severely.

"Well so I do. Who dares say I do not? But — but — that is another matter. Good-even to you, John Howland."

And as Elizabeth quickly left the house, her face flushed, her eyes brimming with tears, the young man looked after her in astonishment, muttering:

"Truly the ways of women pass a man's understanding. How have I angered her by praising our lady and mistress!"

Hardly were the Pilgrims disembarked when came the pestilence, which in three terrible months carried off half of their little band, leaving barely fifty alive when it passed away. Day after day, as Carver and his two assistants returned from labouring with or in the service of the sick, they had a new story of death or disease to relate, and Dame Katherine, her sweet eyes overbrimming with tears, would hasten from her own household duties to such offices at the bedside of her neighbours as she could with her slender strength perform, until she herself was stricken down; and Carver, returning home at night, found her and Desire Minter stretched upon their beds and groaning with pain, while in the next room Roger Wilder and the little Jasper lay dead, the boy William and the

maid-servant being in almost as bad case in the loft above.

"Here is work enow for us at home, John," said the governor, sadly. "And if we could but have a woman's help" —

"John Tillie and his wife died yesterday, and Edward, his brother, and his wife are dead to-day, and Henerie Sampson and Humility Coper are better, so that Elizabeth Tillie has naught to do at home but mourn, and might come hither, if Mistress Carver wills it," suggested John Howland, his hand upon the door-latch.

"Go and ask her to come, John," replied the governor, his wistful gaze fixed upon the flushed face of his darling.

And Elizabeth, wiping the tears of orphanhood from her eyes, came at John Howland's bidding; and they two nursed not only Katherine and the others, but the governor himself, who shortly after fell sick, more of weariness and over-effort than of the disease, which at last left only seven persons able to perform the offices for all the sick and dying and dead about them.

But with the sharp spring winds came a change. The pestilence passed, and its victims crept out into the pale sunshine, and, finding some uncertain strength returning to their gaunt frames, applied it to the great task, still scarce begun, of building a home in this wilderness for themselves and their children.

Among these labourers was Carver, who, still feeble from long illness and anxious attendance

upon his wife, now in a measure restored to health, daily led forth the labourers, under the direction of Squanto, an Indian, who, alone surviving the pestilence which had some years before desolated this region, still lingered about his birthplace, and became very serviceable to its new inhabitants. Squanto it was who taught his pale-faced friends how and when to sow their scanty crop of corn, where to catch fish, how to net the abundant shoals of herring with which to dress the poor and exhausted soil, and many another savage art, known and practiced by his fathers upon this very spot for centuries before the Pilgrims, or even Columbus, saw the shores of the New World.

Squanto, too, it was who brought his adopted chief, Massasoit, to make a treaty with the white men, and later on warned them of hostilities meditated against them by the Narragansetts, and other hostile tribes and factions, proving himself from first to last their firm and faithful friend. And it was Squanto who, opening the door of the governor's cabin while the family sat at breakfast, stepped lightly inside, and said, in the broken English he had acquired during a captivity in England some years before: —

"Good-morning, master. Want plant corn again to-day?"

"Yes, Squanto, yes. We must be up and doing, — must labour while it is yet day, for the night cometh" —

And, not finishing his sentence, the governor stood still in the middle of the floor, fastening a strange look upon his wife, who felt it, and rising came toward him, inquiring tenderly: —

"John, must you work so hard again to-day? You are not yet strong from that terrible illness, and you overwrought yesterday."

"Dear heart, be not alarmed. It is my place to set a good example to my brothers, and the Lord will uphold his servants. Come, John Howland, Squanto is already gone."

But John lingered until he could say to Katherine, unobserved by her husband: —

"I will stay by his side, dame, and lighten his burdens if I may, and though he look something pale and meagre he has the strength and spirit of two yet in him."

"I thank you, John, and I trust him to you for so much as he will allow you to do; but it is this very spirit that leads him on emprises beyond even his strength."

"I will do my best, dame," repeated John, mournfully, and hastened to follow his master to the field; while Elizabeth Tillie, watching the private conference, bit her lip, turned red and pale by turns, and finally left the room, muttering: —

"I know not what to think of this saint-worship. No, not I."

III.

The April day rose soft and sweet, but, rapidly increasing in heat as the hours marched on, arrived

near noon at the sultry fervour of July; such another day as that famous 19th of April, a hundred and fifty years later, when the British, retreating beneath the fire of every stone wall from Concord and Lexington, dropped exhausted in their march, overcome as much by the intense heat as by their enemies or their own panic.

"Truly, if this is the spring, what shall we expect of summer weather?" panted the choleric captain, as he vigorously broke the matted sod with his heavy hoe. Beside him toiled Winslow and Carver, side by side, John Howland close at the governor's right hand. All three, all four indeed, had been gently nurtured; all were of the class whose habits inure to luxury rather than to toil; but no four men among the twenty or thirty labouring beneath that scorching sun kept even pace with these that day. It is not the large-boned, heavy-limbed draught-horse who bursts his heart in voluntary emulation or endeavour, but the fiery thoroughbred, whose superb muscle and sensitive nerve are but the electric wires between his noble spirit and his wonderful deeds; and among men, the heroes and martyrs are not they who simply do their duty, but those who see in duty the broad foundation of aspiration and endeavour.

The sun had reached its meridian, and already some of the toilers straightened their bowed backs, and glanced at their cumbrous watches, when John Howland, about to request his master to follow their example, saw his face turn deadly white, then flush of a dark red, while his eyes glared

wildly, and one trembling hand wavered uncertainly toward his head, then grasped wildly at the air. The arms of the young man were already about him, and Master Winslow, seeing his comrade's case, threw off the sick dizziness besetting him also, and came to Howland's help.

"It is a return of the sickness," said one.

"Nay, it is a flow of blood upon the brain," cried another.

"It is a sunstroke. The great heat hath been too much for his weakened condition," said John, tremulously. "But let us get him home to — nay, who shall warn the poor wife of the terrible calamity that hath befallen her and us? You, Master Winslow? Where is the Elder?"

"He went home with a bitter pain in his head an hour or more agone," said one of the men; while Winslow, kneeling beside the insensible body of his comrade and chiefest friend, groaned aloud: —

"I cannot, John; no, I cannot. This new cross is bitterer than all the rest, and I lie crushed beneath it. Oh, my friend, my friend, my more than brother! The hand of the Lord is very sore upon us this day!"

"Then it is I who must bear the tidings!" exclaimed Howland, in a voice of anguish. "Tarry for yet a few moments, friends, then bear him home, and I will hasten forward to prepare" —

The next words were smothered in the great sob that all unconsciously rose in the young man's throat, and then he sped away, running as fast to-

ward the scene he dreaded scarcely less than death, as ever hastened guest to joyous festival.

The frugal dinner was already upon the board as Howland entered the house, and Elizabeth Tillie was putting the last touches to the little decorations with which she had learned to embellish these simple feasts. She turned as she heard the familiar step, but stopped short in the cheerful greeting that first rose to her lips, and stood staring into the ghastly face of the messenger, the rich colour slowly fading out of her own.

"What is it? Oh, John, what has happened?" gasped she.

"Where is the mistress? I must see her this moment."

"She went to lie down, quite worn out, but now. What is it? Hath aught befallen" —

At this moment the door from the inner room suddenly opened, and Katherine Carver stood before them, a smile upon her lips.

"Truly, dear Bess, I am but a loiterer" — began she, yet paused panic-stricken as John Howland, stepping forward, took her passive hand in his, and, leading her to the great arm-chair, seated her therein, saying sadly: —

"Dear mistress, I am the bearer of ill-tidings; but I beseech you not to be utterly dismayed, for the Lord yet reigneth, and He will guide his own."

"My husband! Is he" —

"No, dear lady, he yet lives; but he is very, very ill, — stricken down but now, even at my side".

"And you promised to guard, to save him! Oh, false friend and careless servant, who did not see that this was coming upon him, — did not warn him, save him!"

"Nay, dame, what man can foresee the hand of the Almighty, or guard against his decree" — began Elizabeth, half indignantly. But Howland silenced her with a look, and turned again to the bereaved and almost desperate woman, who was rising from the chair, casting an indignant and contemptuous look upon him, and moving toward the door; but Howland threw himself in her path, crying: —

"Dear lady, go not forth to meet them! The feet of them who bear him hither are already at the door. Dear, dear mistress, be strong, be steadfast; arm thy soul with courage such as it hath already shown among us. Oh, beloved mistress, he is sorely, sorely ill!"

"He is dead — tell me the truth!" demanded Katherine, hoarsely, but still she tottered toward the door.

"Not dead, but smitten very sorely. They are here. Elizabeth, where shall he be laid? Rest upon this chair, mistress; cover thine eyes, and pray for strength; for verily thy need is at the greatest."

"Lay him upon his own bed, his marriage-bed, the bed where I, his widow, will lay me down to die," whispered Katherine, shuddering from head to foot, yet suffering herself to be put gently back into the deep chair as the shadow of those who

bore her husband home fell across the sunny room.

Then came the solemn, heavy footfalls, the suppressed question and answer, the passage of that mournful group; and then they laid him down, a dying man, upon the bed his death should widow. But Katherine, pushing aside the trembling hands that would have detained her, arose and followed, saying, in a voice no longer like her own: —

"It is my right. Let be; I am his wife."

So she and Elizabeth ministered to him as best they might, the maid weeping and shivering, but the wife, with a rigid calm of face and manner awful to those who looked upon her.

"He will never speak again, — he will scarce outlive the day," murmured Standish, who was reputed to have more knowledge of leech-craft than the rest. And John Howland, listening, shook his head, and looked with eyes of anguish at the wife, who, pale and cold as marble, stood holding one of the icy hands, her stony gaze fixed upon the deathly face. The brave and gentle soldier caught the glance and followed it, then moved toward Dame Katherine's side, and took her other hand.

"Sister," said he, "you spoke words of marvelous comfort to me when Rose Standish died, three months agone. Think upon them now, for I can speak none half so sweet or wise."

She heard, yet never moved her eyes from

their set gaze, nor changed her frozen calm, although she muttered: —

"Let be; I am his wife."

"As Rose was mine; but God took her, and you bade me bow before his judgment. You told me she was safe and happy now" —

"I prithee peace, friend! Vex not mine ears with words whose meaning I cannot guess. Oh, leave me, all of you, — leave me with my husband — my husband!"

And with a wild sob she flung herself upon her knees, and buried her face one moment; but as a faint moan broke from the lips of the dying man she rose, and, stooping toward him, seemed to still even her own breathing, lest by emotion she should shake ever so lightly those last few grains not yet run out of Death's hourglass.

But it was not until three more days had passed that the noble and heroic Carver drew his last painful breath, and passed from beneath the cross to receive the crown he so well had earned.

"Our brother sleepeth in the Lord," solemnly announced the reverend Elder Brewster, who watched beside the bedside of the dying man; and then he turned to Katherine and laid a hand upon her arm, saying: —

"Come away, daughter; thy work is ended here. Come and pray for comfort to Him who alone can give it."

But breaking from his hold the bereaved and stricken woman fell prostrate upon the bed.

"My husband; oh, my own; my treasure; my darling; my life! My husband, my husband!" And clinging there, she swooned so utterly, and so long, that they thought she too had died. But after weary hours of waiting, and of unceasing effort, those who watched beside her saw her eyes open slowly with a heavy, unconscious sadness in their depths. It was John Howland who first ventured to address her, and he said: —

"God be praised, dear mistress, that you have come back to us, else had we been like lost children indeed, lacking both a father's guidance and a mother's love."

But Katherine only moaned, and turned her face upon the pillow, where it lay for hours cold and white and still as that of the husband sleeping his last sleep upon his marriage-bed in the room beyond.

IV.

The funeral over, William Bradford, upon whom, as men already whispered, should devolve the governorship of the little colony, and the personal supervision of its private as well as public interests, came to see the widow; and after certain wise and kindly sayings, mingled with exhortations to resignation, or at least submission, whose only fault was that they were somewhat hard and strong for the nature to which he would adapt them, the governor-elect inquired: —

"And how will it suit you to live, Mistress Carver? Will you continue here, with Desire Minter

and John Howland and Elizabeth Tillie for company, or would it be easier for you to conjoin yourself with the fragments of some other broken family, as hath been done already in several cases?"

"I will stay here in the home which my husband made, and where he died; and if these will tarry with me" —

"I, for one, will tarry with you, mistress, until you send me from you," said John Howland, his eyes fixed upon the delicate face of the young widow, and his own cheeks glowing with eagerness.

"Thank you, friend," said Katherine, gently; "I shall not long keep you from gayer company."

"I pray thee, mistress" — began John, and stopped. Bradford took up the word: —

"Nay, dame, such intimations are but rebellious, or, at the least, weak and cowardly. You will doubtless live out the days appointed for you, and it may be that the affliction which to-day seems to touch your very life will in time become but a chastened memory, above which may be built the structure of a fair, new life."

Neither of his hearers replied, and after a few more words Bradford arose to go. Howland left the house with him, and as the two walked down the steep street toward the water-side the elder said: —

"We who are men, friend Howland, are bound to protect and guide the weaker vessels that are conjoined with us, and it has become your especial duty, it would seem, to have a care for this sad

and weeping sister of ours. Should it even seem as if this end could best be reached by a marriage between you two, I for one should consider such marriage a wise and advisable step. It is much for the interests of the colony that every man should rear a family to succeed to his work and his possesions; and also that women, bereaved of their natural protectors, should receive others as soon as may be. It is needless to say more at present upon these matters. You apprehend my meaning and my object in speaking to you at this time?"

"Yes, sir. You thought I should have considered such a hope too wild and too high, and should have crushed rather than encouraged any yearning I might find in my heart toward a lady so far above me" —

"No man in this wilderness is above another!" sternly interposed Bradford. "Did not we leave all that was easy and comfortable and dear, all save our own souls and those of our wives and children, and brave a thousand deaths, that we might also leave behind us the vanities and godless rule of the Old World? Each man, and each woman too, stands here to-day, as he shall one day stand before God, answering only for himself, founded only upon himself, worthy of respect or love only from his own deeds and efforts."

So spake the governor of the infant republic dropped like an acorn upon the shores of the New World, and destined one day to develop into the oak whose roots grapple the round earth, and

whose crest rises free and glorious in the light of the rising and the setting sun.

Returning homeward, John Howland met Elizabeth Tillie, who had been present, although silent, during Bradford's visit to her friend and mistress, Dame Carver. She paused as John was about to pass her, compelling him to do the same.

"You staid not long at the water-side," began she.

"No; we did but go to look at the fare of fish the men took this morning. It is a goodly one."

"Ah! And did you hear news of the marriage that is to be?"

Howland started, and turned pale. Elizabeth, watching him narrowly, tossed her head and bit her lip, and, before he could reply, continued: —

"Nay; I know not why it should go so near your heart, seeing the bride is to be the widow Susannah White, whose goodman died but two months since; while Master Edward Winslow, who is to marry her, buried his wife Elizabeth seven weeks agone come Monday. It is the fashion of the colony, you see, to bury a man's memory along with his bones; and the first decays sooner than the last. I think not overmuch of widows like that, even though Master Bradford lend himself to make the match."

"It is not well to judge too hardly of our brethren, Elizabeth" — began the young man, in a troubled voice; but the girl snatched the word from his lips.

"Lest we make for ourselves a law against our own inclinations," said she, sharply; and, without waiting for reply, kept on her way, leaving Howland to slowly and thoughtfully climb the hill and enter the house, where he found Katherine still seated, as he had left her, in the governor's great chair, her pale face laid against the back, and the great tears slowly gathering upon her lashes and rolling over her thin white cheek. The young man stood looking at her for a moment, then slowly approached, and stood close beside, but without touching her.

"Dear mistress, your sorrow breaks my heart. If I could soothe it in any fashion, — if the knowledge that one man at least would give all else to pleasure you and bring you comfort" —

"Thanks, good friend, and more than thanks. I know that you would think any trouble light, if by it you could ease mine; but, oh, John, it is my life that is crushed, my heart that is broken; and for that trouble what balm can even your kind and brotherly affection devise? Stay with me until the end, John, and soothe my dying bed as you did his; no more is possible."

"I will never leave you while we two live, Dame Katherine," said the young man, solemnly; and between those two full hearts fell a silence, broken only by the sound of the stormy waves lashing the shore hard by, and the solemn voice of the clock telling of Time speeding momently toward Eternity.

V.

Another month passed over, and May was softening into June, when Governor Bradford, meeting Howland a little way from the town, abruptly inquired: —

"How is Mistress Carver now, and how comes on thy wooing, man?"

"My mistress is but poorly, sir; and I have never dared intrude such a thought as that of another marriage upon her sorrow," replied John, with such a change of colour that the Elder shrewdly remarked: —

"But you have thought upon it yourself, and the idea is a marvelously sweet one to your mind."

"I cannot deny so much, sir, but" —

"Leave 'but' to keep company with 'peradventure,' and go home and speak your mind to the widow. You are but a young man, and know not women as your elders do, John. Many a man has lost his chance from too great a modesty and distrust of his own worth. Go you home and ask Dame Carver to promise to become Dame Howland by and by, and you shall see that the roses will bloom again upon her cheek, and the tears dry from her eyes. I fain would see that matter settled."

And the governor, assuming a little more than his usual dignity, as if to compensate for the frivolous nature of the discourse in which he had just indulged, strode up the Burying Hill to search the offing for the ship of supplies then anxiously

expected, and Howland meditatively pursued his way.

"It is all but hopeless, and yet — it might give a change to her gloomy thoughts at least," said he; and finding Katherine alone, sitting, as was her wont, in the great chair, her hands locked upon her lap, her sad eyes fixed upon them, and an air of abstraction and melancholy veiling her from head to foot like a garment, he seated himself beside her and gently said: —

"Dear lady, I wish that I might see you less sad."

Katherine looked up with a wan smile.

"I am not so sad as I have been, John."

"God be praised if your sorrow is lightened."

"God be praised that He is answering my prayer."

"Your prayer for resignation?"

"Nay, but to be allowed to follow him who hath gone before."

"You do not mean that you would die!" exclaimed the young man, turning pale. A gentle smile alone replied to him, and, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud.

"Nay, John, why grieve that I am at last to be happy once more, after so many days of suffering and well-nigh despair?"

"Because — oh, mistress of my heart and my life — because I love you with all the strength that is in me, and have loved you since first you spoke to me that black day long since, when I did but wait until you should be gone before I

drowned myself; and you it was who saved me and made a man of me, and brought me hither, and I worshipped you saint-wise, nor thought of earthly love until now that you are all alone in the world, and I at least might stand between you and suffering and want" —

"Oh, stop — stop! Cruel, false, unfaithful that you are, how dare you thus insult my wifehood! How dare you think of me or speak to me as other than John Carver's faithful wife, whom God hath for her sins divided from him for a while, and after will bring into his presence for an eternity of bliss? Oh, John Howland! you have bitterly disappointed me, for I did think that in you I had a true and trusty friend and brother; and now" —

"And now you hate and despise me, and will withdraw even the liking and the confidence that you have entertained for me so far," broke in the young man, bitterly.

"But how could you, John, — how should you even dream of such a matter? And I had thought to see you wedded to Elizabeth before I died."

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Elizabeth Tillie, who loves you, and has loved you for all these weary months; and you never saw it?"

"Nay, dame, I thought not of her, at any rate," replied Howland, sadly and abstractedly. Mistress Carver, her short-lived indignation changing to milder feelings, sat looking at him for a while, then said, kindly: —

"Think not overmuch of my reproaches but now. I might as well have answered you more kindly; for you did not mean to wound me, and I am not so rich in love that I should trample upon an honest heart, though it may be that I could not so much as think of accepting it; but, John, it is true that I am soon to leave you, and I fain would see the two I love best happy together before I die. John, you said you would do much for my pleasure."

"God knows I would, dame," groaned the young man.

"Then will you marry Elizabeth?"

"Oh, mistress, will no less satisfy you?"

"Naught else would give me half the pleasure, or add to the delight I have in following my husband."

A long silence followed, and then John Howland laid his cold and trembling hand upon his mistress' knee.

"I am all yours, lady," said he. "Do with me as will best pleasure yourself."

"Thank you, dear friend. Shall I speak for you to Elizabeth?"

"An you will. But profess not that I love her other than as a kind friend and sister. Let her not mistake."

"I shall ask her, as I have asked you, to do this for the love and satisfaction of a dying woman who holds you two dearer than any now on earth."

Then forth into the night the young man rushed, and wandered for hours, wrestling with a

man's strength against his own rebellious heart and disappointed hope.

Four weeks later Elizabeth called her betrothed to the bedside of the beloved mistress, whom now all confessed to be a dying woman. Dame Katherine held out her thin, hot hand, and looked into his face with a tender smile.

"Faithful friend, be not so sad and downcast in seeing the day of my deliverance at hand. Would you weep if you saw a dear sister wedded to the man she loved? — and I go to rejoin the husband dearer than any bridegroom. But first — for still will the cares of this life follow us even to the gates of the next — first I fain would see my poor Bessie happier than she is. John, you do not love her overmuch."

"I strive to be kind to her, dear mistress; and I did ask you to tell her at the first that I was no lover," replied the youth, struggling for composure.

"But, John, that is but keeping the word and breaking the spirit of your promise to pleasure me in this matter. I would see you love her as well as be kind to her."

"Oh, dame, you are very hard, very cruel with me! You know that your word is as a law to me, and you are pitiless as the grave!"

"John!"

"Nay, pardon me! I am but a savage to speak thus, and you lying there; but oh, if you had bid me die for you, it had been easier."

"Yes, dear friend, for it is easiest of all to die when one is called to prove a great love; and so,

because your love was yet greater than enough for that test, I have put it to a sharper one, and asked you to live for me, — yes, and to be happy, and to make another happy, and all for love of your poor heart-broken sister, who can do naught for you. John, did I count too far upon that love of yours?"

"Dear lady, if it may be that the blessed spirits look down from heaven upon this sad earth of ours, you, so looking down, shall see your friend Elizabeth a happy and an honoured wife, — yes, and a beloved one in time, if love will grow by care and will."

"I would fain see the beginning now, if it might be. Will not you wed her here at my bedside this very night, for I doubt me if I see to-morrow's sun?"

John Howland reverently raised the wasted hand he held to his lips. It was the first approach to a caress he had ever offered to the woman he so passionately loved, and it was also the seal of the abnegation he had made of that forbidden love. Then he said: —

"I will speak to Elizabeth and to the magistrate, and all shall be appointed as you wish. I will go this moment; but" —

"I will not depart before you return, dear John," murmured the dying woman, reading his thought; and with one glance of anguish this man, whose love, as Katherine herself had said, was greater than that of him who dieth for his friend, went out to do her bidding.

When he returned, Elizabeth, pale and silent, sat beside the bed. Katherine lay with her eyes closed, yet not asleep, and, as he entered, gently asked: —

"Has Master Bradford come?"

"Yes, mistress; he is waiting in the outer room."

"And is all in readiness, Elizabeth?"

"All, dear mistress, so far as I am in question."

"And you, John?"

"I am ready, mistress."

"Then hasten, for the time grows short."

Howland, without replying, summoned the magistrate, and in a few minutes more he had become the husband of Elizabeth Tillie, who, pale and silent, looked as little like a bride as he like a bridegroom. The ceremony over, and the governor gone, Katherine called the two to her bedside, and, giving a hand to each, whispered a few words of thanks and love; then, closing her eyes, lay still and silent, until, as the beautiful light of the pure morning broke over sea and sky, touching the sombre forest and the rugged hills with glory, and transforming the wilderness of waters to a golden highway leading straight from earth to heaven, Katherine Carver's faithful soul went gently forth, seeking reunion with its mate, and entering, as who shall doubt, into that eternal joy of which the purest and the happiest earthly love is but a dim reflection.

John Howland and his wife lingered beside her grave when all else were gone, — she weep-

ing, he still and self-contained. All at once she said: —

"You loved her better than me, John, and you married me to pleasure her."

The husband was silent for a while, then passing his arm around his wife's waist he softly said: —

"And as we both of us loved her, and she loved both of us, that love shall be a holy tie between us, Elizabeth, and out of it shall grow a happy and a loving life, if you will help me to cultivate it."

"But all for love of her?" persisted Elizabeth.

"She is now an angel in heaven, and you are my wife, and all that I have on earth to love me or to love. Elizabeth, will you love me, and help me try to make a happy life out of this our great sorrow?"

Silently the young wife laid her hand in his, and they two went home to the lonely house to begin what was in the end a life as fair and sweet as its beginning was sad.

THE FREIGHT OF THE SCHOONER DOLPHIN.

MEETING had gone in. Parson Holbrook was in his seat in the high, ugly pulpit, with the sounding-board overhead; the singers, in the singing seats in the gallery, had taken their pitch from Uncle Jethuron's tuning-fork, and were fuguing

"And on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad;" the first families of Pilgrim Village were seated in their square pews, each furnished according to the taste or the means of its owners; and the little boys, perched upon the high wooden seats, with no footstools near enough for their little dangling feet to reach, had begun their two hours' fidget, — when the door, just closed by black Pompey, the sexton, opened slowly, and Major Cathcart walked up the broad aisle in his usual dignified and deliberate manner. Every head was turned to gaze upon him, every face wore an expression of astonishment and disapproval; the singers, finishing their hymn with hasty quavers of discomfiture, leaned over the front of the gallery and gazed down upon him, and even Parson Holbrook bent his powdered head sidewise to look sternly at the great square pew where his wealthiest parishioner was uncomfortably seating himself with an attempt at unconscious dignity.

A moment of silence fell upon the place, — that awful, pregnant silence which speaks as no words can, — and then Martin Merivale, the man whom Pilgrim Village always chose as its representative in colonial assemblies, and who led public opinion as he willed in the town where his honourable, steadfast life had thus far passed, rose in his place, deliberately did on his heavy cloak, took his hat in his hand, cast one meaning glance across the aisle into the questioning eyes of Major Cathcart, his old associate and neighbour, and then walked slowly down the aisle.

He had not reached the door before Dr. Holcom rose to follow his example, and then Squire Vale, and then the Oldfields, father and son, and finally every man in the congregation who counted himself a person of the least consequence, or able to set an example, until, when black Pompey at last closed the door, and with a joyous grin sat down beside it, the church, so lately filled with the pith and sinew of the stanch old colony town, was empty, save of women, children, and Major Reginald Cathcart, whose ashen-gray face had never moved after the first from its stern straightforward gaze.

This man, to-day so openly and deliberately thrust from their midst by his fellow-townsmen, counted himself only three days earlier their autocrat, claiming by birth, wealth, and haughty self-assertion the place yielded to him in virtue of these qualities, as that of Martin Merivale was thrust upon him in recognition of his own personal character.

But why this terrible insult? Why this stern intimation that the men of Pilgrim Village considered the presence of one so lately their magnate so great a pollution that they preferred even to lose the privilege of public worship to suffering him to join them in it?

It was 1774, and the Governor of Massachusetts, in right of his commission from King George of England, had sent to demand the payment of a tax levied upon the colony for the support of the foreign soldiers, sent over with the avowed purpose of holding the mutinous province in subjection.

Pilgrim Village took this demand from "the man George" into consideration, argued upon it, prayed over it, and finally declined to accede to it, but in so mild and temperate a manner that the governor considered the refusal only a formal protest, and proceeded to enforce his demand by appointing certain collectors of the revenue throughout the colony, and for the town of Pilgrim Village commissioning Major Reginald Cathcart to this odious office.

When the news came down to the old town, its men smiled after the slow and solemn fashion of their kind, and said, "The governor does not know the mind of the people even yet, it seems."

But the next day a rumour pervaded the town, — a rumour of dismay and incredulity, yet deepening hour by hour to certainty. Yes, Major Cathcart had accepted the commission, and announced his intention of carrying out its instructions. That was on the Saturday, and we have seen the result upon the Sunday.

As the door closed, Parson Holbrook rose and prayed long and earnestly for the welfare of his native land, and the safety of those whose fathers had been led to these shores, even as the children of Israel were led out of Egypt to find safety and freedom in the land their Lord had promised them, and he closed with a petition for protection against all enemies, both without and within, — the foreign foe and those of their own household who had turned against them, and whose evil counsels

might, he prayed, be turned to foolishness and dishonour.

Then came the sermon; and, laying aside his carefully written discourse upon the Urim and Thummim, Parson Holbrook preached extemporaneously and mightily from the text, "Put not your faith in princes," diverging finally into the story of Judas, and the high crime of domestic or social treachery.

When all was over, and the choir had sung, "See where the hoary sinner stands," black Pompey threw open the doors, and stood aside, as usual, to meet and return the kindly greetings of the congregation; but as Major Cathcart strode down the aisle, his head erect, but his face white and withered, as if he had just arisen from a bed of torture, even Pompey turned his back and stood staring intently out of the open door while the stricken man passed by.

But Major Cathcart looked neither to the right nor the left; and if others besides Pompey had intended to show their disapproval of his presence, they found no opportunity, for the king's collector passed quickly through the little throng outside the door, and down the main street until he reached the grave, handsome, middle-aged house so strongly resembling its master. Quietly opening the front door, he passed directly upstairs, and was hastening to the shelter of a room at the back, known as "the major's study," when from the open door of one of the principal bedrooms came a gentle yet eager call: "Reginald, do come in here."

The husband paused reluctantly and, turning his head toward the door, but without showing his face at it, replied, "What is it, Hepzibah? I am going to my study."

"Not first, dear. Please come and see me for a moment. I am all alone."

Without replying, the major obeyed and, passing into the handsome, shadowy room, stood beside the bed, where lay a woman whose fair and delicate face bore the patient, almost angelic look of one who has suffered very long and very cruelly, but whose pains, meekly borne, are consciously drawing to their final close. She was Major Cathcart's wife, and the only being the cold, proud man had ever loved, and she was dying.

He stooped and kissed her tenderly, asking, "How have you been this morning, dear?"

"As well as usual. But you, Reginald? How has it been with you? I knew by your step upon the stair that you were suffering, and your face tells the story. Oh, my darling husband, they have insulted you, as we feared. Is not it so?"

"Yes, Hepzibah, they have insulted me, and so cruelly that I will no longer live among them. I have resolved that we will go to the northern provinces. We have good friends at Halifax, good and loyal to the king whom these anarchists are preparing to defy."

"Even the parson and the doctor, reasonable and law-abiding men as they are, say that the colony should be free," said the invalid, timidly,

and stealing her thin hand into her husband's. But he frowned impatiently.

"This is not talk for women or children," said he, coldly. "And you are of those whose conversation should be in heaven. It would better become Parson Holbrook to tell you so, instead of disturbing your mind with matters so unfit for it at any time."

The wife remained meekly silent a moment, and then, softly pressing her husband's finger, said: —

"My love, you will wait until I am gone, will you not, before you leave Pilgrim Village?"

"Gone, Hepzibah! — gone where?"

The wife looked up with tearful eyes, but her reply was prevented by the sudden entrance of a young girl, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with anger and excitement.

"Father, John Belknap has been in, and told me of the insult they have offered you," exclaimed she. "It is a shame, a burning shame, and I hope you will show them" —

"Dolly, I am not very strong to-day, dear, and you are speaking loudly and unadvisedly."

It was the mother's gentle voice, and Dolly, who would have joyfully taken the part of Joan of Arc, or even Boadicea, fell upon her knees directly beside her mother's pillow, soothing the invalid, and accusing herself of forgetting even for a moment the consideration and tenderness owing to her.

Major Cathcart stood looking at the two for a few moments, then quietly left the room, and a

little later dispatched a servant with a note requesting the immediate attendance of Dr. Holcom. The worthy physician was one of those who had left the church so pointedly a few hours earlier, and the proud man, thus insulted, by no means forgot or forgave the insult, but the feelings of the husband were stronger than all others at that moment, and Hepzibah's words had startled him with a new and terrible idea.

The doctor came, was closeted for half an hour with the major, made a short call upon his patient, and left the house. A little later Major Cathcart summoned his daughter to his private room, and addressed her, briefly and almost sternly: —

"Dolly, Dr. Holcom does not disguise from me the cruel truth known for some time to him and to your mother. She is dying, surely and swiftly. Did you know it?"

The girl hid her pale face between her hands. "Mamma has said it, but I hoped" — Her voice died away, and her father's filled the space.

"Hope no longer. He says two or three months are as much as we may look for, and even that brief respite depends upon quiet and her accustomed comforts. She must on no account be removed even from the room where she now lies. But this people about us will not wait two or three months before they carry out in act the treason they already talk, and I, as the avowed friend of the king, and ready and willing to execute his will in this rebellious province, shall very probably fall one of their first victims; or if not

personally, shall surely suffer in property, and be stripped of land and house and even personal belongings. Were your mother able, we should all migrate at once to the still loyal northern provinces; but as it is, you must go alone, carrying such valuables as we can collect, and remain with your uncle in Halifax until — Perhaps — God's goodness is without limit — perhaps I may bring her with me."

"Must I leave my mother?" cried Dolly, in dismay. "What matter for our possessions, compared with the comfort of her last hours! And how can she spare me? and, oh! how could I spare her?"

"Girl, there are perils in time of anarchy and war of which you know naught. Your mother will be cared for, since it will be the one duty of my life to care for her, and it will be removing a weight from my mind to know that you are safe, and shielded from the possibilities of evil. Say no more; it is decided."

Dolly, stout-hearted as she was, dared say no more, for the girl of a century ago was trained to obedience as the first duty of her sex, and to silence and respect for the authority of man as the next; nor was Dolly's father a man to soften the stern and unquestioned rule every head of a household felt bound to exercise in all particulars.

So the preparations for the young girl's departure went quietly and silently forward, and the schooner Dolphin, a small coasting craft partly owned by Major Cathcart, received a cargo so

various in its character that neither master, mate, nor the attentive loungers who inspected the process of loading could positively determine her destination.

Not until the very last days before the Dolphin's sailing did any one outside the major's own family surmise that his daughter was to be a passenger, and so rapidly, even secretly, was her luggage carried aboard that very few persons saw it at all. Among the rest was one article singular enough as part of a young lady's outfit, especially so healthy, active, and blithe a girl as Dorothea Cathcart: it was one of those large, square, stuffed easy-chairs still to be found in old country-houses, sometimes dishonoured in the lumber-loft, sometimes carefully preserved in cover of white dimity or gay old-fashioned chintz in the chamber of the grandmamma. This one was covered in green moreen, and had stood in Mrs. Cathcart's own bedroom, although that dear lady had not been able to occupy it for many a day.

A short time after the decision with regard to his daughter, Major Cathcart removed this chair to his own study, and both he and Dolly occupied themselves over it in a very mysterious fashion for many hours, until at last the girl deftly sewed a wrapper of tow-cloth over all, and said to her father, who stood watching the operation: —

"There, father, it will stand in the cabin, and I shall say that it is covered lest any but my dear mother should use it, and I am taking it to her invalid sister in Halifax, whom I am about to visit."

"I doubt not your shrewd wit will suggest many a quip and turn," replied the major, with a grim smile; "but take care that you do not pass the bounds of truth and discretion."

"I will take heed, father. The barrels are all ready, are they not?"

"Yes, and shipped. Here is the bill of lading."

Dolly rapidly ran her eye over the familiar form, for her duty had been to play the occasional part of confidential clerk in her father's business, and she smiled as she returned it to him, saying: —

"'Barrels and boxes of sundries?' Well, and so they are. China and books and household gear are sundries, no doubt, although I dare say your partners think it is mackerel or" —

"It does not concern the other owners of the schooner, since I ship my freight at my own charge and purely as a private venture," interrupted Major Cathcart, hastily. "But be careful, Dolly, that you say not a word either here or upon your voyage as to the nature of these same sundries, for William Peters is a fanatic as bitter as the worst, and if he got wind of the matter now, nothing would be more likely than that he should persuade Merivale and the rest to throw off the mask at once, and confiscate my goods to the republic they talk of founding. Even at sea you must be careful, for this man is quite capable, even in the harbour of Halifax, of giving the order to 'bout ship, and bring you and the easy-chair and the barrels of sundries all back to Pilgrim Village. It is a large errand for so young a woman

as you, Dolly, and you will need to be wily as the serpent, though innocent as the dove."

"I think I can do it, father," said Dolly, quietly; and as the major looked in his daughter's face, he thought she could.

The morning that the Dolphin was to sail, Captain Peters found that Thomas Wilson, his first mate, had fallen down the steep ladder leading from his house to the shore, sprained an ankle and broken a wrist, and was obviously unfit for a voyage. As he grimly meditated over this reverse, he encountered a flushed and breathless young man, who thus accosted him: —

"Splendid weather, captain. I 've a mind to make a cruise with you up to Halifax."

"Cabin is all engaged and paid for, John Belknap," replied the skipper, gruffly. "That old Tory Cathcart is sending his daughter up there to bring down troops upon us, or something of that colour, I'll warrant. I wonder the owners don't see through it and refuse; but he 's paid for the cabin and both staterooms, so that madam should not be spied upon, I suppose."

"Oh, never mind; I 'll go as clerk, or purser, or steward, or even as a foremast hand. I can hand, reef, and steer with any man, you know, and hard work, or hard fare either, don't frighten me."

The skipper looked meditatively at the young man, and turned the quid in his cheek, then carelessly asked: —

"Did you know that fool Wilson has tumbled down the cliff steps and disabled himself, at least for this voyage?"

"Your first mate? Hullo, skipper! Is that what you mean? Will you give me the berth?"

"Hold hard, lad! What are you squeezing my old flipper for, and what's your rage for Halifax just now? Is the English lass that was here last year up there, or have you quarrelled with your uncle, or" —

"Never mind why I want to get to Halifax," replied the young man rapidly, seizing upon this version of his eagerness to ship in the Dolphin. "But saying I do, will you give me Wilson's place?"

"Why, yes, Belknap, and be glad to get you; for I 've seen you handle a boat round the harbour here and up on the fishing-ground often enough to know that you 're worth having aboard, even if you — But look here; there 's the gal. She 's got to have the after-cabin, and her meals are to be separate, and no one knows all the fine airs she 'll put on. Maybe you couldn't stand it, and I don't know as I can. The little she-Tory!"

But John Belknap did not seem in the least disturbed even at this prospect, and no other objections coming up, the bargain was soon concluded, the young man's name set down upon the schooner's books as mate, *vice* Thomas Wilson, discharged, and he at once entered upon his duties. One of the first of them was to receive and place the last articles of Miss Dolly's luggage, including the arm-

chair, which he was about to have stowed in the hold, when the young lady herself came off, attended by her father. At sight of the first mate standing beside the open hatchway, reeving a line around the chair, Miss Dolly showed signs of some embarrassment, whether arising from the sudden appearance of her old friend and schoolfellow, or from his employment, no one can say.

"Oh, John — but the chair is for my cabin, if you please; are you helping Captain Peters get ready?" stammered she; and the mate, hardly less disturbed, replied, in much the same style: —

"Certainly, Dolly — of course, Mistress Cathcart; it will be as you direct, surely; and — yes, of course; I am mate of the Dolphin, you know."

"You mate of the Dolphin? Since when, John Belknap?" asked Dolly's father, severely.

"To-day, sir. I was looking for a voyage, and wanting to go upon my own business to Halifax; and as Wilson is disabled, I took the place," replied Belknap, a little more coherently, and meeting as best he might the piercing regard fixed upon him by the major from beneath his shaggy gray eyebrows. At last the veteran slowly spoke: —

"You have a right to your own business, as you say, John Belknap, and I have known you boy and man for an honest, honourable, and true-hearted fellow, until this foul breath of treason swept through the land, tainting you among the rest with its poison. And so knowing you, I give this girl into your charge, to guard her with all respect and modest courtesy to her journey's end,

remembering that her lonely and unprotected state should be her best defense from even an idle word or look. Will you accept the charge, and give me your hand upon it, John?"

"Indeed I will, Major Cathcart, and you may demand account of her when I return as strictly as you will. I shall not be ashamed to give it."

As the young man spoke, he held out his hand. The elder grasped it heartily, and for a moment the two gazed steadily into each other's eyes. Then John turned to resume his duties, asking: —

"Did you say, Mistress Dolly, that you wish this chair in the cabin?"

"If you please, sir," replied the girl, demurely; and presently the great clumsy structure was wedged in between the table and the transom at the stern of the little schooner, taking up much more than its share of room, and greatly disgusting Captain Peters by its presence the first time he came below. There was little to say, however, this cabin having been secured as far as possible for Dolly's private accommodation, the captain and mate only visiting it for meals, which they took at a different hour from their passenger, and sometimes of an evening, spending the other hours off duty in the house on deck or in their staterooms.

The weather was, however, so lovely that Dolly also spent much of her time on deck; and as the mate of the schooner was, of course, obliged to stand his watch, whether he liked it or not, and the quarter-deck was his appropriate place at

such times, it naturally fell out that the young people were a good deal together, and Dolly found the anxious kindness and attention of the mate a pleasant relief from the decided gruffness and half-concealed suspicions of the captain. Whatever arrangement he could devise for her comfort was sure to be made, even at risk of displeasing his superior, and Dolly had often to beg him not to attempt to serve her so openly or so much, lest he should bring trouble upon both their heads. John promised, but the very same day broke the promise, for, having noticed that Dolly, try as she might, failed to arrange a comfortable seat by the combination of a three-legged stool and a shawl, disappeared from the deck, and presently returned, bringing, with the aid of one of the sailors, the great easy-chair, in which he had noticed that Dolly usually sat when in the cabin.

"Boom won't swing over it, sir," grumbled the man, as he set it down near the wheel.

"No more it won't," replied John, a little perplexed. "Well, if she needs to go over, we can turn down the chair, Mistress Dolly. At any rate, you 'll have a comfortable seat."

"My eye! won't the old man growl when he comes on deck and sees that 'ere!" muttered the sailor, slowly returning forward; but Dolly, too pleased with the attention to heed its consequences, seated herself in the chair like a little princess, and thanked her gallant knight so prettily that he altogether forgot the boom, the sail, the captain, and the schooner, until the wind, which had been

fitful and gusty all day, and of late had seemed dying out altogether, suddenly revived, gathered itself together, and came swooping down from out the angry sunset as if determined to punish those who had failed to respect its power and guard against its attacks.

"Mr. Belknap, sir, what are you about, to let the schooner go driving ahead with such a breeze as this coming on?" shouted an angry voice; and John, who had been seated on deck at Dolly's feet, suddenly remembered that he was first mate of the Dolphin, and that she was in immediate need of his attention. His first act was to draw Dolly from her seat, and then to throw the chair upon its side, just in time to avoid the great boom, which came flying over, as the captain fiercely cried to the man at the helm:

"Port your helm, you lubber, — port! Mr. Belknap, is this your watch on deck, or isn't it?"

"The flaw struck us before any one could have looked for it, captain, or I should have been ready; but there 's no harm done yet," replied Belknap, in some confusion, and forthwith began to bellow a series of orders so numerous and vociferous as to drown the steady stream of grumbling abuse that the captain distributed upon his mate, his passenger, her father, and the chair, which latter he strodé across the deck for the express purpose of kicking.

"Please not injure my chair, sir," remarked Dolly, standing pale and haughty beside it. "To

be sure, it cannot kick back again, but still it may not be safe to abuse it."

Captain Peters was an angry man, and more than one cause combined to increase his wrath and render him glad to vent it where he could. He hated Tories in general, and Major Cathcart in especial; he had not found the major's daughter as genial and familiar as he imagined all young women ought to be; he had not felt quite satisfied with his mate's deportment toward the young lady or toward himself; and, to cap all, he had been suddenly aroused from his after-dinner nap by the steward's knocking down and breaking a pile of dishes; finally, perceiving with the instinct of an old seaman that all was not right with the schooner, he had come up the companionway just in time to meet the squall, and to see that the first mate was in no wise attending to his duties. Remembering all these causes of aggravation, let us condone, so far as possible, the next words and act of the irate skipper, for the words were too profane to repeat, and the act was to seize the poor unwieldy old chair in his sinewy grasp, with the avowed purpose of heaving it overboard.

But the purpose was not effected, for, pushing past him, Dolly seated herself upon the cushion, as upon a throne, and with flashing eyes and trembling lips asserted herself and her rights.

"Captain Peters, if you throw this chair overboard, you will throw me with it. How dare you, sir, to use such language toward me, or to lay hands upon private property intrusted to your care?"

If the captain had been angry before, he was furious now, and roaring profanely, "Dare! I dare lay hands on any old Tory's goods! — ay, and on his brat too, if it comes to that!" he seized the girl's arm, and attempted to drag her from the chair. Dolly did not scream, but her mute resistance was more than the skipper counted upon, and he was grasping for the other arm, when a lithe figure flew with a bound from the top of the house to the deck beside the chair, and a sinewy hand upon the captain's throat hurled him backward with irresistible force.

"What does this mean? What was that man saying or doing, Dolly? I 'll fling him overboard, if you say so," panted John Belknap; but before Dolly could reply, the captain, foaming with rage, was upon them, threatening his mate with irons and close confinement on bread and water, and Dolly with nothing less than hanging on the same gallows with her old Tory father. Belknap, however, had already recovered his mental poise, and standing between Dolly on her throne and the captain, quietly said to the latter: —

"See here, Captain Peters; in the new times that you are so fond of predicting, you say there are to be no masters and no servants, and one man is to be just as good as another, or better, if he can prove himself so. Now why shouldn't we begin these new times here and now? Say I' ve as good a right as you to command this schooner, owned in part by my uncle, and say that I 've as good a chance as you of the men's

good-will, what 's to hinder me from trying to take the head of the concern? I could do it, and you know I could, and five minutes from now could call myself master of the Dolphin, with the power of ordering irons and bread and water to anybody I chose. I could do all this, I say; but I 'm a quiet and law-abiding man, and apt to stick to my word when it 's once passed, and I don't forget that I shipped for mate and not for skipper; so if this young lady and her property are to have such treatment as she has a right to expect, and such as was engaged and paid for by her father, and if she 's content to have it so, I 'll agree to let by-gones be by-gones, and return to my duty as mate. What do you say?"

Captain Peters stood for a moment glaring at his mate with red and angry eyes, then turned away, paced the deck twice up and down, paused, and said, in as nearly his usual tone as he could manage: —

"Mr. Belknap, see everything made snug for a gale; we shall have one before dark. Mistress Cathcart, I must have the decks cleared, and this chair carried below at once."

"Certainly, Captain Peters," replied Dolly, willing to accept even so rusty an olive-branch as this; and as she descended the steps of the companionway, followed by two seamen bearing the chair; John Belknap went forward to attend to his duties; but as the chair remained for a moment poised at the top of the steps, a sudden flaw caused the Dolphin to lurch so violently that chair, sailors,

and all were precipitated down the steps and into the little after-cabin together, all suffering more or less in the descent, — the men from bruises and abrasions, but the poor chair from the loss of a leg and fracture of an arm. The sailors would have raised it up on the three remaining legs, but Dolly suddenly begged them to leave it alone, and without apparent intention, interposed between it and them so as to nearly hide it from view, while courteously turning them out of the cabin, and closing the door behind them.

Soon after, Mistress Dolly herself left the cabin, begged a few nails and a hammer from the steward, and, returning, carefully reclosed the door, and proceeded to use them so vigorously that the sound of her hammer resounded even through the howling of the swiftly risen wind and the trampling of the seamen overhead as they obeyed the clear and rapid orders of the first officer.

The breeze grew to a half gale, then to a gale, and at last to a storm so furious and resistless that at the end of the third day the Dolphin lay, mastless and rudderless, a mere unmanageable hulk rolling in the trough of an angry sea. The boats were got out, manned, and ready to push off, when John Belknap came down to the cabin for Dolly, who rose from her knees and met him with a white but very calm face.

"Come, Dolly, they cannot live a moment beside the wreck, and I think the captain would be glad of an excuse" —

"He has found it!" interrupted Dolly, as a dark object swept past the cabin windows, breaking for an instant the sullen glare of the green and foamy waves. Belknap leaped on deck. It was true. The captain, perhaps unable to control his men, perhaps driven by the waves, had allowed the boats to leave the side of the vessel, and already a dozen oars' lengths divided them.

"We are deserted," said a calm voice beside the young man, as he stamped and vociferated madly upon the deck.

"Yes, Dolly; and, Dolly, I would give my life for yours, if so it might be saved."

"We shall both be saved, John, I am sure of it, I feel it, — we and the trust that my father has committed to me."

"What trust, Dolly?"

"The arm-chair and the barrels and boxes below."

John stared, and wondered if the poor child were going mad under this terrible strain; but the peril was too pressing for words, and John Belknap was a man of act rather than speech. Persuading Dolly to go below, he busied himself in rigging a rude substitute for a rudder, and then in getting up a slender spar to serve as jury-mast. With them, feeble and incompetent as they needs must be, he gained some control over the schooner, — sufficient at least to keep her before the wind, and thus avert the immediate danger of swamping.

The night passed, and the next day. Dolly contrived to find and prepare food for her guardian,

who never was able to leave the helm, although he slept grasping the tiller, and became almost too much exhausted for speech or thought. But help was at hand, and the storm was past. As the sun set he threw a clear flood of light across the subsiding waters, and in its gleam shone out the topsails of a bark plunging along toward them. The signal raised by the girl, under her lover's direction, was seen, and an hour later the Fairy Queen lay alongside the Dolphin. The next morning the arm-chair, the twenty boxes and barrels, and, last of all, Dolly herself, were transferred to the British bark, whose captain had consented to carry the young lady's property as well as herself to the port where he as well as she was bound.

Arrived, Dolly was welcomed by her uncle, to whom she at once confided her charge, and received in return no measured praise and commendation.

"Your father says it is your own dowry, lass," remarked the uncle, folding up his brother's letter. "So let us see to what it amounts, and place it in safety."

The china, the books, the stuffs, and the household gear were released from the boxes and barrels, and then the poor old arm-chair was ripped up, and the fine old family plate, brought from England by the major's father, the brocades and silks that had been treasures of Dolly's grandmother, and still waited for occasions grand enough to shape them into robes, a casket of hereditary jewels, and finally the title-deeds of property both in the Old

and the New World, were all produced; and Dolly told of the perils the poor chair had passed on board ship, and how it had fallen down the companionway, and the silver coffee-pot had peeped out and nearly betrayed the whole secret, and how she had protected it and cobbled it up, and how she had been glad to be left on board by the retreating crew that she might not abandon the charge her father had confided to her.

"And now, uncle," said she, in conclusion, "I have promised, if you and my father approve, to marry John Belknap; and he never suspected a word of all this."

"In truth, that is the most wonderful part of the story," cried jolly old Ralph Cathcart. "Not one girl in a hundred would have shown your patience and courage, my lass; but not one in five thousand would have kept a secret so faithfully and long, especially with a sweetheart at her elbow. Well, when the young man comes to-night, tell him of your dowry, and tell him I 'll answer for my brother's consent, as well as my own. He touched upon the matter in his letter."

The next news from Pilgrim Village told Dolly that her mother was at rest, and her father had accepted a brevet commission in the royalist army. Then came an interval of months, and then a hurried scrawl written upon the field of battle, and with it a letter from the chaplain of the regiment, telling Dolly that she was an orphan.

"No one on earth now but you, John," sobbed the poor child in her lover's arms.

"And I will try to be all that earth can give," replied he.

And tradition says he remembered his promise, and that Mistress Belknap was a happy, a prosperous, and a most honoured wife.

WRECKED AND RESCUED.

I.

It was a dark night of December, 1790, and the clock in the study of Rev. Isaac Hepworth, the clergyman of a New-England seacoast town, had already struck the hour of twelve, when that divine finished and laid within his desk the sermon on which he had been too busily engaged to note the lapse of time.

Late as was the hour, the Rev. Isaac did not immediately retire to sleep, choosing rather to rest his weary brain and relax his strained muscles by an idle half hour beside the cheerful fire. So, throwing on another log, he wheeled round his study chair, settled himself comfortably therein, and placed his slippered feet upon the fender.

"A-h! This is comfort!" murmured the Rev. Isaac Hepworth, neatly folding the skirts of his dressing-gown across his knees.

Some fifteen minutes of intense quiet passed, and the clergyman, succumbing to the united temptations of fire, chair, and weariness, was dropping into a luxurious doze when he was suddenly and

thoroughly aroused by a low tap upon his study window.

Springing to his feet a little nervously, Mr. Hepworth drew aside the curtain and peered out. A man's face, dimly visible in the darkness, was pressed close to the glass, and met the clergyman's astonished gaze with a reassuring nod.

"Oh, Jarvis, is it you? Wait, and I 'll let you in."

Jarvis nodded again, and, falling back in the gloom, went round to the door, which Mr. Hepworth had opened very quietly, that he might not disturb his sleeping household.

"Well, Jarvis, what 's the matter?" asked he, anxiously, when the two were shut into the snug little study.

"Why, something very queer's the matter, sir, and I 'm right glad I found you up, for, according to my reckoning, the fewer that's let into it the better; and as soon as I see the lights in these winders, I said to myself, 'There, there won't be no need for Mis' Hodson's knowing nothing about it'."

"About what, Jarvis?" asked Mr. Hepworth, mildly, as his sexton paused to enjoy the satisfaction of a vulgar man who possesses a secret which he intends and yet grudges to impart.

"Well, sir, it wa'n't more than half an hour ago, and I was snug in bed sleeping as sound as any babe, when my wife she nudges me, and says she: —

"'John,' says she, 'there 's some one a-knocking at our door.'

"'Pho! go to sleep, woman, and don't be disturbing me with your silly dreams,' says I; for I didn't like to be woke up, sir; and I was just a-going off agin, when sure enough I heard a kind of softly knock on my front door, sounding just as if some one wanted to wake us up, and yet hated to make a noise.

"Well, I jumped up and h'isted the window.

"'Who's there?' says I.

"'A friend,' says a man's voice, though I couldn't see no one 'cause of the dark.

"'Hain't you got no name?' asks I, kind of sharp, for it 's a main cold night, sir, and I wa'n't overly comfortable.

"'That 's of no consequence. I want to speak with you, if you 're the sexton of Mr. Hepworth's church, and you shall be paid handsomely for the trouble of dressing and coming down,' says the voice.

"Well, sir, I considered that it wa'n't noways Christianly not to hear what a feller-creter had to say, ef he wanted to say it bad enough to come out sech a night; and so says I: —

"'Hold on, and I 'll come down soon 's I 've put on my trousers.'

"So I shet the winder, and though my wife she wa'n't noways willing, and took on consid'able for fear 't was a plan to rob and murder, or else a ghost, I bade her hold her tongue, and down I went, and jest stopping in the entry to say over

a prayer and a verse, I ondid the door and held up my candle to the face of the man that stood outside.

"He was young and noways frightful to look upon, and he says right off: —

"'That 's right, my friend,' and he put this 'ere piece of money in my hand (showing a golden guinea); and says he: —

"'Now, I want you to come right along to the church, and open the door for me and my companion to go in, and then you must summon the clergyman to perform a marriage ceremony.'

"'Why, sir,' says I, 'ef so be 's you want to be married, why can't you go to the tavern and wait till morning; or ef suckumstances is sech as you can't wait, go to the minister's own house and be married in his study. Folks here don't never go to the meeting-house sech times, and more 'n all, it 's as cold and colder there than 't is outer doors.'

"Upon that, sir, the man he got kind of impatient, and says he: —

"'Friend, it ain't advice I want of you but sarvice.' And with that he put inter my hand this other piece of money."

And the sexton complacently displayed a second guinea.

"Well, sir, upon that I considered, as I didn't know anything onlawful in a man's being married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night, ef so be as he was a mind to, and the minister was a mind to marry him, so says I: —

"'Well Mister, you wait outside till I get my lantern, and I 'll show you the way to the meeting-house and let you in, and then I 'll go and tell the minister about it, and ef so be as he 's a mind to come, why he will; and ef he ain't a mind to, why he won't.'

"'Has he a wife?' says the man next.

"'No, he hain't,' says I.

"'Have you a wife, then, goodman?' says he.

"'Yes, I have" says I. 'And a good wife, too. It 's she that was the Widder Jones, and darter to old Samwel Rubbles of this town.'

"I was a-going on, when the man he broke right in.

"'Can you persuade her to rise and accompany us to the church?' says he.

"'Lord, sir,' says I, right out (for which I hope I' ll be forgiven), 'what upon earth ken you want o' her?'

"'My companion, the young lady that is to be my wife, should have the support of a woman's presence at such a time; and besides that, it is necessary to have two witnesses to the marriage,' says the man.

"'Wa'al, I don't know jest what to say,' says I, kind o' considering, and, sir, that man he slips this other piece o' money inter my hand." And from his dexter pocket the venal sexton extracted a third guinea, and added it, with a humorous air of innocent astonishment, to the two already in his right hand.

"And then you went and called your wife?" suggested Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

"Why, yes, sir. I considered that it *was* hard for a young woman to go and be married in a meeting-house at twelve o'clock at night and no womenfolks about; and I consaited that Marthy like enough would take a notion to go, and be kind of riley ef I did n't give her the chance; and more 'n all, I heerd her jest then call my name mighty softly over the balusters. So says I, 'Wa'al, I 'll go see,' says I; and I shet to the door and went upstairs, and there was Marthy dressing herself faster 'n ever I see her before, and all fer hurrying me off to get you."

"And were the strangers all this time out in the biting cold?" asked Mr. Hepworth, reprovingly.

"Why, yes, sir. I thought 't was safest so, for we never know what shape Satan may come in to destroy us, and I felt more kind o' easy to keep 'em outside. Marthy, when she got dressed, she went down and asked 'em in, but it wa'n't no wish of mine, nor she didn't stop to ask my leave. Womenfolks is dreadful kind o' headstrong sometimes, sir, though I s'pose you hain't never had no call to find it out," said the sexton, sighing.

"And these strangers, where are they now?" asked the clergyman, who, already cloaked and hatted, stood with the door in his hand waiting for his companion to precede him.

"In the meeting-house," said Mr. Jarvis, taking the hint, and passing out. "They wouldn't come in, noways; but when I went out, the man he told

us both to get inter a kerridge he had out in the road, and there was the young woman all curled away in one corner a-crying; and the driver he druv right straight to the meeting-house as ef he 'd been there afore. So I onlocked the door and lit a candle, and left 'em all there while I came to tell you, sir."

"You would have done better, friend, in putting the end of your story nearer to the beginning," said the clergyman, a little indignantly. "We might have relieved the discomfort and anxiety of these poor people half an hour ago, if you had been less diffuse in your narrative."

To this reproof John Jarvis listened in respectful though puzzled silence, — a silence lasting until the two approached a bare, bleak, uncomely edifice, the universal type of the New-England meeting-house of a hundred years ago. A feeble light shone through the uncovered windows, and, pushing open the door, Mr. Hepworth stepped inside, not without a shiver at the deadly cold far more insupportable than the keen but living air without.

The bridal party (strange misnomer) were seated in a pew near the upper end of the church, and rising, as the quick step of the clergyman sounded hollowly up the uncarpeted aisle, they stood ready to receive him.

Foremost was a man about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and of gentlemanly bearing. Behind him followed the sturdy helpmate of John Jarvis, tenderly supporting a girlish figure with

veiled face, whose stifled sobs attested her agitation.

"Mr. Hepworth, I believe," said the stranger, in a voice harmonizing well with his appearance.

"That is my name," said the clergyman, mildly. "Can I render you any service consistent with my duty, sir?"

"The greatest. I wish to be married at once to this young lady. We are to sail for Europe on the morning tide. A boat now waits to convey us on board, and our passage is taken as man and wife. Our right to that position rests now with you."

"But you will surely tell me, sir, the cause of this very unusual manner of proceeding? Are the young lady's parents aware of the step she has taken?"

"They are not, sir," returned the stranger, firmly. "Her only parent, a father, is, on the contrary, bitterly opposed to my claims, and would force his daughter into another marriage as abhorrent to her feelings as to humanity. She is of age to decide for herself, but has not the courage to openly maintain her rights in presence of her father. She has chosen me, and no power on earth shall prevent her from becoming my wife. If you refuse to perform the ceremony, we must embark unwedded, to the scandal of all who may hereafter hear the tale, and trust to have our marriage solemnized upon the other side of the water."

"That were, indeed, a scandal!" ejaculated the clergyman, with horror.

"And yet to that extremity shall we be driven unless you will at once make us man and wife," said the stranger, coolly, as he drew out his watch and held it in the dim light of the candles. "It is now hard upon half past one. At two we are to take boat."

Mr. Hepworth turned to the bride.

"Daughter," said he, softly, "have you considered what you do?"

"Yes, sir. I hope I shall be forgiven," sobbed the girl.

"And is it your resolve, should I decline to solemnize so strange a marriage, to follow this man across the sea unwedded, at the imminent peril of your fair fame here, and eternal happiness hereafter?" asked the minister, solemnly.

The sobs became convulsive in their strength, but presently the timid voice again whispered: —

"Yes, sir. But you will not refuse — oh, will you?"

Mr. Hepworth walked nervously up and down the open space before the pulpit, and then returning to the group said impressively: —

"I will not refuse my ministration here; for if your avowals are an earnest of your intentions, I shall, by refusal, tempt you to a deeper sin than disobedience; but I warn you both, and especially you," turning to the bridegroom, "who, as the stronger and more responsible party, should bear the greater blame, that God's blessing rests not on those who seek it while openly violating his com-

mands; and of these, obedience to parents ranks next to obedience to himself."

"Enough, sir. We are not to be dissuaded from our purpose," replied the bridegroom, haughtily; adding more persuasively after a momentary pause: "and even by your own precept we are justified; for in choosing each other, and in resisting those who would separate us, we feel to be obeying the voice of God, even in opposition to that of a parent."

Mr. Hepworth to this argument opposed only a gesture of deprecation, and after a fervent but silent prayer, took his appropriate place, and motioned the others to range themselves before him.

"Will you uncover your face, daughter?" asked the clergyman, kindly, as the bride showed no inclination to raise the veil behind which she had hitherto sheltered. Now, however, she immediately removed it, and the eyes of all her companions centred upon her face, — those of Mr. Hepworth with benevolent scrutiny, of the Jarvises with broad curiosity, of her bridegroom with tender and sympathizing love.

It was a lovely face, — pale now and disfigured by weeping, but undeniably beautiful, and not wanting in a latent strength such as the trials in the new path on which she now was entering might speedily render needful.

"Your name, my child?" asked the minister, after a moment's attentive observation.

"Hope Murray," said the girl, faintly, a soft

colour stealing into her cheek beneath the gaze of all those eyes.

"And yours, sir?"

"Miles Tresethen," replied the stranger, meeting with unblenching gaze the look of severest scrutiny with which Mr. Hepworth turned from that fair childish face to that of the man who, as he had inly decided, had tempted her to her present rebellious disobedience. And yet Mr. Hepworth's growing anger paused, and even retrograded, as he met those clear and fearless eyes, noted the noble if proud bearing of the handsome head, — came, though unconsciously, under the powerful influence of that presence.

"Judge not that ye be not judged," flashed through the clergyman's mind, and with a little sigh, he said, quietly: —

"Take each other by the right hand." Then followed the brief words of the Puritan service, and the minister gravely kissed the bride, saying, "May you be as happy, my dear, as an old man's wish can make you; and may your fault be forgiven you as freely as I would forgive, did it rest with me to do so!"

For an instant the girl clung to his kindly hand as if he had been indeed her father, and then turned to her husband.

"We could not help it," said she, simply. "We loved each other so, and we were so unhappy."

"Good-by, sir," said Tresethen, extending his hand, and grasping warmly that of the clergyman. "Accept my thanks — our thanks, for the sacrifice

you have made to-night of prejudice to necessity. Never doubt that, on sober second thought, conscience will aquit you of all wrong."

"Can you speak as boldly for yourself?" asked Mr. Hepworth, dryly.

The bridegroom paused. The bride uplifted to his her tear-stained face.

"Before God I believe that I have done right," said Tresethen, solemnly; and the clergyman added nothing more except, "God bless you!" as he parted at the church-door with the new-married couple.

"And here 's another piece of money he give me as we came down the aisle behind you and the young woman," said John Jarvis, while the minister and he stood upon the steep steps of the meeting-house, listening to the quick rattle of the wheels whirling down the stony road toward the water; "and he said I was to come right along, and take the kerridge and hosses when they left 'em (that 's his servant a-driving, sir), and fetch 'em to you, and put 'em at your disposal, he said, sir."

"At my disposal, Jarvis!"

"Yes, sir. Give 'em to you, you know, sir."

"But I do not wish for them, Jarvis. I cannot take them, — indeed I will not. Go at once to the landing, and tell Mr. Tresethen that it is out of the question for me to accept his present, and ask what other disposal shall be made of the property."

Sexton Jarvis sped away, while his dame turned silently homeward, as did Mr. Hepworth, his brain whirling with the excitement of the last two hours.

As he reached the house he paused, and waited some moments without, although the rich red firelight streamed invitingly from the study window, and the night was bitterly cold. The rattle of distant wheels had reached his ear, however, and he stood patiently waiting until John Jarvis carefully checked the span of fine horses close beside their reluctant owner.

"He won't take No for an answer," said the sexton, importantly. "And when I says, says I, 'Tain't no use. The minister says he can't nor he sha'n't take 'em;' he says, says he, 'Tell him they are his. He may use them himself, or sell them and give their price to the poor, but I have no more control over them.'"

"And is he gone?" asked Mr. Hepworth, anxiously.

"Yes, sir. There was a boat waiting at the wharf (though the ship she belongs to must have run in sence dark; there wa'n't none in the harbour at dayli't down), and they was aboard when I come, — that is, the man and his wife. The one that druv stood holding the horses till I got there, and then he chucked the reins inter my hand and jumped inter the boat. The sailors pushed off, and in a minute more I couldn't hev told that there 'd ever ben sech doin's ef it hadn't ben for the hosses and kerridge. What's to be done with 'em, sir?"

"Why, we must put them in my little stable for to-night," said Mr. Hepworth, reluctantly. "And if there is really no owner for them but myself, I

shall follow the suggestion of this strange young man, and sell them for the benefit of the poor of this parish. God knows they need relief."

Two days elapsed, and again Mr. Hepworth sat alone beside his study fire, this time in the daylight, thinking of the strange event so lately transpired, and anxiously pondering his own share therein, when a loud knock at the front door attracted his attention, and presently a stranger was ushered into the study.

This was a tall, stout man of middle life, with scowling brows, sanguine complexion, and a choleric expression, whether habitual or temporary Mr. Hepworth found it impossible to determine.

"You 're Mr. Hepworth?" began the stranger, as soon as the door had closed behind him.

"Yes, sir. Will you sit down?" said the clergyman, mildly.

"No, I won't. I want to know if you married my girl to that d—d scoundrel of an Englishman, who 's carried her off."

"Sir, I shall answer no questions until you remember the decent respect you owe to my cloth, if you choose to lay aside higher obligations," said the clergyman, severely.

"Well, well, beg your pardon, sir, and all that; but it 's enough to make a man swear. You have not told me yet whether you married them."

"I married Miles Tresethen and Hope Murray two nights ago, in the parish meeting-house of this town," said the minister, quietly.

"And by — Well, I 'm not going to swear, but what right had you to do so?"

"I did so because both parties assured me that Miss Murray was of age, that she chose to marry Mr. Tresethen in preference to any one else, and that they should certainly embark within half an hour in a vessel then awaiting them, married or unmarried. Should you have preferred so equivocal a position as that for your daughter, Mr. Murray?"

"What was the name of that vessel?" asked the angry man, waiving reply to the clergyman's question with an impatient gesture.

"I do not know, sir."

"Perdition take them! I 'll have 'em yet. I 'll sail to-night, — I know a ship. I 'll be in England as soon as they, and I 'll have her back if I kill that villain first. Disobedient jade, — worthless trollop" —

"Mr. Murray, I must request you to leave my study and my house," exclaimed the mild Hepworth, with unwonted energy, as the pure and lovely face of Hope Murray rose to his memory from amidst this sea of angry words and epithets.

"But I tell you, sir, that my life was bound up in that girl, and now she 's gone. I should die if I couldn't swear!" exclaimed the father, with vehement simplicity. "I had such plans for her, — I had such a match in view. She 'd have been the first lady in the States in time. And now to go off with that miserable fellow, — an Englishman too!"

"What are your objections to Mr. Tresethen, may I ask? I judged him very favourably in our brief interview," said Mr. Hepworth, pitying the genuine sorrow visible through all the offensive manner of the man.

"Why, sir, his father was a Tory and a refugee. He came here a young man and made a fortune; then, when our troubles broke out, and I and others left all our own concerns and took up arms to fight for our freedom and our liberty, this miserable Englishman quietly transferred his ill-gotten gains to his own country, and skulked off after them. Then, with the devil's own luck (your pardon once more, sir), he inherited a fine estate and lived in luxury, while our brave fellows, sir, were eating their own shoes at Valley Forge, and tracking the snow with their bloody feet as they marched on without 'em. Then, when the war 's all over, and matters settled down again, back comes this fellow, this Miles, who had been left in England for his education while his father was living here, to inquire after some landed property that the old fellow couldn't carry with him when he ran away, and was afraid to sell. My girl met him, sir, fell head over heels in love with him, and forgot her duty, her home, and her old father to run after him to the ends of the earth. But he sha'n't have her, — he sha'n't keep her. I told 'em both, when they came asking my consent and all that, I never would consent, — never, to my dying day, nor I won't."

"But if Mr. Miles Tresethen was educated in England, and never lived in this country at all,

surely he need not share the odium of his father's desertion," suggested Mr. Hepworth.

"Well, perhaps not, but at any rate he 's an Englishman, and we 've had enough of Englishmen. I hate 'em, from the king upon his throne down to the meanest soldier in his army. We 've all given our strength, and our hearts, and some of us our lives to getting rid of 'em, and clearing 'em out of the country, and now do you think I 'm going to give my only child to one of 'em? Not I, sir. I'll have her back. I 'll get her divorced. I 'll undo the knot you were so foolish as to tie, sir. I 'll have justice, and I 'll have my girl."

And his anger having regained its full heat, temporarily checked by the calm presence of the clergyman, Mr. Murray was rushing indignantly from the room when he was stopped by his host, who, recounting briefly the incidents connected with the carriage and horses, requested that he would take them and dispose of them as he would.

But at this request the ire of the injured father reached its height; and with vehement protestations that horses, carriage, Englisman, and all, should go to a very unpleasant place before he meddled with them, he slammed out of the house, leaving Mr. Hepworth to recover at his leisure from the horrified consternation into which he had been thrown.

II.

Out on the wild Atlantic a hunted ship flew before the storm that rushed madly after. All day

and all night and all another day the trembling quarry had sped on, and now at sunset of the second day the storm seemed gathering fresh strength, as if resolved at once to end the conflict by one overpowering effort.

It was the Roebuck, the ship on which James Murray had hastily embarked in pursuit of his daughter and her English husband; and as he now at nightfall came on deck and looked anxiously about, marking the fiercer gloom of sea and sky, the disordered ship and sullen crew, he remembered, not for the first time, the warning he had received just before sailing, against trusting himself at sea with such a captain and such a crew; and, after the fashion of angry men, he cursed anew the cause of his present peril.

"If it hadn't been for that d—d Englishman," said he, "I should not have been here. And where is Hope — poor child! — and if she is lost, who will be her murderer? Who but that villain that tempted her away? I 'll have his heart's-blood yet, — trust me but I will!"

"Well, Mr. Murray, what did you see on deck?" asked a husky voice, as that gentleman painfully descended the companion-ladder into the cabin.

"I saw everything except the captain," returned Murray, gruffly, casting a scowling glance at the bottle and tumbler sliding about upon the table.

"Ha, ha! that 's meant for me, eh? Well, I 'm just going up, though I don't know what to do when I get there, exept what 's been done already. Won't ye have a glass, Mr. Murray?"

"No, sir!" returned the passenger, sternly. "If we are all to be swept into eternity before morning, as I expect, I for one will go like a man, and not like a brute."

"H-m! Surly devil! Go on deck to get rid of you, if nothing else," muttered the captain, as he climbed the steep steps with more than usual difficulty.

Mr. Murray, after watching his clumsy movements with an expression of angry disgust until he had disappeared on deck, entered his own stateroom, changed his dress, put his papers and money into an oilskin belt girt about his body, tied on his excellent life-preserver, and wrapping himself in a heavy cloak, ascended in his turn to the deck.

The hour that had elapsed since his previous visit had wrought no material change. Perhaps through the intense blackness of the night the monotonous sweep of the wind sounded more fearfully; perhaps the leaping waves snatched more hungrily at their prey in the sheltering darkness; perhaps the doomed ship groaned more audibly and intelligibly; at least, these things seemed so to the passenger, who now clung to the main shrouds and threw piercing glances hither and thither through the night. Sheltered beneath the windward bulwark crouched the captain with his chief mate, their position only to be determined by their voices as they shouted an occasional order to the men, who sometimes sullenly obeyed, sometimes in the darkness contented themselves with muttering that it

was impossible. At last a man came staggering aft with the request, or rather demand, from his comrades for the key of the spirit-room. It was received with an oath of denial, and the man sullenly withdrew; but the demand had aroused the officers to a sense of their imminent peril, as the storm had failed to do.

The captain, rising with difficulty to his feet, began to make his way toward the hatch, intending to descend and broach the casks, well knowing, drunkard as he was, that if once the men gained access to the liquor his shadow of control over them was lost, and with it all hope for the ship and those in it. As he passed Murray, the latter said indignantly: —

"Why don't you have lanterns placed in the rigging, and send that lookout man back to his duty? He has left it to plot mutiny with his comrades there on the forecastle. We shall all be murdered next, if you don't show some authority."

To this perhaps unwise but very natural reproof the angry skipper retorted with a string of oaths and coarse abuse, bidding his passenger attend to his own concerns, and expressing a hope that, in case of mutiny, he might become the first victim.

Mr. Murray turned contemptuously from him, and again fixed his eyes and his attention upon the dense mass of blackness ahead, into which the ship was wildly plunging, trembling at every leap. Listening with ears preternaturally sharpened by the extremity, he was aware of a new sound added

to the wild swirl of winds and waves. A heavy rushing sound, — a hissing of the waters as they parted perforce before some swift-advancing object, — a shrieking of the wind as it tore through the shrouds, not only above his head but beyond in the black unknown. Murray fixed his straining eyes upon the point whence these sounds approached. Yes, a great black mass, shapeless and ominous as terror itself, bore down upon them, the seething waves and shrieking wind singing jubilee over the destruction in its path. On it came, — there was no more doubt.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Murray. "Helmsman! mate! bestir yourselves! Ahoy! ahoy there!"

The wind snatched the words from his lips, rent them to fragments, and flung them scoffingly back upon him. It was barely that those in his own ship heard him, and then the mate, staggering to his feet, gazed blankly at the doom impending so closely over them a full minute before he shouted to the helmsman through his trumpet: —

"Port there! port, you villain! port, you dog!"

It was too late. Before the man could obey the order fully, before the leaping ship could be put off her course, before one tenth of that ship's crew knew that Death had laid his hand upon their garments, and claimed them for his own, the blow had fallen. The unknown ship, swerving slightly, as those on board her discovered too late the obstacle in their path and vainly strove to evade it, came crashing down upon the Roebuck, amidst a wild confusion of sea and wind, of human

shrieks and cries and oaths, of splintering wood and falling masts. Then, carried on by her fearful impetus, the stranger, cutting through the doomed vessel, passed on into the blackness, with no power, had she the inclination, to render assistance to her victims.

Seizing a spar that mercifully would have dealt him a death-blow, James Murray found himself floating in the water, surrounded on every side by drowning men and fragments of the shattered vessel. Clinging to his spar, he struggled to maintain his head above the blinding waves that sought to bury him while yet quick, in the grave beneath his feet, and he succeeded.

The storm soon scattered the few survivors of the wreck who had not at once been drowned; and when at last the morning broke, and Murray, raising himself as well as he was able upon the spar, looked despairingly about him, no trace remained of ship or company, — nothing but the wild waste of waters, stretching far away to where on the horizon line the great waves reared their crests upon the sullen sky.

"Worse than death, — worse a thousand times!" groaned the desolate survivor; and for a moment he was tempted to release himself from spar and life-preserver, and sink at once, escaping thus the torturing hours lying between him and the almost inevitable end. But in the powerful organization of the man vitality was strong and deeply seated; and after the first pang of terror at the gloomy prospect, James Murray summoned his strength,

and resolved to die, if die he must, when no further efforts of his own could sustain him.

Hunger and thirst were now his greatest foes. Against the former he was fortified for a while by some bread and meat which he had placed in his pocket before coming on deck. But this food, saturated as it was with salt water, would only increase the fearful thirst already tormenting him. Still he resolved to neglect no means of preserving life, even though it must be in torture, and tying together his cravat and handkerchief, he passed them about his body, and firmly secured himself to the spar. This left both his hands at liberty, and gave him greater ease of position.

Extracting from his water-filled pocket a bit of the meat, he ate it hungrily. Somewhat refreshed by this slight nourishment, the lonely man looked once more about him, scanning the horizon with anxious scrutiny, if haply a white-winged vessel might be on its way to rescue him. But the only comfort that could be gathered from all the untold miles of sea and sky around and above him was the hope that the storm was over. Surely the clouds were thinner and more broken; the rain had ceased; the fitful wind did not so incessantly lash the waves into more furious sweeps.

Still no hope, no rescue for James Murray. Every hour of that December day had stolen somewhat from the vigour that upheld him. His limbs were numb, although he tried to keep the blood alive in them by active motion. His teeth chattered, his eyes grew dim, a sick dizziness at

his brain made sea and sky swim before his sight.

"I cannot live till morning; and oh, my child" — No anger now, only yearning love and bitterest sorrow. In that dreary trial the heart of the worldly man was learning the lessons that prosperity had never taught. Again he said: —

"I hope she will never know how her poor father died; I hope she will be happy all her life. I wish she knew that I forgave her bofore I died. Poor dear, I said hard things to her that night before she left me. I would give all my slender chance of life to take them back. Why should she not choose for herself, as I did in my youth? Cruel and tyrannical! *She* did not say it, though. That poor little note she left for me had no such words as those in it. I tore it, and stamped upon the pieces before I burned them. God forgive me! Did her mother see me do that, I wonder? Fifteen years ago since Mary died, and she bade me to be father and mother both to that poor child. Have I done it? O God, let me live! Save me from this death, that I may make amends for the wrong I had sworn to do!"

He raised himself from the water as far as he might, and gazed once more on all around with a piteous earnestness such as no care for mere life had brought into that hard face.

Nothing but sea and sky, cloud and wave. Only there, on the horizon line, what is that? A wave leaping higher than its fellows? No, for it does not sink and rise as the waves do. It cannot

be a ship, it is so low in the water; there are no masts to be traced on that golden background of the sunset clouds. A boat, perhaps; if so, are there men in it? Will it cross his path? Can he attract their notice?

A wild flutter of hope and desire thrills through the soul and body of the man, struggling so vehemently for life, and he begins with all the little strength at his command to swim toward the distant haven of his hope. But before he has made the least perceptible progress, before he has resolved one of all those doubts as to the nature of the object he so wildly strives to gain, heavy darkness shuts down upon him and it. It is no longer possible to distinguish the least trace of the boat, if such it was, and with a bitter groan James Murray ceases his efforts and sinks down upon the spar in listless inaction.

"It will be gone by morning," said he, "or I shall be dead."

But morning dawned, and he was not dead. Very weak and exhausted, indeed, unable to swim or to make any other motion, but still alive, still conscious of that little link holding him to this lower world, still anxious for the sunrise, that he might with his dying eyes sweep the wide horizon line before he closed them forever.

So faint and weak he was, he could not bring himself at once to make the exertion of rising on the spar that he might take that last look. It was not till the warm sunlight fell upon his face that he gathered his energies and feebly rose.

Oh, God is good! It is close upon him, drifting slowly down across his very path. No boat, indeed, but the dismasted hulk of a vessel, its bows shattered and sunk, but its stern high and safe above the water, and human figures looking down from it curiously upon him.

He raised his arm and feebly waved it; as feebly shouted a reply to the hail that met his dull ears, and then the song of the siren shut out all other sound, a thick darkness closed his eyes, and he had fainted.

An hour after, when James Murray unclosed those heavy eyes, he stared incredulously into the face bending so tenderly over him, and moved uneasily within the arms that folded themselves about him. But he could not shake off the dream.

"Hope?" whispered he.

"Yes, dear, dearest father, it is indeed your own wicked child, to whom God has kindly given time and space to ask your forgiveness."

The father feebly closed his eyes without reply, — it was all so strange. It was so little while since he had longed to live that he might ask *her* forgiveness.

A man's voice spoke next: —

"Let me pour some more of this brandy between his lips, dearest. You should not have spoken yet of such matters."

"I could not help it, Miles. I have so longed to say it. But see, he is getting better surely; see the colour in his lips. O father dear, open your eyes once more!"

James Murray did not resist that appeal, but opening his eyes, fixed them more lovingly upon his daughter's face than she remembered him ever to have done before.

Tears rushed into her own, but she restrained them at a look from her husband, and only stooped to kiss her father's cheek.

"It was Miles who saved you," whispered she, after a moment. "He leaped in and drew you to the vessel."

"Where is he now, — Miles?" asked Mr. Murray, feebly.

"Here. O darling father, you forgive us both, — I see that you do!" And then the tears *would* come, and did.

"And now, sir, if you are strong enough, I will take you down to the cabin and put you in a berth," said Tresethen, presently. "We have the afterpart of the ship at our command, and may be very comfortable here for a long time if the fair weather holds."

"Wait a while and I 'll go down myself. I 'm too heavy for any one to carry."

"I think not, sir, if I may try." And the broad-shouldered young Englishman, raising his reluctant burden from the deck, carried him carefully down the steep steps, and after stripping off his wet and almost frozen clothes, placed him carefully in a berth and covered him deep with blankets.

"Now, if you will take a good long sleep, sir," said he, cheerily, "I think you 'll wake up all right, and Hope will have some hot tea ready for you."

Mr. Murray did not answer, but went to sleep with a queer smile upon his lips. To think that this should be the end of all the threats and curses he had heaped upon the head of that young man!

Hope was ready with the tea, and before night her father was nearer to being "all right" than could have been expected after the severe exposure he had undergone.

The next day he was able to sit up and hear the story of the Tresethens' voyage and present position. He was not surprised at learning that this very hulk on which they now found themselves was the remains of the destroyer of the Roebuck. That shock, so fatal to the smaller vessel, was not harmless to the larger. Her bows were badly stove, and shortly after the collision a cry was raised that the ship was sinking, and must immediately be deserted. With the selfishness of terror, the crew seized upon the boats and refused to allow the passengers a place. The captain, after exerting alike uselessly his authority and his powers of persuasion, declared finally that unless the passengers were taken he himself would remain behind.

"So much the better!" cried the brutal boatswain as he pushed off the overloaded boat, which was immediately hidden by the darkness. The three, thus abandoned, sat down quietly upon the quarter-deck and waited for their death. It did not come, and in the morning they perceived that, having settled to a certain depth, the ship would sink no further, at least toward the stern. The

cabin and cabin stores were thus saved to them, insuring shelter and subsistence so long as the hulk should float in its present position. A quantity of charcoal stored in an empty stateroom promised the comfort of fire, and in all, except the uncertainty of permanent safety, their situation might be as agreeable and comfortable as it had been during the first days of their voyage. But a few more hours brought yet another shock to convince them that no man may calculate in what form his last hour shall meet him.

The captain, whose great weakness was a love of gain, had mentioned several times that a great deal of money might be collected from the seamen's chests in the forecastle, if they could be reached, as the sailors had, according to custom, received their wages for the outward voyage upon the day of sailing.

The next morning after the shipwreck he had been heard to quietly leave the cabin at an early hour and ascend the companion-way. Some time after, Tresethen, going up to join him, was startled at finding only his coat lying upon the deck. The captain was never seen again; and the two survivors could only surmise that he (being a bold and skilful swimmer) had dived into the forecastle to try to recover the treasure hidden there, and had either become entangled in the wreck, or struck his head in the descent so as to stun himself. At any rate, the sea never gave up this one of its many secrets, and Tresethen and his bride

remained alone, until, by almost a miracle, James Murray was brought to join them.

A week passed away, and, spite of all the perils of their position, — spite of their uncertain future, — Hope thought and said that it was the happiest week of her life. Her father, having once made up his mind to forgive and like her husband, did it so heartily that his daughter sometimes smiled merrily at finding her own opinions and arguments peremptorily set aside in favour of Tresethen's, and in noticing the honest admiration in the face of the older man, when his new son argued eloquently and firmly, although respectfully, with Murray's unreasoning prejudice against England and Englishmen.

Tresethen, too, beginning in a mere feeling of compassion and forbearance, grew to feel a real affection for Hope's father, — to regard him with that complacent fondness one always feels for a person he has won over from opposition to amity.

These pleasant days were, however, drawing to a close. Hope, awaking one night from uneasy dreams, was startled by hearing the plash of water close to the edge of her berth, and putting out her hand, dipped it into the ice-cold element stealing so treacherously upon her sleep. Rousing hastily her husband and father, and procuring a light, her terrible suspicions were soon confirmed. The wreck was settling. They must at once abandon the cabins, and trust themselves to the shelterless deck. Hastily gathering what food was at hand, and snatching some clothing from the beds, the

flugitives fled from the cruel foe, steadily if slowly pursuing them.

The first effort of both men was to shelter as much as possible the delicate girl so dear to them; but when Hope was wrapped closely in shawls and blankets, and seated between them upon the deck, there seemed nothing more to do except to wait resignedly, till that creeping, sliding water, whose warning plash sounded every moment nearer, should at last reach and overwhelm them.

"What should be the cause of this sudden change?" asked Mr. Murray, breaking with an effort the painful silence.

"Captain Jones told me," said Tresethen, "the reason the vessel did not sink at once was that he had caused a bulkhead, as nearly air-tight as he could get it, to be placed across some portion of the hold, thinking that, in case of just such a disaster as befell us, this confined body of air would, as it actually did, buoy up the stern and prevent the wreck from sinking. In the first moments after the collision he supposed that his experiment had failed, and did not mention it to us until several hours of safety had reassured him. I suppose this partition must now have given way at some point, so as slowly to admit the water. Probably it was just beneath our feet last night, while we sat so cheerfully talking over our future plans before separating for the night."

"Dreadful!" murmured Hope, hiding her face upon her husband's breast.

"Well, I don't know, daughter and son," said James Murray, after a little pause. "It does not strike me that we 've been very hardly dealt with, after all. It would have been worse if I had died floating on that spar, and you had gone down when your shipmates did, and neither of us had ever said the words we have said since. It would have been worse, even if you had got safely to England and lived out your lives, with the weight on your consciences of having started wrong; while I, a poor, miserable, lonely old man, had stayed in America cursing and swearing at my disobedient children."

"O father!"

"Well, I did, girl, and so that Mr. Hepworth will tell you, — would have told you, I may as well say. No, children, I think, on the whole, Almighty God has done full as much for us as we anyway deserve, considering we none of us have kept straight to the mark; and I for one have wandered off far enough. Now, son and daughter, don't you agree with me that we shall all go off into eternity the happier and the better for this last week we 've spent together?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said Miles, solemnly; and Hope, sobbing on her father's neck, answered him with quivering kisses.

"I know I haven't lived what the ministers call a godly life," said James Murray again, after a little thought. "But I hope I 've been sorry first or last for all the wrong I 've done; and I 've heard it read that such as repented were to be

forgiven. I don't know yet. We all shall soon. Hope, child, can't you say over one of those prayers I used to hear your mother teaching you in the old times?"

Controlling her own emotion with a woman's quiet strength, Hope, after a little pause, repeated in her clear, low voice the simplest and greatest of all petitions, the Lord's own prayer.

When she had done, and the men had muttered Amen, no more was said for a long while. Each one took counsel with his own heart, and silently set his house in order for the mighty visitor who stood close without the door. At last Tresethen said, quietly: —

"The day is dawning."

All eyes turned eastward and silently watched while the sun rose through a glory of purple and golden clouds and came to look at them. Presently his light and warmth revivified their chilled frames, and, creeping closer together, they divided the food they had brought with them in their hasty flight. It was not much, not more than would last one day; but as all thought, though none said, it was very unlikely that another sunrise should find them in need of earthly food.

The bright winter day passed on. The air, though keen, was not insupportably cold, and the little party were well provided with wrappings of various sorts, and exerted themselves, from time to time, to take such exercise as the limits of the deck, now very nearly level with the water, would allow. But here again the waters stayed. For

what reason they could not tell, but from an hour before sunset the settling of the wreck was suspended, and faint human hopes and longings came creeping back to the three hearts that thought to have done with them forever.

Darkness fell, and the father slept, his head upon his daughter's lap. She, gathered to her husband's breast, neither spoke nor moved, and, though her eyes did not close, her spirit seemed far away. Tresethen, strong and manful, warded off as yet the subtle attacks of cold and hunger, watching sleeplessly the starry horizon, hoping against hope to see there the dim outline af a sail.

The long night passed, the morning broke. Hope, quietly arousing herself, drew forth the remnant of her yesterday's food, and tried to slip a portion into her father's mouth that he might unconsciously swallow it. But Murray, awaking suddenly, detected the pious fraud, and smiling feebly, said: —

"No, no, child; life is young and full of promise for you, — keep it while you may. My race is run."

"Will you not take it, father? Indeed I do not want it."

"No, Hope; positively no."

"Then you must, Miles. You are the strongest of us all. Eat, and you may yet be saved."

"Do you think, my wife, that I would live so?" asked Tresethen, reproachfully. "What charm remains on earth for me, that I should take the morsel from your lips and watch you die of hunger

in my arms? Eat this morsel yourself, my darling, if you love me!"

"No, Miles, I cannot, — I will not. Indeed, I think it would choke me were I to attempt it."

"Then we will divide it in three parts, and each agree to eat his own share for the sake of the others."

"I will try," said Hope, faintly; and James Murray, sitting upright, could not restrain the hungry glare of his hollow eyes as he seized the portion offered him by Tresethen. Hope — her husband's eye upon her — swallowed with difficulty her own morsel, watching in her turn Tresethen, who, making a very good pretence at eating, quietly hid his untasted food, reserving it for Hope.

Again the sun rose and looked pityingly down upon the forlorn group clinging to that sinking wreck.

The three watched it steadily.

"Hope! Mr. Murray! What is that? There, close under the sun — you can hardly see it for the light! Is it — can it be? — it is, a sail!"

"You 're right, boy; it is surely a sail!" cried the father, rising excitedly to his feet.

Hope did not speak, but her dim eyes turned to Miles with a look of unspeakable thankfulness.

It was indeed a sail, — a homeward-bound merchantman, sweeping gayly on before a strong east wind, directly in the path of the sinking hulk.

Every moment as it passed brought her nearer, and brought back life and hope to those three, so lately resigned to die.

Nearer and nearer, till the fluttering ensign of distress held aloft by Tresethen was acknowledged from her decks; nearer and nearer, till she gracefully rounded to, and a boat was manned and lowered. Then, as it came leaping on across the waters, how those hungry eyes watched lest it should suddenly be swallowed up; lest it should not, after all, be meant for them; lest they should die some sudden death before it reached them. And then, when it was come, — when rough hands, but tender hearts, helped them aboard with many a word of pity and of wonder, — then how the truth of their safety in very deed came crowding in upon their hearts, till even Tresethen turned away his face, while Hope and Murray sobbed aloud.

All honour to that captain and that crew, Englishmen every one! All honour to the underlying good of human nature in its roughest from! How many ways it found to prove itself in the days before that merchantman dropped her anchor in Boston Harbour! How affectionately Tresethen and Murray and Hope herself grasped the hard hands of those sailors as they parted from them at the wharf! How tenderly they ever recalled their faces and their names; and how gladly, years after, they ministered to the wants of one of them who, sick and poor, sent to ask their charity!

And so Miles and Hope came home to the roof whence they had stolen awhile before; and that angry father, who had pursued them with such threats of vengeance, welcomed them there as one welcomes all that makes life dear; and when the year came round, and there was a baby to be christened, none but Mr. Hepworth should bestow that benediction on its little head, and sanction with his presence the merry dinner afterward which Mr. Murray gave, as he told every one, in honour of "My grandson, sir, Miles Tresethen, Junior!"

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Anhang

zu

NEW-ENGLAND NOVELS.

THREE STORIES OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY

JANE G. AUSTIN.

Anmerkungen.

Die fetten Ziffern bezeichnen die Seitenzahlen, die dahinter stehenden mageren Ziffern die Zeile, zu welcher die Anmerkung gehört.

1. 1) John Carver. In der kleinen englischen Puritanergemeinde zu Leyden in Holland, die daselbst die *"Pilgrim Church"* bildete, war C. eines der angesehensten Mitglieder. Er bekleidete darin das Amt eines Diakonen *(deacon)* oder Almosenpflegers und wurde bei ihrer Auswanderung nach Amerika zum Gouverneur der neuen Kolonie gewählt, die zunächst den Namen New Plymouth, später Massachusetts annahm und von der aus die übrigen Neu-Englandstaaten besiedelt wurden. — 3) *A fair wind and a strong;* dafür würde es im heutigen Englisch heißen: *a fair and strong wind,* allenfalls *a fair wind and a strong one,* weil ein attributivisches Adjektiv nicht ohne Substantiv oder *one* steht. — 5) *Sit you here; you* ist Reflexivpronom. — *Dame Kate;* in früheren Jahrhunderten entsprach *dame* dem jetzigen Mrs. vor Eigennamen; heute hat es die vertrauliche Bedeutung von „Mütterchen" oder „Mutter". *Kate* ist eine Abkürzung von Catherine. — 6) *change-house,* altertümlich

statt *exchange.* — *Master Jones; master,* welches das Verhältnis als Vorgesetzter ausdrückt, bezeichnet hier den Kapitän. Jones führte das von Londoner Großkaufleuten gemietete Schiff Mayflower, welches in Southampton die Ankunft der „Pilger" aus Holland erwartete. An der verzögerten Abreise von England war nicht er schuld, sondern das zweite Schiff Speedwell, welches nicht seetüchtig war. (Vgl. Anm. zu S. 6, Z. 4.) — 8) *a short half hour;* wenn *half* mit seinem Substantiv einen besonderen Begriff bildet, so wird der Artikel vor das Adjektiv gestellt, z. B. *a half-year, a half-crown.* — 15) *to thee;* im 17. Jahrhundert war die Anrede durch *you* bereits überwiegend im Gebrauch, auch unter nahen Verwandten. Die puritanischen Sekten, die in ihrer Redeweise gern die Bibel nachahmten, besonders die später auftretenden Quäker, suchten die zweite Person Singular als Anrede für jedermann aufrecht zu erhalten. — 17) *Separatists.* Die Königin Elisabeth, welche die Reformation in England durchführte, ließ das bischöfliche Regiment unangetastet und verfolgte alle Protestanten calvinischer Richtung, deren Gemeinden sich Kirchenälteste *(Elders),* Pastoren und Pfleger *(deacons)* wählten. Diese von der Landeskirche sich trennenden Sekten hießen *Separatists.* — 21) *as her garments did her adhesion;* in Vergleichsätzen vertritt *did* das Begriffsverbum des ersten Satzes. — 26) *cavaliers* wurde später in den Bürgerkriegen die Bezeichnung der königstreuen Partei; hier bedeutet es nur den Stand der Vornehmen und Adligen.

2. 3) *Mary Queen of Scots;* dies ist die übliche Benennung der von Elisabeth 1587 hingerichteten Maria Stuart. — 11) *I said not* statt *I did not say* stellt die altertümliche Redeweise früherer Zeiten dar. Im modernen Englisch wird die Umschreibung mit *to do* bei der Negation nur unterlassen, um nachdrücklich zu verneinen. — *goodman* und *goodwife* sind jetzt veraltete Bezeichnungen für Ehemann und Ehefrau. Übersetze: mein Lieber (meine Liebe). — 12) *I am overweary* = ich habe es mehr als satt; sehr häufig sind Zusammensetzungen von *over* mit einem Adj., z. B. *overwise, overgreat, overswift* usw., in der Bedeutung:

allzu . . . — 15) *Bess* (nebst *Bessy* und *Betsy*) Abkürzungen des Namens Elizabeth. — 26) *what he* = was für ein „er"? — 29) *yester-eve;* dafür heute gebräuchlicher: *last evening* oder *last night. — he looked in desperate case* zu erweitern zu: *he looked (like a man) in desperate case,* d. h. wie einer, der in verzweifelter Lage ist.

3. 2) *to join himself to us;* diese reflexive Konstruktion ist jetzt veraltet, und *join* ist heute nur noch ein transitives oder intransitives Verbum; = *to join us.* — 4) *If he does* = *if he wishes.* — 5) Bradford (1588—1657) wurde durch Lesen der Heiligen Schrift zu frommem Wandel geführt und schloß sich früh den Puritanern an, wanderte nach Holland aus und wurde ein Glied der Pilgrim Church in Leyden. Er gehörte zu den Begründern von New Plymouth und wurde nach Carvers Tod Gouverneur der Kolonie, der er mit kurzen Unterbrechungen 36 Jahre lang vorstand. Seine lange verloren geglaubten Aufzeichnungen wurden 1855 in der Bibliothek des Bischofs von London wiedergefunden und sind eine Hauptquelle unserer Kenntnis der ersten Kolonialzeit. — 6) Standish, der als Soldat in Flandern gekämpft hatte, gehörte gleichfalls den „Pilgern" an. In der Kolonie erhielt er den Auftrag, für die Sicherheit der Ansiedler gegen Angriffe der Indianer zu sorgen. Der amerikanische Dichter Longfellow hat ihn zum Gegenstand eines epischen Gedichts: *"The Courtship of Miles Standish"* gemacht. — 15) *heretically embroidered,* d. h. die puritanische Strenge verlangte Einfachheit und Schmucklosigkeit in der ganzen Kleidung. — 22) *Beshrew me,* ursprünglich ein Fluch = ich will verwünscht sein, ist zu einer bloßen Bekräftigungsformel geworden und bedeutet kaum mehr als „wahrhaftig". — 28) *I am beholden,* altertümliche Wendung für *I am obliged to you.* — 30) *It is nothing;* mit diesen Worten oder mit *"don't mention it"* pflegt man einen Dank höflich abzulehnen; deutsch: oh, bitte sehr!

4. 1) *good-even,* veraltet und nur noch in der Poesie gebräuchlich für *evening.* — 7) *adventurers,* hier so viel wie

travellers, passengers, abgeleitet von *adventure,* welches auch jetzt noch ein „gewagtes Unternehmen" und im besonderen „gefahrvolle Seehandelsgeschäfte" bedeutet. — 20) *hale and sound,* öfters in alliterierender Form *hale and hearty* = gesund und munter. — 21) *and speak after that fashion.* Der Infinitiv erklärt sich daraus, daß Katharina in abgerissenen, prädikatlosen Sätzen redet. — 22) *give warrant* sonst: Bürgschaft leisten; hier = einstehen für.

5. 1) *mine own good;* vor *own* hat sich als adjektivisches Possessivpronomen neben *my* auch *mine* erhalten. — 6) *What there is to tell* steht auch jetzt noch in der Umgangssprache für das von der Grammatik verlangte *what there is to be told.* — 13) *Know you not,* veraltet; heute ist nur *don't you know* gestattet. — 14) *nigh upon* = nahezu, beinahe; *nigh,* jetzt in der Schriftsprache immer mehr durch *near* verdrängt, hat sich in der Umgangs- und Volkssprache noch in den meisten Bedeutungen von *near* als Adjektiv, Adverb und Präposition erhalten. — 15) *by-gone* entspricht an dieser Stelle dem sonst üblichen *ago;* häufig steht es attributiv vor Substantiven, z. B. *in by-gone times.* — 18) *get thee to thy story,* mach dich an (od. beginne) deine Geschichte. Der Gebrauch des Personalpronomens anstatt des Reflexivums entstammt der älteren Sprache und war noch häufig im 18. Jahrhundert. Außer einzelnen Wendungen (z. B. *get you gone*) ist dies jetzt nur in der poetischen oder feierlichen Rede gestattet. — 21) *my name it is.* Eine Wiederholung des Subjekts durch das Personalpronomen findet sich besonders in der Sprache des niederen Volks oder in volkstümlicher Poesie. — 22) *I come of* statt *I come from;* es scheint auf einer Verwechselung mit der Konstruktion von *to be (I am of a family)* zu beruhen. — Essex, ursprünglich eines der alten sächsischen Königreiche, ist jetzt eine Grafschaft im Südosten von England. — 24) *I with my younger son's portion; my* gehört nicht zu *son* sondern zu *portion,* also: ich mit meinem Anteil als jüngerer Sohn. Das väterliche Gut geht nach englischem Recht auf den ältesten Sohn (bezw. Tochter) über (Majorat), während die jüngeren Geschwister mit geringeren Geldsummen abgefunden werden.

— 30) *aught* = *anything*, entstanden aus älterem *â-wiht*, und *naught* = *nothing* (*na-wiht*), werden nur noch in bestimmten Wendungen gebraucht, z. B. *for aught I know, for aught I care; to come to naught* (zunichte werden), *to set at naught* (für nichts achten). — 31—32) *I have wondered* = ich möchte wohl wissen, ich frage mich, ob ...

6. 1) *holy adventurers.* Die Reisenden werden „heilig" genannt, weil sie Märtyrern gleich der Religion wegen in die Verbannung gehen. — 4) Speedwell ist der Name des Schiffes, das die „Pilger" in Holland kauften, um sie nach England überzusetzen und den kleineren Teil der Auswanderer nach Amerika zu bringen. Doch sie wurden von dem Kapitän des Schiffes, Reynolds, schmählich betrogen. Er hatte das Schiff absichtlich so überlastet, daß es auf hoher See leck wurde und nach zweimaliger Rückkehr an Land, nach Dartmouth und nach Plymouth, schließlich als seeuntüchtig erklärt wurde. Ein Teil der Pilger ging auf die Mayflower über, andere blieben zurück. — 16). *it seems a question of saving a man, body and soul* es scheint sich darum zu handeln, ... zu retten, hier scheint das leibliche und das Seelenheil ... auf dem Spiel zu stehen; *body and soul* stehen als Apposition nur in losem Zusammhang mit dem Beziehungswort. — 27) *bear his charges* die Kosten (der Überfahrt) für ihn tragen; *charge* im Singular Last, im Plural Kosten. — 28) Virginia, von Sir Walter Raleigh der Königin Elisabeth zu Ehren so benannt, ist heute einer der reichsten Staaten von Nord-Amerika mit der Hauptstadt Richmond, zwischen Pennsylvanien im Norden und Nord-Carolina im Süden. Zur Zeit der ersten Besiedelung durch die Engländer (1607) umfaßte es den ganzen Küstenstrich zwischen dem 34. und 45. nördl. Breitengrade. Das Recht, ihn zu besiedeln und Handel darin zu treiben, verlieh Jakob I. durch einen Freibrief *(great charter)* zwei Gesellschaften, von denen die erste oder London Virginia Company schon 1624 einging, während die zweite oder Plymouth Virginia Company ihre Rechte auf den nördlichen Teil an die Kolonisten im Jahre 1635 abtrat, als John Winthrop ihr Gouverneur war.

7. 4) *to snatch this goodly brand from the burning* diesen tüchtigen Menschen vor dem Verderben retten. — 10) *shrew* hatte früher die Bedeutung Bösewicht, Zankteufel wie in dem Lustspiel Shakespeares *The Taming of the Shrew.* Übers.: Du bist eine solche kleine Hexe . . . — 15) *it fell out,* dafür heute gewöhnlicher *it happened.* — 19) John Howland. Das Tagebuch des Gouverneurs Bradford enthält tatsächlich die obige Angabe. — 31) *the Mecca of the New World;* wie sich von Mekka, der Geburtsstätte des Propheten Mohammed, der Islam ausbreitete, so wurde die Ansiedelung auf Plymouth Rock der Ausgangspunkt der puritanischen Neuengland-Staaten, aus denen später die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika hervorgingen. Die Bezeichnung *the Mecca of the New World* deutet zugleich an, daß das politische Heil des Republikanismus von dieser Kolonie über einen ganzen Weltteil ausgestrahlt ist.

9. 10) *utilitarian home* ein Haus, das nur durch Nützlichkeitsrücksichten bestimmt wird. — 17) *in a hurly* = in Unordnung, im Wirrwarr; dies Wort kommt jetzt nur in der Verbindung *hurly-burly* vor. — 18) *forbidding* (Gegensatz zu *inviting*) = nicht einladend, unfreundlich. — 31) *to come anear* (statt *near*) ist heute nur noch in dichterischer Sprache zulässig.

10. 13) *the ways of women pass a man's understanding.* Weiberart geht über den Verstand eines Mannes. — 16) *Hardly were the Pilgrims disembarked when came the pestilence.* Die Mayflower ging am 21. November 1620 bei Cape Cod vor Anker, doch ging der Bau der Häuser wegen der Witterungsverhältnisse so langsam vorwärts, daß die Pilger erst im Februar 1621 diese beziehen konnten. Infolge der unzuträglichen Ernährung und des feuchten Aufenthalts im Schiffe brach der Skorbut aus, der innerhalb vier Monate von den 103 Personen 47 hinraffte. — 23) *she had her eyes overbrimming with tears;* bei dem Verbum *overbrim* (überlaufen) wird die Ursache durch *with* ausgedrückt. Übers.: ihr standen die Augen voll Tränen, oder sie schwamm in Tränen. — 25) *office* im Singular

bedeutet öffentliches Amt, Amtstätigkeit, z. B. *this is not my office;* im Plural Dienste, Gefälligkeit

11. 3) *enow* veraltet = *enough.* — 8) Henerie = Henry; andere Nebenformen Harry und Hal. — Humility; in der Zeit der puritanischen Bewegung bevorzugte man nächst den alttestamentlichen Namen (Isaac, Samuel, Manasseh, Josuah, Hepzibah, Solomon, Sarah, Susanna) vielfach Abstrakta: Hope, Desire, Love, Humility, Resolved, Remember. — 11) *wills;* neben dem defektiven Hilfsverbum *will* besteht noch das vollständige schwache Verbum *to will,* jedoch nur in der Bedeutung: bestimmen, anordnen. — 16) *wiping the tears of orphanhood from her eyes* trocknete ihre Tränen, die sie in ihrer Verlassenheit vergoß. — 32) *feeble from illness* geschwächt durch Krankheit. Während *from* nach Adjektiven und intransitiven Verben die Ursache ausdrückt, bezeichnet in diesen Fällen *with* die Sache gleichsam als das Werkzeug, wodurch ein Zustand hervorgerufen bezw. verhindert wird; z. B. *pale with fear, to die with horror.*

12. 3) Squanto (oder Tisquantum) war der einzige Indianer der Landschaft Patuxet, der von der Seuche verschont geblieben war. Er hatte auf früheren Reisen Spanien und London gesehen und diente den „Pilgern" als Dolmetscher im Verkehr mit anderen Indianern; doch starb er schon im nächsten Jahre. — 10) *the abundant shoals of herring;* die meisten Bezeichnungen der Fische *(pike, trout, salmon, mackerel* usw.) werden in der Singularform gebraucht, auch wenn sie eine Mehrheit bezeichnen. — 17) Massassoit war einer der drei Indianerhäuptlinge, mit denen die „Pilger" sehr bald in Berührung kamen; er blieb der Freund der Engländer bis zu seinem Tode. — 19) Narragansetts, ein Indianerstamm von Rhode Island, der mit den Mohikanern, Delawaren, Ottawas und einigen anderen die große Völkerschaft der Algonquins bildete. — 27) *Want plant corn = do you want to plant corn.* — 29) *We must be up and doing = and be doing,* wir müssen uns aufmachen und fleißig sein. Mit gewissen Präpositionen verbunden steht *to be* an Stelle eines Verbs der Bewegung;

z. B. *to be to = to go to, to be up = to get up.* — 30) *for the night cometh;* die Endung *(e)th* der dritten Person Singular des Präsens ist in den letzten Jahrhunderten allmählich in der Prosa durch die Endung *s* verdrängt worden. Sie wird jetzt noch in der Poesie und in besonders feierlicher Rede gebraucht; auch ist sie der Bibelsprache eigentümlich.

13. 7) Das starke Imperf. *overwrought* ist eine Nebenform des gebräuchlicheren *overworked.* In der Bedeutung „sich überarbeiten" wird es auch reflexiv gebraucht.

14. 5) Lexington. Bei diesem Orte in der Nähe von Boston wurde eine englische Truppe, die in Concord ein Munition- und Waffendepot der feindseligen Kolonisten zerstört hatte, auf dem Rückmarsch von den Amerikanern angegriffen, die ihnen starke Verluste beibrachten. Hiermit begann der englisch-amerikanische Krieg. Da dies am 19. April 1775 geschah, so waren seit 1621 nicht 150 sondern 154 Jahre vergangen. — 11) Winslow, ein junger Buchdrucker aus London, gehörte als ein sehr tätiges Mitglied der puritanischen Sekte der „Pilgrims" an; auch zeichnete er sich als Schriftsteller aus, indem er einen sehr ausführlichen Bericht über die Geschichte der ersten Jahre der Kolonie verfaßte. Er war später drei Jahre lang Gouverneur von Neu-England. — 21) *a thoroughbred,* ein Vollblutpferd, ist nach englischer Auffassung ein Tier, das aus einer durch acht Generationen beglaubigten Züchtung von Pferden gleich vorzüglicher Abstammung hervorgegangen ist. — 29) *cumbrous watches.* Die Taschenuhren, im Anfang des 16. Jahrhunderts von dem Nürnberger Schlosser Peter Henlein erfunden, zeichneten sich lange noch durch Umfang und Gewicht aus; auch führten sie den Namen „Nürnberger Eierlein".

15. 19) *chiefest friend;* die korrekte Sprache vermeidet es, von *chief* (urspr. = Haupt) einen Superlativ zu bilden. — 22) *bitterer;* die Umgangssprache läßt auch von vielen mehrsilbigen Adjektiven Steigerungsformen zu, z. B.: *stupidest, pleasanter, cruelest, cleverer,* selbst *perfectest, respectablest.* — 23) *my friend, my more than brother;* übers.: Mein Freund, der du mir mehr als ein Bruder

warst. — 32) *sped away* = *hastened away,* gehört der poetischen Sprache an.

16. 2) *as ever hastened guest;* nach vorausgehendem *ever* und *never* kann das Subjekt, wenn es die Gattung bezeichnet, ohne Artikel gebraucht werden; es tritt dann hinter das Prädikat. — 3) *The dinner was on the board; board,* urspr. Brett, bedeutete in alter Zeit zwar den Tisch, auf dem die Speisen standen; gegenwärtig dient dazu nur *table.* Im weiteren Sinne heißt *board* heute soviel wie Beköstigung. — 5) *was putting the last touches* ist nicht so gewöhnlich wie *was giving the finishing touches* (die letzte Hand anlegen). — 10) *the colour (was) fading out of her own (face)* ist eine ungenaue Verbindung, die aus der Vermischung von zwei verschiedenen Konstruktionen zu erklären ist: 1. *the colour of her face was fading* und 2. *the colour was going out of her face.* — 18) *the door from the inner room;* dafür sagen wir mit veränderter Anschauung: die Tür nach dem inneren Zimmer. — 25) *seated her therein,* gebräuchlicher *in it.*

17. 15) *The feet of them who bear him hither are already at the door;* diese Worte finden sich in sehr ähnlicher Fassung in der Apostelgeschichte Kap. 5. V. 9. — 25) *cover thine eyes;* die ursprüngliche und vollere Form des adjektivischen Possessivs hat sich lange Zeit vor Vokalen und stummem *h* erhalten; heute wird in der Prosa auch in diesen Fällen nur *my* (bezw. *thy*) gesetzt; vgl. Anm. zu S. 5, Z. 1. — 29) *I will lay me down;* vgl. Anm. zu S. 5, Z. 18.

18. 6) *the bed his death should widow* das Bett, das durch seinen Tod verwaist werden sollte. — 11) *Let be* jetzt ungebräuchlich = laßt ab, hört auf! üblichere Wendungen sind *let me be* und *let me alone.* — 29) *Rose Standish,* die Frau des „Hauptmanns" war als eine der ersten der verheerenden Krankheit zum Opfer gefallen. — 28) *Think upon* entspricht deutschem: darüber nachdenken; *think of* unserem: an etwas denken.

19. 7) *prithee* altertümliche aus *I pray thee* verkürzte Form. — *peace!* still, schweigt! in derselben Bedeutung

gebraucht man auch *silence!* — 16) *ever so lightly,* eine Wendung der Umgangssprache mit konzessivem Sinn: wenn auch noch so leicht. — 17) *Death's hourglass.* Das Stundenglas oder die Sanduhr ist wie die Sense ein Attribut des Todes bei den christlichen Völkern. Sanduhren waren noch im 16. Jahrhundert im Gebrauch, obgleich Schlaguhren mit Räderwerk schon im 12. Jahrhundert erfunden waren. — 20) *passed from beneath the cross;* eine Häufung von Präpositionen *(from behind, from within)* vor einem Substantiv ist im Deutschen unbekannt, wo die erste Präposition durch ein Adverb ersetzt werden muß: unter dem Kreuze hervor. — 23) *the Elder Brewster.* Die „Pilgrim Church" in Leyden war im ganzen nach dem Muster der französischen calvinistischen Kirchen organisiert. Sie hatte einen Pastor (John Robinson), einen Ältesten oder Elder (William Brewster) und mehrere Diakonen. Hatte der „Älteste" schon in der Heimat eine bedeutende Gewalt, da er öffentliche Vermahnung und Ausschluß verfügen konnte, so wurde sie noch weit größer in Neu-England, da der Pastor nicht mit ausgewandert war. Das geistliche Element spielt daher in der amerikanischen Kirche von Neu-England eine untergeordnete Rolle gegenüber dem Laienelement. — 24) *beside the bedside* ist eine auffällige Verbindung, an deren Stelle man *by the bedside* erwarten müßte. — 30) *breaking from his hold* sich von ihm loßreißend.

21. 2) *to conjoin yourself with* altertümliche Wendung für *to join (the fragments).* — 19) *to live out* = ausleben, d. h. zu Ende leben, vollenden. — 30) *the weaker vessels;* der Ausdruck *vessel* für *person* ist der biblischen Sprache entlehnt.

22. 6) *a family to succeed to his work* eine Familie, die seine Arbeit fortsetze (attributiver Infinitiv). — 28) *from his own deeds* = infolge oder nach seinen Taten. Die Worte Bradfords sind bezeichnend für die Gesinnung der nach Neu-England auswandernden Puritaner, in denen sich das Streben nach kirchlicher Unabhängigkeit mit dem Haß gegen politische Unterdrückung paarte, um dereinst in dem Unabhängigkeitskriege zu hoher Flamme empor-

zulodern. — 29) *spake* altertümliche Form für *spoke;* heute nur noch in poetischer Sprache üblich.

23. 2) *in the light of the rising and the setting sun;* die Entwickelung der Vereinigten Staaten ist mit Recht eine rapide zu nennen, da sie im Frieden von Versailles 1783 als Grenze den Mississippi, 1810 Louisiana, 1848 Kalifornien, 1867 Alaska erhielten. Im Stillen Ozean faßten sie Fuß durch Erwerbung der Insel Hawai und Besitzergreifung der Philippinen-Inseln im Jahre 1900. — 10) *fare of fish* eig. die Menge der gefangenen Fische, die ein Fahrzeug hielt (vgl. Fuhre, im Deutschen); also = Fischzug. — 23) *to bury a man's memory along with his bones;* diese Worte erinnern an den Ausspruch des Antonius in Shakespeares Jul. Caesar A. III: *The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones.* — 25) *widows like that = such widows;* hier steht *that* nicht für *those,* sondern ist neutral zu denken; Witwen, die dem gleichen, was vorhin von ihnen gesagt ist.

24. 4) *to slowly and thoughtfully climb the hill.* Die jetzt häufig begegnende Einschiebung des Adverbs zwischen *to* und den Infinitiv wird besonders angewandt, um das Objekt nicht vom Verbum zu trennen.

25. 6) *how comes on thy wooing = how do you get on with your wooing?* welche Fortschritte macht eure Werbung? — 15) *I cannot deny so much* das kann ich nicht leugnen. In einigen Wendungen hat *so much* oder *this much* hinweisenden Charakter und entspricht dem Demonstrativum *that.* — 16) *Leave "but" to keep company with "peradventure".* Der Sinn der Worte ist: Laßt das Bedenken und wartet nicht auf den Zufall.

26. 3) *all but hopeless = almost hopeless;* dagegen *anything but hopeless* nichts weniger als h. — 6) *hands locked* entspricht etwa „fest zusammengepreßten Händen", während *folded hands* gefaltete Hände bedeutet.

27. 8) *insult my wifehood;* übers.: die Gattin in mir beleidigen.

28. 1) *my reproaches but now: but now* ist attributivisch verwendet. Übers.: die Vorwürfe, die ich dir eben machte. — 25) *An you will = if you will.* Diese durch Verkürzung von *and* entstandene Konjunktion, zuweilen mit *if* verbunden, gehört der altertümlichen Sprache, besonders des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts an.

30. 16) *I doubt me* für *I fear, I am afraid* ist eine veraltete Wendung, doch gebrauchen neuere Schriftsteller zuweilen das einfache *to doubt* noch in dieser Bedeutung.

31. 28) *as who shall doubt;* eigentümlich und im Deutschen nicht anwendbar ist die rhetorische Frage im eingeschobenen Nebensatze; übers.: wie niemand bezweifeln kann.

32. 15) *all that I have on earth to love me or to love.* Die Infinitive gehören attributivisch zu *all* und müssen durch Relativsätze übersetzt werden. — 24) *Meeting.* Bei den der englischen Staatskirche nicht angehörigen Sekten, den Dissentern oder Nonconformists, bedeutet *meeting* die zum Gottesdienst versammelte Gemeinde (sonst *congregation*) oder auch den Gottesdienst selbst. — 26—27) *the singers had taken their pitch* = den Sängern war der Ton angegeben worden; *pitch* = Tonhöhe. — 28) *fugue,* ein neugebildetes Verbum, = eine Fuge singen.

33. 6) *footstools;* Fußbänkchen werden entweder an den Sitzplätzen selber angebracht oder in den Stand hineingestellt, um beim Beten darauf niederzuknieen. — 17) *powdered head;* in England und den ehemaligen Kolonien trugen die Geistlichen eine gepuderte weiße Perücke, noch zu Anfang des 19. Jahrhunderts; sie gehörte auch zur Amtstracht der oberen Richter. — *sidewise* steht für das bessere *side-ways.* — 21) *upon the place = church* oder *congregation.* — 25) *colonial assemblies.* In den meisten Kolonien bestand die gesetzgebende Körperschaft aus der *Lower Chamber,* deren Vertreter vom Volke gewählt wurden, und dem *Council* oder *Upper Chamber,* dessen Mitglieder vom König ernannt wurden. — 26) *as he willed;* vgl. Anm. zu S. 11, Z. 11.

34. 2) *Squire Vale; squire* bezeichnet in Amerika nicht nur einen Gutsbesitzer sondern auch den Friedensrichter. — 12) *after the first* ungewöhnlich anstatt des üblicheren *from the first. Whose face had . . . gaze*, übers.: dessen Gesicht von Anfang an seinen strengen Blick geradeaus gerichtet hielt. — 31) *foreign soldiers.* Die Truppen, die die Regierung in die Kolonien schickte, waren zum großen Teil fremde, meist in Deutschland angeworbene Söldnertruppen, deren Auftreten den Puritanern sehr verhaßt sein mußte, abgesehen davon, daß sie zur Bedrückung ihrer Freiheit dienten.

35. 1) *the man George.* Die Nachkommen der puritanischen Einwanderer, die durch die religiöse und politische Bedrückung aus England getrieben waren, hatten sich ihre republikanische Gesinnung bewahrt und waren daher die heftigsten Gegner des Königs Georg III., dessen Streben es war, die Macht des englischen Parlaments zu brechen, um völlig unumschränkt zu regieren. Die Bezeichnung *"the man"* zeugt von der Geringschätzung des Königs unter den Neu-Engländern. — 11) *the news came down.* Zu beachten ist der Gebrauch von *down*, wenn die Richtung von der Hauptstadt nach einem Orte des Landes führt, während die umgekehrte Richtung mit der Präposition *up* angegeben wird. — 30) *those of their own household who had turned against them* = diejenigen Amerikaner, die sich gegen ihre eigenen Volksgenossen gewandt hatten.

36. 1) *to turn to foolishness and dishonour* vereiteln und zuschanden machen. — 4) *the Urim and Thummim* Schmuckstücke am Brustschild des jüdischen Hohenpriesters, deren Bedeutung nicht sicher ist. — 10) *the choir*; ein besonderer Kirchenchor wie in der katholischen Kirche besteht wohl in derjenigen Kirche der anglikanischen Verfassung, die man *High Church* (Hochkirche) nennt, nicht aber im Gottesdienst der puritanischen und methodistischen Sekten. *Choir* bezeichnet daher hier die ganze singende Gemeinde bezw. die auf dem Kirchenchor befindlichen Sänger.

37. 3) Hepzibah (spr. he'pzibā), alttestamentlicher Name. — 19) *the stair* ist neben dem häufigeren Plural

stairs im Gebrauch. — 25) *to the northern provinces.* Hierunter sind die im Norden der Neu-England Staaten gelegenen englischen Kolonien Nova Scotia, New Brunswick und Canada zu verstehen, die dem Mutterlande treu blieben. Halifax, auf der Halbinsel Nova Scotia, jetzt eine ansehnliche Stadt mit eisfreiem Hafen, war erst 1748 von den Engländern dort angelegt worden als Stützpunkt gegen die damals von Kanada vorrückende französische Macht.

38. 18) *has been in* ist hier gewesen; *has been* steht (vgl. Anm. zu 12, 29) [für das Verbum der Bewegung *has come in.* — 22) Dolly, Abkürzung von Dorothy und Dorothea. — 25) *Joan of Arc and Boadicea.* Wie die Jungfrau von Orleans im 15. Jahrhundert die Franzosen gegen die Engländer in den Kampf führte, so stellte sich die heldenmütige Königin der Briten Boadicea an die Spitze ihrer Truppen, um in einem Verzweiflungskampfe die Unabhängigkeit ihres Landes gegen die römischen Eroberer zu behaupten.

40. 2) *personal belongings* = persönliches Eigentum. — 5) *as it is* wie die Sachen stehen. — 11) *What matter for our possessions,* eine ungewöhnliche Konstruktion, an deren Stelle man heute sagen würde: *what of our possessions* oder *what matter about our possessions* = was liegt an unseren Besitztümern?

41. 17) *the chamber of the grandmamma;* unter *chamber* versteht man gewöhnlich ein Zimmer, das nur von einer Person und zu bestimmten, meist öffentlichen Zwecken benutzt wird; im übrigen wird es durch *room* ersetzt. Die Amerikaner beachten diesen Unterschied nicht. — 18) *covered in green moreen* mit grünem Wolldamastbezug. Die Präposition *in* ist zu erklären, wenn wir den Satz vervollständigen: *covered with stuff in green moreen.*

42. 30) *to 'bout ship* = *to put about ship,* ein Seemannsausdruck für: den Kurs ändern; das Schiff drehen.

43. 16) *Cabin is all engaged* = *the whole cabin is engaged.* — 22) *so that madam should not be spied upon;*

should dient zur Umschreibung des Konjunktivs in Folgesätzen. — 24) *I'll go as purser or even as a foremast hand* = als Zahlmeister oder auch als einfacher Matrose. Anstatt des veralteten *purser* sagt man jetzt *paymaster.* — In dem vor dem Fockmast liegenden Teil des Schiffes, *forecastle* genannt, befinden sich die Räume für die Matrosen; dort ist auch vorzugsweise ihre Arbeitsstelle. Der Teil hinter dem Maste, Achterdeck, englisch: *quarterdeck,* ist Aufenthaltsort des Kapitäns, der Offiziere und auch des Steuermanns. Daher sind *foremast hands* gewöhnliche Matrosen, zu denen der Schiffszimmermann und der Mann am Steuer nicht rechnen.

44. 5) *the berth* die Koje, Lagerstelle hat auch den weiteren, übertragenen Sinn von *place* = Amt, Stelle. — 7) *what's your rage for H.?* warum bist du so auf H. versessen? — 14) *"But saying I do, will you give* . . . wenn ich aber sage, daß ich dorthin will . . . Die Konstruktion ist grammatisch nicht ganz regelrecht, da das Partizipium ohne Beziehung zum Hauptsatz steht und daher sein Subjekt *(I)* nicht selbstverständlich ist. — 18) *up on the fishing-ground; up* = auf hoher See, draußen. Die Fischgründe in der Nähe von Kanada und Neufundland sind besonders ergiebig, weil jene Küsten von den warmen Gewässern des Golfstroms bespült werden. — 19) *you are worth having aboard* = es verlohnt sich, dich an Bord zu haben. Nach *worth* hat das Gerundium passivische Bedeutung. — 20) *the gal* bezeichnet die vulgäre Aussprache von *girl.* — *She's got to have — she has to have,* sie muß bekommen. In der Umgangssprache stehen *I have got* und *I had got* für das einfache Präsens und Imperfekt von *to have;* z. B. *I have got to do* für *I have to do; I had got no father* für *I had no father.* — 24) *I don't know as I can.* Anstatt der Konjunktion und des Relativums *that* braucht die niedere Volkssprache *as.* — *she-Tory* diese Femininbildung wirkt komisch, weil gar kein Grund dazu vorhanden ist. Mit dem Worte *Tory* bezeichnete man in England seit der Revolution diejenigen, welche auf der Seite der Stuarts standen und dem Katholizismus freundlich gesinnt waren, während die Verteidiger der bürgerlichen

und religiösen Freiheit *Whigs* hießen. In den amerikanischen Kolonien nannte man die Königstreuen *loyalists* oder *Tories.* — 29) *vice Thomas W.* (latein.) = an Stelle von Th. W.

45. 7) *schoolfellow* Mitschüler; in vielen amerikanischen Schulen werden auch jetzt noch Knaben und Mädchen gemeinsam unterrichtet. — 28) *this foul breath of treason* dieser Gifthauch des Verrats; d. h. der Abfall der Kolonien von der englischen Herrschaft, was zunächst nur eine Empörung gegen Übergriffe der Regierung war.

46. 26) *to be off duty* = dienstfrei sein; *to be on duty* Dienst, Wache haben. — *the house on deck* in der deutschen Seemannssprache „das Kartenhaus", in welchem sich die Meereskarten, astronomischen Instrumente und das Schiffsjournal befinden und das dem Kapitän hauptsächlich als Arbeitsraum dient.

47. 7) *at risk of displeasing,* ebenso gebräuchlich wie *at the risk of displeasing.* — 19) *Boom won't swing over it* die Pinne wird nicht drüber hinschwingen (können), d. h. wird ihn anstoßen. — 21) *No more it won't* enthält eine doppelte Negation anstatt *nor will it,* das wird sie auch nicht. Er meint, daß dazu keine Gelegenheit sein wird. — 22) *she needs* . . . der Seemann braucht nicht nur das Schiff selber sondern auch seine Teile als Feminina. — 25) *My eye!* (auch in der Gestalt von *my eyes!* und *oh my!* vorkommend) dient zum Ausdruck des Staunens oder der Bekräftigung. — *the old man,* der Alte, ist auch bei deutschen Seeleuten die Bezeichnung des Kapitäns. — 26) *that 'ere* aus *that there* zusammengezogen. Die Volkssprache liebt es, dem Demonstrativum *that* das Adverb *there,* dem Pronomen *this* das Adverb *here* hinzuzufügen.

48. 3) *swooping down from out the sunset.* Der Zusatz von *out* zu *from,* das ebenso gut wegbleiben könnte, dient zur Verstärkung der ersten Präposition; ähnlich findet sich bei *from* auch *forth* und *off.* — 7) *Mr. Belknap, sir.* Die Anrede *sir* einem Untergebenen gegenüber drückt meistens Unwillen, Tadel oder Mißachtung aus. — *what are you about, to let* . . . was treiben Sie da, daß Sie . . . — 18) *Port your helm, you lubber!* Ruder, Backbord, du

fauler Schlingel! *Port* ist der übliche seemännische Ausdruck für die linke Seite, während die rechte *starbord* (Steuerbord) heißt. — 30) *Please not injure; injure* ist hier absoluter Infinitiv und steht, wie auch im Deutschen, an Stelle des Imperativs; z. B. nicht stehn bleiben!

49. 11) *to cap all,* ein absoluter Infinitiv; übers.: und was allem die Krone aufsetzte . . . — 16) *the companionway* ist eine Treppe, die vom Deck zu den Kajüten führt.

50. 4) *his brat;* dies Wort hatte in früheren Zeiten den Sinn von „Kind"; z. B. ein Bettlerkind *a beggar's brat;* heute hat es einen verächtlichen Nebensinn, oft dem deutschen „Balg" entsprechend. — *if it comes to that* wenn es dahin kommt, d. h. wenn es zum Schlimmsten kommt.

51. 2) *to take the head of the concern; concern,* eig. etwas, das einen angeht, also Geschäft, Firma; aber es hat auch den Sinn von etwas Lästigem, Minderwertigem. Übers.: die Führung des „Kastens" zu übernehmen. — 14) *let by-gones be by-gones,* sprichwörtliche Redensart: Laßt das Vergangene vergangen sein. — 26) *so rusty an olive-branch; rusty* bezieht sich zunächst auf die Farbe = braunrot; also nicht mehr grün oder frisch; *a rusty branch* = ein dürrer, welker Zweig.

52. 17) *the swiftly risen wind;* von nur wenigen intransitiven Verben darf das Partizipium Perfektum adjektivisch gebraucht werden *(grown, fallen, arrived).*

53. 26) *jury-mast = a yard set up instead of a mast that is broken down by a storm or shot and fitted out with sails, so as to make a poor shift to steer a ship (Skeat).* — 30) *the danger of swamping; swamp = to fill with water and sink.*

55. 26) *a brevet commission* = Anstellung durch Gnadenbrief, d. h. eine außerordentliche, oder Ehrenbeförderung, die einem Offizier zuteil wird, ohne daß er in Gehalt und Stelle Vorteil hat. Solche Anstellungen sind im amerikanischen Heere häufig.

56. 15) Reverend Isaac H. oder The Reverend I. H., Seine Hochwürden, der Herr Pastor I. H. Die niederen

Geistlichen der anglikanischen Kirche erhalten den Titel *Reverend,* der *dean* (Domherr) *Very Reverend,* der *bishop Right Reverend,* der *archbishop* ist *Most Reverend.* — 21) *fender* Kamingitter, ist eine Vorrichtung, die vor der Kaminöffnung angebracht ist, um das Herausfallen von Kohlen zu verhindern. — 25) *Some fifteen minutes.* Vor Zahlen dient *some* (wie franz. *quelque*) zur ungefähren Angabe; *some thirty* = etwa dreißig; während dem Deutschen einige dreißig im Englischen *thirty odd* entspricht. Vgl. auch einige hundert = *several hundred.*

57. 10) *Jarvis nodded again.* In dieser Verbindung entspricht *again* nicht deutschem „wieder, nochmals", sondern drückt die „Gegenwirkung" aus. Übers.: er nickte Antwort. — 19) *the fewer that's let in;* da *few* und *fewer* als Plurale gelten, hätte auch das Prädikat im Plural stehn müssen. — 21) *winders* = *windows.* In den Reden des Küsters begegnen uns eine Menge Verstöße gegen die Aussprache und Grammatik, wie sie den ungebildeten Klassen eigentümlich sind. Wir bemerken zunächst eine Verkürzung der halbbetonten Vokale, besonders des *o* zu ə, z. B. *winder, feller (fellow), widder (widow), inter my hands (into); outer doors (out of);* des *u*: *creter* (= *creature), Samwel* = Samuel; des *i*: *daylit* = *daylight,* des *a* in *Marthy* (Martha); Veränderung betonter Vokale, z. B. *ef (if), ken (can), kerridge (carriage), hev (have), agin (again), ben (been), shet (shut), jest (just), druv (drove), fer (for), ondid (undid), histed (hoisted); darter (daughter), suckumstance (circumstance); hosses (horses); sarvice (service).* Elisionen und Zusammenziehungen sind häufig: *'cause (because), s'pose (suppose), consid'able (considerable); more 'n (more than), faster 'n (faster than); kind o' considering (kind of c.), o' her (of her); 'em (hem* = *them), doin' (doing).* Eigentümliche vulgäre Dehnungen sind *wa'al (well), hain't (have not), ain't (are not, is not).* In grammatischer Hinsicht verwechselt der Ungebildete die Personen: *I says (I say), they was (were),* die Tempora: *I see* = *saw, I give* = *gave, I come* = *came, to be woke* = *awaked;* anstatt des Partizip Präs. *a-knocking, a-going.* Negationen werden gehäuft zum Zweck der Verstärkung:

there won't be no need; folks don't never go, it wa'n't no wish o' mine. Adjektiva vertreten oft Adverbia: *sharp (sharply)* usw. — 22) *Mis'* bezeichnet die flüchtige Aussprache von Mrs. — 30) *babe,* von dem das in der Umgangssprache allein übliche *baby* als Diminutivum abgeleitet ist, ist mehr der Schriftsprache und besonders der Bibel eigen. — *my wife she nudges me;* die weitschweifige Darstellung der Ungebildeten bringt oft eine Wiederholung des Subjekts in Gestalt des persönlichen Pronomens mit sich; dieselbe Erscheinung findet sich auch in Dichtungen im volkstümlichen Ton.

58. 6) *I was just a-going off* ich wollte eben einschlafen. — 7) *of softly knock;* die Sprache kennt *softly* nur als Adverbium. — 10) *h'isted (hoisted) the window* = zog oder schob das Fenster hinauf; es war also ein Schiebefenster *(sash-window),* wie es in englischen Häusern gewöhnlich ist. — 14) *kind of sharp.* Die Verbindung von *kind of* mit Adjektiven oder Adverbien ist in der Sprechweise des niederen Volks sehr beliebt. Sie deutet an, daß der Begriff nur ungefähr zutrifft; im Deutschen ist dafür „ziemlich, etwas" zu setzen. — 15) *a main cold night* eine mächtig kalte Nacht; ein Beispiel für die Verwendung des Adjektivs als Adverb; desgleichen weiter unten *bad enough (badly enough), took on considerable (= considerably); dreadful (= dreadfully).* — 16) *overly comfortable;* eine willkürliche Adverbbildung von einem Adverb. — 25) *sech a night = such a night.* — 26) *Hold on!* in der Umgangssprache üblich statt *stop!* oder *halt!* — *soon 's = as soon as.*

59. 5) *says right off* sagt frei weg. — 8) *guinea;* diese Goldmünzen (21 Schilling an Wert) gab es noch im 18. Jahrhundert; sie waren ursprünglich aus Gold von der Guinea-Küste in Afrika gemünzt. Noch heute wird in vielen Verhältnissen nach *guineas* gerechnet. — 13) *ef so be 's = if so be as = if it be the case.* — 15) *suckumstances is sech as = circumstances are such that; as* für *that* (Konjunktion und Relativum) ist in der Volkssprache gewöhnlich. — 16) *minister* heißt der Geistliche bei den Sektenkirchen. — 18) *meeting-house* bezeichnet das Gotteshaus in puritanischen

Gemeinden; bei den Methodisten heißt es *chapel,* zuweilen *temple.* — 19) *more'n all* = *moreover.* — 23) *ain't;* vgl. Anm. zu S. 57, Z. 21. — 31) *he was a mind to* . . . unrichtig für *he had a mind to* (ergänze *be married*).

60. 1) *Mister* wird jetzt nur Mr. geschrieben und vor den Eigennamen gesetzt; es müßte demnach in gebildeter Rede *sir* heißen. — 28) *his dexter pocket; dexter* für *right* wirkt komisch und ist nur im ganz familiären Stile gebräuchlich. — *he extracted* = *he took; to extract* schließt die Bedeutung des Gewaltsamen, Mühevollen in sich.

61. 4) *to go and be married;* hier ist *go* pleonastisch, d. h. bedeutungslos gebraucht. — 6) *I consaited* = *conceited,* stellte mir vor, dachte mir, wofür die Sprache der Gebildeten *conceive* gebraucht. — 7) *like enough* steht für das Adverb *likely enough.* — *take a notion* eine Wendung der Umgangssprache; Neigung, Lust haben. — 8) *riley* = *roily* aufgerührt (vom Wasser), in übertragener Bedeutung = ärgerlich. — 10) *mighty softly* mächtig, d. i. ganz leise; *mighty* dient als Adverb des Grades in der Volkssprache. — 11) *I'll go see* volkstümlich, anstatt *I'll go to see* (oder *go and see*). — *I shet to* = *I shut to; to shut* verbindet sich öfters mit den Adverbien *to, up* und *down* um den Begriff des Schließens zu verstärken. — 19) *I felt more kind of easy* ich fühlte mich ruhiger, sozusagen. — 25) *I have no call to* . . . ich habe kein Recht, keine Pflicht, hier = ich habe keine Veranlassung.

62. 2) *all curled away;* bei Verben der Bewegung drückt *away* die abgeschlossene Tätigkeit aus; übers.: ganz zusammengekauert. — 5) *afore* = *before,* ein jetzt in der Schriftsprache seltenes Wort, das jedoch in der Bibel und in der Seemannssprache gewöhnlich ist. — 8) *You would have done better in putting,* wofür in der Schriftsprache meist: *you had better have put* . . . — 19) *the uncovered windows,* d. h. *uncovered by curtains or shutters.* — 25) *the upper end* = *the part near the altar.* — 29) *of age* = mündig, d. h. ist 21 Jahre alt.

63. 24) *to openly maintain;* vgl. Anm. zu S. 24, Z. 4.

66. 15) *Judge not that ye be not judged;* Bibelspruch aus Ev. Matth. 7, 1 *ye* ist die alte und noch jetzt in der poetischen Sprache gebräuchliche Form des Nom. Plur. des Pronomen der zweiten Person.

67. 2) *on second thought;* üblicher in dieser Wendung ist der Plural *thoughts;* = nach reiflicher Überlegung.

68. 7) *span of horses* ein Gespann Pferde; der Ausdruck ist amerikanisch; in England heißt ein Gespann *a pair of horses.* — 11) *'Tain't no use = it is no use;* übers. das hilft nichts. — 12) *sha'n't* zusammengezogen aus *shall not.* — 20) *sence dark = since dark.*

69. 6) *the strange event so lately transpired.* Das ganz kürzlich geschehene Ereignis; auffällig ist der attributive Gebrauch des intransitiven Partizipiums (der bei J. Austin häufig ist). Das Verbum *transpire,* das eigentlich nur „ruchbar werden" bedeutet, hat auch die Bedeutung „geschehen" angenommen. — 20) *d—d = damned;* dies Wort wird gewöhnlich in dieser Abkürzung gegeben, um das Ungehörige des Ausdrucks damit anzudeuten. Die Erbitterung der Amerikaner gegen die Engländer war nach dem Unabhängigkeitskriege noch lange außerordentlich groß. — 24) *if you choose to lay aside higher obligations;* damit sind die Pflichten gegen Gott gemeint, dessen Namen man nicht zum Fluchen mißbrauchen soll. — 26) *and all that* = und so weiter; die Wendung gehört nicht der gebildeten Sprache an. — 27) *it's enough to make a man swear* da soll einer wohl fluchen.

70. 15) *Perdition take them!* Verderben über sie! — 17) *if I kill that villain first;* hier leitet *if* einen konzessiven Satz ein und steht für *even if.* — 30) *in the States = in the United States;* eine sehr häufige Abkürzung.

71. 6) *a Tory and a refugee.* Vor und während des Unabhängigkeitskrieges spaltete sich die Bevölkerung Neu-Englands in zwei große Parteien, die der Königstreuen *(loyalists, Tories),* und die Unabhängigkeitspartei, die zum

Kriege mit England trieb. Die ersteren waren während und nach dem Kriege noch mehr verhaßt als die Engländer; diesen war es beim Friedensschlusse (1783) nicht einmal möglich zu verhindern, daß ihre Güter konfisziert wurden. — 10) *freedom and liberty; freedom* bedeutet den Zustand der Freiheit und die Gerechtsame (Vorrechte); *liberty* politische Freiheit = Unabhängigkeit. — 11) *ill-gotten gains* unrecht erworben, weil er sein Vermögen nicht zum Besten der Kolonie verwendet hatte. — 16) Valley Forge. Im September 1777 hatte Washington am Flusse Brandywine eine empfindliche Niederlage erlitten und die Stadt Philadelphia räumen müssen. Sein durch Krankheiten und Desertion geschwächtes Heer, dem es gänzlich an Nahrung und Kleidung fehlte, führte er im Dezember in das gebirgige Innere von Pennsylvanien und überwinterte bei Valley Forge. Die Entbehrungen und die bittere Not dieses Winterquartiers verminderte zwar sein Heer, aber die treu gebliebenen bildeten nunmehr den festesten und zuverlässigsten Teil seiner Truppen. — 30) *nor I won't = nor will I.*

72. 6) *We've all given our strength . . . to clearing 'em out of the country* wir haben alle unsere Kraft der Aufgabe geweiht, sie aus dem Lande hinauszuschaffen. — 24) *a very unpleasant place,* euphemistisch für *hell.* — 25) *he slammed out of the house;* diese Stelle ist nur durch die Auslassung eines Verbums des Gehens zu erklären; = *he slammed the door and went out of the house.*

73. 1) *the trembling quarry; quarry* ist eigentlich das verfolgte (und erlegte) Wild; hier übertragen auf das vom Sturm gehetzte und dem Untergang geweihte Schiff. — 11) *the disordered ship; disordered* = im Zustand der Unordnung befindlich, d. h. schlecht geführt. — 17) *If it had not been for that . . . Englishman* wenn nicht der . . . Engländer gewesen wäre, oder ohne jenen Engländer. — 22) *trust me but I will; but* = außer, außer daß steht als Konjunktion nach verneinten Ausdrücken. Ein solcher ist hier nicht vorhanden, die Konstruktion also auffällig. Sie würde erklärlich sein, wenn wir statt *trust me* im selben Sinne *do not doubt* setzten; oder wenn wir annehmen, daß hinter

trust me ein Einwand gedacht ist, dem durch *but* begegnet werden soll.

74. 5) *Go on deck* = *I go on deck.* — 25) *the main shrouds* die Großwanten, d. h. Taue, welche den Hauptmast halten und meist durch Querstricke in Strickleitern verwandelt sind.

75. 2) *aft* in der Seemannssprache = nach hinten, d. h. dem Aufenthaltsort des Kapitäns und der Offiziere. — 11) *drunkard as he was* = though he was a drunkard. — 16) *Why don't you have lanterns placed* warum lassen Sie nicht Laternen anhängen? Die Umschreibung der Hilfsverba *have* und *be* ist in der Umgangssprache sehr üblich und selbst in der Schriftsprache gestattet.

76. 13) *Helmsman* bezeichnet nur den zufällig oder vorübergehend das Steuer führenden Matrosen, während *mate* den im Range eines Unteroffiziers stehenden Steuermann selbst bezeichnet.

77. 5) *had she the inclination,* ein konzessiver Satz in Frageform für *even if, even though she had ...*

79. 25) *as far as he might.* Das Hilfsverbum *may* deutet an, daß das Aufrichten nicht von seinem Willen abhängig war.

80. 3) *if so* = *if it is so; so* vertritt das Prädikatsnomen *boat. shut down upon a p.* jem. unterdrücken; hier = einhüllen, sich über ihn legen.

81. 9) *the song of the siren* der Sirenengesang, unter dem sonst bezaubernde oder verlockende Klänge verstanden werden, bedeutet hier das Brausen und Klingen in den Ohren als Zeichen der Schwäche. — 29) *I have so longed;* sowohl die Bedeutung des Adverbs *so* = sehr, als auch sein Gebrauch vor dem Verbum ist nur in familiärer Rede gestattet.

82. 14) *the tears would come* dann kamen die Tränen; *will* dient hier dazu, das Prädikat nachdrücklich hervorzuheben.

84. 2) *so long as the hulk should float.* Zum Unterschiede von *as long as,* welches die Zeitdauer angibt, liegt in *so long as* ein konditionaler Sinn, der durch das folgende

should noch verstärkt wird. — 14) *the seamen's chests;* jeder Matrose besitzt eine starke Holzkiste, in der er sein Eigentum, Kleider und Geld, aufbewahrt. Von dem Lohne pflegen aber die Seeleute bei der Ausreise nicht den ganzen Betrag, sondern nur einen Monatslohn bei der Anmusterung (= Anwerbung) ausgezahlt zu erhalten.

86. 4) *the delicate girl* das zarte Wesen; dies Substantivum wird nicht nur auf Mädchen sondern auch auf junge Frauen angewandt, dann meist in liebkosendem Sinne.

87. 2) *It does not strike me* es fällt mir nicht auf = ich finde nicht. — 18) *full as much = quite as much;* gerade so viel; in vielen festen Verbindungen wird *full* als Adverbium, auch in der Schriftsprache gebraucht. — 19) *we none of us,* in dieser Wendung erscheint *we,* welches durch das folgende *none of us* ganz aufgehoben wird, widersinnig; sie ist gebildet nach *(we) all of us.*

88. 1) *We shall soon;* ergänze *know.* — 8) *the Lord's own prayer* das Vaterunser oder Gebet des Herrn (*Our father which art in heaven* etc.)

89. 12) *hoping against hope* ohne Aussicht hoffen. — 22) *My race is run;* das Bild ist vom Rennen entlehnt: Mein Lauf ist vollbracht.

90. 14) *making a very good pretence at eating* = der mit großem Geschick so tat, als ob er äße; unterscheide: *to make a pretence to s. th.* Anspruch erheben, von *to make a pretence at ...* den Schein erwecken.

91. 9) *lest it should not be meant for them* daß es nicht für sie bestimmt sei; *lest,* welches besonders nach den Verben des Fürchtens im Sinne von *that* steht, erklärt sich daraus, daß in dem Verbum *watch* zugleich Besorgnis, Befürchtung ausgedrückt ist. — 25) Boston Harbour. Boston, die Hauptstadt von Massachusetts, schon 1630 gegründet, eine der vornehmsten Städte der Vereinigten Staaten, ist heute der zweitgrößte Exporthafen und Mittelpunkt der Bildung und Gelehrsamkeit *(Harvard University)* der Union. Es zählt cirka 570000 Einwohner.

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